The Journal Junior

SUPPLEMENT TO THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

Minneapolis, Minn., Saturday, September 14, 1901.

The First Day

The Chapter of Incidents that Occurred When Minneapolis Juniors First Went to School.

FEAR seems to have been the prevailing feeling when Juniors first went to school, and although there were some cases of genuine fright, the most were merely embarrassment caused, as the paper expressed it, by the "boring" eyes of a roomful of pupils. But often the first keen discomfort was displaced by delight in little brilliant pegs, toothpicks, etc., with which marvelous houses and pens were constructed, or by games, stories and songs. The picture of these pleasures was so vividly drawn that little ones who did not have the advantage of such a first day at school might well feel dismal and wish they could go to a school like that.

Quite a startling feature of the descriptions was the recurrence of the word "lost." Sometimes the small students were lost in the buildings; and then, led by chance into a strange room, as they frequently were, fear and mortification brought tears and wails until they were "found." Pupils were also lost in the street, but these were found and restored, either by accidentally finding friends, or by kind-hearted strangers, there being only one call for the patrol.

A BRIGHT IDEA

Skip Two Rooms a Term—Then High School.

(Prize.)

MY memory does not recall the first day I went to school, when I started to take the first steps towards knowledge of letters, but I was sure I had learned them all when on the first day of the second term I was walking proudly across a large hall with my teacher, who was leading me from the baby room to the fourth room. The teacher smiled and gave me a seat which I considered rather roomy. I looked around and all the faces were strange, which caused me to feel somewhat embarrassed. The teacher, noticing my discomfiture, placed a large red apple on my desk and asked me if I could draw it. I could, but the result looked more like a defective squash than a perfect apple.

I was anxiously waiting for school to close so I could tell mama how smart I was. I thought if I should skip two rooms every term I would soon be in high school. I was thinking so busily about my unexpected luck that I took the wrong path home. Everything being strange, I, of course, began to cry. A man coming along asked me why I was crying. "I am lost," I answered quickly. He also asked me my name and address. I told him my name, but the address I could not remember. Then I told him I had a brother in the Monroe school. He took me to the school and into the principal's office just as the big boys were coming out. My brother was called in and laughing he took me home.

When I told mama about the passing she said, "Pretty good, but even if they did put you in fourth room you may be but one step ahead."

—Alice De Kroyft,
2321 Nineteenth Avenue S.
A Eighth Grade,
Adams School.

A SHORT MEMORY PUNISHED

An Adventure in a Cloak Room With All the Doors Shut.

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

"OH, I wonder how it looks in a schoolroom and what we will do?" I said to myself as I pressed my nose against the window pane. I had never been to school before, so I was very excited. About half-past 9 I was taken to the first room and the teacher gave me a seat right in front of her desk. I was going to ask her if she knew me, or if my mother told her I had better be near her so she could keep her eye on me, but I did not. She said, "Now, children, you must raise your hand when you want to talk." She kept cautioning me because I could not remember to raise my hand. At last I was put in the cloak room and all the doors were shut. I was frightened. I sat down in the corner and hardly dared to breathe. The rest of the morning, after I was let out, I kept very still, for fear I might have to go back. At dinner time when I went home, I told mama of my great adventure, and whenever I wanted anything at the table I would raise my hand. After more of those days of "adventures" I thought I was ready to graduate. Now, when I remember that day, I often think, "What patience the first-room teachers must have, especially mine."

B Sixth Grade,
Whittier School.
—Julia Spence,
222 W Twenty-eighth Street.

LOST BEARINGS AS TO LINES

Horror of Being Called "Greenhorn" Also Made the First Day Wretched.

(High School Credit.)

I REMEMBER well enough that momentous day when first I set foot in the temple of learning. Well enough to experience, even now, a fleeting and indescribable return of the sensation of awe I felt then at seeing the devices and paraphernalia of knowledge. I have an indistinct impression of being brought to school by my "big brother," who, to my infant mind, was the embodiment of wisdom, albeit only in the second year; and then of passing an uneventful morning, gazing abstractedly at all the new and wonderful things I saw. In the afternoon my troubles began. I lost my bearings as to what line to march with. How well I remember the rest, how I caught my brother's eye at last, as he was wildly trying to indicate which way for me to go; and my mortification at being laughed at by the big boys and girls; how I cowered before them, and not knowing what else to do, heedlessly disregarding my brother's warning, I crept in with him and sat down in a seat and lastly, the agony of it, when the teacher questioned me, and told me I was in the wrong room, sending me out amid the laughter of the scholars. O, cruel day! I was disgusted almost to tearfulness when I came home that day, but I bravely told mama that I liked school "awfully" well. And so I did—afterwards. When the horror of being called a "greenhorn" had worn off—I liked it.

B Tenth Grade,
Central High School.
—Astrid Ericson,
3213 Aldrich Avenue S.

Distance Lends Enchantment.

(Honorable Mention.)

