

THE DEVOTION OF GRAYLING.

(High School Credit.)

Our little gray cat, Grayling, had a nest containing three small counterparts of herself in the lower end of the strawpile. It was April and the melting snow had formed a stream of water running thru the barnyard. As the day advanced this stream grew wider and finally reached the strawpile, then the straw forming the nest began to go down stream.

This was what Grayling saw on her return from a hunt. Immediately she grasped the situation and rushed to the rescue. Keeping close to the stack she managed to remove one of the kittens and convey it to a dry spot, then returned for the second. This required more time as the water was higher and more straw gone. After reluctantly wetting her dainty feet the second kitten was safe, but alas! the first had disappeared. Like the woman who lived in her shoe, Grayling flew about distractedly until she found the fugitive behind a large stump where it had laboriously crawled. Hastily dropping it beside the other, she hurried back to the relief of her third darling. But now it was impossible to reach the nest! As she was anxiously meditating upon the situation, the water actually rolled the kitten out and carried it down stream. With an agonized meow Grayling fairly flew around the stack to where the stream spread out. Here she waited trembling until her kitten was carried or rather rolled down to her. Then she plunged in, and seizing it by the back of its neck carried it to safety.

After Grayling had established her kittens in a more permanent nest and was smoothing their ruffled fur, the happy look in her eyes and her evident pride in her darlings showed us that their narrow escape had made them more precious to her.

Eleventh Grade.

—Margaret Warwick,
Cannon Falls, Minn.

"A LITTLE KNIGHT OF NOW."

(High School Credit.)

"Hold on! Hold on tight! I'll catch you if you fall, but hold on if you can!"

I heard these words shouted at the top of my little brother's voice, just outside my bed-room window early one morning last summer. What could it be? In the first place, why was my brother out there? It was only six o'clock and he usually stayed in bed until at least seven. Maybe he had had bad dreams and could not sleep any more. And then, what could he catch? He was such a little tot he surely did not expect to rescue anything very big. So I hurriedly dressed and ran out to the front yard to see what the matter was and if I could not help in this "thrilling rescue!" For so it seemed it must be from the anxiety and eagerness in his voice.

There he was, hopping up and down excitedly, first on one foot, then on the other. What under the sun did he want to rescue? Maybe it was the cat. But no! Just then he suddenly sprang forward and caught—a large spider which had been swinging slowly to and fro on a silken thread.

Eleventh Grade.

—Allie A. Scherer,
115 Clark St., Mankato, Minn.

POLLY AND THE CRACKER.

(High School Credit.)

It was in spring of the year 1897 that one day there was a fierce combat raging in the sitting room. Tom-Tit, as handsome and strong as a young cat could be, had been given a cracker and this was the cause of the battle that followed. Polly, the parrot, had had her share of crackers but she always asked for more; as she was given none she had to soothe herself by saying, "Poor Polly."

When Polly saw Tom-Tit, her inveterate enemy, munching at one of the crackers that she just loved, she made up her mind that she would have some also and from no other source than Tom-Tit; and besides, it was very impolite of him to come and plague "Poor Polly" by eating the cracker in full sight of her. She scrambled down from her perch and cautiously approached him. Suddenly, without giving any warning, she took his cracker and began the destruction of the remainder of it. Now Tom-Tit was very fiery, and so he immediately sprang at Polly. Then it was that a battle royal ensued; first Polly would have the advantage, then Tom-Tit, until he was caught by Polly on one of his forepaws, which set him to howling with rage and pain. Just then I swooped down upon the miscreants and rescued Tom-Tit from the jaws of death, at least all that was left of him. For which deed I have kept to the present day a scar which I received from Polly who, when I left the room, was contentedly munching at the cracker.

—Victor Constantine,
Corner Whitehall and Bradley streets,
Eleventh Grade, Cleveland High School.

Northwestern Topics.

For Saturday, April 9.

"GRANDMOTHER."

What a wealth of stories there is in that name! True stories and stories "just made up out of your head." Stories, perhaps, about your own grandmother, or the grandmother of one of your parents, or anybody's grandmother. But whatever the story, whether true or fiction, it must be real "grandmother." The papers must be mailed so as to reach the office of The Journal Junior.

NOT LATER THAN THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 31.

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 paper signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

For Saturday, April 16.

"FROM MY WINDOW."

What worthy of mention, have you seen from a window? This does not necessarily mean the window of the room which you call your own at the present time. Americans move about from city to city so much, as well as from one end of a city to the other, that there ought to be window pictures galore. It may be a phase of nature, landscape, water, sunset; or it may be some novel or interesting happening. This topic calls for some word painting in order to make readers see what you saw. The papers must be mailed so as to reach the office of The Journal Junior.

