

by standing up and putting his head down between his paws. One day while I was visiting my friend we went into the dining-room and had settled down for a pleasant chat, when we heard a crash. Hastening in the direction from which the sound had come, we saw, sitting in the midst of the ruins of a broken vase, a very meek-looking dog, which was no other than Carlo. The vase was a beautiful one, and having been given to my friend by her grandmother, it was prized very highly. After scolding Carlo she gathered up the remains of the unfortunate vase. About five minutes later I started home. My friend was going down the walk with me, when suddenly she drew back and uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Why, what is the matter?" I asked. For answer she pointed to Carlo. There he sat in the corner of the garden, crying. We both dropped down on the grass and laughed till tears stood in our eyes. Carlo was always petted and given cake whenever he would cry, and I suppose by doing this he thought to gain the pardon of his mistress. He was not mistaken, either.

—Mary Nolan,
Eighth Grade.
Waverly, Minn.

A Keen Little Strategist.

(Honorable Mention.)

Polly was a great favorite with all of us, and no wonder! She seemed almost human in intelligence. She was very naughty sometimes. One day we had some fresh crackers, and Susie was putting some on a plate for supper when the doorbell rang. Susie went to answer it, but finding no one there, she thought perhaps some boy had rung it for mischief and went back to her work. But great was her surprise to find the bag, with the few remaining crackers, gone. She looked around for them, but all in vain. Just then Cousin Fred came in and asked where Polly was. "Oh, I don't know nor care! I wish I knew where those crackers went," replied Susie, and then she told Fred all about her trouble. When she finished, Fred laughed. "I saw Polly pull the bellstring," he said, "and I thought she was up to some mischief." Then he made a search for the parrot, which he found in a corner of the dining-room behind the cupboard. Polly was busily engaged in eating her stolen crackers. Fred put her into her cage, throwing a dark cloth over it to punish her for her naughtiness. But Polly managed to tear a hole in it, and then burst out with, "Hurrah! Hurrah for Polly! Polly wants a cracker! Ho! Ha! Polly got a cracker! Poor, poor Polly! Polly wants to see Fred," until Fred, convulsed with laughter, removed the cloth. He had taught Polly how to pull the bell string, and Polly liked crackers; she also had noticed that whenever the bell was pulled Susie would go to the door. So she must have thought of the plan and acted accordingly.

—Jessie Hotelling,
Seventh Grade,
Central School.
Box 174, Luverne, Minn.

A Greedy Little Thief.

(Honorable Mention.)

One day last spring while I was visiting with one of my farmer friends I took a stroll in the woods with my gun. I had gone but a little way when I heard a sharp whistle. Peering through the bushes I saw a mother and two little baby squirrels rush helter-skelter into a hollow tree. They had heard me coming and the mother whistled for her babies to run into the tree which had been their birthplace. I sat down behind some bushes, thinking they would come out again, which they soon did. First the mother poked out her head and looked about to make sure no one was near. Then she slowly pulled herself out of the hole and descended to the ground, where she walked about the tree until she was sure no enemy was near. Again she whistled, and out came the two little squirrels. Then the mother whistled a few times and the babies sat up on their little haunches. She gave each one a large hazelnut, and the greedy little things ate them with a relish good to see. But one of them ate his nut before his sister had eaten hers, and the naughty little fellow snatched his sister's nut. She went running to her mother, whistling in a piteous way, and the mother scolded the little thief.

—Arnold Arvidson,
Sixth Grade.
Wadena, Minn.

Papa Ant's Prosperity.

(Honorable Mention.)

When I went out on the porch of my home one day I saw an ant trying to drag the dead body of a pretty large bug to his house in a crevice of the cement walk. When he saw it was too much for his strength he went home; and as if he had told his family there was something outside that they would like if they would only help him get it, he soon came out again followed by several others. Then all took hold together, and dragged the big bug to the door of their home and down the passage way out of sight. Probably it was taken to their dining-room, where

Northwestern Topics.

