

JUST TWO "TOOTS."

(High School Credit.)

A few years ago there was a terrible wreck on the railroad near a town north of here and one of the engineers was fatally hurt. My father is an engineer and he happened to be there at the time. The morning following the wreck one of our neighbors came over and said she heard that papa was hurt. We had not heard anything about the wreck, so we were worried, and we could not find out the details from anyone because only a few knew anything about it. The following day trains kept coming in, but not one of them was papa's. Mama said if she could only hear papa's whistle she would be satisfied, but she had to keep on waiting, for he did not come. Along in the evening we heard another train and we ran to the door and listened. Sure enough, there were two long whistles which was papa's sign to us that he was coming. At the sound of that whistle joy crept into our hearts, for then we knew he was not hurt. When he reached home he told us about the wreck and said he was about twenty miles from it at the time.

Tenth Grade. —Gertrude Clark,
Montevideo, Minn.

HE SAW THE NEED.

(High School Credit.)

Years ago I had a black collie named Watch. He was a fine big fellow with long shaggy hair. One day I went to the lake and securing a tiny boat, went out on the water. My dog wanted to go with me, but I drove him back. He sat on the bank looking mournfully after me. Strange to say he thoroely disliked the water and did not attempt to follow me by swimming. I rowed about for a long time and finally decided to gather some lilies before I returned. Growing somewhat careless, I reached out too far and suddenly found myself in the water, the boat upset. I struggled wildly and by chance hit the boat. I clutched it and was able to keep my head out of the water.

"Oh, what shall I do?" I cried. I could not get into the boat, I could not swim. I looked for Watch, but he was not on the bank. It would hardly be any use to call him, for I had never been able to get him into the water. I drew in a long breath and whistled as loud and long as I could. Watch appeared on the bank. This gave me courage and I whistled again and again. After what appeared to be a struggle with himself, Watch plunged in and swam to my side. I put my arm around his neck and he swam slowly back to shore. We were both so exhausted that we lay on the bank for a few minutes, then Watch ran around to dry himself and I, preferring another method, went into the house for a change of raiment. After that, I knew that Watch would always obey the sound of my whistle.

Ninth Grade. —Alberta A. Davison,
Hawley, Minn.

A HIGHWAY TIME.

(High School Credit.)

It was a bright morning in May. The birds were singing and the smell of the fresh leaves on the trees and early flowers was very sweet. Everything in nature seemed very content and happy. My friend Edythe thought this was just the time for a drive out of town, so we decided to go and told Harry to have the pony and buggy ready in a little while. We were soon on our way down the street and at a corner we turned off on the road near the railroad. This was a very straight, smooth road and with our horse trotting briskly along and some sweets to eat we had a very enjoyable time. An hour went by quickly. Thinking it was about time for us to go back I at last succeeded in turning the horse and buggy around. This was not easy to do, for the road was not wide. There were many things by the roadside to look at and I did not pay much attention to the reins until a sharp whistle was heard behind. What was I to do? I knew very well that the horse was easily frightened by a train and now when he was so close to the track and a deep ditch on the other side, something terrible would surely happen. Getting out of the buggy as quickly as possible I caught the bridle and began stroking and petting the frightened animal. A few more seconds and the train went thundering past and my mind was relieved, for altho the horse trembled a great deal he did not run away as I had expected. Never before or since then have I been so alarmed at the 'sound of a whistle.'

Ninth Grade. —Hannah Tornquist,
Dassel, Minn.

A QUICK CURE.

(High School Credit.)

There was a rap at the door. Mother opened it and

OUT-OF-TOWN TOPICS

For Sunday, January 21:

"WHAT WOULD YOU SAVE IN CASE OF FIRE? WHY?"

The stories must be strictly original and true. The stories should deal with a single object that would be saved.

The "why" must be fully given.

The papers should be mailed so as to reach the office of The Journal Junior

Not Later Than Thursday Morning, January 11.

They must be 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 Sunday, January 28:

"THE FUNNIEST ORIGINAL REMARK."

The stories must be strictly true and original. Tell nothing that you yourselves have not heard. Try to tell it so as to make it seem really funny to the readers.

The papers should be mailed so as to reach the office of The Journal Junior

Not Later Than Thursday Morning, January 18.

