WALKS OF NOTE

(Continued from the First Page.)

After walking about five minutes we came in sight of a treeless field, when one of the girls remembered having heard that during a cyclone one of the safest things to do was to lie on one's back in a field and hold tightly to the grass. This plan we resorted to immediately. We lay there patiently awaiting our doom, and expecting to be hurled into the air at any minute. But suddenly great raindrops splashed upon our faces, which forced us to recover our normal common sense and arise. It was now rapidly growing dark and as we walked along it began to thunder and lighten. Within a half block of us something all in white suddenly arose to our view and appeared to be running swiftly but awkwardly toward us. With wild shrieks of fear we ran, never stopping once until we arrived breathless, but safe, within our yard, when we heard a loud "moo, moo!" Turning we saw that our supposed pursuer was a white cow, which was as frightened as we were.

This walk was made most prominent in my memory, because the ghostly cow and stormy weather caused it to be my most unpleasant walk. —Grace Holtz,

Eighth Grade, 413 Hunter St., Rochester, Minn.
Central School.

FIVE HEART-BROKEN BOYS

Overwhelmed by Difficulties, They Retreat and Postpone an Encampment.

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

MY memorable walk was taken two summers ago. Some boys and I had planned to walk to a lake ten miles away, where we were to camp for a week. We arose early on the eventful morning. When we had gone a mile and a half we became very thirsty, and as we saw a farmhouse a little way off we started for it. We were walking up the path that led to the house when we were horrified to see a big bulldog running after us. We were so frightened we did not know whether to stand still or retreat, but something made us do the latter. As soon as we were out of the grove we halted to recover our breath We talked of the fine time we were going to have and did not notice the clouds that were gathering until the rain came down in torrents. We looked around for some place of shelter but we could see only one and that was the place where the bulldog had given us such a cool reception.

Five tired, wet and heart-broken boys tried to crawl under the wet canvas to wait for the shower to pass over; but we had to wait about two hours, and when we crept out we looked like chickens after their first attempt to swim. We rolled up the wet canvas and "about faced," and as we trudged along the road we thought there was no place like home. We were so tired we could hardly lift our feet. After many rests by the roadside we at last saw the welcome sight of our homes.

When we had dried ourselves we tumbled into bed and did not wake up till 10 o'clock the next day. We resolved that the next time we went camping we would use a different mode of travel. —Stanley G. Swanberg,

A Sixth Grade. Worthington, Minn.

The Longest Miles Ever Walked.

(Honorable Mention.)

That most memorable walk took place about a year ago, but the memory of it haunts me yet. A friend and myself went out strawberrying on our wheels, but as strawberries were few and the day very hot I decided to go home after picking about a cupful of the desired fruit. My friend, however, declined to go with me, so I started alone. I had not gone very far before I noticed that my bicycle was wobbling from side to side in a most peculiar fashion. All at once I ran into a rut, and in less time than it takes to tell it I was seated in a ditch with strawberries, hat, pail and bicycle strewn around me. I examined my wheel and found that the tire was almost off. No more riding for me that day, so with a heavy sigh I picked up my belongings and started on a "nice" three-mile walk to town.

Did some kind old farmer driving peacefully along in his wagon take pity on me and give me a ride to town? Not at all. I had to walk all the way in the broiling sun with nobody but my thoughts to keep me company. The three miles proved to be the longest ever walked, and a more tired, cross girl was never seen. I went through the back streets, as I did not want to be seen. When about a block from home I sat down to rest, thinking my troubles were over, when a cow, taking me for a scarecrow probably, chased me the rest of the way. When I told my story I was told that I ought to be thankful that I was not sun struck, but the only thing I could find to be thankful about was that I had reached home—at last. —Hattie Hetland,

Ninth Grade. Ada, Minn.

Ten-Year-Old Dignity.

(Honorable Mention.)

Despite my coaxings and the energetic use of a stout willow whip, Old John, the only horse I was then allowed to drive, would not go. Angered by his stubbornness, I determined to walk, so leaving the horse and cart in the yard I set out. My mother called to me, but I pretended not to hear and walked on.

It was in the early spring and the roads were muddy; however, that mattered little. I passed nobody except some boys who were seeding. When at last I had traveled the four miles to the postoffice I was warm and somewhat tired, but with all the dignity of a ten-year-old I marched in and said, "I want our mail." "Did you come on horseback?" the postmaster asked. "No, I walked," I said proudly as I went out at the door. Going home I walked very fast, indeed, thinking of the reputation I should make as a walker. My father met me about half a mile from home, and was rather surprised at my being no farther away. If my feet were blistered and sore for several days, I was silent on that part of the story; for had I not walked seven and one-half miles in just a little over two hours?

—Charlotte E. Barnes,

Ninth Grade. Lockhart, Minn.

Wet, but Delightful.

(Honorable Mention.)

