The next day I arose with a pleasurable feeling, for was it not Saturday and did we not have the threshers? I went to the window and saw—rain! Yes, water in puddles and holes, enough to make anyone feel miserable. "Oh, why did they come?" I said as I thought of all the muddy feet coming in to breakfast. We had a hard time of it before the ground dried up for it had rained hard during the night and drizzled for the next two days. During that time I often wished the men had not come so soon.

—Maggie Nichol,
B Fifth Grade. Hendrum, Minn.

THE "BREAD OF LIBERTY."

(High School Credit.)

It had all been settled in the back closet and we, my sister and I, were going to assert our rights and not consider ourselves bound under any such unjust law. For what could have been more unjust than to make this law just before a big batch of doughnuts was to be made? The law? It was this: "No more eating allowed between meals." We declared ourselves free from such law, as the colonies had done when England had become too oppressive, and now waited impatiently for mama, who was preparing to go out, to take her departure. In the meantime we talked over our wrongs and our present brave step and considered ourselves quite as abused and quite as brave as the colonies.

At last we saw mama depart and with a hop, skip and jump we were in the kitchen where lay the "bread of liberty" (the doughnuts) upon a shelf. The minute we saw the doughnuts, however, we forgot all our brave sentiments, in fact everything but the fat, brown doughnuts themselves. But before long we were conscious of a shadow in the doorway which took the form of mama. Now I shall not go into details, but will merely say that mama had forgotten her handkerchief. We never uttered the fine speech intended for mama's ears when she had found out our bravery and brought us to task.

Ninth Grade. —Gladys Jones,
Grafton, N. D.

A SURPRISE ON MOTHER.

(High School Credit.)

At noon on the day before my seventh birthday, the little girl who lived next door to us, and I, were playing tag when the subject of conversation turned to my birthday. "Are you going to have a party?" she asked anxiously. This was a new idea, but it found instant favor. "I don't know," I replied. "We'll go and ask mama." We suited the action to the word, but received no reply but, "We'll see." That didn't satisfy me, but it was better than a refusal anyway. After school we again questioned mama on the subject, but the answer was as indefinite as before. We skipped away in high delight, however, for as I told Etta mama would have said "No!" if she hadn't intended that I could.

The next day at school, I told my friends that I was to have a party and wanted them to be sure to come right after school. So it came about that some half-dozen girls accompanied me home that evening. I thought mama looked a little puzzled, but she brought us some games to play and went to see about refreshments. About 5 o'clock Anna, the girl across the street, came over. "I thought you said 6 o'clock," she observed to my brother, "but I saw you all out here so I came over." He said nothing and seemed not to hear. I wondered what she meant, but all remembrance of the incident soon passed from my mind. Refreshments were served in due time, and I felt very proud and happy over the success of my party. After the guests had all taken their leave at about 7 o'clock, mama explained to me with some sternness that she and my brother had made arrangements for a 6 o'clock surprise party for me. It certainly was a surprise party, but it was mama who was surprised, not I.

Ninth Grade. —Mary Hutsinpiller,
Riverdale School. Oakes, N. D.

BREAKFAST AT TWELVE.

(High School Credit.)

"Oh! How dark it is, and I have to go clear down cellar to shake the furnace! I don't think I overslept much and I hope papa will be here next time when friends come who wish to take the early train." With that I started downstairs. As I passed thru the hall I glanced at the clock, which I thought was just about to strike five. "What a good guess! Father couldn't have done better himself," I exclaimed. As I shook the stove I thought I heard a queer noise and looked nervously around. Then I heard another and ran upstairs as fast as I could. I looked around the long dining-room but saw nothing. I was about to go on when I heard the shrill summons, "Hands up!" from the hallway, and up went my hands. Slowly the door opened amid exclamations of "I shoot if you stir," and cries of "Robber!" "Thief!" "Help!" in piercing accents.

The first thing I saw thru the door was father's old revolver, and then I began to laugh, for there stood all the family, including the visitors. They all asked questions at once, not one of which I could distinguish. At last, however, we came to an understanding. They dropped the revolver and I my hands. It seems I had taken the big hand of the clock for the little one and had arisen to get breakfast at twenty-five minutes after twelve. They had heard the noise, and thinking that a burglar was breaking in had gathered to greet him when he came up. As soon as we became quiet enough we went to bed again. But the visitors did not get the desired rest because I arose "a little too soon."

Tenth Grade. —Emma Gehring,
Larimore, N. D.

SOME FISH PHILOSOPHY.

(High School Credit.)

With eyes intent on the cork on my fishing line, I sat, trying to fish, one hot August forenoon. The others had each caught at least one fish, but I—I had not even had a bite.

"Girls never could catch fish," George teasingly remarked.

"Yes, we can. The trouble is that the fishes won't catch hold of our hooks."