They must be 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.

there stood a shabby, lazy-looking man. He did not appear crippled or ill, but said "lazy" from the top of his greasy hat to the toe of his unkempt shoes. "Could I have a bite to eat, mum?" was his greeting. Mother looked at his well-built frame and then out at the woodpile in the back yard. "Yes," she said, "and while I get your lunch you may saw some wood," indicating the woodpile. "In fifteen minutes you may have your lunch." He looked rather sullen as he went toward the woodpile, limping and mumbling, "I hev the rheumatism, but p'rhaps I can saw a few sticks." He picked up the saw rather slowly, and in five minutes had two sticks sawed. After every stick was sawed he would cast a glance toward the house and then down the hill to where a freight train was standing on the tracks. When mama came to the door to call him, he immediately put down his saw and looking at the very few sticks of sawed wood, began to excuse himself by saying, "I could a done better but you see this here rheumatism—" just then the freight train gave a long, loud whistle; the man with "this here rhuematism" cut short his sentence and cut the way to the railroad tracks shorter by jumping over the fence, thru the next yard and down the hill, never stopping to think of rheumatism, lunches or manners, but only that he had to catch that freight train, and the sound of that whistle reminded him of it. Mama and I had a hearty laugh, and as often as I hear a freight train give a loud, shrill whistle on a hot, dusty afternoon, I see the picture of the lazy, hungry, rheumatic man running or rather flying down the hill.

Tenth Grade. —Edith E. Lindberg,
Cokato, Minn.

The Harvest of Yesterday.

Every today is the harvest of yesterday. The only way to make the morrow's memories sweet and kindly is to live today a pure, gentle, unselfish, helpful life.

THREE IN A TREE.

(High School Credit.)

Whistles have many meanings, sometimes very serious. About two years ago a friend and I planned to go hunting in some woods a short distance from home. It was the time of year when beasts of the wood are seen most frequently, affording great sport for hunters. My friend had an old muzzle-loader which would kick as hard one way as it would shoot the other. Bears had been seen in the woods, but we did not expect to encounter any. We had shot two or three squirrels and a chipmunk and were loading again when my friend said, "Let's put in a double charge." I consented. We had not gone very far when we heard a rustle in the bushes ahead. My friend threw the gun to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. Something was wrong; it would not go off. Before we had time to pull again our hidden prey quickly advanced. What did we see? A big black bear! We quickly climbed a tree and it happened we took the gun with us. I thought I would try a shot. I pulled the trigger. "Bang!" What a noise and what a kick. We were both kicked off the limb on which we had been sitting. We arrived at the ground, but not to our satisfaction. The bear had only been dazed by the shot, giving us time to climb another tree, but this time the bear came up after us. We were all making great headway up the tree when we heard somebody whistling. We called and the man heard us and was soon there. He shot the bear and we thought his whistling had settled a very serious matter for us.

Ninth Grade. —Oscar Wilcox,
Larimore, N. D.

HARDLY WORTH WHILE.

(Honorable Mention.)

One morning a few years ago I was awakened very early by the sound of a whistle. It was such a strange sound, not at all like other whistles I had been used to hearing. When I went outdoors that morning, I heard it again. It seemed as if I heard it every time I was not listening for any particular thing. It sounded quite far away and I decided to find where it came from. It seemed as if I never would reach my destination, but soon I heard it again and knew I was very near it. I saw what I thought to be a big fire engine, but I learned afterward that it was a threshing engine, and the sound that I heard was its whistle. When I went home I expected to be praised for my new discovery, but I was simply laughed at for not knowing what the threshing whistle was before,—and I was made to go without my dinner for being late.

A Eighth Grade,
Central School. —Marguerite Phelps,
Grafton, N. D.

DUSK TIME SCARES.

(Honorable Mention.)

A few years ago our family was camping on the shores of Otter Tail lake. Mother was at one of the neighbors and brother A. had gone to the postoffice two miles distant, leaving my sister and me alone at camp. The few hours which elapsed before my brother's return were the most distressing I ever passed. It grew dark but no one returned. A noise was heard in the bushes. Something groaned. We crouched low on the wooden seat. Hark! Another noise! A boy's clear whistle broke on the still air. Oh! what was dearer to my ears than that whistle? Never, before or since, has a whistle thrilled me with such joy as that did, announcing A.'s return.

Eighth Grade. —Esther Larson,
Battle Lake, Minn.

BABY BEAT HIM AT IT.

(Honorable Mention.)

My big brother told me that when he was eight years old he made up his mind to learn how to whistle. It was very hard work and he made little progress. He did not care to have anyone know what an effort he was making, so he would go away by himself to practice. My sister was about three years old and always wanted to go with him and try to do the same as he. One day he was practicing, hard as could be, when she looked up at him and whistled. He was so surprised! He was almost angry to know that she had beaten him. She knew by his looks that he was not pleased, so to tease him, she used to whis-

tle every time she came near him. He was so disgusted with himself that he gave up trying to learn.

Sixth Grade, —Leonard Sprague,
Central School, Grafton, N. D.

A NEW SCREECH.

