

farm to watch the threshing machine, but just as we were going out of the gate, I met mama, who said, "I am afraid you cannot go to watch the threshing machine today, because I am going calling, and you must stay with little Polly." I did not like to play with young children and I felt sulky, but nevertheless, I went into the house to play with Polly. "I am tired of cutting out pictures," said Polly finally. "I want to play dolls." So Polly brought out her dolls, and I made some dresses for them. We played dolls for a long time and I forgot all about the threshing machine. When mama came home and saw what a good time we had been having, and that we had not gotten into any mischief, she was very much pleased. The next day when my friends came after me to go out on the farm, I insisted that Polly should go too. I told my friends that I would rather play with young children than with older girls, because they do not always want their own way in everything,—at least little Polly does not.

—Evelyn Dennis,
Fifth Grade. Enderlin, N. D.
WHEN BROTHER GOES ALONG.
(Honorable Mention.)

Old Whiteface was grandma's best cow. Her calf, a little, scrawny, white-faced, awkward animal, was one of the poorest of the calves, and for being this she had a good reason, and that was running away. It seemed wonderful how she managed to get away. She was quite young and it did not seem possible that she could escape two of us, but she often did. One bright, sunny morning when it was just the time to swing in the hammock and read fairy tales, there came the well-known call, "Children, Whiteface has gone. She is out in the south pasture, aiming for the apple trees in the corner of the orchard."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed my brother, "I wish that calf was well, where she wouldn't get away."
"Well, come along," I said.

We both scampered rapidly across the yard, under the fence, across the side pasture where old Whiteface was peacefully chewing her cud, and gazing across the south pasture at her runaway calf, hastily jumped over the low fence and then we felt better, for we were in the same pasture as young Whiteface, altho she was nearing the end of the long pasture.

"You go there, and I'll go toward the squirrel stump. Quick!" I directed, placing my brother in one corner and myself in another.

Young Whiteface was dismayed at the sight of the barb wire fences and two youngsters running and yelling, so she immediately turned around and headed toward me. "Oh!" I gasped, every minute thinking to feel the blow, for I did not know enough to get out of the way. However, just as she was within a yard of me, she suddenly turned aside, and I realized that my brother had caught her by that much-prized article, her tail.

—Cora Jones,
Eighth Grade. Breckenridge, Minn.

WILLING TO GROW.
(Honorable Mention.)

One day Miss —, our librarian, came in our school room and said, "How many of you children would like to have a little club?" Every child raised his hand as if to say, "I'd like to." So Miss — said, "We will start tomorrow, for it is Saturday, and you will not have any school." She then promised us a very good time as we took turns mending the library books, which the children were careless with. We named our club, "The Children's Library Club." On Saturday we all met and voted for a president, vice president and a treasurer. We also paid our dues, which were 2 cents a year. During the year we would sometimes invite children from other grades and have a little party. A young lady would then meet with us and tell us stories and we each received a paper handkerchief full of popcorn with molasses on it. The club meetings stopped last spring when school closed. It is still young, only 1 year old, but we are all anxious that it should become older and hope that we may begin our meetings very soon again.

—Emma Prinz,
Fifth Grade, 920 Bush Street,
Central School. Red Wing, Minn.

WHAT YOUNG JIM MAY EXPECT.
(Honorable Mention.)

Young Jim is my white Plymouth Rock rooster, with pure white feathers and reddest of comb and the shiniest of yellow legs, the double of Old Jim, the ruler of the chicken yard. They are both thoroughbreds. Young Jim is only 5 months old, but weighed eight pounds when I took him to the county fair two weeks ago. He is a very great

pet. I can pick him up in my arms and carry him around, but since he took the first prize, he seems very proud of himself and when I come home from school he runs after me and peeks my heels. One day when mama went out thru the backyard, Young Jim stopped in front of her. Thinking he wanted to be petted she bent down, but he gave her a bite in the arm that left a big blue spot. However, judging from the way Old Jim is watching him, I am afraid one of these days that Young Jim will get the hardest whipping he ever has had.

—Delmont Schneider,
Fifth Grade. Salem, S. D.
THE NAME OF THE THIRTEEN STRIPES.
(Honorable Mention.)

"What a hateful study history is, anyway!" exclaimed Bob, as he threw aside the disliked book, which he had studied for about half an hour, thinking he could get a lesson in that short time. His little sister, Alice, who was too young to understand what history meant, looked up and said, "What is history? Tell me about it."

"History tells how America was discovered and it tells about wars and—" Bob did not know what to call the thirteen colonies, about which he had just studied, in order to make Alice understand, so he said,—"and young United States."

"Young United States!" echoed Alice.
"You remember the flag I gave you last Fourth?" continued Bob. "Well, there are forty-six stars and thirteen stripes in it. The stars represent the forty-six states now in the union, and the stripes represent the 'young United States.'" And with this, Bob took up his grammar and paid no more attention to his sister. "Young United States," murmured Alice to herself, "so that is what they call the red and white stripes on my flag."

