

Worthy of Note

By Minneapolis Juniors

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make it up the moment I was at leisure—which promptly, I may add, was another cause of my rejoicing later on. I had, however, rather thoughtlessly selected plain cloth, simply because I had been struck by the beauty of an unfigured bag which I wished to copy. I knew well enough that it would have to be stamped and equally well that I had no idea of how to accomplish that. Yet I was content to leave it and finish the bag first.

At last a pattern became imperative. Several efforts to remedy the difficulty ended in failure. Finally I brought forth my latent and somewhat doubtful drawing abilities and the result was almost too simple to mention. In half an hour I was working on a pattern that had been sketched with dressmaker's chalk and which only needed frequent retracing to be all right. It was very pretty, blue and white, my favorite combination, and I was proud of it, too, not only because it was entirely my own work, but also because I had made it in spite of a difficulty which, if imaginary, had seemed none the less real.

—Julia Johnsen,

726 Huron Street SE.
A Eleventh Grade,
East Side High School.

From Friday to Sunday.

(Honorable Mention.)

On Thursday, Jan. 3, I received a note which ran something like this:

"Dear Bessie—Will you please come down to my home Friday and stay until Sunday afternoon? We will try and make you have a pleasant time. We hope you can come. Yours sincerely,
"—N. A. J."

"Of course I'll come," was my thought as I read the first line, and then as I read on, "You always do make me have a good time." At last I said, "Oh, mama, see here! Nettie has invited me down to stay over Sunday. Hain't it fine?" forgetting all about grammar in my excitement. "Indeed, it hain't fine," mama said, "but it is very nice."

"May I go?" was the next question, to which I received the usual answer, "I'll see."

Well, I went and arrived without any accident. What I did and where my time went those three days I do not know.

We played games and ate candy and teased the dog, went to see "The Little Minister," washed the dog twice, went to church Sunday and did everything that makes a pleasant time.

I enjoyed this most of anything in my vacation, because of the place I went, because I very seldom go away to stay over night and also because I had been working hard at home and at school ever since September.

A Eighth Grade,
Horace Mann School.

The Lafayette Memorial

On July 14, 1900, the original of this statue was unveiled at Paris. The fund was raised almost wholly by contributions from the children of America, and was so generous in proportions that the surplus is sufficient to pay for a duplicate, which will be sent to this country, probably to Washington.

—From the Magazine of Art.



my mother's cooking aprons, and went down the back stairs into the kitchen and said, just as I had heard mama say, "Anna, now bring all the things that I need for cooking," but Anna looked at me and said, "What under the sun is getting in your head, you are not going to cook, I hope?" "Oh," I said, "mama always did, so must I." I did the pastry cooking and when mama came home she heard of my work and said: "My little girl is a good housekeeper and I see I can leave her alone often."

A Fifth Grade,
Holmes School.

—Ethel Wright,
67 W Island Avenue.

Money Made in the Bargain.

(Honorable Mention.)

One of the most satisfactory incidents of the summer vacation happened one day when a circus was in town. I was very anxious to go, but I did not have any money to pay my way, so I thought I would work and get in free. After breakfast I went to the circus grounds and soon secured a job. The men made us work very hard till noon, and then they gave us a slip of paper which passed us into the big tent.

In the afternoon a man came along with two girls and he saw that two other boys and I had pretty good seats, so he gave us fifty cents for them. We divided the money and spent about five cents and then found other seats that were not quite so good. We saw the circus and came away with more money than when we went, so that is why I enjoyed it so much.

—Arthur H. Bennett,
2708 Grand Avenue.
A Sixth Grade,
Whittier School.

With the Smell of Printer's Ink.

I have always considered the day well spent in which I have learned something aside from that contained in books, and if the learning is the result of some enjoyable incident, it is all the more satisfactory.

My friend and I had been talking about typesetting machines and wondering how they worked. My friend's father happened to overhear us and kindly offered to show us such a machine in the University Press, which is near the university itself. As a result we arrived at the place about 3 o'clock

and spent an hour watching the wonderful Linotype machine for making and setting type. Afterward we visited the university buildings and spent another hour in the museums of Pillsbury hall. The rest of the time we spent in the armory and one or two of the other principal buildings.

When I arrived home I decided that this was my most satisfactory vacation incident, not only because it was the most enjoyable but because I had learned the most.

A Eighth Grade,
Horace Mann School.

—Maynard Pease,
3214 Oakland Avenue.

Over the Line From Hennepin.