The cork went down! But it came up again just as suddenly. I tried to sit very still, almost trembling with excitement. With bated breath I waited. Again it disappeared, and this time I would pull the fish in before it had a chance to get away, so I pulled, or perhaps rather jerked my line toward the surface, and felt something very heavy on it. But just as I had my hook above water I saw a large fish jump back. "Oh, what a shame! Why didn't it stay on?" "You pulled it in too soon; you should have waited until it had a better hold."

I thought the fish had let go of my hook too soon; it might have waited until it was in the boat. I imagined it saying: "There, too late again. If I had been a little sooner I could have had all of that delightful little frog instead of only a leg." —Edith Lindberg,
Ninth Grade. Cokato, Minn.

ROMPS IN SUNBONNETS.

(High School Credit.)

It was in the morning of my twelfth birthday. I was spending a week at my aunt's who resided in the country, and tho I usually enjoyed my visit I thought my birthday ought to be spent at home. So I decided that I must go home, and as it was only a ride of four miles to the village, I asked auntie's permission to ride her bicycle. She consented and soon I was sailing gaily along on my way. I reached the village and when I was about a block away from home I heard shouts of laughter and merry voices. I quickened my pace, but as I turned the corner I saw about a dozen of my friends romping about the yard all dressed in sunbonnets and summer dresses, as if for an outing. Before the door stood a large hayrack, and the girls were putting lunch baskets, campstools and other articles into the wagon.

As I drew nearer I heard mother say, "You may hitch up the horse now, I think everything is ready." I was rather hurt to think that I was not included in the excursion, but before I had time to express my opinion the girls caught sight of me. "Why, Helen," said they, "why did you come home?" I answered sharply, for to think that I was not included in this excursion and then not wanted home on my birthday, was aggravating. Soon I learned that this excursion was in my honor and they were about to surprise me and then go to a nearby lake. However, we had a jolly time, tho I had spoiled some of their fun by coming home too soon.

Ninth Grade. —Helen Rushfeldt,
Hawley, Minn.

TO THE PRAIRIE BORN.

(Honorable Mention.)

When school closed May 31, 1904, father made arrangements for mother, brother, sister and myself to spend the vacation with my aunt and uncle at father's old home in Wisconsin. They have a very beautiful home on the banks of a lake which was well stocked with fish and surrounded by natural timber. There were two boys about my own age. They had two ponies and a boat for the lake. Such glorious times as we boys had fishing, bathing and riding horseback. No one but a boy born and bred on the prairies of North Dakota can fully appreciate the natural beauties of a woodland country.

The time flew by so rapidly that before I realized it vacation was nearly gone. On the night of July 3, father, who had grown lonesome without us in North Dakota, arrived unexpectedly. We boys had planned many outings, one of which was a trip to Willow River Falls, one of the most picturesque places in the state. We were somewhat disappointed; we had intended to camp at this place for a few days to fish and explore the different places. But as father had only a few days to spare from his business we were told to get ready to go home, so on July 6 we started. Which I have always considered was about a month too soon. —John Murphy,
Seventh Grade. Larimore, N. D.

TOO MUCH OF AN ACHE.

(Honorable Mention.)

I do not like to wash dishes and one night after there had been company for supper I thought I would be smart and say I was sick and go to bed. My head did ache a little, but I made believe it ached a great deal harder than it really did, and mama said I would have to take some medicine that I was supposed to like. I went upstairs and soon my cousins came and wanted me to go up to the schoolhouse to an entertainment. I had forgotten all about that or perhaps my head would not have ached so hard. Mama told them I had a headache and had gone to bed, so they went off without me. They told me about it afterwards, but that did not do me any good, for I didn't go. I resolved not to let my head ache so soon next time we had company. —Ida Heys,
Eighth Grade. Barnesville, Minn.

WHAT CAN BE DONE TODAY.

(Honorable Mention.)

"Good bye, mama," said I. "Good bye. Don't stay too long." "No, I won't." Then I walked down the street, teacher's words ringing in my ears. She had said we were to have a test in history and we had to be prepared for we had no time in school to study. Several of us had planned to make fudge at a friend's house and I was going to get my friend Annie. So I ascended the steps of her house. I was surprised to see her studying at the window. "I am sorry to say I have to review my history," she said to me. I flushed. "Oh, history! I won't study mine till tomorrow morning." After many pleadings I went away without her.

When I came to my friend's house she had all the things ready. So we began. However the pan was hot too soon and I was going to take it off the stove when it burned my fingers and I let it drop. "Oh, my! Oh, my!" we wailed over the brown lake. So we had to scrub the floor. Next day when we had the test my friend and I were unprepared. "Oh, it came too soon," said I talking about it to a friend. "Yes, too soon for us," said Ida. "I only answered sixteen out of twenty," said I, ready to cry. "How many did you answer, Annie?" She blushed and smiled. "Twenty. I just happened to study it." "You wise dear," said all of us, hugging her. The test did come too soon and so did the fudge. But it taught me a lesson, not to put off until tomorrow what can be done today. —Edna Henk,
Sixth Grade. Chaska, Minn.

