

# ON THE FARM

(Continued From First Page.)

## IN THE OLD GRAY HOUSE.

(Honorable Mention.)

After a long ride in the early morning we reached the top of the hill from which the old gray farmhouse was plainly visible. How I loved the dear old house with its weather-beaten sides and its low roof! We hurried down from the buggy, and after greeting grandmother we were soon busy helping with the preparations for dinner, for the men had not yet come from the fields. I went out in the orchard just behind the house and there, sitting on an old box seat, I pared apples for a pie. How green the trees were! And how soft the grass! The sky was not so clear and beautiful anywhere else, I thought. The whole place seemed to smile in welcome to me and invite me to enjoy its gladness. Even the speckled hens and the fat old turkey gobbler seemed glad to see me.

After a pleasant meal, my sister and I went to take a walk in the fields. We passed along old-fashioned zig-zag rail fences, over velvety grass, and thru fields of rustling corn to the house of a neighbor. There we sat, watching the horses pull a great hay fork until it rose high in the air and then, with a sharp click, set its load of hay fall on a stack. In the evening, just as the sun sank in marvelous splendors in the west, we came home with the cows—the dog at our heels. In a little opening we stopped to look over the scene before us. Peace and tranquillity reigned on hill, river and forest, and made the beauty of the place more intense.

That night, as the earth lay wrapped in silence, unbroken save by the occasional tinkle of a cowbell, I felt that I had spent one of the happiest days of my life.

—Bessie Marvin,  
Twelfth Grade, Prairie du Chien, Wis.

## PLEASURES WERE ENDLESS.

(Honorable Mention.)

About six or seven years ago, while visiting near Faribault, I spent my first day on a farm. There seemed to be no end to the pleasures in which I shared. From the cornfield, where we sought out and carried to the house all the desirable pumpkins and squashes, we went to the lot which had been sown for barley and among the waving grain we chased the turkeys and hunted for their large, brown-speckled eggs—and were in turn pursued by the angry gobblers, and so frightened that we turned our attention to the occupants of the pond down back of the barn. There we tormented the ducks and geese until the ganders became as cross as the turkeys and we were again driven from our sport, followed by the hissing geese and quacking ducks; we then decided to hide ourselves to the shade of some large willows back of the house, where for a short time we were contented to quarrel over the possession of a swing which uncle had put up for us. After having had one "swing" apiece we were looking for something new and soon decided that the barnyard live stock needed our attention. With that idea we hastened to the barn and scrambled over the stone wall into a lot where the colts were peacefully eating grass. We led them about the small pasture for some time, where they did not seem to mind, and finally ventured to mount them, but the colts were contented only to be led about and we were soon thrown from their backs during some of their maneuvers, all strange to me. Luckily we escaped uninjured. All around we had a very delightful (?) and quite an exciting time and I think I shall always remember my first day on a farm.

—William A. Landis, Jr.,  
Eleventh Grade, Osakis, Minn.

## A PROGRESSIVE LUNCHEON.

(Honorable Mention.)

How well I remember the day I spent on the farm and the fun we had for just one day, altho I wished it was a week. We started out there about eight o'clock in the morning, and did not return until nine at night. The folks were awaiting us when we reached there and so were some nice brown cookies, too. When we spied these last we all had a lunch the first thing. We then went to the garden and had a lunch on the vegetables. It was beginning to get very warm, and we had been running around so much we thought we would rest beneath the trees, but found we did not want to sit still a moment. Then I thought of climbing trees, and we did and one of the girls tore her dress very badly.

About four o'clock we went to gather the eggs and found

## Northwestern Topics.

For Saturday, Sept. 26:

### "A FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL."

Somewhere in your memory box there is tucked away the story of some first day of school that was different from any other; a day, perhaps, that was pleasant—or otherwise; a day that brought a surprise, or on which something very, very funny happened; a day that meant happiness or unhappiness, or—why, all sorts of things. Don't you see? It may be a day that is near at hand or one far back in the "beginning" days, when school meant something very different from what it does now. The papers must be mailed so as to reach the office of The Journal Junior Not Later Than Friday Morning, September 18.

