

I soon became tired of this and went to painting. I painted one spoke of each wheel red, the next one yellow, the next one red, the next one blue and the next one red again, and so on until each wheel was finished. I was very proud of my work, but I thought that papa would kill himself laughing, in fact I never have heard the last of my fancy wheels. I paint them plain black now, as I came very nearly getting into trouble that time.

Ninth Grade, —Jay Watson,
Longfellow School. Morris, Minn.

Not Anxious for Another.

When I was ten or eleven years old I came upon the model of a flying machine, in a newspaper. As the plans were very simple and the material easily found I at once determined to make one. So I took a sheet of tin, some nails, light wood and a spool and went to work. When it was finished I gave it a trial, which was successful. It would sail right up to a height of fifty or sixty feet and then descend slowly and gracefully to the earth. Of course my machine was seen by others and soon all the boys were busy making them. One day I was asked to fly the machine of a boy who could not make his go. I wound it up and gave it a start, but instead of going up it turned in the air and came directly for me. It struck me full in the face and whirling rapidly cut my face up badly. My nose was so badly torn that I was not seen outside again for some time. As soon as I had washed the blood from my face I ran home, took out my machine and gave it the strongest start I ever had given it. The machine shot into the air about one hundred feet, then the wind caught it and carried it along. Being determined never to start a flying machine again I closed my eyes and allowed mine to get lost. I never have seen a flying machine since, but have a model for another kind which I do not think I shall ever use.

—Clarence Bartholomew,
Caledonia, Minn.
Eleventh Grade.

A Thick Frosting of Chocolate.

If I were to be given my freedom or a prize for making some special thing with my own hands I should make a chocolate cake. That is my favorite cake and I always like to make it myself, because then I can get enough chocolate on. I like to cook when I am alone in the kitchen, that is, when there is no one to say every few minutes, "Stir a little faster," "Be sure and have the tins ready," and "For pity's sake, don't put so much chocolate on," and all such things. I do not mean to say that I am an expert at making chocolate cake or that I should win the prize, but I can make them very nice. I do not bake very often, as my school work takes up most of my time, and I think it is true that were I obliged to take part in the cooking every day it would no longer be a novelty and a pleasure as it now is.

Ninth Grade, —Hilda O. Larson,
Union School. St. Cloud, Minn.

Suitable for May Baskets.

I would weave baskets of straw. First I would twist the straw, then weave the bottom, next the sides and then I run ribbon in and out on the sides. When finished it is about two inches in height and three inches across at the bottom. Some times I put handles on them and flowers inside and use them as May baskets. I have not made any for a long time, but would make one now if I had the chance. Sometimes I braid the straw.

B Sixth Grade, —Mary Malas,
Union School. Mankato, Minn.

A Part of the Bargain.

The greatest success I ever had in making anything was a windmill. I spent a half day making it and cut my finger into the bargain. The wheel was two by two feet and the mill was five feet high. When I finished it I set a ladder up against the feed mill and climbed up and nailed my windmill on. There it is to this very day and will probably always stay there.

—Willie Gilbert,
Spring Valley, Minn.
Sixth Grade.

Ready for a Snow Fall.

Last year when mother and father went to the city I made up my mind to make something, but I did not know just what. I sat on a chair a long time thinking and at last a happy idea came into my head—I was going to make a snow shovel. I went into the woodshed and unlocked papa's toolchest, then I found a good board in the barn which I took to the woodshed and sawed it off at the proper length and then planed it very smooth. It was hard to make the handle and to fasten it to the shovel part, but I finally did it with a large staple. By this time the sun was right over head and just then I heard some one driving over the crossing. It was mother and father, and when I showed them my shovel they said it was a good one.

—Sigur Ineson,
Stewartville, Minn.
Fifth Grade.

Looks Were Deceiving.

