

morning after my arrival my uncle and I went out to watch the cattle. The sun was shining brightly and there was no sign of a storm, but after dinner a light breeze blew over the prairie and gradually increased until dark clouds suddenly rolled up from the north. Then my uncle began to corral the cattle in one large herd and we hurried them along over the prairie as fast as possible. We had nearly reached the barn when the snow began to fall so thick and fast that we could not see over twenty feet ahead of us, but we at last succeeded in getting the cattle under shelter.
—Arthur Golden,
Seventh Grade.

BASKETED FUN.

About two years ago we planned to have a basket social at our school on a Friday evening. We had practiced many times in order to have a good program. Our teacher and two others built the stage while my sister and her friend decorated it and the schoolroom on Thursday evening. It looked beautiful and we thought our program was quite good. Thursday was a beautiful day and it was very warm for so early in the spring. On Friday morning when I awoke, I looked out of the window to see if it was as beautiful as the day before. To my surprise it was cloudy and looked very much as if it might rain at any moment. About nine o'clock it began to look a little clearer, so we prepared our baskets. When I went to school the teacher looked very discouraged, but he said he did not feel as much discouraged as when he first awoke that morning. To spoil our plans, it began to rain about eleven o'clock. It rained all that afternoon and evening, so we could not have our evening program at all. We then decided to postpone it for two weeks. When that evening came it was as beautiful as could be, so we carried out our plans satisfactorily, though they had been delayed on account of the misplaced weather.
—Mary E. Graham,
Howard Lake, Minn.

MISTAKEN PLANS.

One frosty Sunday afternoon in October my friend U. came over with her pencil and paper. "Oh, Alma," she cried. "I came over to plan a picnic." "Picnic!" I exclaimed. "You can't coax me away from the stove in this weather. It's too cold." "Ha! ha! So you are going to be a pussycat, are you?" she said. "I am going to have a picnic. Come on and plan it, at any rate, for it's going to be warm that day."
"Very well," I replied. I took my pencil and paper and we began. First we put down the names of all the people we wanted, then the day, then the bill-of-fare. "Do you think your mother will let you go? Mine said I could," U. said.

"I haven't the slightest idea," I replied. "She's away now, but I'll ask her tonight."
"All right. Goodbye." When I asked mama that night she said, "My, no, child. What are you thinking of? You would better go sleighriding." I told U. and she said, "Well, I'm going, so there!" When the appointed day arrived, U. and I were very much surprised by a severe snowstorm.

"Oh, dear," sighed U. "Now we can't have the picnic." "No, no more picnics this year," so we decided to plan sleighrides, instead of picnics.
—Alma Haugen,
Spring Valley, Minn.

PUBLISHED THE MISCHIEF.

One day when I was going to Rockford with my sister, we each had fifteen or twenty cents which mama said we should not spend. She had also told us not to go away, but when she had gone we took the money and spent it. It was a beautiful day when we started. We bought some crackerjack; on the outside of the package was "Crackerjack" in large red letters. When he were about half way to Rockford it rained as hard as it could, but the sun shone. We laid the crackerjack in our laps and drove as fast as we could. When we reached home it had stopped raining. Mama was there and when we jumped out of the buggy she saw the red letters on the fronts of our dresses, "Crackerjack." She said if it had not been for the rain she would not have known we had spent our money, but those telltale letters which had soaked from the package to our skirts revealed it to her.
—Lucy Kimmons,
Delano, Minn.

WHEN SUMMER FLED.

"Who is going to be the weather man this morning?" asked my teacher one day. One said that the day was sunshiny, clear, bright, with a fresh northwest wind, which was all right; had not the day before been most beautiful and had we not called it Indian summer? And now this day was expected to be the same. But, oh, dear! Before the bell for the first recess had rung, great gray clouds had come up and by noon the whole sky was covered. "It is growing much colder," "I just put my little jacket on," and "I am afraid it will rain or snow tonight," were some of the remarks heard. It turned cold and windy and there was no long Indian summer after all. For some reason, the real weather man had changed his mind.
—Maybelle Lundsten,
Waconia, Minn.

WHEN MOTHER KNEW.