BEING more than three months past six years old before I had an opportunity to commence school, I can well remember the first day. Never in all my life can I remember of looking

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ONE SCAR HE LACKED
The Vacation Boy—And yet that teacher demanded that I show a vaccination mark.

Amateur Artists

Northwestern Juniors Show that They Have Both Artistic Feeling and Descriptive Ability.

THERE were all sorts of beautiful creatures described this week, and could all the magnificent specimens of animal life be brought together in a Junior circus, it would without doubt be the "greatest show on earth." Domestic animals, such as horses, ponies, dogs and cats, were the favorites, but wild animals from the tiny humming-bird to the majestic lion came in for a fair share of attention. Selections were not always governed by a beautiful exterior; some of the Juniors, remembering perhaps that "beauty is only skin deep," saw beauty in natural traits or gentle natures. People are often regarded as possessing beauty of character on account of some act of devotion or kindness of heart; but only two Juniors considered such an act, from an animal, beautiful, and one dilapidated cat was beautiful in the same way that old dolls are beautiful to small mothers.

The work done this week was good, although several papers were received which gave in detail the habits of the animal selected, where found, and its value. The topic was plainly stated and did not call for such details. Another Junior described the funniest animal she had seen. It is extremely necessary that papers should stick to the topic in order to be considered in the contest.

TEAM OF ZEBRAS

A Turnout that Would Attract Much Attention.

(High School Credit.)

THE most beautiful animal? At about 4 o'clock in the morning of July 12th, 1901, two happy boys bounded out of bed at the sound of the alarm given by the old family clock. They might have been seen hurriedly dressing and after partaking of a cold breakfast prepared the night before, they mounted two bicycles taken from a nearby shed and rode away. These two boys were one of my chums and I. On July 12th a certain well-known circus was to be at Sauk Center, so you can easily imagine why we boys were starting on a fourteen-mile ride.

We arrived at the circus all safe and sound and were soon passing through the animal tent with the rest of the numberless throng. Here is where I saw my most beautiful animal, the zebra. With its symmetrical limbs and body, and pretty markings, this animal seems to have been designed by nature with especial regard to artistic effect. Indeed the regular black stripes on the white or creamy background have all the appearance of having been placed there with the brush. Why could not man have captured, tamed and bred that four-footed beast. Then we could all be driving lovely teams, with bristing manes standing erect, beautifully striped, proudly arched necks, slim legs; small, narrow feet; beautifully built in every way. I am fully satisfied that the zebra is one of the prettiest of the animal kingdom.

—William A. Landis,
Osakis, Minn.
Ninth Grade.

The Week's Roll of Honor

Minneapolis Prize Winners.

Alice De Kroyft, A Eighth Grade, Adams School, 2321 Nineteenth Avenue S.
Julia Spence, B Sixth Grade, Whittier School, 222 W Twenty-eighth Street.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Effie E. Ebert, B Seventh Grade, Sheridan School, 1135 Adams Street NE.
Janet De Haven, A Eighth Grade, North Side High School, 3343 Sixth Street N.
Glen E. Mitchell, A Sixth Grade, Calhoun School, 3033 James Avenue S.
Theodora Aase, B Sixth Grade, Monroe School, 2200 Seven and a Half Street S.

Northwestern Prize Winners.

Harry Phelps, Eighth Grade, Excelsior, Minn.
Muriel Swanman, Fifth Grade, Adrian, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Walter Stahr, Eighth Grade, Hodgen School, St. Louis, Mo.
Olive Clark, Eighth Grade, Irving School, Anoka, Minn.
Alice M. Holverson, Fifth Grade, Washington School, Alexandria, Minn.

High School Credit.

Astrid Ericson, B Tenth Grade, Central High School, 3213 Aldrich Avenue S.
William A. Land's, Ninth Grade, Osakis, Minn.

FOR HONEY, NOT FOR WAR

Humming-Bird Vied With Bee in Chivalrous Attention to Flowers.

(Prize.)

THE most beautiful animal that ever came within range of my vision was a little humming-bird that drifted and flitted about some flowers on the lawn, now here, now there. It was green and its gauze-like wings seemed almost as pure as the atmosphere of a summer day. Scattered amidst the green were spots of black and yellow, and its long needle-like bill seemed altogether too warlike for such an innocent little creature. As I watched, a honey bee came buzzing up and each seemed to try to outvie the other in paying attention to the flowers; and then I saw my error in supposing that a creation so lovely could have any weapon with which to injure a fellow creature.

—Harry Phelps,
Excelsior, Minn.
Eighth Grade.

SPIRITS HIGH ON CIRCUS DAY

Cannot Forget the Cream-Colored Pony, With a Long Mane and Tail.

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

THERE was to be a circus in a town near the one we live in and everyone was in high spirits, for we were to go. We arrived in time for the performance. It was very good, and among the things that I saw was a small cream-colored pony with a long tail and mane. It was so lovely that ever since