THE ROAR OF A STORM.

The summer I was eleven years old, my sister and I went to a country school in North Dakota. That summer there were a great many hailstorms. Sometimes at school when we saw a bad storm stoming on, the teacher let us go home as some of us had a long way to go.

One afternoon about half-past two it began to cloud up and grow dark, but we did not pay much attention to it. After a little while I looked out of the window and could see great black clouds rapidly coming up from the west. They seemed to be rolling and tumbling, and I could hear the roar of the storm which warned us it would soon be upon us. We were quickly dismissed and on our way homeward. But the storm overtook us and we were obliged to stop at a neighbor's. Here we all went into an outdoor cellar. After a short time there seemed to be a lull, and we decided to start for home. But we had gone only a few rods when the storm broke again, worse than before. It blew, rained and hailed and hailed, rained and blew. Never before or since have I seen anything like it. We were drenched before we could get back to shelter. Since then I have been careful not to venture out too soon during a storm.

Sixth Grade. —Ellen Anderson,
Akeley, Minn.

SOMETHING TO WONDER ABOUT.

One day when I was a little boy mother was away. I was playing but after a while I became hungry. I looked at the clock and saw it was a whole hour before mother would come home. I went into the pantry to get some cookies, but they were so high I had to climb the shelves to get them. I had just climbed high enough to reach the cookie jar when mother opened the pantry door and asked me what I was doing there. I was given a good scolding for climbing the shelves, but I have always wondered why she came home so soon.

Sixth Grade. —Herbert Anderson,
Dassel, Minn.

BLUE-EYED BELLES.

One noon when I came home from school my sisters rushed to the door to meet me and tell me of the wonderful surprise that was awaiting me. They made me shut my eyes tight while they opened the boxes that were on the table. In each was a large beautiful doll. I chose one with big, blue eyes and golden curls. Later a letter came from my uncle saying they were for our Christmas stockings but that did not matter. They brought a great deal of happiness to three little girls before Christmas as well as after. Two weeks' time is much too soon, but then it does not always bring sorrow.

Fifth Grade. —Russella Cooper,
Chatfield, Minn.

A SHOWER OF BULLETS.

There was a fox in our neighborhood and it did much damage by killing many chickens. One night my brother and I resolved to stay up and kill the fox. I stationed myself at the corner of the grove and my brother was to stand at the corner of the barn. When I saw the fox I was to drive it toward my brother. At half-past eleven I saw it coming across the field. I ran behind it and chased it toward my brother. I was to stay far behind but when I saw the fox I did not stop to think of this but ran as close as I could. I came around the corner with the fox just ahead of me. Just then my brother fired. The fox was killed and some of the bullets hit me in the leg. My brother carried me into the house and sent for the doctor. He had to take the lead out of my leg. I could not walk for a week. This happened because I came around the corner a little too soon.

Eighth Grade. —Clarence Feldmann,
Arlington, Minn.

TABLES NEATLY TURNED.

One night in January when the moon was full, two or three boys decided to have a sleighride. They hired a rig, and then telephoned to three or four other boys and about a half dozen girls. They intended to be very

YOUR OWN JUDGE.

EVERY piece of work which is not so good as you can make it, should rise up against you in the court of your own heart, and condemn you for a thief.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

NORTHWESTERN TOPICS

For Saturday, March 4:

"ZERO."

There are all kinds of stories that might be built around this topic. There are stories of cold days, for instance; there are tellable stories of zero received at school; there are stories, too, of an entirely different sort, those connected with great hopes that sometimes bring despair and a dreadful zero feeling now and then, before one knows whether success or failure is to come. There are still other possible "zero" stories, but it is for clever Junior minds to discover what twist will make them come under the topic. The papers should be mailed so as to reach the office of The Journal Junior

NOT LATER THAN THURSDAY MORNING, FEB. 23.

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, March 11:

"A VISIT TO THE CITY OF NEVERWHERE."

"Neverwhere" should be true to its name and so descriptions of any real city will not do. "Neverwhere," however, must be made to seem like a real city somewhere. If you choose to deal with the fairy-story kind of place, you must explain why it is a real place, in spite of what sober-minded people of the twentieth century think is possible or impossible. It is immaterial how you get there. Do not waste words telling that. Plunge right in and use the 300-word-limit in telling what you found. A few words will always be enough to explain any detail that seems more or less improbable to the people of today. This will allow the pretended development of any of the new uses of natural forces that are being discovered every day, now, or the stories may tell of the simplest town imaginable, where never a "modern improvement" of any kind can be found. The papers should be mailed so as to reach the office of The Journal Junior,

NOT LATER THAN THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 2.

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.