

The Tree's Lament

I hate this sleet and driving snow;
My needles fall, as rough winds blow—
And just to think, a week ago—
Why, I was king for a day!

A sparrow hops on a frosty bough;
He's all the friend that's left me now—
'Tis a rotten way to die, I vow,
And I was king for a day!

A silver star I wore for crown,
And golden tinsel trimmed my gown,
With tinkly bells strung up and down—
And I was king for a day!

All day I watched the children prance
With joyful feet; saw bright eyes dance,
And thrilled at each admiring glance—
When I was king for a day!

I held my head so straight and high,
My star-crowned tip 'most reached the sky;
I'm sure no king was proud as I
When I was king for a day!

They stood me up where all could see,
And people stopped to stare at me;
My candles twinkled merrily,
When I was king for a day!

Now here I lie in sleet and snow,
The sport of all the winds that blow—
But Christmas trees must all end so,
Though they be king for a day!

Quarantine Against Insects

The British are urging seed quarantine laws on China to prevent introduction of pests.



ROGER'S CUNNING KITTEN

Millicent's kitten was chasing a bright colored ball of yarn. "Do you like kittens, Uncle Ralph?" Millicent asked.

"Some kittens," he said. "I was just thinking of an experience I had one time when I was a boy. It was the first time I had ever been out camping in the west. Father, my cousin Roger, and I had a little cabin in the mountains and were roughing it for the summer."

"One late afternoon, I was coming into camp when I met Roger. 'Look what I found!' he cried, and held out a basket in which was a squirming little kitten. He had been out hunting rocks or something and had found the little animal wandering by itself."

"I'm afraid father won't let us keep it," I said doubtfully. "He doesn't like cats."

"I don't see what difference it makes," said Roger. "He's gone all day. We'll just put the basket under the bed and then we can play with the kitten while he's gone. I like cats. It will be fun to have it to play with."

"So we took our new pet in the house. He was a pretty little fellow and we decided to keep him. But I was afraid father would find him and make us get rid of him. 'Let's put him in the shed,' I suggested. 'He might mew and give himself away.' So the kitten was

carried out and put in the old shed not far from the house.

"We had just gone to bed that night when we heard a weird noise, like the cry of a child. We sat up and listened. The cry came again—this time nearer. 'It's a panther!' whispered father."

"He got up and built up a fire in the fireplace, a little nervously. I went to the window and peered out curiously. Then I gave a cry which brought Roger and father to the window just in time to see a lean yellow body leap through the window of the shed. 'You see, the mother cat had come for her kitten.' Just suppose we had kept it under the bed!"—Boys' and Girls' Newspaper.



Don't you know? Can't you guess Junior High—Yes, yes, yes!

Turks Like Holidays

Turkey has 26 official holidays a year and stands highest in this respect among the countries of the world. Thrifty Scotland stands lowest in the list, celebrating only 5 holidays.

THE STORY of the TIN BOX

Once upon a time there was an old man who was very rich. His name was Robert Smith. He did not want people to think he was rich, so he dressed ragged and lived in an old fashioned house.

One day he was called away to come and see his sister, who was dying. There were some neighbor boys living close by and they had heard of his going away and heard him say that he was never coming back. About a week afterwards the boys planned to search the old house one night, as they had heard that there was a tin box hidden somewhere and who ever should find it could keep it.

The night came for the boys to go. They told their mother they were going out for a walk. They came to the house and opened the window and began to search around.

One of the boys' names was Frank White and another's was Harry White. Frank said he was

going to look in the writing desk as there might be a slip of paper telling where it was. Harry said he was going upstairs and hunt. So, they departed.

Frank looked in the writing-desk but could not find anything. He started upstairs, where Frank was, just as he heard a cry.

Harry had found the paper that told where to find the tin box. He had found it behind a loose brick in the wall. It said go to the north right hand corner and raise the rug from the floor and lift the loose board, and you will find the tin box. He did just as the note read and, sure enough, there it was!

They opened it, and in it was one gold ring, one diamond ring, a pearl necklace and one thousand dollars in gold. They took it home and showed it to their mother and they lived happy ever after.—Courtesy Johnson, 8th grade, White school.

A Good Indian

Not all good Indians were dead Indians. When we study about the fierce warriors who fought against the coming of the white settlers, we should not forget Chief Tamahay, friend of the white people.

