fell. My father's basket came down hard, I bruised my right knee badly, besides getting my dress covered with the white slip dust which covers the floor. I looked into one of the baskets and saw that nothing worse had happened than the spilling of some sauce, which was not serious. I thought nothing more of it, but took the baskets to their respective places and went home. When my father reached home that evening he asked me if I had had an accident that noon. He said his dishes were broken and the dinner spilled. This was the one that came down the heaviest when I fell, and I had looked into the other basket and not noticed it. Since then whenever I enter the shop and there is a car in sight, the slippers smile and look from me to the car; but I am very careful to look the other way.

Ninth Grade. —Helen Swanson,
Red Wing, Minn.

### A PALACE OF GLITTERING GEMS.

As I entered a long, deep, black-looking hole, the floor upon which I stepped began to go down, down, down, till it stopped with a thud. There I alighted and was ushered into a lonely, silent cave whose roof was upheld by boards, from which the water dripped; as each little drop fell, I could hear the echo. As I walked on, it seemed as if my eyes were closed it became so dark, and I began to peer into the darkness, trying to see what was ahead. Soon we came to the end and I asked: "Where shall we go now?" The man said: "Just wait a minute and I will show you." He dropped down on his hands and knees and began to feel the wall. Suddenly a little door in the wall opened. He told me to crawl through. In doing so I became wet, as the rock floor was covered with water. Now the man said: "Do you know where you are?" I answered, "No." "Well," he said, "you are now in the great crystal cave of Arizona." "You will have to show me where the crystals are." As I said this he pressed a button in the wall and the cave was suddenly flooded with light. I thought I was in a diamond palace. I had never before seen anything so beautiful or so grand. The cave was about a mile and a half square. The water was continually dripping from the roof, and where it dripped there were crystals sticking up from the floor.

Eighth Grade. —Clara Vinson,
Two Harbors, Minn.

### WONDERS OF THE UNDERWORLD.

As I entered Mammoth cave I observed that it was very dark and damp. There were four of us, including the man who took us through the cave. Annette did not want to go in, but Frank and I coaxed her so she consented to go. We all had on long, heavy coats and caps, with little lights fastened to them. Mammoth cave is in Edmonson county, Kentucky, and is eighty-five miles southwest of Louisville. The cave is ten miles long, and it takes one hundred and fifty miles of traveling to explore its many chambers and grottoes, rivers and falls. The main cave is four miles in length and from forty to three hundred miles wide. The cave is so large that we were afraid we would get lost and never find our way out. So we put up a large pole at the entrance and tied one end of a long rope and carried the rope with us. The guide told us that it was thought people once lived in the cave. We visited Lucy's Dome, which is pretty and is three hundred feet high. There were avenues, and they were covered with a continuous crust of crystal, which is very beautiful. There were many stalactites and stalagmites. We sailed up the rivers and on the lakes, which are connected with the Green river outside of the cave. The largest river is the Echo river, which is three-fourths of a mile long and in some places is two hundred feet wide. The air in the cave is pure. Annette's light went out before we were half through the cave. Annette was not afraid when we were once in the cave, and she talked and laughed all the way through. We all enjoyed our trip very much, and were glad we had gone through.

Seventh Grade. —Edith Beatty,
Minto, N. D.

### BRAVE FIRE LADDIES.

As I entered the house I smelled smoke. I did not think anything of it for our cooking stove smokes sometimes. So I sat down to read. I had not read very long before I heard the tramp of horses' feet and the shouts of men outside. Going to the door to see what the matter was, I was met by a stream of water, and I saw firemen going up the ladder to one of our windows. Then I knew what the trouble was—our house was on fire! But before any great damage was done the fire was put out.

Fifth Grade. —Roscoe Kyle,
307 First Street S, Austin, Minn.

### A TRUNK IN EITHER HAND.

One New Year's Eve, as I entered the church, I heard some one cry, "Fire!" I did not go out right away, because the people said it was only a straw stack burning somewhere near town. After awhile I went outside. It was so light that it seemed as if there were a full moon. I did not stand still very long, but started for the fire at a swift pace. When I reached it I saw it was the drug store, the building next to ours.

