us and we wished we had stayed in the buggy. On and on we tramped, the mosquitos growing thicker at every step. At last Eva exclaimed, "Let's take off our aprons and tie them over our heads." No sooner said than done and away we went, looking like a band of gypsies and reached the farm about supper time.

The next morning we were up early, looking at the chickens, doves and dozens of other interesting things to be found on the farm. We decided to play hide-and-go-seek and such delightful hiding places as the dry water tank, barns and granaries afforded. After dinner we decided to cook something, so we hunted up an old dustpan, a small shovel and an old stove cover, put a few live coals and a little dry grass on each and then started for the garden after something to cook. We found a few beans, peas and onions. "What are you girls going to cook?" I asked. "I'm going to fry some onions," Judith answered. "I'm going to have some string beans," Eva said. "Well, I'm going to make some vegetable soup," I said, as I chopped up radishes, onions and peas, covered them with milk and put them on my "stove"—to burn. Judith's fried onions were voted the best, as Eva couldn't make the fire burn and her beans were not properly cooked. —Mattie L. Crabtree,

Eighth Grade. Herman, Minn.

TEN OR TWELVE TOGETHER.

About two years ago I was spending my vacation with an aunt in Illinois. I remember one day while staying with a friend that her father had to take some hay to the cattle in a pasture about a mile from the house. Ten or twelve of us girls and boys thought we would go with him and wade in the creek. We arrived at the pasture after several scares for fear the hayrack would tip over. After having an enjoyable time in the water we suddenly thought of going to the house for our dinner.

Mr. R— had gone back with the rack some time before, so we had to walk. We were afraid of the cattle and had to take a very roundabout way so as not to go near them. We were almost halfway to the house, barefooted, of course, when I noticed I had lost one of my stockings. Then a friend and I had the great pleasure (?) of going back to look for it. We finally reached the house after a long hot walk and found dinner over with. But the ice cream was just as good to us as if they had waited an hour.

—Elsie Calef,

8th Grade. Hector, Minn.

Drawn by Minnie Damm, A 7th Grade, Jackson School.

REGULAR CIRCUS NOISE.

"Hurrah, John, I am going to uncle's farm to-morrow." As I greeted my friend with that joyous exclamation, a look of envy crossed his face, but as it passed, the brilliant idea of taking my friend with me upon my day's outing grew to distinctness in my mind. If a person were to judge by the noise John and I made the next morning he would have decided that a circus had made its appearance in town; but such was not the case, altho we intended to have a "circus" at the farm, as the boys designate a good time.

All too soon were the beautiful little ravines, heavy forests of timber and vast fields of golden grain passed, as we rode along in the heavy lumber wagon, guided by my father. Presently father drew the team up before a large, neat frame house, having a background of buildings, large and small, and of all descriptions. I was out of the wagon before it stopped to open the gate for father, and then—well, I saw the strawpile, and you can imagine the rest. Going like the wind, and enjoying the certain amount of danger, I was ready to take an oath that sliding down a strawpile was the best sport I had ever tried. But that was before that frightful (?) accident, for as I was swiftly gliding down the strawpile, I heard a few cackles, and a smash as I lit at the foot of the stack, and the terrible truth soon became apparent. I had landed upon a nest of eggs! There was no more pleasure for me that day, but John seemed to enjoy watching the pigs, poultry and even joining in a hunt for those detested chicken eggs. But they did not find as many as usual, as I had found them a short time before, and a more spiritless boy could not be found than I, as we wended our way homeward that night. —Edw. Benson,

Tenth Grade. Prairie du Chien, Wis.

WHEN THEY ALL HURRIED.

One bright morning in the early part of August our family was hurrying around, for were we not to spend the day on grandpa's farm? We left our house about six o'clook in the morning, every one in good spirits, every one laughing and joking and bent on having a good time. About nine o'clock we arrived at the farm after an exceedingly pleasant ride of eighteen miles. My sister and I both hurried out to the garden and plentifully supplying ourselves with green peas and carrots hastened to the pasture. There were a number of little calves in this pasture and not seeing an old cow in one of the corners we climbed over the fence and began playing with the calves. We had not been there long, however, before we heard a "Mo-oo-o-oo," and turning around we saw the cow coming for us. Snatching our red sunbonnets (the attraction) from our heads so we could run faster, we headed for the fence, and never did a fence seem so high. But after various tears in our dresses and stockings we finally got over it. Knowing the cow could not follow us, we did not run to the house. Nothing, however, could induce us to go near the pasture again. We stayed on the porch until dinner was ready and then began picking flowers to take home. About three o'clock we left for home, having enjoyed our day on the farm very much.

—Lillian Spain,

Ninth Grade. Two Harbors, Minn.

Passing the Laws.