For Saturday, Feb. 8:

"IF YOU WERE AN ARTIST, WHAT SUBJECT WOULD YOU CHOOSE? HOW CARRY OUT?"

Suppose you were painters with your canvas before you and your paints ready mixed, what would you choose as your subject and how would you carry it out? You have here the choice of anything in nature, in every-day life, some scene from history or something wholly fanciful. Which would you choose? Why? And how would you work it out? Paint your picture in words, so that all can see it. The papers must be mailed so as to reach the office

Not Later Than Friday Morning, January 31.

They must be strictly original, written in ink on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length, marked with the number of words and each signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

For Saturday, Feb. 15:

"AN INTERESTING PERSON. WHY?"

Whom have you met that you have enjoyed meeting? Why? Was it because he was brilliant mentally, or had accomplished something of which you approved? Was it what he said or how he acted? It may be a person to whom you have never been introduced. It is not necessary to know a man personally, or be great friends with him, to find him interesting. Be sure to make it very clear what special thing about him attracted you. It might add to the interest of the paper, also, to tell what became of him after this special meeting, whether you ever came to know him personally, or whether he passed out of your life. This interesting person may, of course, be either a man or a woman. The papers must be mailed so as to reach the office

Not Later Than Friday Morning, February 7.

They must be strictly original, written in ink on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length, marked with the number of words and each signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

I suppose all, big and little, gathered around it and had a great feast.

—Carl Russell Oliver,
A Fifth Grade,
Central School.
Stillwater, Minn.

Kings of the Wilderness.

When we lived in the eastern part of Montana, about twenty wild horses came to our neighborhood. If anybody turned their own horses out and they happened to get with the herd of wild ones, there was no hope of catching them again without a great deal of trouble, so the neighbors decided to try to capture the wild ones. They could neither be lassoed nor driven into a corral. There was one particular horse that seemed to lead. They thought if they could get rid of the leader they might capture the rest, so they shot it. Immediately another one took its place as leader. This was repeated three times, then they gave up trying to catch them, but drove them away. They went back to the herd from which they had come.

—Nettie Anderson,
Eighth Grade,
Bismarck, N. D.

The Making of Mrs. Speckle.

There could be no doubt about it—dainty Mrs. Speckle made but a frivolous young mother; caring for her squalling babies was not at all to her taste. So the half dozen little kittens were often left in charge of their plain, but devoted, aunt, while

HASTE

*Slow-footed counsel often profit breeds,
But the quick ever to repentance leads.*

—From the Greek.

her mother went shopping, I suppose. It certainly might have been worse for the poor little ones. Be that as it may, the six were just six cats too many on our farm, so one morning when Madame Speckle had left her babies in the granary while she came to the house after milk, my mother selected five to be drowned, leaving a homely little one to comfort its mother's heart. But when mama reached the house Aunt Maltie, as we girls always called her, was there before her with the poor little kitten at her mouth. Straight to Speckle she walked and laid the kitten at her feet with a piteous "Meow!" We who were watching understood as well as though she spoke English that she was explaining that the rest were gone. Mrs. Speckle apparently blamed her carelessness, at which the other cat looked at mama as the guilty party; but Speckle did not seem to believe her for she never trusted Maltie again and became a model mother.

—Georgia A. Ripley,
Tenth Grade,
Winnepago City, Minn.

Sad Fate of a Little Wader.

While driving around a lake one day I saw a kingbird in pursuit of a little wader. They were going across the lake. The kingbird soon overtook the wader and, attacking him from above, finally compelled him to drop into the lake where he remained on the surface while the kingbird hovered over him. Finally the kingbird flew away; and the wader, seeing his enemy had gone, tried to rise. He could not, and after a few fruitless efforts to do so, he sank to the bottom of the lake.

—Sheridan Flaherty,
Eighth Grade,
Lincoln School,
Morris, Minn.

A Lively Use of Claws.