—Sadie Sather,
Ninth Grade. Annandale, Minn.

The Way to Rise.

The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him.—Abraham Lincoln.

WHEN THE CLOCK STRUCK FIVE.

One day, about 5 o'clock, I took a pail and went to one of the neighbor's to gather the eggs. As I neared the barn, I heard an old hen making a great fuss. I went nearer to her, but she flew at me, so I turned and ran to the house. When I returned the old hen had gone away, but I could hear a little chicken peeping. I listened a long time and then began hunting, and finally found it in a miserable condition under a board that was standing against the barn. I carried it home and put it in a basket which I put near the stove. I fed it every day and took care of it, tho all the people said I ought to kill it. But I would not. When it got well, I let it go back to its home, but the neighbors said I might have it, and I let it go with the rest of the chickens.

—Carrie Allen,
Sixth Grade. Annandale, Minn.

AN UNEXPECTED CATCH.

One morning as I was walking thru the woods, I saw a cistern half filled with bricks. It made a fine trap for small game, so I covered it with a few weeds and then pulled some grass to put on top to make it look more natural. Early next morning I went to my trap, but I could not find it. I was not more than a yard from the trap, but I did not know it. I walked on and ker-plunk I went into it and speedily learned how hard bricks can be. I had "caught something," to be sure, but not what I had expected. I fixed the trap as before and started for home. When I visited it again I was a little more careful where I stepped. I took the weeds and grass off and there was a young rabbit. I took it home and built a cage. I told the boys I had a young rabbit and they said I would better name it "Young." I have "Young" yet and every time I go out to feed him he jumps up and down in the cage.

—Todd Chrisler,
Seventh Grade, 616 West Clark Street,
Central School. Albert Lea, Minn.

SPORTIVE SEALIONS.

Young sea lions are very clumsy on land but very active in water. Once when in Chicago I went to Lincoln Park and there I saw some sea lions. They were kept in a big hollow rock that was in the middle of a pool. In the cave there was room for about seven sea lions. On top of the rock was a big cliff from which the sea lions dived into the water; over the cliff, fresh water was pouring out of an unseen pipe. The sea lions seemed to like it very much. Once when a young sea lion went to sleep on the cliff, an older one came up and pushed him off into the water. When the young one came up, it gave a loud howl and dived under and when it came up the next time, it jumped at the fence surrounding the pool and very nearly jumped over. It fell back with a howl and kept on howling steadily for two or three minutes.

—Johan Diederich Behrens,
Seventh Grade. Spring Grove, Minn.

JUST PUPPIES—THAT'S ALL.

It was a bright sunny day in June, just the kind of a day little children like to play with their dolls out of doors. I was then a girl about 8 and my chum, Maud, was the same age. This day Maud came over to play with me and brought her doll. We played with them for some time but soon began to wish they were alive. It would be more fun. My folks had four young puppies. We selected two of them, then took the dresses from the dolls and put them on the puppies, who acted very much like babies. We put them in beds and covered them up. At last we decided to take our babies visiting. About a quarter of a mile from us lived a bachelor. He was very fond of children, so we thought we would take our babies and make him a call. We dressed them in the best dresses and started. The puppies tried to get away from us, but we held on to them. At last we reached our destination and sneaking up to a side door we rapped. Our host answered and invited us to come in. The babies jumped out of our laps, so we let them go. When we were ready to go home we looked for them and where do you suppose they were? In the bachelor's breadbox! This rather scared us, so we took our children and went home, wondering if our bachelor was angry with us or the puppies.

—Susie Eldred,
Twelfth Grade. Ellsworth, Wis.

PLANS THAT WENT AWAY.

Last spring Neighbor Jones gave me a dozen duck's eggs, and I set them under Old Speckle with the com-

forting thought that they would all hatch and that I could sell them for at least half a dollar each in the fall and buy many things I wanted. About three weeks later, as I was going out to feed Old Speckle, I heard a soft "Peep, peep." My heart leaped and for a moment I felt contented, but when I came to count the ducklings my discovery was not a very pleasing one, for only six of the eggs had hatched and Old Speckle, with the determination not to set any longer, strutted proudly about the barnyard calling her children. I was not at all satisfied, at first, but finally decided that the six would mean quite a little income in the fall. Every day I fed them and they grew strong and fat and often went down to the pond for a swim.

My brother had a tame fox and its greatest pleasure was to get into the chicken coop and make a feast on mama's chickens. One nice day in autumn I decided to sell my ducks, but when I reached the chicken coop, I found to my dismay that the fox was just devouring the last one. As his eyes met mine, they seemed to say, "That is what you get for counting your chickens before they are hatched and crossing the bridge before you reach it."

—Edythe Ellison,
Ninth Grade. La Moure, N. D.

A MATTER OF GETTING ACQUAINTED.