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. The papers must not be rolled.

For Saturday, Oct. 3:

### "WHAT AUTUMN SAYS."

Autumn is with us again and has much to say if we can only interpret it. You may either personify autumn and write the story as if she talked in person to you; or you may tell the story of what the season as a season means to you, or says to you without words being necessary. The papers must be mailed so as to reach the office of The Journal Junior

Not Later Than Friday Morning, September 25.

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. The papers must not be rolled.

two dozen. Grandma said all we found we could have. The eggs were then packed, the horses hitched and we started for home. We sang songs all the way.

The next day one of the girls was sick in bed all day and I told her it was a wonder I did not need the doctor, too, for eating so much, but it happened I was not sick that time, and I was very glad.

—Hazel Forsythe,  
Sixth Grade, Barnesville, Minn.

## ALL ARE FARM DAYS.

(Honorable Mention.)

As I have always lived on a farm I have a great many days to choose from, but the one I take was in November, 1897. We had several acres of corn to husk. The men were working quite fast and my sister and I thought we would help. So after dinner we donned some wraps and went with papa. We thought we would not need any mittens, but when we had husked awhile and my brother was going to the house we sent for some. As the rows were about eighty rods long it looked quite a distance to people who had but arrived at the ages of 8 and 10, but we trudged on, occasionally throwing an ear of corn over the wagon or leaving several behind which papa had to get. After we had husked our load of nice, yellow corn, we climbed upon the wagon and seated ourselves for a ride of about half a mile. After we had gone a short distance papa stopped the horses and picked and loaded several nice, large, yellow pumpkins to be stored for winter use. Then we drove on until we reached home, tired and hungry, but happy. I think this was about my happiest day on the farm, because I helped gather things for the winter.

—Mabel McNea,  
Eighth Grade, Spring Valley, Minn.

## THE TOPPLING MOUNTAINS.

I never can forget the day I spent at my uncle's farm on one of the Green Mountains in New Hampshire. When I went outdoors it looked so very different from the farms in Minnesota. On every side I could see nothing but high mountains, and it seemed to my eyes—used to long stretches of



## As We Pass

*As we meet and touch each day  
The many travelers on our way,  
Let every such brief contact be  
A glorious, helpful ministry.*

prairie—that they would topple over on me. My cousin took me around the farm and we went up back of the barn. There was no grass there, just stones. But what lovely stones they were! Little pieces and huge rocks of marble and granite which glistened in the sun so that I could hardly see. You may be sure that when I left my hands were full. Then we went back to the house and played mudpies under the trees. In a little while my uncle gathered some pears for us from the tall pear tree. During the day we went to see the large orchard and picked apples, which tasted better than any I had ever eaten before.

—Flora Wetherbee,  
Ninth Grade, Marshall, Minn.

## WHEN THE STORY ENDED.

One morning we all arose early to go out to the farm for the day. It was a bright sunny morning and we were having much fun in the buggy, when we came to a bridge. The horses started to go down to the river which ran under it. I screamed at the top of my voice. Papa laughed at me and told me that I would frighten the horses. Soon we started again and that time we reached the farm safely. My sister and I ran to the haystack to play. I thought I had never had so much fun in my life, but before I had time to finish telling it I found myself rolling down the side. After that I tried it a good many times. I then went on doing it until I hurt myself. After that when we went to the farm I remembered and I was more careful.

—Ethelyn Nelson,  
Sixth Grade, Barnesville, Minn.