As I entered the sitting-room of our home I could see nothing; then I went to my aunt's bedroom and I saw that everything had been taken from the room. Then I went to my bedroom, and found that everything was gone; even the curtains were torn down. In the rear hall I found many things that the people had not seen. I took hold of a trunk with each hand and was pulling at them, when a man came and helped me take them out. I thought that our house would surely burn, but the people put the fire out after working hard for about three hours.

Sixth Grade. Adolph Anderson,
Lake Park, Minn.

### QUEER, STIFF PEOPLE.

When I was about six years of age, I had a great desire to see the art institute during the world's fair, so my mother took me. She was very tired before we reached the building, so she said I might go in alone.

As I entered I saw a great many white forms. I thought them very queer at first. I saw at the other end of the room a crowd of people, so I went over to see what they were looking at. I hurried along the aisle, wondering what was in a certain glass case. It was a man, I thought, and I grew frightened and began to run, thinking a ghost was after me, and I bumped against somebody. Turning around I saw a lady trying to tie her shoe. I was so frightened that I forgot to say, "Excuse me." A little distance off there stood another figure pointing at me as if I had done something wrong. I turned around to the lady to apologize, but she was still tying her shoe. I approached her and was going to offer help, but she did not seem to have any life. I felt of her foot; it was very hard, and her dress was stiff. Looking at the man who was pointing at me, I thought he, too, seemed lifeless. Suddenly the thought struck me that all these people were only statues. I felt ashamed, and looked around to see if anybody had been watching me. There was my mother, laughing so hard I thought she would choke. I said I would never go there again.

Seventh Grade, —Mabel Crowley,
South Side School. St. James, Minn.

### A CHORUS OF JOYOUS SHOUTS.

It was my birthday and I did not know what to do for my sister had gone out and mama was also out for the evening; at least, that is what she said to me. I think I must have been dozing when my mother came in. She gave me a little shake and said: "Come over to F.'s with me; they are going to have a little party over there." So I changed my dress, combed my hair and went over with mama. We had not been there long when mama said: "Come, Harriet, we must go home." I thought it was queer she was going so early and when the company had not come. I thought she must be ill; as I was afraid to have her stay if she were sick, I put on my hat and went home.

The house was dark when we left it, but as I entered there was a yell and the lights were turned on. There sat about twenty girls and boys. I was completely surprised.

A Sixth Grade, —Harriet Mackinnon,
Central School. Crookston, Minn.

WHEN THEY TURN TO GOLD

Mr. Bug—Don't bother me now. Don't you see it's autumn and the leaves must be painted? —From Judge, copyrighted, 1902.

### A LITTLE MUD MAN.

As I entered the school yard one Friday afternoon on my way back from dinner, I saw a little boy named Irvin who had been playing and had fallen into the mud. It ---- been raining all day and was very muddy. He was trying very hard to wash some of the mud off, for he was mud from head to foot; when he laughed all one could see was his white teeth. He never cried nor became angry, but stayed all afternoon. When night came he was not a bit anxious to go home and have his muddy clothes taken off.

Seventh Grade. —Mable Mills,
Hannaford, N. D.

### BUBBLING FOR A WHOLE WEEK.

I could hardly wait until Monday morning, for was not the Journal Junior coming then? I had sent my paper in and told no one of it. With an anxious heart I jumped out of bed and dressed. "Has papa been after the mail this morning?" I asked mama when I saw her. She said he had not for when we children receive any mail he always brings it to us. But that morning I wanted to get it myself.

As I entered the postoffice I was very quiet, and hardly dared to take the mail when it was handed to me. I looked it over, but there was nothing for me from Minneapolis. "Well," I thought, "there must have been a mistake." So I glanced the Junior over and then, oh, how light-hearted I felt! My paper had been printed. Where was my Junior button? I looked for it, and not finding it, I asked the postmistress. She handed it to me, saying: "Here, Edna, is your button and that's all there is for you this morning."