I awoke to the full beauty of a morning in June, with its cloudless sky and exquisite colorings. There was every possibility of a happy day, for it was the first vacation holiday of the summer and I was determined to do something. I stood in the window undecided, and impatiently watched a troop of noisy children follow an organ grinder and a prancing monkey. The sunshine was so entrancig that I, too, could remain indoors no longer, and going out, I walked toward the house of two friends. They were busy mending a bicycle, and while watching them at their occupation, I remembered a certain wide bend in a creek three or four miles distant, where the water was clear and deep. I at once proposed that we go swimming, and after reviewing the creek's many virtues, the affair was favorably settled.

Therefore when we had each had dinner the long walk commenced. The three of us were barefooted and comfortably attired for such a tramp over sunny roads and across fields. Part of the walk lay along the railroad tracks, and wherever it was possible we preferred to run along the tops of box cars to walking on the hot cinders. The worst and sunniest portion of our journey was over, and we were within a mile of our destination when, to our dismay, clouds came up and great drops of rain began to fall. There was no shelter in sight, so we turned back and ran toward some ruins which we had passed. The wind began to blow. The walls shook, and we found it unsafe beneath them, so we retired to a lone box car, under which we remained and ate the lunch we had brought with us. The thunder pealed over our heads; the rain fell in torrents. It was more than a passing shower. We decided to run home; our clothes were already wet, and a little more water could not matter. A moment more and we ran, regardless of sandburrs and the like, crossing to the Minnehaha road and speeding down its avenue, protected somewhat by the trees. It was not long until the storm abated, and we were nearing home, wet creatures, finishing our delightful walk. —Walter Stahr,

Ninth Grade, 3410 Park Avenue,
High School. St. Louis, Mo.

A Wild Run Through Fire.

(Honorable Mention.)

About six years ago some girl friends and I were at my grandmother's. On the way home we attempted to go through the woods, as it was about one-half mile nearer than the main road. When we had gone about a quarter of a mile into the woods we smelled smoke, and saw that the wood on both sides of the path was on fire as far as we could see. A great many trees arched over the path and they were on fire also. So we were in rather a dangerous place. Our walk became a run; the smoke was so thick that we had a hard time to keep the path, but we managed to do so after making many mistakes. The fire extended only about a quarter of a mile, but it seemed to us as though it stretched four times as far. However, we were soon through the fire; and all escaped without being burned, with the exception of our bare feet, which carried a few blisters for a day or two afterward. The next time we went along the path it was a sad looking place, as there had not been time for anything green to spring up. This walk, which had been so pleasantly begun and which terminated in a wild run, has been the most memorable one I have ever experienced. —Nezzie Whan,

Eighth Grade. Royalton, Minn.

Mid-Winter Wading.

(Honorable Mention.)

It was half-past 8 one winter morning three years ago. I was starting for school, carrying lunch box and muff. After walking a block I reached a small lake. No one had crossed the lake that morning, so there was no path. All went well until I reached the center. There the wind had a long sweep so the drifts were very high. I started to wade through the first one, and at last reached the other side and waded through the next one. By the time I was ready for the third one I was pretty well tired out. However, I struggled through it, then stopped to rest. The next two were the worst. I lost one mitten and my lunch box twice. When I tried to stand on the next one I fell through, head first. I came out without my lunch box, with my veil frozen to my eyelashes and a good deal of snow in my sleeve. The next difficulty was the climbing of a steep hill, which led to the schoolhouse, and a barb wire fence.

When I finally reached the schoolhouse and had thawed my veil off, I told what a hard time I had had. I was cold until recess and it was a good while before I again attempted to open a path across the lake.

B Seventh Grade, —Helen R. Wingate,
Woodlake School. Box 19, Richfield, Minn.

Calm, Beautiful Night.

It was night; not dark and dreary, but calm and beautiful. The day had been exceedingly hot, and as I was recovering from the measles the doctor thought it would be good for me to go out. Everybody seemed busy, so thinking I would not disturb them I went alone. I passed down Lake View street, so called because it overlooks the lake, where I gazed at the most beautiful sight I have ever seen. Near me was an avenue of stately houses, surrounded by beautiful trees and gardens; across from these was a meadow that sloped down to a railroad track, and from it came the sound of cowbells. Not far away factories threw their smoke into the calm air. Beyond the hills the lake lay, clear as crystal, dotted with beautiful islands. The sun, which had not yet set, cast its rays upon the water, making it pink and gold. Across the lake the blue hills rose gradually until they seemed to touch the clouds, and from the distance came the sound of military music. The weather corresponded with the scene. All nature seemed calm and beautiful, for the hand of man had not yet touched it.

It must have been a long time before I took my eyes from the scene, for when I did I noticed that the sun had gone down and the moon had risen. In the distance could be heard the sound of the whip-poor-will and the nighthawk, and as I reluctantly turned my steps homeward I thought this walk the most beautiful I had ever taken.

—Louise Cutts Powell,
Faribault, Minn.

Eighth Grade.

THE WASTE OF THINGS

WASTE of wealth is sometimes retrieved; waste of health, seldom; but waste of time, never.

Attended by Ill Luck.

One summer not so very many years ago my friends decided that instead of staying quietly at home on Sunday afternoons, they would take long walks. I was invited to join the party, and as I do not enjoy long walks I suppose that was why ill luck attended me.