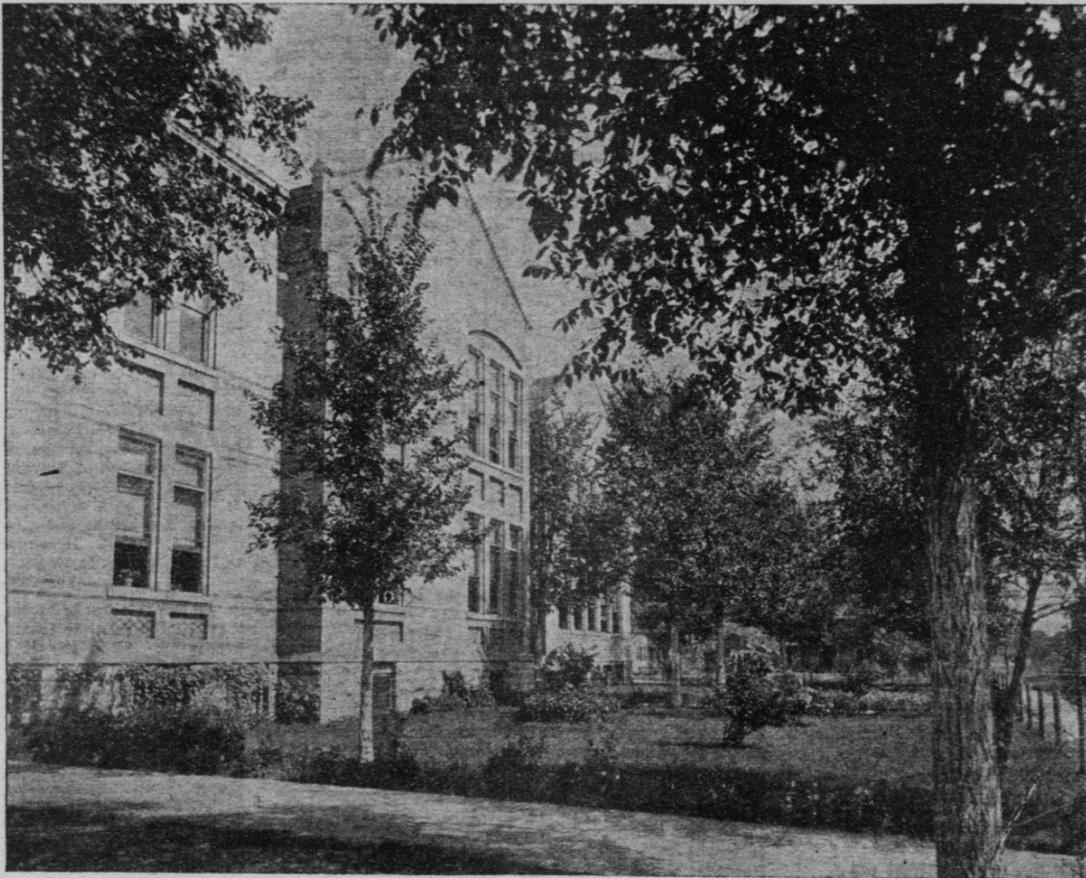
I can make but few things, so I have not many to choose from. About two years ago I was deeply interested in watching my cousin make a handkerchief. I thought it would be very nice if I could make one, too, so my cousin offered to show me how to sew the lace on. I started off down town to get some goods to make it with and my cousin told me how to start it. I thought it looked easy, but when it came to doing it I changed my mind. I finished the hemstitching fairly well, but when it came to sewing the lace on it was not so easy. I could not get the gathers even; I had most of the fullness on one side while the other had hardly any at all. Finally I straightened it out as I took more pains and was more patient than usual. My first handkerchief was not a very handsome one, but I was not discouraged, so I started another one and it was a success. I made it without the help of any one and I was very proud of it. I now confess I can make handkerchiefs better than anything else. I have made a great many and each one has been a suc-

cess. So if I were asked to make something that was useful, without anyone's help, I should make a handkerchief.

—Lettie Olson,
Grafton, N. D.
Eighth Grade.

Handy for Reference.