"I can work so well this week, all because my paper is printed in the Journal Junior," I said to mama when I reached home. My sisters crowded around, wanted to see my button and read the paper. Then I was so glad thinking they were pleased. I really did work well that week, too. —Edna I. Hanson,

Eighth Grade. Cyrus, Minn.

### THE MAKING OF A MERMAID.

As I entered a small steam launch I saw a steamboat just coming into the dock. Then I saw some people step out, and among them was a lady whose dress caught on the side of the boat. When the boat pulled out she was pulled along until she had reached the end of the dock, when she fell into the water. She could swim a little, so she kept herself up until some people went to her rescue in a rowboat. When they had taken her to shore she went to the hotel and borrowed some clothes from a friend of hers.

She said afterwards that she was frightened at first, but when she found that she could swim she knew that if she kept up until the steamboat went out she would be rescued.

Sixth Grade, —Kathryn Loyhed,
Central School. Faribault, Minn.

### A TEARFUL DUET.

As I entered the grocery store one morning about eight o'clock, I saw two little children standing near a grocery store crying for their mother as loudly as they could. They said they did not know where she had gone. They came from some street near there, but did not know which way to go. The groceryman did not know the little children. When I went into the store the children followed me, and the groceryman gave each a piece of candy and they stopped crying. Suddenly a woman came by and asked me if I had seen two little children. I told her that they were in the grocery store. So she went in and there they were, sitting quietly and eating candy. Then she took them home, very glad because she had found them.

A Fifth Grade, —Anna Zeipelt,
Adams School. 310 James Street, St. Paul, Minn.

### BOTHERSOME BRER BAT.

As I entered the house I saw my mother sitting by the table reading a newspaper. Suddenly a bat flew in through the open window and clung to her dress. She did not notice it until it began to crawl about, when she shook it off. The bat flew over to my sister and almost became entangled in her hair. We ran for a bird cage to put it in. We took the cage out-of-doors. The bat crawled through the wires and went up a tree. But we caught it and kept it for some time. One night, though, it escaped, and the next morning we found it in the woodshed crawling around on the wood. Another time we thought it was lost, but after searching awhile it was found climbing a tree. In spite of our care, it finally flew away and never returned.

Seventh Grade, —Della Johnson,
East Side School. Red Wing, Minn.

### A WILD DASH FOR LIBERTY.

I was six years old when this incident occurred. As I entered school one bright morning in May, I heard some one scream. I stopped at the gate of the school yard. I did not have to wait long before I saw what the person was screaming about. Up the street two horses dashed wildly. In the buggy was a man and beside him sat a little girl. The child was screaming, and the man was pulling on the reins. The buggy swayed from one side to the other. People rushed to the street to see it. Suddenly the horses turned the corner. The child was thrown from the seat. People rushed to her, picked her up and carried her to the nearest house. As I could see no more, I went into school, for the last bell was already ringing.

A Sixth Grade, —Eunice Irvine,
Central School. Red Wing, Minn.

### EXCITEMENT TO MAKE EYES POP.

As I entered the willows bordering the edge of a certain rice swamp that I once visited, the numerous kinds of waterfowl that greeted my eyes would have made almost any boy's eyes nearly start out of his sockets with excitement. I stole cautiously through the willows and lay down in the high grass next to the swamp, having my eye fixed upon a flock of teal ducks all the time. There was a large rock at the edge of the swamp which I hid behind. I was settled comfortably after a good deal of noise. I peered around the side of the rock and was just going to shoot at the teal when I heard a quacking behind me, and, looking around, I beheld two large mallards bearing down upon me. They alighted within forty yards, between the teal and me. I banged away at them and about a hundred ducks rose all around me. I could see one of the mallards kicking his legs and flapping his wings violently, and the other one was calmly reposing on the surface of the water. Beyond I could see a little teal swimming round and round with a broken wing, so I slipped a cartridge in the gun and put him out of misery. I shot other ducks, and had a good day's sport.

Ninth Grade. —Harold Rodham,
Warren, Minn.

**Costly Newspapers.**

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