

dren were to find this was to be. "Another visit to grandpa's!" we shouted, and romped about hardly able to wait for father to get the horses ready. At last we were ready. What strange sights we saw as we drove thru the city of Guelph. A little negro boy was watering a horse where father stopped to water his horses. We did not know whether to be afraid of the boy or not. We soon grew tired and asked mother if we would soon be to grandfather's bridge, and were told that we were not half-way yet. At noon we stopped at a hotel for dinner and to rest the horses; and then continued our journey. We watched for the bridge for a long, long time, wondering if a train might go under it while we went over it. It grew dark, and still we had not reached the bridge. At last father called out: "Here is the bridge!" and altho we could not see it, we could hear the rumble of the carriage wheels as they rolled over it. Then grandfather's light shone out upon us and we were at the door. Since that time grandfather has moved away from the farm, so that "crossing the bridge" would not mean the same to us now. But still I should like to cross it again; and, perhaps, some day I shall.

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

CARPETED WITH GREEN.

(High School Credit.)

Jennie, Bertha and I had crossed the long bridge to the shallow side of the river, to wade for shells. We put our shoes and stockings under some burdock leaves, and began to gather the pretty clam shells. Jennie discovered a crab and we all scrambled to the bank. We looked for our shoes and stockings in the large burdock patch in vain. So we started for home barefooted, but we had not taken more than ten steps on the hot planks of the bridge when Bertha exclaimed, "Ouch! The boards are catching into my feet!" Jennie and I had the same experience, and slivers were in our feet. "What shall we do?" said Bertha, "I just can't take another step." A bright idea popped into my mind. I tied my handkerchief around one foot and my sunbonnet on the other. And telling the girls to wait a few minutes, I started back to the burdock leaves in my novel shoes. I gathered a large armful of the broad leaves, and then using them as stepping stones over the bridge, we were soon across. The cool, green leaves felt so soothing and made a splendid rug over the rough planks. We had never crossed a bridge with such a covering, and liked it so well that we went back over the leaves and once more looked for our shoes and stockings. We found them, but did not put them on until after we had again crossed the bridge.

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

CAESAR'S CONSTRUCTION.

(High School Credit.)

"Crossed the bridge!" exclaimed a Latin II. student. "What bridge?" I asked, having as yet not become acquainted with Caesar.

"Wait till next year. You'll cross the longest bridge you ever heard of," he replied. I consulted my Latin I. classmates and we agreed that the bridge must be a certain passage toward the end of the book, exceeding all preceding ones in complexity. The next September we began our journey on that long, crooked and rocky path. On our way we encountered storms and tribulations. Some days were sunshiny and some were dark and dreary. While traveling on the easy passageways we received words of praise and encouragement, but while slyly rounding some unknown construction ("bluffing") we heard terrific peals of thunder. Finally we stepped on the approach to the bridge. Another step forward and West fell on the construction of "ligna." This frightened us and each tried to brace himself for the next move. Wallace started out so fluently that he was told to go on. We were now half-way across and we were glad of it. Then Alfred forgot what the clause "quantain—distabat" limited, but saved himself by clear articulation when the air-valve on the radiator started to sizz, making it hard for the teacher to hear. Bertha talked like an experienced civil engineer. Martha failed to give a satisfactory version of the clause "Aliae—spatio," but even the editor himself admitted in his notes that he could not translate it without ambiguity. With this help, however, she summoned courage, went on carefully and suddenly stood on firm ground. As the class call sounded at that moment we heaved a sigh of relief and Ella whispered audibly, "That wasn't hard!" for behind us was the shaky yet everlasting bridge, and before us lay a beautiful easy way.

Eleventh Grade. —E. F. Thune, Ada, Minn.

OUT-OF-TOWN TOPICS

For Sunday, March 4:

"A QUEER DAY."

The stories must be true and strictly original. The word "queer" may be taken in any sense given in the dictionary.

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

Not Later Than Thursday Morning, February 22.

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, March 11:

"A MEMORABLE MARCH DAY."

The stories must be strictly original and true. They must be written in the third person.

Recognition will be given by preference to style in which stories are written.

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

Not Later Than Thursday Morning, March 1.

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.

ON A MOUNTAIN ROAD.

(Honorable Mention.)