The easiest thing for me to make is a mistake. But that is not useful, and the directions say that what we make must be useful. I am going to tell about the scrapbook I made and how I made it. First I took a tailor's sample book, which is a big book about as heavy as I can lift, and every alternate page is covered with samples. These samples I tore out and made what I call a doll carpet for my doll house. The book in itself then seemed useless but one day I had an idea which I put into practice. I had quite a collection of pictures of great men and women, such as noted writers and statesmen, and often studied what I could do with them to make them of some use. After I had taken out the samples I began to paste these pictures into the book. In order to make a sort of reference book out of it I wrote below each



A PRIZE-WINNING PICTURE

(See Page 4)

WEBSTER SCHOOL, MINNEAPOLIS

picture the name of the person and a few other facts, such as time of birth and death, and mentioned a few of their best works or what they were most noted for. Besides this I pasted in pieces that I thought appropriate for school recitations and some of the stories from the Journal Junior. I have now given a fair idea of my scrapbook and hope that it may help some little boy or girl to pass a rainy day indoors pleasantly.

—Pearl Schwy,
Alma, Wis.
Fifth Grade.

Open for Inspection.

I can work most successfully with iron, but I can also do good work in the carpentering line. I learned on our farm, where we have a blacksmith shop. I can make plow shares and chisels, and also do the tempering of the chisels myself, which is one of the most difficult things to do, that is, when tempered for stone drilling. When I am out plowing I sometimes run up against a stone and break the point off the share; I go home then and weld a new point on. The repairs I make are just as strong as those made by others, as I have found out by experience. I have also built a henhouse and a little greenhouse. I invite anybody wishing to see a handsome little greenhouse to come to our farm and see mine.

—Samuel N. Rinde,
Grafton, N. D.
Tenth Grade.

Sun Bonnets Her Specialty.

A very clumsy person, who depended upon his agility to obtain his liberty, would have a very hard time I am afraid. There are very few things I can do really well. Of these few the one I can do best is very humble—the making of doll clothes. In fact, I am seamstress for all the dolls of the neighborhood. For instance, I made sunbonnets and hats enough last summer to last a dozen dolls for the next century. As I usually make "something out of nothing" my sewing is very cheap. So, if I were in prison, I should make a beautiful wardrobe (buying a pattern for every garment) for the doll of the warden's little girl, and thereby gain my freedom.

—Irene Hallas,
Adrian, Minn.
Eighth Grade.

Still of the Same Mind.

"What's the matter, dear?" I dried my tears and looked up. Before me stood Aunt Carrie. She repeated her question and in reply I held up a very begrimed piece of lawn with a very crooked hem on one side. This was to be a handkerchief and I sobbed out my story. Mama had given me this lawn and said that I might make a handkerchief all by myself. I was delighted with the idea and for one whole week I labored faithfully, basting the hem one day and ripping it the next. When Aunt Carrie heard this doleful tale she was silent a moment and then said, "I'll tell you what I'll do, if you finish this handkerchief in two weeks and make a straight hem, I'll give you a prize." This was lovely, for a prize always means something nice, thought I, and I set to work with new vigor. Day after day I worked, while visions of prizes floated before me. At last it was done. I looked it over carefully, folded it and put it away in mama's top bureau drawer; for the rest of the day I skipped gaily about, wondering what my prize would be. Before going to bed that night I took one last peep at it. How pretty it looked, but—how dirty! The next morning I ran to get my handkerchief. I opened the drawer and looked twice—my handkerchief was gone! And in its place was a clean one and on it lay a shining quarter. When I found that this was really my handkerchief my joy knew no

bounds, and as for the quarter, well, I thanked my aunt a dozen different times and jingled it in my pocket until persuaded to give it into mama's care. "Prizes are all right" I thought then, and I think so now.

—Gabriella Brendemuhl,
Moorhead, Minn.
Eleventh Grade.

Continual Warfare With Weeds.

The things which I can do are confined mostly to the farm where I was born and raised. I like to take care of the garden. First I sow the garden in the spring, then set to work hoeing, planting and covering. Of course the hardiest plant can stand the cold better than the weak, so I plant the radish, lettuce, peas and the like long before I plant the vines and beans.