I enjoy being with my friends, so I readily agreed to be one of the party. I remember that I had a new challis dress which I put on that day. The first place we went was to the golf grounds. In our city the golf grounds are very hilly. I was very tired and warm by the time we had run up and down three big hills under the June sun. My companions thought it great fun, but they had no mercy upon poor me. We had several barb wire fences to go under, and as I was going under one I tore my new dress. This was a great sorrow and spoiled the rest of the day for me. Our way lay by a swamp which was full of croaking frogs and floating water lilies. The road that led by this swamp was wet with recent rains, and as I was not careful my feet became wet. I then began to complain but the others only laughed. I felt so badly about my dress, and then to have wet feet added—it seemed as if I could go no further. After roaming about we started for home, but I was so tired that they had to make a "chair" and carry me a little way.

I mended my dress and as the tear was in a plait it was never seen. I did not say anything about it to any one. I was very glad to go to bed, a tired and much wiser girl. I decided that it was the last walk I would take on Sunday.

—Louise Cutts Powell,

Eighth Grade. Faribault, Minn.

After the Manner of Boys.

One hot day while I was spending a part of my vacation with relatives in an eastern city, my cousin and I started out for a walk. We were, perhaps, six miles from the business center. After walking a short distance we proposed going down town and looking through the state house. Thoughtlessly I had forgotten my pocketbook. "Never mind," said Ruby, "I have a little change and car tickets." So we boarded a car and were soon down town. While walking we passed a fruit store. Some rosy peaches in the window looked so tempting we purchased a dime's worth. We then went through the state house. In the museum we found many interesting things.

Upon returning to the street we proposed getting some ice cream. When my cousin had paid for it, she began searching for the car tickets that she supposed she had. They were not there! She had forgotten about her brother "borrowing a couple" the evening before; he had, boy-fashion, gone to her purse and helped himself. What should we do? The change had gone for ice cream and peaches. The only thing we could do was to walk. Possibly we would meet someone whom we knew, but we would dislike to tell them the joke. How hot the sunshine was as we started! How much longer every block had grown all at once! On and on we went. Once we sat down on the edge of some one's grassy lawn to rest. The street cars rattled by and never before had they looked so inviting. This was certainly a memorable walk to me. The next time I forget my pocketbook I hope the day will not be so warm. —Demia Knapp,

B Tenth Grade. Dassel, Minn.

A Quest for a Picnic Ground.

The Sunday school was to have a picnc. The ferry boat had been engaged to carry us about a mile down the lake, and all were to meet at the ferry landing, which is about a mile from our house.

The day dawned brightly, and the heat of the sun was tempered only by a strong breeze. All preparations having been made we started gaily for the ferry landing, although our progress was hindered much by the luggage which we carried. When we were nearly at the landing we were informed that it was late for the ferry, so we quickened our speed. Above the landing we saw through an opening between two buildings that the ferryboat was already far out on the lake. At the landing papa went up to the ferryman's home to find if the boat would return for a second load. He soon returned with the information that it would be impossible for the ferry boat to visit the picnic grounds again before evening. He and mama held a whispered consultation, after which papa picked up a share of the luggage and calling to us to follow him, started off in an entirely different direction from home. My brother and I followed, wondering what our destination was. Papa said we were just going to hunt another picnic ground, but here were only lumber piles and sawdust heaps. Up Second street he led us, down St. Croix, and over the bridge to the depot. When he bought our tickets he was very careful that we should not see the name on them. And when we were half-way to Stillwater mama told us that we were going to Wildwood!

—Emma C. Kinney,

Eighth Grade. Hudson, Wis.

In a Dazzling Underworld.

The memorable walk that comes fresh to my mind just now is the one I took through a mine in Arizona.

A party of three, including myself, went down into the mine and secured a guide. He took us around, showing to us the different parts of the mine as we could see them by the

Northwestern Topics.

For Saturday, Aug. 30:

"A SCENE NEAR YOUR OWN HOME."

No matter how flat the prairie may be, there still is some spot in the vicinity where there is a "scenic bit," that will arouse more or less pleasure and would be interesting to one who had never seen that phase of nature. What is it? Where is it? Why is it? That is,—describe the scene, and tell what it is that makes it worthy of special note. It should be something fixed, not merely a passing picture seen once and under certain conditions. The papers must be in the hands of the editor

Not Later Than Friday Morning, August 22.

They must be strictly original, written in ink on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length, nor less than 100, marked with the number of words, and each signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer, together with the prize preferred from the list printed elsewhere. The papers must not be rolled.

For Saturday, Sept. 6:

"YOUR MOST PROFITABLE VACATION DAY. WHY?"

What day of the past vacation can you call your most profitable one, either because of something you earned or something you learned? If there is some other kind of profit, use that if you prefer. These two, however, will probably be the most popular points of view. The papers must be mailed so as to reach the office

Not Later Than Friday Morning, August 29.

They must be strictly original, written in ink on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length, nor less than 100, marked with the number of words, and each signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer, together with the prize preferred from the list printed elsewhere. The papers must not be rolled.