One Friday evening some of us boys planned to go camping the next day. When morning came, mother told me to cover up the rosebush so it would not freeze. I told her it was too early to freeze, because it was only the month of August. In a little while the boys came and we started for the woods. We had a fine time and went home at eight o'clock in the evening. I went to bed at half-past nine and slept very soundly. When I awoke in the morning it was very cold and I found that the rosebush was frozen. Then I said to my mother, "That was misplaced weather."
—Harold Mahnke,
Arlington, Minn.

WHITE CAP TRUTH.

One day my father and I went to the woods after a load of logs. After great difficulty we came to where the wagon road stopped. It was still over half a mile to where the trees were to be cut down and after we reached them we sat down to rest for awhile for I, not being used to climbing, was very tired. We went up to a large tree, cut the brush from around it and set to work. We sawed on it for quite awhile, when finally it fell. It sounded worse than a cannon. We sawed down about ten such trees and were then ready to skid them

down to the wagon, when I happened to look over toward Bear Butte. It had a large white cap on it. I knew what that meant and told papa it would snow before night, but he laughed and said, "You just imagine that." In about an hour the snow was coming down in white sheets and we found ourselves in a blinding snowstorm. The logs were all loaded, but we could not take them home on account of the storm. We were fortunate to reach home without them that time.
—Arthur Mana,
Sturgis, S. D.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

It was in the spring when the meadows were green and flowers a-blooming everywhere. Everybody thought that the snow had gone till another winter. But one day the sky clouded over and we thought it was going to rain. Then it began to get colder and finally it began to snow and froze the pretty grass and turned the little flowers black. On our way to school we could not pick a bouquet for the teacher and we had to wear our coats and mittens. Everything looked so dark all day. The snow soon went away, but the little flowers did not come back for three or four weeks.
—Mae Marks,
Salem, S. D.

SHORT LIVED PLEASURE.

It was a bright and sunny day and I thought we should have nice weather yet awhile, so I could get my corn husked and everything put in order for a long cold winter. The sun set very beautifully, the clouds were beautiful, too, but the next morning the ground was white with snow. It kept on snowing all day until there was about five or six inches of snow. It looked just as if the snow was going to stay. It became very cold toward evening.

My cousin was at our house and he wanted to go coasting, so we took the sleigh and went to the hills and slid till we were tired. Then we went home and began to read stories while sitting around the stove; but the next day we could not husk any corn, so the misplaced weather did not give pleasure more than one day.
—Thorwald Moe,
Maple Plain, Minn.



Deacon Fowls—Happy Thanksgibbin' ter yo'!
Parson Coops—Same ter yo'. We should all have somethin' ter feel thankful fo'.
Deacon Fowls—Yais. I's gwine aftah one, too.
—Judge. Copyright, 1904.

COATLESS COMFORT, AT FIRST.

One nice bright morning not long ago I started off to school without a coat. I have nine blocks to go to school and reached there a little early. We played at pull-away till the chimes of the nine o'clock bell brought us to our seats. At noon I came home for my dinner and when I was going back mama told me to put on my coat. But I did not want to and went without it. Later in the afternoon I could see the dark clouds gathering in the sky. Then I began to wish I had obeyed my mother. When it was time to go home it was raining hard. I was so wet that she undressed me and put me to bed. Next time I will take a coat.
—Lottie Moore,
Grand Rapids, Minn.

A GOOD ENDING.

"Oh, dear, it's snowing and we girls wanted to have a picnic! I just think it's mean that it always has to do something to stop us from having that picnic."
"It's been two weeks now since we were going to have it, and now today it is snowing." Then in came grandma, and she asked me what the matter was.
"Nothing," I said crossly. Then cousin Ethel came in.
"How's Pouts today? Getting along all right? I should think you would be out baking that cake for your picnic."
"Picnicking!" I screamed. "Go picnicking in the snow, I suppose!"
"No," replied cousin Ethel, "the sun is shining just as brightly as ever and everything will soon be dry and it will be a nice day for a picnic." So I prepared my lunch, baked the cake and we had a lovely day for a picnic, after all.
—Erlice Nelson,
Barnesville, Minn.

THE JERSEY WAY.