After this it is one continual fight to keep out the weeds. Finally the peas get large enough to eat and the corn rustles in the breeze. But the best time is in the fall when it is time to gather seed corn, the golden pumpkins, the long rows of onions and to expose the big nests of potatoes which have been so quietly growing and maturing in their moistened beds. So when winter comes on with its cold and storms, we can sit by the warm fire and be satisfied with our summer's work, as our cellar is full of vegetables of every description.

—Raymond Perkins,
Warren, Minn.
Tenth Grade.

Sounds Simple Enough.

One of the things that I like to make and can make very easily is a top. When I was younger I used to be very fond of tops and made a couple every week. I simply take an empty spool and cut into it three-fourths of the way from the bottom. Then I whittle from the large end toward the bottom and whittle it thinner until at the bottom it is about an inch in circumference. Then I get a stick as large around as the hole in the top and two inches longer than the spool, sharpen it at one end and put it through the hole in the spool, leaving the sharpened end projecting from the bottom. A good top is thus made.

—Phil Stone,
Morris, Minn.
Seventh Grade,
Longfellow School.

Many Steps Before Completion.

When I make canes I get a piece of willow from our willow marsh. There are three kinds of willows there, but the kind I use is red, so I can see it plainly. I select four or five pieces and let them dry, which takes a long time. When dry I take the bark off, except from the end I leave for the head. Then I steam and bend the end that I have left for the handle and carve a man's or

deer's head on them, but if I am in a hurry I leave them plain.

—Ernest Terrell,
Waverly, Minn.
Sixth Grade.

A Modiste for Dolls.

If I were offered a prize for the thing I could make best it would be doll dresses. I can make them all myself from cutting out the patterns to sewing on the tiny buttons and putting in the cunning little pockets. Sometimes I do not get the sleeves in just right, but keep at them until I do get them so they look all right. I like to finish them up neatly, as mama does mine. Maybe when I get older I can make my living by being a doll dressmaker, that is, if I live in a large city. The little girls most always ask me to help them make their doll dresses.

—Josie Chapman,
Pleasant Valley School. Big Stone, Minn.
Sixth Grade.

A Hard Time at First.

I like knitting better than anything else, and I do a good deal of it. I do not care much about making stockings, but I like to do fancy knitting and make lace. I knit a dolly for mama for her birthday, and am knitting one now for grandma. When I get my housework finished I always get my knitting and go off some place by myself and work. I learned how to do this work when I was about six years old, and I had a hard time learning, but since then I like to try every lace pattern I see. One week I knit over a yard and a half of lace for my little cousin and I intend to do much more.

—Edith Shaver,
Sauk Rapids, Minn.
Sixth Grade.

TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE.

The fifteen counties in Indiana were named for men who took part in the battle of Tippecanoe. Indiana was just being admitted into the union when the battle occurred, and it was made to furnish the names of the newly formed counties.

Our Flag Dedicated to the Journal Juniors

First sung at the presentation of flags to the Board of Education by the Patriotic Order Sons of America, on February 22, 1890. ♣ ♣ Tune, "America"

Flag of the valiant free,
Emblem of liberty,
Pride of our home;
To thee an offering
Of sacred fire we bring,
And loud thy praises sing
To heaven's blue dome.

Thy starry folds can tell
Stories of shot and shell
And furious fight.
With heart and brawn and brain
In valley and on plain,
We ever shall maintain
Eternal right.

Float thou, our banner, high!
For thee our youth would die
Like men of old.
If aught should thee defame,
Let thy immortal name
Kindle undying flame
To make them bold.

Bare each his own right arm
To shield his flag from harm
Or rebel horde.
And should our country call,
From learning's peaceful hall,
Then rally one and all—
"L'Etiole du Nord."

Flag of the field of blue!
Flag of the tried and true!
Whom no spot mars—
Float from the highest mast,
Emblem of conquests past,
Reign over the future vast—
O, Stripes and Stars!
—Alice Weir, 1228 Portland Avenue.