When my cousin Irene was five years old, her mother took her with a number of other children to see the state house at Springfield, Ill. As we entered the house of representatives my aunt said, "Children, this is the room in which the laws are made." Next we went into the senate chamber, when my aunt told us, "This is the room in which the laws are passed." As we left the room, little Irene lingered, and on being told to come, answered: "I want to wait till they pass the things around they make over there."—The Little Chronicle.

"THE LITTLE BROWN PITCHER"

The History Which Underlies an Interesting Story in a Recent Number of St. Nicholas.

Elsie C. Cranz's story of "The Little Brown Pitcher," in St. Nicholas, is a true incident of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866, and the little hero of the tale was the writer's father. Karlchen, the Liebe Mutter, and the two big brothers saved slowly, carefully, at the cost of much sacrifice, filling the little brown pitcher that Karlchen might go to college. Then General Von Moltke and his staff came riding by and levied on the little farm for the feeding of the troops.

In the meantime Von Moltke, at the head of his staff, had approached. Turning to Karl, he said: "Well, my boy, dost thou go to college?"

"Alas, no!" replied Karl. "I was to have gone in the harvest month, but now what shall I do? Your soldiers take the cattle, and what has been saved for me must go to buy more."

"Wilt not give willing to the army, lad?"

"Yes, but—how long have I wanted to go!"

"Thou shalt go, my boy." Then, calling to one of his officers: "Lieutenant von Hohenwald, make a list of what is taken here, and the value of each thing, and when the war is over, you, boy, or your mother, must present this to the kronprinz in Berlin and receive full payment."

Poor Karl said nothing. All hope of college had flown; for who could believe that the great kronprinz would be bothered with the troubles and losses of the farmers who had been robbed by his soldiers?

Karl's mother took the paper, folded it, and sorrowfully dropped it in the little brown pitcher.

Six weeks went by; the little brown pitcher was empty now, save for Von Hohenwald's forgotten receipt; but news had come that the Austrians had been severely defeated at Sadowa and peace had been declared. And one glorious day came a letter signed "General von Moltke, per von Hohenwald," asking why the claim of Frau Lisbeth Gronig had not been presented to the kronprinz, and saying that if presented in two weeks it would be paid immediately.

Grau Gronig hastened to Berlin; the claim was presented, and, when she returned, the little brown pitcher was again heavy, for she had received a liberal price for everything.

And Karl went to college in the harvest month.

Always Reigning—Never Snow

A Washington county boy of five years who recently heard a reference to Queen Victoria, asked his mother for information as to that sovereign's identity. The mother told him as best she could of the virtues and merits of Victoria—how well she was loved by everybody, and how she had reigned over her people for many, many years. When the explanation was finished, the boy looked up wonderingly and asked: "But, mama, did she never snow over her people?"—Philadelphia Times.

One of Mark Twain's Jokes.

Bishop William Croswell Doane of Albany, recently entertained J. Pierpont Morgan at Northeast Harbor. Bishop Doane was at one time the rector of an Episcopal church in Hartford, and the services at this church Mark Twain would occasionally attend. Twain, one Sunday, played a joke upon the rector. "Dr. Doane," he said, at the end of the service. "I enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it like an old friend. I have, you know, a book at home containing every word of it."

"You have not," said Dr. Doane.

"I have so," said the humorist.

"Well, send that book to me. I'd like to see it."

"I'll send it," Twain replied.

And he sent, the next morning, an unabridged dictionary to the rector.

How to Check a Runaway Horse.

As soon as the driver sees the disposition to run in the horse he is driving, let him begin the rapid jerking first on one line and then on the other, not gently, but with such force as to bring the bridle bit from one side to the other thru the horse's mouth. This new motion so confuses the animal that all other fear is taken away. From many years' driving I have never found this method to fail on the most refractory horse. Of course, you should never drive any horse without the best of strong leather that will stand any strain you need to put on it.—Farm and Fireside.

The "How Many" Book.

Little Carl had been in school but a few weeks when his Aunt Laura asked him how many two and two are.

He looked up in her face and replied: "I am not in the hominy (how many) book yet!"—The Little Chronicle.

World Telegraph Offices.

There are about 114,500 telegraph offices now open in the whole world.

Drawn by Eleanor Priebe, 6th Grade, Bremer School.

A TRADE RULE REVERSED.

Johnson of Tilton Put Poorest Berries on Top and Made a Success of Fruit Farming.

"If the apples in that barrel don't improve in quality below the top layer, I'll make you a present of the barrel," said a friend of the writer, a man who is engaged in the produce business in Boston. "That barrel came from Johnson, up to Tilton," he continued, "and it's a fact, every barrel or basket of fruit he sends us has the poorest ones on top."