Every vacation brings pleasant incidents, if one has been free to enjoy himself, and Christmas holidays are especially delightful to all young people. Of the many incidents which occurred during those happy two weeks I select the following as the most pleasant and memorable. Several friends and myself decided to go skating at White Bear Lake, and were soon speeding toward our destination, which we reached without any incident of note. The ice was rather rough, but we soon became used to that and a jollier crowd of boys it would have been hard to find.

We played every game that can be played on ice and our pranks excited no little interest among those around us. We jollied the St. Paul boys and chided them about their city until we nearly brought on a fight. However, one of our boys proposed a treat and that quickly restored good nature. Finding that we were Minneapolis boys and jolly good fellows at that, the saintly children permitted us to enter their games and told us many laughable scenes which had occurred at the lake. They told us the crowd would be out in the afternoon so we decided to take dinner in St. Paul and return. This we did and found many on the ice. We stayed all afternoon and mingled with the crowds of boys and girls. Toward 7 o'clock the crowd thinned out and we finally started for home. We reached Minneapolis pretty well tired out but, nevertheless, we had had a good time and that day was a vacation incident which none of us will soon forget.

—Sidney Snyder,
624 E Fifteenth Street.
B Eleventh Grade,
Central High School.

A Summer Surprise.

My summer vacation was spent very well in some ways. I worked all the time and I must say I had a good time while I worked. I gave all my money to my mother and she saved it for me. I had always wanted a wheel and my mother said, "You shall get one next year." So I said nothing more about it. My birthday came not long after and in the morning when I awoke I found a wheel in my bedroom. I was the most surprised boy in Minneapolis. Then I went out for a ride with some of my friends who had wheels. After that I spent my days in riding my wheel.

B Seventh Grade,
Van Cleve School.

Work First, Pleasure Afterwards.

Many pleasing incidents happened last vacation, but my happiest one occurred on the 3d of July, 1900. I rose early in the morning and helped mama, who was very busy. I scrubbed the floors, carried wood and water, ran errands and did many other things. In the evening I went over to my cousin's, who lives on

Keegan's lake. He had a tent near the shore and five of us boys intended to sleep in it, but we slept but little that night. We stayed up till 11 o'clock and ate candy and nuts. We were just going to sleep, when it began to rain quite hard, and the water leaked through the canvas. Finally we got up and sat around till 2 o'clock, telling stories. We then, one by one, dropped off to sleep. Anyway, we had fun in spite of the rain. This was my most satisfactory incident, because I helped mama first and had so much fun afterwards.

B Sixth Grade,
Harrison School.

—Clinton E. Broberg,
2010 Chestnut Avenue N.

Haste That Was Too Rapid.

One day a few of us boys went skating. When we arrived at the lake we saw dozens of arrow- and cornucopia-shaped sails managed by boys on skates. The wind was quite brisk and it was quite favorable for skate-sailing. I skated against the wind to the point where the most of these sailors started from and when I reached the point a generous boy invited me to sail. I eagerly accepted. He told me to hold tight to his coat tail and to keep on my feet. Off we went like a flash, our destination being the other side of the lake. But, alas, a gust of wind tore the sail out of the boy's hands and giving a quick backward motion he broke my hold and I went sprawling for twenty feet. I received an unhealthy blow on my cranium, which came in contact with the ice, and it made my head ache so that it ended my fun.

B Seventh Grade,
Whittier School.

—Philip Bourdeaux,
2526 Pleasant Avenue.

Housecleaning in the Woodshed.

One day during the winter vacation I was cutting some hardwood and after I finished I thought it looked very dirty in the woodshed. The floor was all covered with chips and blocks of wood, and so I made up my mind to clean up a little. I put all the blocks in one pile, hung my sled on the wall, and piled the wood I cut in one pile. After that I swept the dirt into a heap and threw it into the yard. The shed looked very neat and nice after that cleaning and I told my mother to come out and see and she said, "That is fine."

A Sixth Grade,
Monroe School.

—Albert Nelson,
819 Twenty-third Avenue S.

An Iceboat That Could Go.

The first time I used my iceboat was my best vacation fun. I made it myself, and when I finished it I took it down to the lake on a cart. I put it on the lake, took the cart home, then brought the tiller down, put up the sail and got on the boat. It went quite fast, but after awhile the wind became so strong that it tore the sail. This finished my iceboating for that day, but I was not discouraged, for I knew that I could make an iceboat that would go.

B Fifth Grade,
Lake Harriet School.

—Raymond C. Cowles,
2618 W Thirty-ninth Street.

Winner by Three Shots.