When our kitten was young, she used to be afraid of me. Every time I would go to take her milk, she would run and hide and she would not come out of her hiding place to drink the milk until I had left the barn. Sometimes I used to hide behind the barn doors and watch. After she drank her milk, she would wet her paw and wash her face, then she would wash her paws with her tongue. When she grew older she would run about and play. Afterward when I took her milk she would come up to me and mew, as if she knew what I had and wanted some.

—Mary Faith,
Sixth Grade. McKinley, Minn.

ITS CALF DAYS.

When I was east visiting my cousins, they had a little brown calf with white ears and white feet, which I thought was very nice. One day I said to my cousin, "Let's take it out and play with it." He said, "Wait. I will go and ask papa first." My uncle said we might take it out, and we tied a rope around his neck so it would not choke him, and then took him out of the barn. He felt so glad to get out that he kicked up his heels and pranced around wildly. He started to run and kick, but we held to him as long as we could. After awhile, however, the calf broke the rope and away he went. We ran after him, but could not catch him. Then we went in and told uncle about it and he looked out, but all he did was to laugh. And all we children could do was to join in with him and laugh at that haughty young calf.

—Rose Yerkie,
Sixth Grade. Willow City, N. D.

IN SISTER'S FOOTSTEPS.

One day Rose and her friend thought it would be nice to play young lady. Rose had seen her 10-year-old sister play with long skirts and she wanted to try it, too. Rose and her friend went up in the attic, and hunted out some very long skirts, then with their dolls they went out for a walk. They had not been out long when they became tired and decided to go upstairs and stay in the house awhile. They were half way up the stairs when Rose stepped on her skirt and fell back upon her friend, who was thrown off her balance. It seemed a long time to the girls before they reached the bottom and when they arrived there each had a big lump on her head. They decided then that it was not so much fun playing "young lady" after all.

—Ella Streissguth,
Eighth Grade. Arlington, Minn.

LIKED IT, ANYWAY.

The first snow was falling and I stood by the window watching the white flakes. I was only 10 years old, but I tried to make my brother who was older than myself believe that girls knew as much as boys. Just then he came rushing into the room. "Hurrah! for coasting!" he shouted catching me in his arms and dancing around. "Only the last of October, too! this is a young winter." Now what "young winter" meant was Latin to me. The ground was already covered with snow enough for coasting. I saw my brother preparing to go for a coast, so I put on my hood and cloak, got my sled and started off with him. Still I was wondering what "young winter" meant. We were hurrying toward the big hill, when my brother's chum joined us. "Hello, Harold!" he cried, "a young winter, isn't it?" There it was again! What could it possibly mean? I wouldn't ask them for I thought they would laugh at my ignorance. We joined the crowd of merry coasters and what a glorious time we had! I heard several of the boys say, "A young winter, isn't it?" I thought a long time about it and at last came to the conclusion that a "young winter" meant when the snow came early and—well I didn't know what else. But I knew I liked those young winters, whatever they might mean.

—Cecile Searls,
Ninth Grade. Bagley, Minn.

"WORK AND WIN" THEIR MOTTO.

A few of us boys having read the essays by John Burroughs on different plants, trees, and vegetables, thought we also could learn something about such things. So one day we held a meeting at my friend's house to make rules. We chose the name, "Young Philosophers of Nature," for the club. Each boy was provided with a pencil and notebook and every Wednesday and Thursday, when we went out to find and study these different things, each made a report of what he had learned, and all were expected to bring something of importance into the laboratory, where we spent one hour on Tuesdays studying them. If a boy did not bring in something, he was excluded from the party for a week, to teach him a lesson. At first we had only four members, but now we have eight. We paid dues of 5 cents a week and saved up for a printing machine to print the articles for which we charge 1 cent a copy. At first we did not sell very many a week, but now we dispose of 100 copies a week on an average. We call our paper "The Instructor." Our laboratory is visited daily by men, women and children, who wish to see how plants are grown from seeds, how roots are developed in water and how plants grow in soil. Next week we are going to charge 2 cents admission to all visitors. The money from the papers and admission will be spent in making experiments. We buy about fifty plants a week. The business men help us very much, and everybody who visits our laboratory congratulates us and says "Work and win," and we have that as our motto.

—Theodore Renstrom,
B. Ninth Grade, 672 Magnolia St.,
Cleveland High School. St. Paul, Minn.

PLACING THE CREDIT.

Tom and Dan were very happy as they worked busily

OUT-OF-TOWN TOPICS

For Sunday, November 25:

"A JUMP."

Stories of picnics and thunderstorms and all kinds of dreams barred.

The stories may be true or fiction. If true, they must be written in the first person. If fiction, they must be written in the third person.

Recognition will go to the best told stories, and to those having the most original application of the topic.

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

Not Later Than Thursday Morning, November 15.

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, December 2:

"THE GREATEST THING IN THE WORLD. WHY?"

The "Why" must be fully answered. The stories must be strictly original in ideas and expression.

Dreams are barred. Recognition will go to the papers making the strongest case in favor of the chosen "greatest thing."

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

Not Later Than Thursday Morning, November 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.