

"A Little Bit of Everything"

• STORY

Our parents being away, we decided to have a house party. But on account of the hilarious attentions of our "Cain Raising Guests" to my aunt and uncle, they're to be sent home that next morning, but a telegram has come, which they're about to read,—at 7:00 a. m.

Third Installment

Well, here's the telegram, which I've saved, and you can bet that I'll always keep it, because it was—what do you call it?—you know—destined, to cause a lot of trouble and excitement in our young lives. That sounds like a regular author, hey?—"destined."

Donald and Dorothy Reed:

Bought yacht. Discontinue party. Come to San Francisco in two weeks, prepared for sea voyage. Bring your guests.

(Signed) FATHER.

Gee! There was some excitement, then, let me tell the world. It was the best example of a "rough house" I've seen yet.

Well, instead of being at a house party the next Monday, as originally planned, we were on a limited, travelling fast over the plains to "San Fran" as we'd nicknamed it.

Gee! But it was swell to be out in the "wild and wooly." It's a great, big place and you can see monstrous long distances. Jiminy! I forgot—my teacher says that I mustn't use such long words! Well, "big" will do, I guess, it's small enough!

Yes, it's great—with big mountains and big valleys and big plains, 'nd big everything, I guess.

Well, when we were about to Denver (it was 2 in the morning) the train stopped suddenly. I rolled out on to the floor, and Mrs. Vanderwitch, a big, fat woman, who was coming down the hall, stumbled over my captive carcass.

Gee! that woman "lit" all over me. Honest! I thought that I never was going to breathe again. It's a wonder I wasn't made into a grease spot forever! I got over it, yes, in time I got over it! On the fourth day out, we pulled into San Francisco. And it's a swell place, to say the least. Anything in heights there, you want; buildings in any shape and size they make them.

The next afternoon we went down to the yacht. Gee! it was the trimmest little sailing craft I'd seen in a long time. It was anchored out in the harbor and I took some of the boys and we rowed out. Father and mother and the rest of

the crowd were to come later and bring the suitcases and baggage.

The captain took us up on the quarter deck and showed us all around. Everything surely was trimmed up fine, though; and, catching up a field glass from a table nearby, saw a launch coming, carrying the girls, the rest, and my father and mother,—and, looking closely, I saw a new girl standing in the bow talking to my father. She pointed to the north, in the direction of the "Golden Gate," and I imagined that that was the subject of conversation. The sun caught her in its glow for a moment and her head was shown in all its glory, with a profusion of long, brown curly hair. My father stepped up then and I saw her no more until they came aboard. My sister came up and introduced her—her name was Marjorie Clarell—Gee! but she was pretty! 'bout the best looking girl I ever saw.

I took Speedy and we rattled the ladder into the engine room just then. We stayed for some time and watched the stokers at work. It was a hot place though and we soon were tired. As we came up, dinner was announced and we proceeded to the upper deck, where we were served.

After dinner we cleared away the chairs and tables and danced.

Some of the boys in my class at school and who were in the orchestra at Garfield, had organized a jazz band and they played fine, too. The kids wound in and out among the grown people my mother invited, and we had a wonderful time. I saw "Marge" Clarell seated on the starboard side with Ermengarde St. John in a big chair talking earnestly. I swung my partner over there, and as we went by I heard her say:

"Yes, he's awfully nice!—and I don't know much—"

That was all I got. I found out afterwards that she meant me. I felt good when I heard that.

About nine it began to rain. So Speedy and I went to the buffet and tried to stop it raining by drinking coca-colas—we each had five.

PART TWO

Maybe you'll laugh at the idea of stopping rain by drinking "cokes"—but, once, when I came out of the Murray I stopped in at Harrison's drug store to get a soda and wait for the rain to stop. When I'd finished it hadn't stopped raining, so I got another, a lemon. O, I bet I spent a half hour in that place, and I drank four sodas and three "cokes," the total cost being ninety-two cents—and rain had stopped then. So, you see, that

proves it. When Speedy finished his sixth soda it hadn't stopped—no, sirree! It hadn't. Gee whiz! but it fainted—never saw it rain so much in all my whole life. It came down in sheets and pillow-cases. Don't be surprised when I say that it rained the whole night long.