NOT LATER THAN THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 7.

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 paper signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

FRIENDS FOR EVER AND EVER.

(Honorable Mention.)

Ponto, the watch-dog, was nodding in the sun before the barn-door, and Snowball, Meg's pretty Angora kitten, was having her morning frolic on the lawn. Suddenly Ponto heard a loud "Quack! quack!" and a faint shrill "Meow." Lifting his head from his paws he saw pussy and the old gander in what seemed to be a deadly battle, for poor pussy, as the old gander was pecking her soft, buff fur in a very unmerciful way. Ponto's first thought was one of joy. He was really very jealous of Snowball because she always looked so beautiful in her silken buff-colored coat, and his mistress turned all attention to her; and he was sure if she were out of the way he would again receive his share of attention.

But pussy's cries sounded so pitiful that Ponto, who was really a very tender-hearted and forgiving dog, gave one bounce after the old gander and held him firmly with one paw while with the other he boxed him soundly first on one side, then the other, in a way which was very laughable to see and I am sure must have made the old gander's ears ring. He, however, made little resistance and seemed to think he deserved it. When Ponto at last gave him one final shake and let him go,

AS YOU PASS



GIVE the friend you meet a smile and a cheery word as you pass along. Unless your troubles are urgent and you are looking to him for aid do not volunteer a recital of your worries. He has troubles of his own. Talk on pleasant things.



the old gander flew off with his head down in a very dejected and crest-fallen manner, leaving a bunch of his downy feathers behind him.

Ponto and Snowball are now firm friends, and when Snowball comes and lies beside him he feels that he has received a rich reward for punishing the old gander.

Seventh Grade,

—Mamie Pease,
—Luverne, Minn.

THE LAST HAPPY GRIN.

(Honorable Mention.)

I came around the corner of the house just in time to see brother vigorously pulling my cat's tail. He is always teasing "Lady Mary" any way. Dropping my book, I ran to take her out of reach of his hands; but instead of getting her I received a bump on my forehead as I fell face downward on the ground, while my tormenting brother with the cat in his arms proceeded to pull her tail all the more, grinning at me the while. I rose and chased him in a frenzy of anger. He led me a lively pace. Nearly catching up with him I would think I had him as I stretched out my hand to clutch his coat, only to see him dart away again with the cat meowing pitifully for me to help her.

But at last, as he turned he stumbled right into a rain-barrel. He dropped the cat into the water, where it spluttered helplessly. The first thing I did was to rescue my cat and then I ducked her tormentor twice and danced off to my room with my Lady where we held a mingled conversation of complaint and victory while brother dried off.

Eighth Grade,
Irving School.—Agnes Erixon,
Anoka, Minn.

AN IMPOLITE COW.

(Honorable Mention.)

Once I was walking along a wire fence when I heard the wire making a humming sound. So I went along enjoying the summer morning till I came to a cow and I saw that her tail was tangled in the wire. I tried to get her loose and when at last I had succeeded the cow gave a jump for joy, and lashed her tail like a cowboy does his whip and hit me squarely in the face. These thanks I did not receive very graciously, I can assure you. I was so provoked that I said to myself, "You old thing, if you ever get entangled again you will not be set free by me."

Sixth Grade.

—Jacob Leonhardt,
Henderson, Minn.

WITH EMPHASIS ON "BOYS."

(Honorable Mention.)

"Oh, girls, let's dress up in our brothers' clothes and play we are boys," said a girl friend. "All right," we all chimed in, "we will play in the back yard."

In the afternoon all the girls came over to our house and we donned our brothers' attire and crept down the back stairs, so no one would see us, into the back yard. We played, jumped and climbed trees, talked gruffly, lolled around, put on that superior air that boys always assume to look grown-up, and did everything to look boyish. When five o'clock came papa came too, but with him were two strange gentlemen to stay for dinner. In the afternoon the back stairs had been freshly painted and that was the only way we could get up stairs to put our own clothes on, except to go thru the library where the men were.

We waited until nearly six o'clock when my brother came home. After he had heard our story he was going straight to tell what he considered the joke. But our united pleadings and tears changed his mind and he brought the ladder (a thing we never thought of), climbed it and took off the screen. Then he held the ladder while we climbed up and into the house and put on our own apparel.

Ever after our brothers have always said, "Hello, boys," with an emphasis on "boys."

A Seventh Grade,
South Side School.—Marguerite Lewis,
St. James, Minn.

UNDRESSING THE ROOSTER.

Poultry seems to have been something that my brother and I delighted in tormenting. One day in spring when papa and mama were plucking the geese (for this is always done) we thought it very funny that the hens were not plucked too. A few days later, when we had nothing else to do, my brother and I thought we would follow our parents' example and pluck geese.