One year at Princeton, New Jersey, where I lived before I came here, I remember a very hard snow storm when it was too warm for it. Early in the morning it was quite warm and then it began raining. It rained for a while and then it turned to hail and kept getting colder all the while. The limbs of the trees were wet and the water froze on them. It kept raining and hailing and freezing until it became so cold that it began to snow and that froze to the limbs also. At last when the ice grew very heavy, the limbs began to break off. It ruined the trees. There was a maple tree growing near the house

and we were afraid some of the limbs would break off and hit the windows. We had one pine tree growing in our yard that looked very pretty with the ice on it. The storm was good for sleighriding, and of course I had my share of that.
—Carrie Nielson,
Harris, Minn.

A BLIZZARD OF FUN.

We had been having fine weather for the month of October, but little did we know that our fine weather would be followed by a blizzard, so when it came it was something akin to a surprise party. When we went to school that morning it was snowing slightly. At noon it was worse and papa said we must not go to school that afternoon. At four o'clock one could only see about a foot ahead. It snowed for almost two days and we children thought it was a pure delight. It was the first real blizzard we had ever seen. When it was over we could not open either door, and papa had to crawl out of a window and we soon followed. It did not take us long to find our sleds and slide down a bank of snow which reached from our woodshed to the house. We enjoyed the novelty of our surroundings to the fullest extent, blissfully unconscious of the suffering and hardships which this storm brought to many people all over the country.
—Flossie Sanford,
Devils Lake, N. D.

TAKING CHANCES.

One day when I was six years old papa, mama and I drove to Cokato. Mama put on her summer dress and I put on my winter dress. Mama said, "Now we will see who will be the lucky one." I said, "I hope I will be for then I shall laugh." It was not too warm to wear a winter dress and not too cold to wear a summer dress. We drove to Cokato and went to the stores for what we came to buy. We started for home and it grew colder and colder and colder. Mama wished time and again she had taken the warmest dress she had. I was feeling cold altho I had my winter dress on and I had shawls and blankets wrapped around me. Mama and I had a very good time about it, tho.
—Alvina Sundwall,
Dassel, Minn.

A RESOLUTE UNBELIEVER.

It matters not where nor when it comes, "misplaced weather" always causes a great deal of disappointment. We came to the southwest last year and as I had heard time and again about the "delightful" climate I said to myself, "How happy I shall be with no disappointments. Whenever I want to go anywhere, no rain or snow and ice will keep me at home." I had been away from home but a week when the first rainy day came and when it did I thought the last one would never come. Trains were delayed and mails were from eight to ten days late. Then if ever I should have enjoyed a letter less than a week old. People may tell me now about delightful climates, but it all goes in one ear and out the other.
—Emily Wood,
B Tenth Grade, 215 E Espanola,
Colorado Springs, Col.

TWO FORTUNE-SEEKERS.

First Youth (at a railway station)—Been far? Second Youth—Not yet, but I expect to before I stop. I am going to London to seek my fortune. First Youth—I've just got back. Lend me a shilling, will you?

THE COLLEGE BROTHER.

A Thanksgiving Complaint.
We used to have a turkey, but this year 'twill be a hen; And we always had plum puddin' and frosted cakes, and then There were two kinds of pies, and sauce, the brightest red, And candies, nuts, till, my! you wouldn't look at bread!
But weeks ago pa shook his head, and whiz, we knew 'At there was "somethin' doin'" which never ought to do.
He asked, "Are Cousin Susans' to eat their turkey here? If I remember rightly, we dined with them last year."

Mother kind o' choked before she said real low, "We'll break the custom, John, if 'twould be better so." Pa said, "There's once a year I like to have a fill, But then a frugal meal would save a doctor's bill."
If every dud I own were patches on a patch, With holes right in the middle, I wouldn't care a scratch; But when Thanksgiving comes, it ain't so awful nice, To have a college brother and feel the sacrifice.
—Abilaird Ronne.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Summer's days are over,
Winter's drawing night,
Buddy tints of autumn
Steal across the sky.

The pumpkins have been gathered
In golden piles so high,
Mother'll soon be making
Delicious pumpkin pie.

The farmer's ax is sharpened,
The turkey's feeling glum,
His sins he has repented,
He knows his time has come.

Summer days are over,
Winter's almost here,
But don't you e'er regret it
For Thanksgiving Day is near.

B Tenth Grade,
Cleveland High School.
—Helen C. Manley,
663 Orange Street,
St. Paul, Minn.