## CLIMBERS ALL.

One lovely summer morning several years ago some friends and I went out in the country to spend the day. We had to start early, for we had twenty miles to go. We had a nice drive out and arrived at our destination about noon. After eating a hearty dinner we children went outdoors and climbed over machinery, hay stacks and barns. What most attracted my attention was a corn sheller which was in the granary and there I stayed a long time, shelling corn, for it was quite a novelty to me. What a day altogether we did put in! They were building a barn on this farm and had just put the ladder up and we went into the hayloft. One of the boys carved our initials on this ladder and they are there yet, for I have been to this farm several times since. When it was time to go home, we were pretty tired children and enjoyed our ride home thru the cool of the evening.

—Henrietta Shirk,  
A Eighth Grade, Huron, S. D.  
Illinois School.

## EATING AT THE FIRST TABLE.

One day in autumn, four years ago, we were going to thresh. Mr. K. is the owner of the machine that was to thresh for us. He liked to play with the little children at the farm-houses where he threshed. As I was only six years old mother sent me outdoors to play. Then I helped a little about the housework, carried in wood, helped set the table, carried out the water pail, ran errands, etc. Then I was sent out to call the men to dinner. They came and I was given the treat of eating with them. I usually had to wait until the last. When the men left the house I helped clean up the table. Then my mother gave me little odd jobs all the afternoon. At last supper was nearly ready and I ran out and sat on the hitching post. Mr. K. came along and took me in his arms and carried me into the house. Then I watched the men eat and then I ate hurriedly so as to see the men hitch up their teams. At last they all went away and I went to bed. This was merely one of the days of my life, for I never have lived anywhere but on the farm.

—Marcia McNea,  
Sixth Grade, Spring Valley, Minn.

## THE ICE CREAM COW.

One day in the "good old summer time" my parents, and my aunt, cousin and myself were invited to spend the day on a farm a few miles from town. My cousin and I could hardly wait for the time to come, but at last we were on our way. We reached the farm about ten o'clock, and as we were given permission to explore the place we started out. We found a well about three blocks from the house, in a pretty little meadow and after that every time we were thirsty (which was very often) we went to the well for a drink. It tasted so much better when we pumped it for ourselves. We made many startling discoveries that day. Perhaps the most surprising one was that pigs are very fond of peanuts. What

fun we had feeding those pigs peanuts! We found the garden and some apple trees, too, and then came dinner!

The only thing I remember now of that dinner was the fine ice cream we had and as there was a large white cow in the pasture they told us that that was their ice cream cow. We believed it then, and now when we go to see our hostess she always asks if we remember the ice cream cow. That day was altogether too short and we reached home tired but happy, having spent one of the most pleasant days of our lives.

—Margaret Buchanan,  
Eleventh Grade, Shakopee, Minn.  
Union School.

## TOO MUCH PONY.

I have been wanting a pony for more than a year. I used to have one, but I could not ride well and was afraid of it, and we sold it. About a year ago I found myself wanting another. Every nice pony I saw I asked my father to buy. The other day we went over to see our neighbors, who live on a farm, and their little girl saddled her pony for me to ride. She said he was very gentle for she had trained him herself. I mounted and started down the road. He went all right going but coming back he started to run. He had been taught to run when the reins were loose on his neck. When he began to run I let the reins loose and hung on to the saddle and that made him run all the faster. My friend's father and mine tried to stop him, but he dodged them and ran to the watering trough, where he stopped. I was glad when he stopped and now I do not want a pony or even to get on one. I have had all the horseback riding I care for. Horses seem to know that I cannot ride or drive them well, for my mother has a gentle driving horse which never runs away or does anything bad except when I drive him.

—Loretta Kelley,  
Sixth Grade, Devils Lake, N. D.