As the geese happened to be some distance off, we decided to take a rooster instead.

Attracted by the rooster's incessant squawking, mama came to the rescue when we had all the feathers off except a few on one wing and the tail. We were put into a closet for the rest of the day and when we were set free we went to look at our victim. The sun had been very hot all day, especially in the afternoon, and the poor rooster's back was blistered and in some place the skin was all off.

Another time, after the stable had been painted bright red, my brother and I caught some white pullets and took them to the granary. We next made the paint ready, and gave each one a coat of it. We had only two left of a dozen when papa came and gave us each a sound spanking.

A Sixth Grade.

—Mary Dale,
Dawson, Minn.

A BUSY, BUZZY BEE.

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

When watering my flower garden one sunny summer day I accidentally broke off a sweet-scented lily which fell into a tub of water. In picking up the flower I saw a bee had fallen in with it and was now wriggling about, buzzing loudly. I pitied the poor thing and fishing it out with a little twig put it on the fence to dry in the sun. When I next looked around expecting to find it gone, I found it still in the same place, tho quite dry. I poked at it supposing it would fly off with a thankful buzz. It began to move, and buzz it did indeed! But—thankful? It flew straight for my chin and stopped there, too, for a while. But after it left I resolved never to think too well of bees after that.

Sixth Grade.

—Elida Sonstrud,
Warren, Minn.

A TEAM OF TABBIES.

I was visiting my cousin in the country one summer. Their house is among the hills. One afternoon we caught the two large cats. Finding some twine in the granary we tied it around their necks. Then providing ourselves with sticks we drove them down the road. At last we saw something that we liked to play better than driving cats, so without taking the strings off their necks we ran away and left them. Pretty soon we came back again. One of the cats had his string tangled in a bush and was nearly choked. We carefully lifted him down, untied the string and let him go. But we left the cats alone after that.

Sixth Grade.

—Ruth Anderson,
Houston, Minn.

THREE CATS TOO MANY.

When we moved into our new home I was very lonesome and looked around for an amusement. There were no children near to get acquainted with, but one morning I found an old cat and two kittens and was delighted until mother appeared upon the scene. "There are two cats too many and I am not sure but three," said she. I begged to be allowed to play with them and finally she said if I would keep them outside of the house I might take care of them, which I tried to do. They were so pretty and cute that I spent much time with them.

One day mama went out calling and I could not resist the temptation to carry the little ones to my room where we were having a splendid time when I heard her call. Then I was frightened; what to do with my dear kittens I did not know. She only wanted to know where I was and went on about her work. Now how should I get the kittens down stairs without her seeing me? I began to look around when my eyes fell upon an old satchel. I ran down stairs and found a rope, attached it to the satchel, placed the kittens inside, and leaning out the window lowered them to the ground. The satchel opened when the rope slackened. The little things scrambled away and as I drew it back mama saw it dangling before the sitting-room window and called, "What in the world are you doing? Draw that thing up immediately and come and assist in getting supper." This I did with alacrity. She did not question me, being used to my pranks.

B. Seventh Grade
Box 254.—Dorothea Brown,
Heron Lake, Minn.

A MIND TO PICK POSIES.

When I was a small boy in kilts I went out walking one day with my father. We walked along for some time but I soon became tired of holding my father's hand and started out for myself. I strayed around, picking posies, as I called them, all the while getting farther away from my father. He sat on the sidewalk to watch me. He told me that I had better come and sit down by him. But I had a mind of my own and just then I wanted to pick flowers. I kept going farther and farther away every minute until I had nearly reached the corner of an old mill close by.

Just as I was about to turn a small calf came rushing around the corner evidently wishing to see its mother. I changed my mind about picking flowers and thought I would like to see my mother too. I dropped my posies and ran shrieking to my father who sat laughing at me. He took me into the house but could not stop my crying until he had carried me upstairs where my mother was sitting. The calf was probably as frightened as myself but that made no difference to me.

Whether this seems to be a thrilling adventure to the reader or not, it certainly was to me.

Seventh Grade,
Lincoln School.—Roy Hall,
Anoka, Minn.

A STEED BEHIND, TOO.

When I was a small boy I had a dog by the name of Dan. I often hitched him to a small wagon and drove him about like a horse; only I could not ride in the wagon because Dan was too small to pull me about. One day I was playing in the back yard and had Dan hitched to the wagon and was driving about. After a while I tied him to a buggy which was standing near; there was also a team hitched to the buggy and tied to a post. I went into the house to get a piece of rope and when I returned the horses, buggy and Dan had