One day when I was about a block from home coming from downtown I heard the sound of a whistle that I had never heard before. I knew it was too early for 6 o'clock. I hurried home and asked mama, but she knew no more about it than I did. A lady who lives near us came over and asked if we knew why the whistle was blowing. Just as she asked, the fire bell rang and we knew that it meant fire. We saw some smoke downtown and we ran to see what was on fire. Some people were tarring a roof. They had a gasoline stove on which they heated the tar. In some way the tar caught fire, but they threw it from the roof so the building did not catch fire. A large crowd of people had gathered around the building. When the fire was out they went home. I reached home at supper time. That is the only time I ever heard the sound of a whistle which startled me.

Seventh Grade. —Dorothea Ahlbrecht,
Lester Prairie, Minn.

FATHER'S ALL-SEEING EYE.

One day last March, at the time of the flood, I was playing by the river, and by and by began to watch a little stream of water making its way thru the ice and frozen ground. As it neared the bottom of the bank there was a steep place and it made a nice little waterfall. As I sat there watching it, I heard someone call me. I looked up and saw my friend on our raft. He said, "Come and get on." I hesitated for a moment, because I remembered my father had forbidden me to go on the river. At last I decided he could not see me, so I got on the raft and we went down the river. We had not gone far when we heard a whistle. We turned and saw my papa standing on the bank! We had to pull in and I was forbidden even to go near the river again that spring.

Sixth Grade, —Francis Bannon,
Central School, Grafton, N. D.

EVEN THE CREW SHATTERED.

My brother was to fix an old steamship which he had received the year before. It was large enough to hold my big doll. He had a whistle which he was always blowing and he decided to put it on his ship. He told me to clean up my dolls and we would take them in his ship for a ride on the river. I was in my room in a second. He called to me that he would blow his whistle when he was ready for me to come. I was just washing my little doll's face when I heard the "Toot, toot" of his whistle. Down I went with four dolls in my arms to where he was waiting with his ship. I put my dolls in and we sent them out on the river with a hard push. The ship sped along finely down toward the dam. It was in the middle of the river where we could not reach it. The dam was not far off, the ship struck and down it went. When we went below the dam, the dolls were like little shells at the seaside. My brother looked sadly at the broken ship, then turned to me and said, "We have certainly had a bad wreck." We never heard the sound of the whistle again, and the dolls were all gone, but I have a very large family of others now.

Fifth Grade. —Gladys Bissell,
Cannon Falls, Minn.

THE "BREAK DOWN" SIGNAL.

Farmer Black had been having the threshers for over a week. Everything seemed quite contrary. Rain had fallen every day, hands were short and the machine was continually breaking. At last, the sun was brightly shining, farm hands were plentiful and there were all indications for a good day. Things had been running smoothly until 12 o'clock, when the usual hour was taken for the noon meal. Lest something might go wrong, the farmer deemed it advisable to stay about the machine while the others were at dinner. At last he sat down to the table. He had barely started his meal and remarked that everything seemed going "first rate" when he was startled by three long whistles, which indicated a breakdown. For a moment he sat dumb. Then he rushed thru the dining-room, into the kitchen, outdoors and down the lane, still tightly holding his coffee cup. He arrived at the machine coatless, hatless and breathless, and to his amazement saw things progressing just as well as ever. "What did you mean by blowing that whistle three times?" he asked. "I didn't hear any whistle," was the answer. With a puzzled look the farmer returned to his dinner, while three girls sat in the attic too thoroely frightened to resume their play, for while their father was taking his wild run down the lane, their mother exclaimed, "Girls, put away that fire, for your father is racing down to the machine thinking that the whole thing is broken up." The father does not know to this day that it was his three daughters who blew the fire three times as a signal for their circus to begin.

Ninth Grade. —Olive Brown,
Ada, Minn.

TRICKING THE WISE BIRD.

One day when I was out hunting I went down in the swamp to see what I could find. I was walking along when I found something to shoot. I was just in the act of shooting when I heard a whistle, and stopped to listen. When I turned my game was gone. I answered the whistle but there was no answer. I went on and then suddenly it came again. This time I paid no attention to it but kept on my way. Finally a bird lighted near me and I shot it and then just as I went to pick it up the whistle came again. I followed the sound and in a little while I found it was someone else trying to catch an owl. When he neared the owl it would fly and he was mimicking its whistle in order to get closer.

Sixth Grade, —Eugene Clarence Deming,
Pleasant Valley School, Harris, Minn.

WHEREIN UNCLAS FIGURE.

My uncle had come to visit us and was going away that evening, after a stay of over a month. We were gathered around talking merrily when we were interrupted by a long, shrill whistle. "There comes the train and here I am talking. What if I miss it, after all!" said uncle, as he put on his overcoat and hat, picked up his grip and ran all the way to the depot. When papa and we boys reached there we found him sitting in one