Out on the farm where I live there is a young shepherd dog and a yellow kitten, called Sandy, which create a great deal of amusement. The dog will take the cat by the nape of the neck and carry him into the yard where he can play with him. The cat appears to like the dog's playing for a certain length of time, but after that he claws the dog in a pretty lively fashion. When the dog sees that the cat is becoming angry, he backs up and sits down upon him.

One morning when I was milking I saw a pretty smart thing in the dog. He came into the barn, took the cat by the neck and started to take him out doors; but the wind had blown the door shut. It appeared to be a puzzle to the dog how to hold the cat and open the door. He first let the cat down and started to open the door, but the cat ran away. He caught the cat again, but this time when he let him down while he opened the door with his nose, he put his paw upon the cat.

—Charles Cumberland,
Ninth Grade,
Mantorville, Minn.

When Danger Threatened.

One day mama told me to put my kittens in the shed, as it looked like a storm. I made them a bed in the shed, and then after putting them in it I locked the door. I forgot about the hole in the roof, and that the mother cat could climb. That night it stormed so that I could not go out to bring the cats in. The shed threatened to fall down any minute as it was very old.

In the night when I was asleep the mother cat climbed out on the roof with first one kitten, and then another. After making a hole in a straw pile near the shed, she laid the kittens there. It was a warmer bed than I could make, and the kittens slept there all night. The dear old cat wanted to save her babies, and it seemed as if she knew the shed was in danger of falling.

—Duchess Goodenough,
Sixth Grade,
Adrian, Minn.

Where Fidelity Is Found.

One night as I was sitting by the fire and thinking what little fidelity the world contained, I saw a mouse come from behind the bookcase leading a comrade very tenderly to some crumbs which were on the floor. The moon, shining in at the window, enabled me to see without being seen.

As the mice were devouring the crumbs Tabby, the cat, came into the room and startled the healthy mouse, who, instead of running away and leaving his sick companion to perish, led him back to their hole with all possible speed. Tabby sprang just as they were within a few inches of home and would have devoured the poor creatures had I not put out my foot and stopped her. This allowed the mice to escape. If so low an animal as a mouse is capable of such fidelity what should be expected of a human being?

—Howard T. Douglas,
Ninth Grade,
St. Thomas, N. D.

Sly, Smiling Reynard.

Last winter I went to visit a friend who lived by the river. The day before I arrived there was a heavy snowfall and the river was covered with a mantle of snow. After I had been there two days, I went down to the river to see if I could shovel off some snow so that I could skate. While I was walking along a fox came out of the woods several feet from where I was and ran to a hole in the ice. I stood still and watched, and after a minute or two he turned and went back in the same tracks that

he had made first. Suddenly he jumped about three yards out of his tracks and went nearly one hundred yards farther up the river, where he sat down and waited.

In a short time a dog came bounding out of the woods, with his nose close to the ground and followed the fox's track. He was running very fast and did not look up. The result of this was that when he came to the hole he went in. The fox still watched; in a few minutes the dog came out and went into the woods without seeing the fox, who sat in plain sight. After the dog had gone the fox proceeded leisurely on his way.

—Charles H. Hansen,
Tenth Grade,
Moorhead, Minn.

The Ants' Moving Day.

One day I was sitting on the sidewalk watching some ants, and wondering what they were doing. Soon I saw they were moving from one house to the other. There were about twenty ants around the hole carrying the furniture to the other house. The only things that I recognized were the eggs. They were not much larger than a pinhead. There were many other things which I did not know about.

—Charley Finkle,
A Sixth Grade,
Central School,
Grafton, N. D.

Gallant "Sentimental Tommy."

A short time ago, we had a fine, large rooster, which we called "Sentimental Tommy." He had very gay plumage and strutted about with an air of great importance. He was a great bird to crow and we used to say "cock-a-doodle-doo!" to get him to answer us. He would not allow another rooster on the premises and they were all afraid of him. He was very gallant and we often spoke of him as a dude.

