

shore and slung the anchor out. We walked across the road to a little creek, where we were going to fish, and after half an hour's fishing went back to the boat, ready to go home, without any fish.

My sister sat in the stern and I stood at the bow trying to push off. But it was all of no use; the waves drove us back, and after half an hour's walk down the bank I found a place where the waves were not so high. We went back to the boat and I took my shoes and stockings off, waded out and jumped into the boat. I had a hard time rowing to the place selected, but my sister was waiting for me. She took her shoes and stockings off and waded out to the boat, climbed in and away we went with two miles of hard rowing before us.

A Seventh Grade, Central School. —Fred Goodspeed, Waseca, Minn.

JUST A FEW CLAM SHELLS.

Once my brother and I thought we would go fishing. So we made everything ready. We were each provided with lunch, then we took our little wagon, our fishing pole and some pork for bait, and started out. It was a fine morning; the birds were singing merrily from the tree tops and we talked cheerfully about the fish we thought we would get. We said we would get so many that our little wagon would not hold them, but we were sadly disappointed.

When we reached the lake we put our wagon under some bushes and began to fish. We had no boat, and as our fishing pole was not very long it did not reach more than a few feet over the water. The pork was quite salty, and I suppose the fish did not like it; at least we did not catch any. As we walked along on the stones by the river, my brother's foot slipped and he fell flat on his back in the water. When he rose he was very wet. It was nearly noon, so we sat down in the shade of a large tree and ate our lunch. We tramped about all day gathering shells, and every once in a while we threw out our bait, hoping to get a bite. But our hopes were vain.

Along toward night we started for home, very tired and hungry, and with nothing in our wagon but a few clam shells. We were very glad to get a warm supper and go to bed.

—Kirk Herrick, Seventh Grade. Canby, Minn.

THE LUCKIEST CATCH YET.

About two years ago a number of us boys went on a fishing trip to Big Stone lake. We started about 4 o'clock in the morning in two boats, and with all necessary articles pertaining to such a trip. We arrived at a place called Point Comfort about noon.

We had fastened some trolling lines behind the boats and had five pickerel already. But we did not anticipate the luck awaiting us. While we were sitting lazily in our boats waiting for some more bites one of the boys cried, "I have a monstrous fish on my hook! Please help me!" We all sprang to his assistance and saw in a moment that we could not haul the monster in with the line that was now holding him. He was struggling fiercely in the water and the line might break any moment. We had taken a pair of grappling hooks along, in case any of the boys should fall out of the boats. I caught them up, closed them about the body of the monster with great difficulty, and we all seized hold and hauled him out. It proved to be one of the largest pickerel ever caught in the lake. We were satisfied with the work of the day and started back. When we reached home we enjoyed the congratulations of our friends for our great fishing ability.

—George Kienholz, Eighth Grade. Big Stone, S. D.

NO USE FOR TEARS.

The topic recalls to my mind a little incident which at the time caused me great pain, but now I cannot keep from laughing when I think of it. We were going to have an entertainment at the opera-house and I was very eager to go. Mother had left home saying, "You may go to the concert to-night if you sew the buttons on your dress and make the necessary finishing touches. I'm going away now and won't come home before this evening. Get the dress ready." With this warning she departed, leaving me alone at home.

Thinking it best to start right away, I procured some thread, buttons, a thimble and needle and commenced my work. Not long after beginning I jumped up, exclaiming "Ouch!" I had pricked my thumb with the needle. How it hurt me! I heeded it not but attempted again. It was in vain. I am sure I pricked myself a dozen times. At last I began to cry, but as I was alone at home no one heard me, so I stopped. I sewed on, but more trouble awaited me. I sewed too much thread in the holes of some of the buttons and they broke. When I was thru I found I had not enough buttons because I had broken three, so I had to take another kind. I felt perplexed.

I viewed the ill-looking dress I had nearly spoiled, and said, "I do not care if there are any more finishing touches to be made, I'll not attempt to make them. It looks bad enough in its present condition without making it worse."

—Isabelle Love, Sixth Grade. Cokato, Minn.

SOME FISHERS FISHED.

"Will you go if I do?" asked my chum. "But maybe our mamas won't let us," I replied. "I know they won't, but we'll run away." "All right, that's a good idea, and maybe we'll catch some fish." So it was arranged that we should go out fishing the very next day when we would not be missed at home.