One day during the Christmas holidays a crowd of boys had a shooting contest in a shooting gallery. The first boy who fired hit the mark and when I fired I, too, hit the mark. We kept shooting till each had shot twenty times, then the marker pronounced Arthur Johnson winner by three shots. Then we shot in quick succession with five shots each. I hit the mark three times while Emil hit it twice, so I won again.

A Sixth Grade,
Longfellow School.

—Arthur Johnson,
2704 Twenty-eighth Street S.

Going and Coming.

The most satisfactory incident that happened this last vacation was when my mother said I could go skating if I wanted to, because I had scrubbed the floor for her the night before. I put my skates over my shoulder and started for Loring park. When I reached the street a bob came along and I caught on and in half an hour I was at my destination, the bob just happening to be going my way. I skated till noon, and about 1 o'clock I started home. I had walked no more than a block when along came the same bob and, just my luck, it was going back the way it came. Therefore I had a ride all the way back. When I reached home I was very hungry and I found when I went into the dining-room that my sister had saved me a good dinner. I had no more than finished with that when the telephone rang and my uncle told my sister and me to meet him at his office at 2 o'clock and he would take us to the matinee. Of course we were there on time. Altogether, I really think this day was the most satisfactory one of last vacation.

B Seventh Grade, Holmes School.

—Willie H. Catlin,
Ashmore Flats.

No More Wood to Saw This Winter.

The most satisfactory incident that happened to me during vacation was when I finished sawing a cord of wood. The day the wood came my father filed the saw. It was very easy to saw until the cord was a little more than half done. Then the saw was as dull as ever, so my father filed it again on New Year's day. At the end of the third day the work was finished and I was a very happy boy because I knew I should not have to saw any more wood this winter.

—Oscar Dahl,
2740 Twenty-ninth Av. S.
A Sixth Grade,
Longfellow School.

An Unexpected Plunge.

Most of my vacation was spent at my uncle's in the country. One day one of the neighbor boys asked me to go fishing with him, so I went into the house and put up a big lunch. When we reached the river I baited my hook, took my can of bait, waded out to a rock and then sat down on it with my feet in the water, and began to fish. I did not get a bite for a long time, so I began to get tired. I heard the other boy cry, "I have a fish," and I was so excited that when I turned around to see it I fell into the water. It was not very deep so I got out all right and sat in the sun to dry. This done, I built a fire and put two forked sticks in the ground with another one across them, and then I cleaned and cooked the fish. We ate our lunch and then lay down in the shade of a tree and went to sleep. I do not know how long I had been asleep but when I awoke the sun was getting low, so we went home. In all my vacation I did not have a better time.

A Fifth Grade, Whittier School.

—Harry Taylor,
2309 Pillsbury Avenue.

Pleasure for Two.

"Why don't you go over to see Mrs. T. to-day? It is so nice and as she is sick and cannot go out, she will be glad to see you!"

Minneapolis Topics

For February 2:

"THE FIRST BOOK THAT YOU READ."

Here is a topic that should bring in an avalanche of papers, for there surely is not a Junior who has not read some book. This means the first book that you read for yourself. Tell something about how you came to be so independent, if you can remember the reason. What impression did the characters make upon you? Were you more interested in their doings because you read for yourself, or was it harder for you to keep track of the story? Tell, in fact, all of the interesting things you can remember regarding this first book that you read for yourself. The papers must be in the hands of the editor not later than

Tuesday Evening, January 29,

At 5 o'clock. They must be strictly original, written in ink, on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length, marked with the number of words and signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

For February 9:

"FAVORITE HOME OCCUPATION. WHY?"

You all have something that you prefer to do at home, even if it is nothing more than sitting down before the fire and reading and eating apples, or swinging in a hammock in a shady nook. The choice, however, ought to be something nearer the accepted meaning of the word "occupation." That is, you should tell of some favorite task that you have to do, or some work that you like to do, and which possibly is given occasionally into your hands as a recognition of good behavior. The papers must be in the hands of the editor not later than

Tuesday Evening, February 5,

At 5 o'clock. They must be strictly original, written in ink, on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length, marked with the number of words and signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

Youngest Postmaster In the Country.

Walter J. Raley, postmaster at Kent, Ohio, is said to be the youngest postmaster ever given office by the department. He is only a little over 23. For the past six years he has been an employe of the postoffice at Kent, and for two years held the position of clerk, where he thoroughly familiarized himself with the duties of the office. When the postmaster's term expired, there was sharp competition for the office, with eleven candidates in the field. The position is worth \$1,800 a year to this youthful but efficient postmaster.

—The Little Chronicle.



WALTER J. RALEY