During a wet spell last summer he must have forgotten his overshoes for he took a severe cold. It became difficult for him to breathe and he could not crow. Every hour he seemed to grow worse. Mama looked his case up in the poultry book and found he had distemper. She fed him medicine with a spoon, greased his neck and throat and injected medicine in his nostrils with an ear syringe. He objected very much to this treatment; and as soon as he was released he would try to scold, but being so hoarse he did not succeed very well. The only way we could catch him at all was to get him before he left the henhouse in the morning. In a few days he had improved so much that he could crow a little and it was not long before he was entirely well. For many weeks, whenever he saw mama coming he would make a beeline for the other side of the cornfield, and would not stop until he had put a long distance between himself and her. It was surprising to us that he showed enough intelligence to so readily distinguish her from every one else.

—Grace H. Anderson,
Seventh Grade,
Central School,
Luverne, Minn.

A Sparrow Sentinel.

Once when I went down to the barn I saw a sparrow sitting all alone on the roof. As I drew nearer I saw it fly up in the air chirping loudly as if excited. A few seconds after it began chirping, five sparrows flew out of the open window with something in their bills. I went upstairs in the barn and saw a great deal of wheat scattered on the floor. Then I understood why they went into the barn, and why they had left a watchman outside.

—Fred Hilde,
B Seventh Grade,
Benson, Minn.

Ineffective Sunshine.

I think a cat has some unusual faculties. We once had a cat that had some kittens up in the garret. One bitter cold night her kittens froze to death. The next morning the sun shone through a crack in the roof, so she took her kittens and put them on the floor in the sunshine to thaw them out. When she found that she could not bring them to life in this way, she took some rags which were in the room and wrapped the kittens up in them. Every little while she would go and try to bring them to life. She went on in this way for some time, then we buried the kittens. This cat knew a great deal to try to bring her kittens to life.

—Illa Robinson,
Sixth Grade,
Sunrise, Minn.

A Tender Stepmother.

Last summer I had a pair of beautiful cinnamon-colored doves. One day upon going to the dovecot I found one of them missing. I thought she was outside getting food for the squabs, so I paid no attention to it. The next day she was gone, and the next, until she had been gone about two weeks. One day I saw the male bird trying to coax a slate-colored dove into the cot. She was very timid at first, but soon she was settled in her new quarters. It was very interesting to see her feed the young of the dead bird. She took good care of them until they were able to fly.

—Wilhelm Mathison,
Eighth Grade,
Granite Falls, Minn.

A Troubled Foster-Parent.

One day when I was over at my aunt's she told me to go out to the barn and look in the manger. There to my surprise I saw an old hen with five little kittens. It happened that the cat had made a nest for her little kittens in the same manger in which the old hen was setting. The old hen did not have any eggs to set on, so she adopted the little kittens. She could not always keep them in the barn, and she would cluck and seem in as much trouble as if one of her own chickens were lost. Every night she would put them under her wings to keep them from the cold. She used to sleep with her wings over the mother cat, too. If anybody came to take one of the kittens she would fly at him until he left them alone. When my aunt fed her she would pick up the crumbs and feed the kittens with them, clucking as if saying, "Eat this, my little kittens." She kept them until they began to grow so large she could not take care of them all.

—Grace Gardner,
Sixth Grade,
Pleasant Valley School,
Big Stone, Minn.

A Nose for News.

We have a wise, old Irish setter dog named Ole. He is such a curious dog and always has to know just what is happening, no matter where he is. One day mama was scouring the paint off the front parlor window. Ole was very anxious to know what she was doing and stuck his nose into her hand. She acted as if it were very mysterious; the more she did so, the more excited he became till at last he could stand it no longer. He went around the porch, through the front door, into the parlor, to the window, and saw what she was doing. Then he went around to her again and was content to watch her quietly.

—Barbara Morgan,
Sixth Grade,
Albert Lea, Minn.

Well-Won Kindness.

While I was visiting at my uncle's I made friends with a large dog. The dog and I always went after the cattle at night. One night as usual we stopped at the trees in the pasture and