

The Journal Junior

SUPPLEMENT TO THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

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IDEAL PANTRIES

Minneapolis Juniors Tell What Perfect Storerooms Should Contain and How They Should Look.



UNIFORMITY declared by unanimous vote that an ideal pantry was some kind of a place full of good things to eat, where, some added, they could go whenever they pleased, eat whatever they pleased, but where no one else could go without their permission. Juniors generally agreed also that the pantry should be flooded with sunshine and fresh air, and that it should be large, the dimensions ranging from two feet wide and four feet long, to a room 20x20. It was usually placed for convenience between the dining-room and kitchen; although one Junior would build his in the yard, another would have his adjoining his bedroom, and a third, by means of wheels, would push his back and forth.

Elegance was the rule and economy the exception; commonly the pantries were finished in hardwood, but several had marble floors, or were finished with mahogany. Then there were stained and plate glass windows, silk curtains and electric lights, hand-painted china, carved woodwork, a soda fountain, gold and silver dishes, and vases of flowers. Several studious Juniors would have books and magazines in their pantries, which were fitted up with center tables, chairs, sofas, pillows and rugs. A genius of mechanical propensity would operate his pantry by push buttons, and another would have a pile of boards near by ready to whittle. Locks were high in favor where Juniors carried the keys. The girls will surely dispute the assertion of a Junior boy who remarked that the good things were for the boys, and the other things, dishpans, etc., were for the girls. The boys as a rule displayed considerable knowledge of a pantry, especially the food stores, but the girls proved the better architects, forgetting nothing, and placing everything both artistically and conveniently. Generally the boys were through after supplying cupboards for food and dishes, while the girls first placed everything to the last spoon and then decorated.

DOUBLE-ACTION DOORS

A Pleasant Place for Washing Dishes.

(Prize.)

MY ideal pantry would be about eight by ten feet. It would be at the back of the house and would have a south window in it. It would have swinging doors opening into both the dining-room and kitchen.

On the side next the dining-room, about two feet from the ceiling, there would be shelves with small doors where would be kept bottles, glass jars and other things that are seldom used and which I should not want to become dusty. Below these would be cupboards for the silverware, glassware and china. Below the cupboards, there would be drawers for cooking knives, forks and spoons, hand and dish towels and kitchen aprons. Then there would be more small cupboards in which would be kept the cake and bread ovens, and cooked food that I did not care to keep in the refrigerator. The rest of the space would be in flour bins, with the kneading boards between the bins and drawers. Across the end, beneath the window, would be a zinc-lined sink, in which to wash dishes. I should have the sink in front of the window so I could catch occasional glimpses of outdoor life, while engaged in the disagreeable task of washing dishes. The recess below the sink would be used for the tin, granite and iron ware. The space from the end of the sink to the wall would be finished level with the sink and would have a smooth surface to be used as a work table. Beneath this would be shelves that had doors, for groceries. On the side opposite my dish cupboards I should have my refrigerator arranged, so the ice man could fill it from the back porch. Of course my pantry would have a hardwood floor so it could easily be kept clean. It seems to me now that with a pantry like the one I have in mind, cooking and dish-washing would always be a pleasure, no matter how much I had to do.

—Elira Guy,
B Seventh Grade, 4248 Colfax Avenue N.
Hamilton School.

A TRAP FOR SUNBEAMS

A Large Window That Will Make This Pantry a Cheery Spot.

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

MY pantry is not going to be any cramped-up affair, but a large, roomy, airy place on the south side of the house, with plenty of space to move around in. On the south side, where it will catch all the sunshine, will be a large window. Beside the window there will be a great many hooks to hang the various kitchen utensils upon. At the east end will be a large flour bin and two drawers, one for dish towels and the other for the kitchen knives, forks and spoons. On the left side there will be six large shelves for dishes and pans. What delicious pies and rich cakes shall grace these shelves! Under the shelves will

be a bin for sugar, and at the west end there will be a table for mixing pastry.
—Ruth Geddes,
A Sixth Grade, 3024 Twenty-second Avenue S.
Longfellow School.

Out of Vague Nothingness,

(High School Credit.)

I HAVE, in this busy time of life, just flitted away an entire morning in laying clean paper on the pantry shelves; working up, as it were, a sort of periodical enthusiasm over an imaginary pantry where one does not have to stand on a table and laboriously fold newspapers, and where dishes do not even dream of wandering out of their places. Let me build it up out of the vague nothingness. Stand by and watch the glorious process.

I am meekly conscious that my brain has not a master's way; so, unlike a master, I will let generalities go until by and by, and begin at once on the shelves. They are long and wide, varnished, paperless. There is room and to spare; yet the cups prefer to hang by brass hooks on the sides. They are guarded by glass doors which blinkingly cherish the cleanliness within. Beneath the low shelves—there are only three—are drawers for table linen and silverware, closed recesses for flour, jars and jugs. Having snugly put everything in its own place and receptacle, let us take a general view. The room is square and ample. A large, low window is curtained simply. The floor is hardwood, naturally; the ceiling low. Upon the open top

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IN SOCIAL VEIN

Incidents, Laughable and Serious, Appealing to Northwestern Juniors When They Entertained.