"A somewhat remarkable way of doing business these days," I said, recalling the numerous times when I had purchased apparently fine fruit, only to discover a second-rate or worse article beneath the outside layer.

"Yes, and a remarkable business has this Johnson built up," he said, taking out the apples that were on top, disclosing magnificent fruit beneath. "Ten years ago Johnson bought the Hammond fruit farm at Tilton. The farm was all run down, good trees and vines, but in much need of pruning and cultivation. He spent the first two years in getting the trees and vines into good shape; then he began shipping fruit to the city.

"The first time I saw him he stopped in front of the store here with a load of berries. They did not look like fancy berries, and I told him so. He turned one of the boxes out and shnowed me some of the finest fruit I had ever seen.

"'How is this?' I said. 'Your finest berries are underneath.'

"'Well, you see, sir, the top ones get more or less bruised,' he said, 'and so I put the poorest on top. Then, besides, I don't want a customer to be disappointed when he comes to look over the berries.'

"I bought his load and have done business with him ever since. He has got a score of regular customers down here among the markets who buy heavily of him year after year, and they will all tell you the same story—his products are a little better than they seem to be at first glance. I have seen men come along with a load of fruit and go away again with the same load unable to dispose of a dollar's worth; and then I have seen Johnson's team drive in with a two-horse load and sell out inside of half an hour. It's a remarkable way of doing business, but it has been the making of this man Johnson."

Yes, the practice of giving better goods than he pretended to give was the making of Johnson, the fruit grower, and it is a practice that will win success with any young man. One customer satisfied, more than satisfied, is worth more than ten customers who are disappointed when they come to examine that which they purchase. The one will act as a salesman, in a sense, bringing others to trade where he has been pleased, while the ten will tend to drive away trade, relating, as they are sure to do, their disappointment, their chagrin, upon being imposed upon.

THE SOUVENIR BUTTONS.

A Junior button is given to every contributor for his first paper printed, provided it is neither a prize winner nor an "honorable mention." Only one Junior button is given a year, and this is sent without application. The new year began September 3, 1902.

An Honor Button is awarded for an "honorable mention" and is sent without application.

An Honor Button is awarded to every Junior who has three papers printed which are neither prize winners nor honorable mentions. These must be claimed by the winner, giving dates of publication.

An Honor Button is awarded for an accepted contribution to the Storyteller column, and is sent without application, together with an order for a book.

Any number of Honor Buttons may be won.

A Prize Button is awarded for every prize paper, without application. Two picture prizes only in one year may be won.

All of these, except the Honor Buttons awarded for three papers printed, are sent out the Monday evening following publication, and all notices of failure to receive them must be sent to the editor within the week following publication.

The High School Credit Contests.

These contests are for writers in and above the ninth grade.

Two prizes of $15 and $7.50 for pictures or books for the school are awarded every three months to the two high schools winning the highest number of credits.

The first prize of $15 may be won but once during the school year.

Winners of the second prize are not barred from winning the first prize.

No school in Minneapolis and no town in the northwest will be given more than one credit a week. At least four papers must be sent in on a topic for a high school to be considered in the contest and there must be at least twelve papers a month.

A Journal Junior prize button is sent for the first high school credit paper of each competitor during the quarter.

The first quarter began Sept. 12 and ends Dec. 12, inclusive.

The Prize Pictures.

The pictures which are given as prizes during the school year become the exclusive property of the schoolrooms upon whose walls they are hung. They are to remain permanently in the schoolroom which the winner attended when he or she won the prize, and under no circumstances are to be removed to another room in the same school, to another school or to a private house.

Express charges on all prize pictures are prepaid by The Journal.

How to Prepare the Papers.

Write in ink, on one side only of the paper. Leave a space of three inches at the top of the first page. Use no headlines. Put the number of words in the upper left-hand corner of the first page. Sign the name and residence at the end at the right, the grade and school at the end at the left.

The Storyteller.

Any pupil of a public school, in any part of the United States, who is in or above the fifth grade, may contribute to the Storyteller. These stories may be true or fiction, and upon any subject preferred by the writer. They must not be less than 500 words in length, nor more than 1,000.

Binders.

You cannot keep your copies of The Journal Junior in good shape without a binder. There are a few substantial binders now at the office, at the very reasonable rate of 50 cents each.

An Inside-Out Animal.

Little Maurice was playing beside a creek and a turtle appeared on the bank. He tried to pick it up, and, as usual, the turtle drew his head into his shell.

Maurice ran to the house, exclaiming, "Papa, papa, what is that thing down by the creek that pokes its head right into its mouth?"—The Little Chronicle.

Electric Trams in India.

Electric tramways have been recently introduced in Calcutta, and will soon be introduced in Bombay.