"Twas nice and clear, the next morning, however, and I saw "Marge" Clarell waiting for me when I stepped out on deck.

"Hello!" I said, half stupidly.

"Hello!" she answered back, and smiled.

"Nice day," I said in half awe, at her beauty.

"Surely!"

"You think so?"

"Why, certainly—didn't I just say so?"

"Yes."

"Ha! Ha! You're funny, do you know it?"

"First time I was ever complimented on my 'funniness.'"

"May be!"—seriously.

"What d'ya say—that we go to breakfast?"

"Well, I'm ready."

"Come on, then."

"All right."

So we went down to the dinner room, sat down, ordered what we wanted, and ate.

Now, again, I'm about to say, 'continued next week'—and I really had better say it, 'cause it's ten till one, and if I don't get some speed on, I can expect to have a neat little pink ticket handed to me at my assembly room for being late. In other words, an invitation to the reception at Room Five, tomorrow afternoon at 3:15 o'clock, where the subjects of arithmetic, tardiness and history, may be thought over.

(Fourth installment next week.)—Northrup R. Elmer.

My English Creed

I believe that my mother tongue is worthy of my admiration, respect and love.

I believe that it is possible for me to speak my native language correctly, fluently and elegantly.

I believe that this takes time, patience and care.

I believe that the use of slang kills one's power to speak fluently.

I believe that the proper accompaniment to pure, clearly enunciated language, is a musical voice.

I believe that this voice can be cultivated, for it is ever one's right by inheritance.

I believe that it is possible to live up to this creed.

I believe that it is worth while.

I believe I'll try it.

—Sent in by C. N.

BARBARA ALICE RAMSEY HAS BIRTHDAY PARTY

The children and Miss Bertha Kelsey, in the Vaile school kindergarten enjoyed a party Wednesday morning because Barbara Alice Ramsey was six years old on that day.

Candles were burned in Barbara's honor and games were played. Barbara's mother and little brother were guests of the party. Fairy sticks were served.

THE RASCAL

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village rascal stands;
The boy, a mighty lad is he,
With guns of rubber bands.

A pretty bird flies roundabout
In hazard lest it land
Within reach of a mighty gun
Held in a little hand.

—Brooklyn Eagle Junior.

THE THIRSTY PRINCE

And the Memory-Man said:
The prince of a rich province
was riding along a dusty road. He
was very thirsty. On one side of
the road there was a garden in
which some juicy oranges were
growing.

"Prince," said one of his staff,
"since, as the eldest son of the
king, everything in the province
belongs to you, why do you not
take an orange?"

"Never!" replied the prince.
"Should I allow myself to pick even
a single orange my followers would
pick the whole grove; and the gar-
den is not mine."

Better be thirsty than unjust.
—R. W. in The Boys' and Girls'
Newspaper Service.

BOY DRIVES 2,800 MILES

Dean Flitch, 12-year-old son of Karl Flitch, a prominent oil man of Kansas City, has established a record for long distance driving by boys of his age. On a tour this summer, he drove the family car 2,800 miles.

"Y" Party A Success; J. Ross is Honored

Doughnuts, weiners in buns, and apples, delighted the hearts, or rather, the stomachs of 150 guests at the boys' party held at the "Y" building, Friday evening, November 5, at the end of a rousing good evening.

A field meet, in which the yard dash was a piece of string a yard long, on the end of which was a chocolate cream, and other similar events furnished the entertainment for a great part of the evening.

For this meet, the boys were divided into five groups, representing five universities, Indiana, Purdue, Earlham, State Normal and DePauw. The meet ended in a tie between State Normal and DePauw, which was broken by scheduling another event, a "swimming" contest, in which State Normal got outside of a glass of water in shorter time than DePauw could, and so was declared winner of the meet. The declaration was not all, either, for State Normal's team received a prize of a box of candy.

Prizes were given for each event. They took the form of chewing gum and candy.

The following boys as lieutenants assisted Secretary Cox in the entertainment: Mark Heithbrink, Paul Martzell, Vernon Spalding and Maurice Minix. The guests of honor were Mr. H. F. Ross, Dr. Paul E. Williams, Rev. A. H. Backus and Mr. N. C. Heironimus.