THE description of social affairs in Junior circles furnishes a chapter of misfortunes from little, blundering mishaps to serious accidents which frequently endangered life and limb. Generally embarrassing situations were smoothed over with a laugh; or where little hearts were almost broken, mother came to the rescue and soon everything was serene as a summer's day. In several cases of narrow escapes, however, Juniors were both quick-witted and cool.

Serious accidents usually consisted of falling into the water, either from the upsetting of a boat or through an airhole in the ice while skating; of exploding lamps and consequent fires, in one instance resulting in the complete destruction of a home. Lesser misfortunes were sprained and broken limbs, bumped heads, frightening of a girl into hysterics and broken dishes and dolls, one of which fell into a hundred pieces. No apology whatever could soothe the guest who put salt in his tea and considered himself insulted, and the girl who had a mud bath felt simply "awful." All sorts of sorrowful things happened to dainties intended for feasts; sometimes they were purloined by mischievous boys and dogs, but quite as often they were spoiled in the process of construction. One girl made her ice cream of sour milk and salt, another put salt in the lemonade and "felt mad at herself" consequently; still another let her turkey burn black, and a fourth placed her refreshments under the parlor sofa for safe keeping, and had to take them out before the guests. But the limit of human endurance was reached by the Junior who found the cat standing on its head in the freezer. A most unusual and pathetic sight was witnessed by a group of children in the charming of a bird by a snake; the snake, however, was speedily killed and the bird released.

A HURRIED EXIT

Pastor Entertained by a Miss in Overalls.

(Prize.)

WHEN I was about three or four years old I entertained the minister one day in a way he will probably never forget. We were expecting him in the afternoon and my sister was in the summer kitchen making pie for supper. Mother was in the bedroom rocking the baby to sleep, and my brother and I had taken possession of the kitchen and were arraying ourselves in the older boys' boots and overalls, which, in their hurry to go to school, they had left in the middle of the floor.

It was about 8 o'clock in the morning, while we were thus busily engaged, that there was a knock at the door, and I, nothing abashed at my strange appearance, ran and opened the door and invited the minister in. I had one boot and a pair of overalls partly on; and you may imagine how he stared, though at the time I wondered at it. In my attempt to get a chair I stumbled over my little brother and fell sprawling, but arising, I gave him a gentle slap, telling him to keep out of the way next time, and soon had a chair ready for the visitor. "What made you come this morning?" I asked. "Ma said you were coming this afternoon and she would clear up before you came. How many little pigs have you got? We've got ten. Say, you can't have any pie because—" I got no farther, for my mother just then came into the room and—well, I went out.

—Olivia Willmarth,
Eighth Grade, Kedron School, Racine, Minn.

A FINE MAN WAS WASHINGTON

All That Was Left of the Army After the Revolutionary War.

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

WHEN I was small a young lady called to see me. Of course I had to entertain her. I did not know what to do. Finally I decided to show her the pictures, though I did not know one from another. I came to a picture of a friend of papa's who was an old soldier and who had on his uniform. I had seen a picture of Washington, and thinking this was the same I said, "That is Mr. Washington. He is a fine man, for he was here and called on us." Of course my guest knew better and I wondered why she smiled. Then I showed her a picture of the men who were left in papa's regiment after the civil war. "This," I said, "is what was left of the army after the revolutionary war." At this my guest could keep still no longer, and she laughed heartily. It was a long time before I understood why she laughed.

—Eunice Loughridge,
Sixth Grade, Warren, Minn.

"A Cup of Cold Water."

(High School Credit.)

IT WAS winter. A cold wind swept through the trees and rustled the dead leaves on the gravel walk, as I went up to the house with my arms filled with green holly. The light that



THE YOUNG KING OF SPAIN STARTS OUT TO LEARN SOMETHING OF THE KING BUSINESS.

The Week's Roll of Honor.

Minneapolis Prize Winners.

Elira Guy B 7th Grade, Hamilton School, 4248 Colfax Av. N.
Ruth Geddes, A 6th Grade, Longfellow School, 3024 22d Av. S.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Mae Des Jardin, A 7th Grade, Adams School, 805 17th Av. S.
Janet De Haven, A 8th Grade, North Side High School, 3343 6th St. N.
Maybel Ekeroth, A 5th Grade, Hawthorne School, 2815 3d St. N.
Sadie Gleeson, A 6th Grade, Minnehaha School, 4439 34th St. S.

Northwestern Prize Winners.

Olivia Willmarth, 8th Grade, Racine, Minn.
Eunice Loughridge, 6th Grade, Warren, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Mabel Brown, 8th Grade, Jackson, Minn.
Emma Ghering, 7th Grade, Larimore, N. D.
Verna Reyleck, 6th Grade, Central School, Grafton, N. D.
Anna Carey, 6th Grade, Two Harbors, Minn.

High School Credit.

Julia Johnsen, B 12th Grade, East Side High School, 726 Huron St. SE.
Henrietta Nelsen, 10th Grade, Moorhead, Minn.
Edwin Hoffman, 12th Grade, Elkpoint, S. D.