During the war of 1812, Tamahay was one of the very few chiefs who stood by the Americans and tried to prevent other tribes from taking part in the struggle against them. For this he was looked upon with suspicion by the Indians. He suffered a great deal from their jeers and insults.

But Tamahay continued to be a man of peace. When he was a very old man the last talk he made in council was to urge peace.

Because he was not a fighter is no sign Tamahay was not brave. When a boy he lost one eye, but this handicap did not prevent him from becoming a famous athlete.

Once, when he was a very young man, he and another young brave went alone into the village of their worst enemies, having made a wager with some friends that they could talk to the young maidens of that village without being discovered. They were found out, however, and the war-cry was quickly raised. The two young braves made their escape, with the whole enemy tribe in pursuit.

It was a perilous situation. Tamahay suggested to his pal that they would fare better if they went by different routes. He chose the more dangerous way for himself, and as they parted, he said gaily, "I'll meet you at the mouth of the St. Croix river or in the spiritland." This saying soon became famous among his people.

Chief Tamahay was also known among his people as Held-the-Bull-by-the-Horns, for his feat of wrestling with a buffalo. He was a man of peace who was never a coward.



A Wicked Knight

Once upon a time in a little crowded city, called "The Lost City," there lived a very wicked knight called Alonzo. He was very wicked, and he was cruel and wouldn't let any new folks from foreign lands come in.

One summer day there was a little girl with light curly hair and blue eyes. She walked up to Alonzo and said, "Say, Mister, is this the old country village that the people call 'the Lost City'?" This made the knight very mad. He ordered the people to cut off her head.

But, in the crowd, there was a very kind old woman who said, if she could save her life she would take her and keep her out of mischief and wouldn't let her ramble around in the city.

This made Alonzo still madder, to think he had such a kind woman in his kingdom, but as he thought it over, he said, if she would keep up to her promise he thought she could have her, so, saying this, he shoved Louise over to the woman and she fell down and skinned her face and the blood came trickling down her face. This made the woman cry.

Twelve years later, there walked in the streets the most beautiful young lady in the world. She was dressed in silks and satins. Every young man was looking at her, and even the wicked knight Alonzo.

This made the girl happy, so maybe she could kill him and make "the Lost City" a well known city.

So, Alonzo came up to her and said, "My pretty one, do you want to call at the palace tonight and have lunch with me?"

Louise said she didn't care, and to look for her at 7:30, and she said good-bye, and walked off, leaving Alonzo looking after her.

At 7:30 the next night, Louise was wandering in and out of the different rooms with the servant hunting Alonzo, and when they found him he was fixing a beautiful lunch for her.

Now in the meantime in Louise's pocket there was a bottle and in it was poison that would kill one in a second. Louise poured this into her glass of wine, and, when Alonzo was leaning over to her, asking her if she loved him and different questions, she traded wine with him and said, "I feel as if I could drink a bit of wine." So, saying this, she sipped a bit of wine and Alonzo picked up his glass and drank it all at one swallow and fell over dead. But, before he had breathed his last breath, Louise bent over him and said, "Do you remember the little girl that wandered into your kingdom about twelve years ago, and the little girl whom you shoved down on the street and the blood came down my clothing?" That was I, and I was going to get even with you—no, die!"

And Alonzo died. Louise ran up and down the streets, hallowing that in five years "the Lost City" would be the well known city.

Louise opened up the gates that had been lost for about fifty years and the people who wished to go out, went, and those who wished to come in, came in.

Louise dressed in her very best clothes, and walked out. She arrived in New York and was married to a wealthy man. Louise and her husband went back to "the well known city" and lived happily ever after.—[The End.]—Thelma Mackey, Garfield Junior High school.

On a Swedish Holiday

Giant pieces of gingerbread statuary cookies, made to look like goats, and and a sweet cheese molded into many attractive designs, mark the Swedish Christmas.

WANT ADS

BICYCLE—For sale; in good condition; will sell cheap. Call Howard Snyder, 115 S. Fifteenth St.

BOY'S RUBBER BOOTS—For sale; 10 or 12 years old size; in good condition; priced reasonable. Call 302 S. 9th St.

BOY'S OVERCOAT—For sale; 12-year-old size; good condition. Call Charles V. Hodskin, 324 N. 19th St., or phone 3654.

CLARINET—B-flat; for sale. Call 2020 North E St.

WANTED—Subscriptions to The American Boy magazine. Call Elizabeth McDonnell. Phone 1366.

THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT

By Briggs