Presented With Scout Medal

Dr. Williams presented J. Ronald Ross with a beautiful Scout Medal of Honor, bronze on red gros grain ribbon. This medal was awarded to "Jimmy" because of his quick action in rescuing little Eleanor Porter last July 4, when her clothing caught fire from some fireworks with which she was playing. After the presentation, during which time Ross stood at attention, all the boys present gave him a rousing cheer.

BIRDS FLY HIGH

Astronomical tests have demonstrated that migrating birds when traveling by night fly from 1,500 to 3,000 feet above the earth, while in few instances they have gone as high as 5,400 feet, or more than a mile high. Observations were made by aid of telescopes and the moon.

—Brooklyn Eagle Junior.

THE TRUFFLES

"I'd rather not," Augustus said,
The truffles quick rejecting.
"How now, my dear," said she,
"What fresh."

Conceit are you affecting?
I do not wish truffle you,
Nor yet to make a pun, Gus;
But then, I surely thought that you
Were fond of any fun-Gus."

—The Children's Newspaper.

Great things through greatest
hazards are achieved,
And then they shine.

—Beaumont & Fletcher.

My Bantam, "Aves"

I am a little girl nine years of age. My home is in the town of New Castle, Indiana. In the summer I go to the country and stay all summer with my grandpa and grandma on the farm. I have a bantam hen, seven years old. She is as black as coal all over and has a broken wing.

One night I was asleep in bed and my bantam, Aves, had one bantam chicken about a week old; I doubt if that old. A weasel was monkeying around and found Aves, and broke her wing, and would have killed her, if Pup, the dog, had not killed the weasel.—Leneta Cox, 4A, South School.

A Cradle Song

By Noriece Busby.

Sleep, little baby! your cradle is swinging,
Swinging so gently beneath the kind moon;
Sleep, little baby! for dream-bells are ringing,
Dreamland will open her gates to you soon.
Sleep, little baby! the dream stars are bringing
Tiny gold lanterns to light up your sky;
Sleep, little baby! the dream-birds are singing,
Lullaby, lullaby, sweet lullaby.

BITS OF J. H. S. NEWS

The 8A class met for organization during the sixth period Wednesday. At the end of the period only one officer had been elected. Juanita Longfellow was elected president. Election of officers will be continued in the next meeting, which will probably be held some time next week.

"The Tempest" in simplified form was read by Erna Karcher's group of the Girls' Dramatic club Tuesday afternoon. Roma Duffin's group will read the play next week.

Largest number yet served this year, 128, were served in the lunch room Tuesday.

About 200 boys are enrolled as Health Crusaders now, under the leadership of Mr. Lybould and the number is steadily increasing.



HATS GROW ON TREES IN CALIFORNIA



One of the hats which grow on trees out west.

The high cost of millinery is not going to bother the girls in Southern California this spring, because a hat tree which literally grows hats is bearing its crop of millinery in the Lincoln Park conservatories in Los Angeles. This hat tree blossoms rarely and the milliner must be on hand promptly to make a selection; as the material is not durable. It wilts overnight. The bonnet in the picture is called by the quaint little name of *Aristolochia Grandiflora*. It is cool, light and colored lavender, cream and purple. You can place your order early by the following description: Lohengrin model, turned down brim, with streamer, crowned with swanlike headpiece of same material.

Betty Jane and Her New Shoes

(By BETTY JANE)

The other day teacher announced that we would have a special parents' day and on that day invite the parents of all we children. That evening when school was out I hustled home to tell mother, and to my surprise mother was making a new dress. Why, I was so tickled I just hugged and squeezed and kissed her! Mother said that she had a whole new outfit for me except shoes. She was undecided as to where she should get my shoes, but I soon informed her that we would go to Feltman's, as I always like to go there as they are so nice to little folks, like you and me, and I know they charge less than other stores for their shoes, as I was over to Mary's house the other day and I heard her mother say so. She said they had white top and black children's shoes for \$1.95, and also shoes for larger girls in brown and black for \$2.95. All we little folks are strong for shoes bought at



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