

STUDY AND PRACTICE OF ENGLISH

BY SARAH B. HARRIS

The Courier's Five Dollar Story Competition is attracting increasing interest. The prize will go to the best story submitted by any child in Lincoln under fourteen years. Two stories have been entered for the prize this week, one by Marjorie Shanafelt and the other by Raleigh Wilson. Each has unusual merit, when the age of the authors is considered. They should be read by all Lincoln children, who then should enter the contest with a determination to write a better story and carry off the prize. The language, punctuation, capitalization and spelling are reproduced exactly as in the copy, the object of the contest being educational and the mistakes, if any, therefore preserved so that the children may study them out for themselves and profit thereby. The stories follow:

"MY GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN."

by
Marjorie Shanafelt.

Just a peep at the old fashioned, brown house, with low, sloping moss-grown roof, queer little windows made up of many small, square panes of glass, and long porch covered with columbine vines, for it is the garden I want to tell about. Just east of the house stands a stately old elm, which judging from its size, must be a century old, as two people with outstretched arms could hardly encircle the trunk. Here too is the large oleander tree, now in full bloom. In an open space is sort of an arbor of hop vines, which run from fence to tree and from tree to telephone pole standing outside the fence. At this side of the house is also the wildwood nook, beautiful rock ferns growing among a large pile of rocks, a few sprays of that dainty plant called "Baby Breath," maiden hair ferns, violets, and a few other woodland treasures. By the side of the dining room window stands a large syringa bush, which when bloom fills the whole house with its fragrance.

At the rear of the house we see the old time, white-washed "Summer-Kitchen, partly covered with grape vines, and now we have come to the real flower garden, a perfect jungle of flowers and vines, a sweet pea hedge, where you can pick and pick and the flowers never seem to grow less, a bed of bright gladiolias, many colored mas-

turtiums creeping over and under, phlox, bachelor buttons, poppies, morning bride, brown-eyed Susies, pinks, larkspur, marigolds, princess feather, stately hollyhocks, castor beans, and even the homely sunflower finds a place in this garden.

Of course, there is a lilac and a snowball bush, peonies and dahlias, roses red, white and pink, a box of day lilies, and lilies of the valley. Such a beautiful place, the home of humming birds and bees, and what a place it would be for fairies. Years ago I saw many of them there.

Behind the flower garden are the vegetable beds, for this is a German garden, and would not be complete without them.

The lower half of the west side is shaded by trees and the ground covered by a thick carpet of grass, a large iron urn running over with periwinkle and geraniums adds a touch of color, making the most delightful place for the hammock. It is here, on pleasant summer afternoons, you will find the old grossvater with pipe and paper and the dear white haired grossmutterchen with her knitting.

The rest of the west lawn is a beautiful green slopes, unbroken save by another large elm, whose trunk is thickly overgrown with woodbine.

MARJORIE SHANAFELT,
(Age 14 years)
Flat 15, Weber Block, City.

"ONE DAY'S CATCH."

By Raleigh Wilson.

It was a fine morning and nature had put on her most beautiful garb of green as the sun rose over the hills about the little town of Titania.

This picturesque village was situated on two sides of a river, one division known as East Titania and one as West Titania. It was noted for miles around for its abundance of fish and game.

It was on one of these fine mornings that the regular train pulled into East Titania; then came the boisterous yells of the baggagemen, the rumbling of wheels, the puffing of the engine and the alighting of the passengers on the platform.

A number of passengers descended to the platform, among them being two richly clad men, one in high rubber boots, canvas coat and hat. He

also carried a long double-barreled shot gun. The other was a little better dressed, but not in a hunting or fishing suit. He wore a derby hat, tan shoes, checked suit and a diamond stud.

As they alighted and proceeded toward a hardware store a small boy clad in overalls, blue shirt and a shabby black hat accosted them and pertly asked them where they were going to fish.

"Well, why do you want to know?" asked the one with a derby hat.

"I want ter know where yer are a-goin' an' see ef I can tell ye a better place to fish, for two bits or so," quietly answered the boy.

"Well, you have got your cheek. We are going down to 'Potter's Bend,'" returned the man with the derby hat.

"Ha, rats! I know a better place than that," declared the boy.

"Well, I'll bet two bits you don't," bragged the gentlemen together.

"I ain't got two bits," said the boy, and proceeded to demonstrate that he would get his hat, when the gentleman with a derby hat said,

"I'll bet hats."

"That's a go, too," the lad said. As the men turned to go on to the hardware store the boy turned and said:

"I'll meet ye here tonight, and we will compare our catch."

Again the men proceeded on their way and this time reached their destination before they turned.

The man that wore a hunting suit bought a number of shells, and the other purchased a fishing rod, hooks, line tackle, sinker and bobber.

The boy had reached home by this time and had prepared a little lunch, and had fixed his hook and line and dug some worms for bait. He then shouldered his tackle, and wrapped his lunch in a paper.

After stowing their hooks and small articles in a valise the men started out for "Potter's Bend."

Night coming on the men and boy gathered up their catches and went to the station.

There the catches were compared showing that the men had the most fish.

The boy promptly offered to give his hat, but the men refused to accept it, saying that they would buy him a new one if anything.

After speaking kind words for him, the man with the derby hat related his misfortune, it being the slipping-off of his diamond stud into the water while he was stooping over the river.

But the recital had no affect on the boy, for he did not realize the value of a real diamond, and turned straightway and started home with the thought that he had once been beaten in the art of catching fish.

As he reached home he heard the rumbling of the evening passenger, and then he thought again of the recital the man made, for they were to return to their home which was not far distant, on the Pullmans.

He soon let it slip out of his mind, however, and went to his usual work of dressing fish for supper, as his mother was an invalid.

He fumbled in a drawer for a knife and found the one he wanted. He inserted it in the fish's white belly and skillfully slit it down the middle to the fish's tail. He then examined it out of mere curiosity and discovered a diamond stud, partly penetrating the fish's left side!

The thought came to him at once that a hungry fish had come along swallowed the stud, and swam further down the stream. There it had seen the worm dangling on his hook and nibbled at it and he had yanked the fish to the bank.

He wondered what he had better do with it after he had recovered from his surprise, and thought he would seek the jeweler and get his estimation, when he remembered the kindness shown him by the man with the derby hat and then resolved to return it to the owner that night.

The boy did as he resolved and when arriving at the men's lodging place he quietly tapped the bell on the big door

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THE NEW RECTOR OF ST. LUKE'S CHURCH



REV. BENJAMIN J. FITZ.

Bishop Williams has just placed the Rev. Benjamin J. Fitz in charge of St. Luke's Episcopal church, situated at 1225 T street, Lincoln. The Rev. Mr. Fitz was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1897. He took the degree of M. A. at the university of Colorado in 1898. For several years he remained at the university of Colorado as an instructor in history. In April of 1901 he was ordained priest and took charge of St. Paul's parish in Denver, which he has just resigned to accept his new work in Lincoln.