My brother, mama, papa and myself all went to the coast one summer, and during the afternoon of our third day's journey, we were all in the observation car when the conductor came in and said, "Do you see that town down there?" We were away up on top of the mountain, and when we looked down, there was a town and a river which we had to cross. I was frightened, for I thought we had to go straight down the mountain and that when we did so, the cars would go on top of the engine and the train would roll down the mountain. I was so frightened that I sat right down in the aisle and put my hands over my face. By and by the conductor came in, and seeing me on the floor of the car, asked mama what was the matter with me. Mama said I was afraid, but he said I need not be afraid; that before we reached the town we went thru a tunnel and while we were there we made a curve and went down. I was sure we would run into the river, but we went down "just as easy" and across the bridge "just as nice," so I worried all for nothing.

Eighth Grade. —Helen Hoskins, Bismarek, N. D.

AS AN INTRODUCTION.

(Honorable Mention.)

One day when my father was about 15 years of age, he was on the bridge crossing the Kennebec river, near Bath, Me. Four boys were coming down the railroad track toward the bridge. Rafts of logs were floating under the bridge and down the river. The boys decided to hang from the bridge and drop on the rafts as they went down the river, and thus take a ride. The first two dropped safely. The next tried, but the raft slipped and he fell into the surging water. He was unable to swim, and began to struggle with the current. My father and the boy who were left on the bridge, ran down the bank to help him, but he was too far from shore to reach. Just behind them was the large branch of a tree. They took this and reached it to him just as he was going down the third time. He grasped it and was soon out of the water.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Gold is good in its place; but living, brave and patriotic men are better than gold. Abraham Lincoln.

He immediately began to feel in his pockets, and then said, "I lost my quarter, any way!" Forty years later this boy came into my father's store, and not knowing it was my father who had helped him out, told the story of falling into the Kennebec that Sunday morning. "Yes, I remember it," said my father. They had not met since then, and they did not know each other's names. This man had come to our town as a minister.

Sixth Grade. —Helen Hawks, Spring Valley, Minn.

WHEN LAUGHTER WAS SAFE.

(Honorable Mention.)

We were walking slowly over the bridge between Taylor's Falls and Franconia, greatly enjoying the beautiful scenery, when to our consternation and surprise we heard the "toot-toot" of a train behind us, and on looking around we were appalled to see it already within three blocks of us. The bridge being long we had quite a space left to cover. Quickly summing up the distance and time, we knew we had not a second to spare. We started on a desperate run and barely arrived at the end of the bridge in time. We ran up the bank and sank down exhausted upon the ground. After we had rested a little while we heard somebody laugh. On looking around we saw a man sitting on the grass laughing heartily. I asked him what he was laughing at, and he said, "I could not help it, the way you fellows were trying to run a race with the train." Altho we were quite shaken up, we were all right in a little while.

Seventh Grade. —Karl Lundberg, Center City, Minn.

JUST LIKE PAPA'S.

(Honorable Mention.)

One bright summer morning we went out fishing to the Cannon river, which flows thru the northern part of Goodhue county. When we arrived, the first thing was to take out the fishing tackle. Papa went for some bait. I was very anxious to go with him, but I could not, for papa went away without letting me know it. When I discovered that he was gone I set myself seeking for him. I went across a high bridge that led me to a railroad bridge above the water. On a railroad bridge there are planks set about one foot apart. It took great patience to cross it, and if I had become nervous I should have fallen into the water. But I went on. When I had walked awhile on this bridge I came to a bank where a great many people were. Some of the gentlemen had stuck their poles in the water. When I reached this place my heart was nearly broken. I thought my papa was drowned, because the fishpoles that were sticking up in the water were just like his. Then I hurried back to mama to tell her my news. But she only laughed, and when I had finished telling my story papa came and I was very glad to have him back again. I then concluded it was better never to cross a bridge before I came to it.

A Sixth grade, —Lucille Johnson, Red Wing, Minn.

A PRESSING CAUSE.

(Honorable Mention.)

It stands there yet, that bridge which I so swiftly crossed on my skis one winter day. I went so swiftly over that bridge because a big black cow was after me. How I ran on those skis! I can see myself now with the cow a short distance behind me. She was gaining on me. Run I must and as swiftly as possible. So I ran at a rate which seemed to me to be about a mile a minute. At the end of the bridge my skis slipped and I ran down a ditch out on the ice. As the cow followed she slipped and fell, so I saw my chance and was off the

ice before the cow could come after me. You may be sure that I hurried, and was soon safe at home.

Sixth Grade. —Catherine Macgregor, Grafton, N. D.

A DIRE ADVENTURE.