## VISITORS OF TWO AUNTS.

Several years ago while I was visiting on the farm of my aunt, another girl, Della, was visiting her aunt about half a mile away. One day Della asked Florence, Edna and myself to spend the day at her aunt's home. On our way over we thought that we would go thru a large field. But there was a horse there of which we were much afraid. After filling our arms with sticks we ran thru as fast as possible. The horse did not notice us. Just as we had crossed we heard the whistle of a steamboat. We hurried to the upper story of a large barn where we could see the boats on the Mississippi, a few miles away. We soon tired of that, so we went over to the house, where we played croquet. As that did not afford us enough exercise we played hide and seek. Edna and I went into an old storeroom which seemed to be infested with hornets and we left a good deal quicker than we went in. Fortunately we were not stung. By dinner time we were very hungry and we ate enough to prove that the dinner was good. Instead of quieting down after this we continued our game of hide-and-go-seek, playing in the haylofts part of the time. Just before supper we became quiet, but only for a short time, for we finally gathered courage enough to go into the field where we chased the horse from one end of it to the other as fast as we could go. At eight o'clock we were glad to stop for a rest before going home. We hope to be able to have many such happy days.

—Margaret Shelton,  
High School, Rhinelander, Wis.

## A TENDERFOOT'S TIME.

One day I went out to my uncle's farm to stay there a while. I fed the pigs, the horses, cows, calves and chickens. I had to milk one cow and I wish I hadn't. The first night I started to milk she kicked me and knocked the pail over and scared the other cows. All ran away and we could not get any milk that night. The next morning I got up and saddled a horse to herd the cows, and the first time I cracked my whip the horse threw me off his back. I lit on my feet and was soon herding again, but I never cracked the whip again. That was a great time for a tenderfoot like me.

—Clarence Morben,  
Sixth Grade, Barnesville, Minn.

## A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

It was a fine breezy day that I selected for the trip to my grandfather's farm and, mounted on my bicycle, I soon arrived at my destination. All forenoon I spent in wandering around the granary and learning the various accomplishments of a farmer, but as soon as dinner was over I picked up a pail and went to pick berries. Soon I became tired of this task and setting my pail down went to the pasture. While looking around I caught sight of a flock of Angora goats feeding under the shade of a large oak. As I walked up to the tree the flock divided and ere I realized it a huge ram came charging at me. It was too late to reach the fence and I dashed for the oak. In an instant I was sitting in its lower branches looking down upon a very angry ram. Then I tried to scare my enemy by throwing bark at him, but in vain! He would not stir. I passed an hour trying to admire the beauties of the landscape, but each time that unfeeling goat would loom up and spoil my vision. Two hours I spent wishing that the goat would go away and then as the sun went down and I was giving up all hope, the goat trotted slowly off. Then I betook myself from my perch and hurried thoughtfully off.

—Theodore Gronert,  
Twelfth Grade, Prairie du Chien, Wis.

## SOWING THE SEED.

The first day I spent on the farm I liked it very much. I ran out to see the pigs and the chickens and the horses that were left in the barn. At dinner time I came in and I was very hungry. After dinner my cousin came in from the field and I went out with him. He was seeding some of the farm in flax and I wanted to ride on the seeder. I liked that so much I stayed there until supper time. After supper I fed the chickens and the horses and watered them. Then I took the cows home and went to bed. The next morning I got up very early and had my breakfast and went down to the ditch and waited until my uncle came to get water for the stock. Then I went back with him and took care of the baby until she went to sleep. My cousin was there and we played house and had a good time until dinner time. But after I had been there a week I began to miss mama and papa, who were at Pelican Lake, and I wanted to go where they were. They wanted me to stay longer, but I knew that I could not have a good time, so I came home. That taught me a lesson not to go without either papa or mama.

—Marran Barry,  
Fifth Grade, Barnesville, Minn.

## A POKE THAT WAS NOT SO SLOW.

"Oh, dear! Isn't this horse the slowest old poke you ever saw in your life!" I exclaimed to Eva and Judith one day, as we were going out to their home on the farm. "Let's get out and walk!" one of the girls exclaimed. "All right! I believe we can go faster than the horse does." So out we got and the horse, finding its load so much lightened, started out at a pace quite remarkable for "the slowest old poke you ever saw." Soon the mosquitoes began to bother