I took papa's fishing pole and Kitty took her brother's. We had to go thru a swamp to get to the river and our feet were wet before we were half way across, so we took off our shoes and stockings. As soon as we reached the river I put my line into the water, but no fish nibbled at the worm which I had fastened on the hook. My feet were beginning to feel

uncomfortable (the mud from the swamp having dried on them,) so I proposed washing our feet. The water was very muddy near the shore, so we put a long board across from the shore to a little island which was in the river. We began washing our feet, but suddenly I thought I saw a fish nibble at my line. I ran half way across the board, but bumped against Kitty, and then I flew east and she flew west. We both screamed. A man fishing far out on the river was aroused by our screams and came and fished us out of the river. We were the fishes then, and I never went fishing again.

Sixth Grade. —Orma Rohrer, Henderson, Minn.

NO OUTINGS SINCE.

It was a very warm day and I was sitting under the apple trees reading. But it was warm even here, so I closed my book with a bang and was just going to go when my brother approached. Sitting down he said: "Say, Adah, do you want to go fishing? It's cooler by the river and we'll catch some fish for tomorrow's dinner." John wanted me to go with him because I never caught anything; yet at all times I was glad to go, so I went after my hat and soon we were ready.

It was much cooler by the river, and after finding



HOT STUFF.

"No trouble to git de snow off yo'r path when yo' got hot flatirons on yo' feet."

—From Judge, Copyright, 1904.

a good place to fish, John baited the hooks. After he had caught the third fish he saw I had not caught any. Then he said, "Oh, you don't know how to hold a pole." He took it, but met with the same success as I. Soon he gave it back to me. I dropped the line into the water again. Soon I felt a nibble at the hook. John had gone around a bend, so if I caught anything I was not going to call him. When I thought I had better take up my pole I drew in slowly. I was very nervous, but at last landed my prize. It was such a large fish I did not dare take it off the hook, and so was compelled to call John. He didn't come right away, but when he did he asked all sorts of questions, he was so astonished. We had our fish for dinner the following day and every one said they were good.

John has not asked me to go fishing with him since.

—Adah Swanson, Ninth Grade. Cannon Falls, Minn.

LITTLE BROTHER BRIBED.

"Oh, my! how warm it is! I, for one, am not going fishing to-day," exclaimed my brother as he threw himself in the hammock and reached for a fan. Here, then, was my chance to have the rod. So I went in search of my friend Pauline. After persuading her little brother to dig for some worms and to go with us by promising him a nickel, we went to don old clothes. When I was ready I went after Pauline and her brother, who by this time had quite a number of worms in a tin can.

We set off for the river, which was a mile away. Arriving at the river we coaxed Frankie to put the bait on the hooks, and seated ourselves on the high bank. We threw our lines away into deep water and waited breathlessly for a bite. "My, how hot the sun is! I never noticed it before, did you, Pauline?" said I. "No," exclaimed my friend. So after sitting there for about half an hour scarcely speaking, Pauline felt a twitch at her line, and pulling it in, found a large pickerel. But fortune didn't seem to favor me for a time. "Oh, Pauline, I have one, too!" said I happily. "There, he fell off! Isn't that just horrid? I don't care, I am going to stay until I do catch one."

So I threw my line out again, and being cross, sat there without a word to say. In less than ten minutes I had caught another, but this time I was more careful and placed him into the basket safely. Altho we stayed until dark neither of us succeeded in getting any more. It is needless to say we were proud to exhibit our first lone fish.

—Marie Simon, Thompson, N. D. Seventh Grade.

THE OTHER KIND OF PAINS.

One day my mother said, "Eliza, come and sew some buttons on your dress." I made some "awful" faces, for I do dislike sewing. I went for some buttons, a thimble, a needle and thread,

and went to work, but found the thimble had a hole in it, the needle going into my finger. I put down my sewing and told mother that I was not going to sew any more for my finger hurt so. Mother told me to try again, for I had to finish my work. I just felt like crying, I was so angry. I began to sew again, but before long I ran the point of the scissors into my hand. I began to cry as hard as I could. Mother came in and wanted to know what the matter was. I told her that the point of the scissors ran into my hand, but she said it was all my own fault and that I must try to be more "painstaking."

—Eliza Smith, B Fifth Grade. McCauleyville, Minn.

A JILL-LIKE TUMBLE.

