

SKILL SHOWN IN PARAGRAPH BUILDING

Unusual though it may be, the fact that the stories of "Freckles" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" are so different and yet so alike adds much to their appeal. Similar are they when both characters have lost something dear to them, Freckles, his right arm, and Rebecca, her affectionate family. Dissimilar are they, too, for the spirit of nature-loving Freckles in his admiration for his rugged, kindly Mr. McLean clashes with liberty-loving Rebecca, fearing her harsh "spare the rod and spoil the child" aunt. However, comparatively the same climax appears for both—Rebecca and Freckles attain their foremost desires and a normal education.

Sally Lou Perry

For an interesting story of life in that barren, trackless, almost uninhabited, eastern coast of Maine, Mary Ellen Chase's Windswept is one of the best. From her description of this region, one visualizes the scenery and the few people who live there. The reader will particularly be impressed by the Marston family's love for the windswept region of Maine. Windswept gives one an appreciation for lands unwanted by most men.

Bobbie Morgan

In recent years many advances have been made in farming. The farmer of today does not laugh at the idea of going to school to learn to farm, as did the farmer of only a few years ago. And he no longer works from sun to sun to keep himself and his family from starvation, nor does his wife. Improved machinery and modernized methods of work have taken much of the drudgery of farming from the shoulders of the farm housewife as well as the farmer. The new farmer is no longer a careless and ignorant hoc-man, blaming his failure to a bad year.

Maude Lewis

TO WRITE, AS I TRY TO
WRITE, TAKES EVERY
OUNCE OF MY VITALITY.

ROBERT L. STEVENSON

Just then I heard a strange noise outside my window. At first it resembled the mournful cry of the wind on a cold winter night; but as it gradually became louder, it turned into a painful groan. Thinking the noise would cease, I covered my head and waited. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, I jumped up and ran into Daddy's room. After hearing my story, he asked me

Owning a dog has its disadvantages, but at times he's man's best friend and entertainer. When I am tired and think I've finished my day's chores, a glance at the dog reminds me that he needs a good scrubbing. On the other hand he is a lively companion when I am lonesome. Often when I think no one cares for me, this little fellow, as if he were a mind reader, begins teasing me to play with him. However when he is chasing the neighbor's cat or chickens, or when he takes a pie from some housewife's window and I have to fish out my pocket-book, I wish I had never seen a dog. But when the scolding begins, he rolls over, oh so innocently, and pretends to be asleep. How can I help then taking back all of my wishes? Florence Joyner

to help him examine the window. On inspecting it, we found nothing and were about to return into the house when the groan came again. Looking more carefully this time, we found our old dog lying near my window groaning with a broken leg. Thus in the end I learned to never be afraid of strange noises, because after all something has to make them

Margaret Brown