When I was out in the country last summer a friend of mine and I went down to the creek in the afternoon. There was an old bridge down there. It was nothing but some logs placed across the creek, but we decided to walk over it. When I was half way across I heard a splash. I looked back and discovered my friend had fallen into the water and was under the logs. I had my shoes and stockings on so I could not help her out right away. I crossed to the other side and took off my shoes and stockings as quickly as I could. Then I waded into the water, which was not deep, and helped her out. She was standing up in the creek, half laughing and half crying. I began to laugh, too, she looked so comical with the water dripping from her face, hair and clothes. We took each other's hands, waded out of the water and then went home. After we had put on dry clothes, we went around the neighborhood telling about our adventure on the bridge.

Fifth Grade. —Olga Anderson, Le Sueur, Minn.

USELESS WORRY.

One hot day last summer as we were hoeing corn, my father said we would go fishing the next day if it was good weather. We made the hoes fly all day and at night we went home tired. The next morning when we awoke it was cloudy and raining a little, but my father said it might be nice weather in the afternoon so we could go fishing. I went out in the barn and tried to catch some rats, but my mind was on that fishing. I was crossing the bridge of "Can't Go." While we were eating dinner the sun came out. We hitched up the horse and went over to the lake. We could not get a boat at that place so we went to another place. We caught nearly a washtub-full of fish.

Fifth Grade. —George Bloomfield, Maple Plain, Minn. District 83.

THE BRIDGE BEWITCHED.

"You must hurry if you want to cross the bridge," said my father as he stepped on the bridge leaving me to follow him. I felt tired and sat down, thinking I could catch him before he reached the other side. He was half way across when I tried to rise, but could not. Father stopped and looked back. He saw me sitting down and motioned for me to come to him, but it was impossible for me to move. As he stood there the bridge seemed to grow longer and longer, until I could not see the other end of it. Father looked so far away I thought I never could catch up with him, and I began to cry. I cried and cried until my tears made a little brook and I was sitting in the middle of it. Soon the brook had washed a little channel to the river and then the river began to rise. The waves dashed against the bridge until they washed it away, but father was not to be seen anywhere. I tried to swim across the river and ran into a whirlpool—then I awoke to find mother shaking me. "What are you doing?" I asked. "You have been making such a noise that you have awakened us all," was the answer.

A Sixth Grade. —Nellie Bristol, Breckenridge, Minn.

FEARFUL WHITE THINGS.

The sun had set behind the western hills before my companion and I pulled in our lines to wend our way homeward after a day's fishing in the Minnesota river. It was a mile to my home and my chum lived near me. The stars began to make their appearance ere we had gone a half a mile. Our way led us across a railway bridge which some people said was haunted. We had hardly touched the bridge when we heard a low plaintive "moo-oo-oo." I was so frightened that I could hardly move, thinking ghosts were following us, for I was small then and did not know any better. We knew the sounds came from under the bridge so I followed my companion under the bridge and lo! what was that white thing in those bushes over there? Were they ghosts? I thought so and so did my companion. We were on the point of running away when the two white things came out of the bushes and showed themselves to be two white cows. We laughed heartily and pursued our course.

Eighth Grade. —George Brotherton, Twin Valley, Minn.

ONE TRIP ENOUGH.

Going fishing one day, I came to a railroad bridge. I had to cross that bridge or walk half a mile to a wagon bridge. The ties were half a foot apart and every step I took I stopped and looked to see if the train was coming. Then I looked down into the river. It made me dizzy to look into the water and the minutes seemed hours. After I had crossed the bridge I fished and then I went home, but I did not go over the railroad bridge.

Fifth Grade. —Clarence Boardway, Perham, Minn.

NO BERRIES THERE.

One day a few years ago our family and some more people went for a walk. We took a pail with us because we thought we might find some berries. After we had gone a little way we came to an old bridge. My sister told us that there were berries the other side of the bridge. So we decided to cross it. We had gone but a little way when we saw that it was broken, but we kept on. What a time we had crossing that bridge! If we had fallen in, we should have been drowned. At last we were across and looked around. Not a berry could we see. Going back we had a still harder time than before. We were so tired we said, "We will never go across that bridge again." We were very glad when we reached home.

Sixth Grade. —Irene Conery, Superior, Wis. State Normal School.

SUFFICIENT EXCITEMENT.

One day Florence H— said to me, "Girls, let's go on a picnic to Minnehaha Falls." Our journey was along the creek. When we were crossing the bridge one of the girls fell in. We all wanted to rescue her, but her sister became excited and fainted. While we were attending to her sister one of the boys jumped over the bridge and swam ashore with her. We sat down awhile and then we journeyed onward. When we came to the