Saturday had come at last, and with a fishing pole and some bait I started for the river. When I reached the river I sat down upon the bank and baited my hook and then cast my line into the water.

I had waited but a short time when my cork went under. I pulled up a fish that any one would be proud to catch, and had just thrown my line into the water again when my fish slipped out of my hand and began rolling down the bank. Like Jill, I "came tumbling after." In my excitement my foot slipped and I fell into the river. By this time another fish had caught the hook and had pulled the line and pole into the water. I waded out of the water and sat down on the bank to think how it had happened. After I had collected my wits I started home. My wet clothing and the thoughts of losing one of my brother's best fishing poles made my walk very uncomfortable.

Sixth Grade. —Willie Markham, Stewartville, Minn.

TOWED OUT TO SEA.

One summer while we were camping out at Lake Jefferson I had a great experience. Mama, papa and I were going to fish for black bass. One must be very still or he will frighten them. We started off, and when we reached the place papa went ashore to fish, and tied the boat to some reeds.

Pretty soon there was a jerking on my line. I was delighted, because I thought I would be the first to catch a bass. When I drew it out of the water a little ways, papa laughed and told me it was a dogfish. I was real disappointed, but I tried to get the dogfish in, so the people at the camp would not think I had gone for nothing. Mama and I pulled with all our might, but in vain; the fish was too strong for us. In a little while we felt ourselves moving, and on looking around we found the fish had pulled the boat loose by its struggling. Neither mama nor I could row. We were being pulled out on the lake by the fish. It so happened that the water was not very deep. Papa waded out and killed the fish and rowed us back to camp, where we arrived just in time for supper.

Seventh Grade. —Edna Termath, Union School. Le Sueur, Minn.

WHILE THE BAND PLAYED.

One morning as I was going downstairs I slipped and fell. I rolled until I reached the bottom, where I found that I had lost three buttons off my trousers. I was angry and nobody would sew them on for me. I said I would sew the buttons on, so I sat down and threaded a darning needle, for I could not thread any other kind.

I began to sew and made a success of getting one of the buttons on. It happened there was a circus in town that day and there was to be a parade at 10 o'clock. I looked at the clock and it said three minutes of 10. I began to think I would not get thru in time to see the parade. In my hurry I pricked my finger two or three times, which made it quite sore. At last I had the second button on, when I heard the circus band playing up town. I sewed faster than ever. The band played louder and louder. In my great haste I pricked my finger several times, and when at last I had the button on the prick was very painful. I wrapped a rag around it and tied it up, and when I went up town the parade had gone back to the circus grounds. I never tried to sew buttons on again.

Sixth Grade. —George L. Young, Perham, Minn.

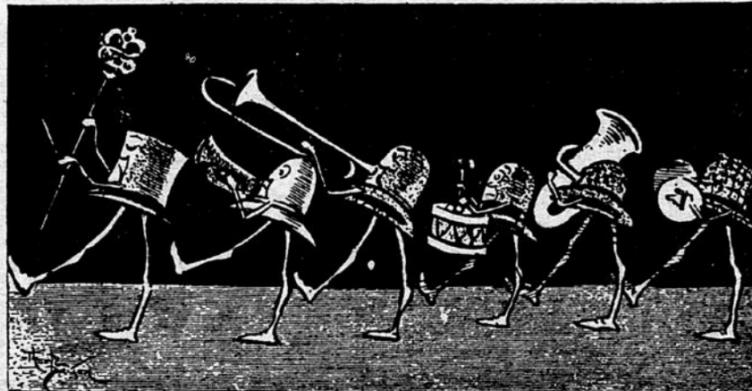
How the Vault Was Opened.

The simplest way of doing a thing is very often the best. Difficulties do not frighten the man "who knows how," and very often the "knowing how" is merely a matter of common sense and good judgment.

The vault of the United States sub-treasury had remained closed for three days because the time lock refused to work. There were thirty-five million dollars in the vault, and some of this money was wanted.

General Farrar, the sub-treasurer, telegraphed the New York makers of the time lock, telling them of his dilemma; he also asked them to send an expert to open the vault. He received a telegraphic answer. The New York men advised him to take a block of wood and a sledge hammer, and to beat the door repeatedly, as the hands of the clock had evidently been caught in some way.

The sub-treasurer faithfully followed out these instructions. Soon a click was heard, the handle of the vault door was turned, and it opened easily.



HOW'S THIS FOR A HAT BAND?

—From Chums.