

# The Journal Junior

SUPPLEMENT TO THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

Minneapolis, Minn., Saturday, November 23, 1901.

## TALK OF THINGS

**Minneapolis Juniors Pull the Wires that Make Thanksgiving Dishes Hold Lively Conversations.**



WIDE field was given the Juniors this week from which to select material for interesting stories. A long list of articles such as table furnishings, decorations, and food, was available; yet in spite of the suggestion of gossip about grownups, and the capitalized warning that the growth of fowls, and vegetables, and of the manufacture of dishes were not wanted, Juniors persisted in writing them. The fact that such papers were not desired was strongly emphasized and could not have been made any plainer.

The turkey proved to be the most attractive of Thanksgiving dishes, and generally gathered around it a little company of other favorites to which it held forth entertainingly. Usually objects spoke in the flesh, but sometimes the ghosts did the talking; and while most of them agreed that the giants around the board were cruel, barbarous, cannibals, and that this is a hard world, in several instances they were martyrs, happy in making others happy; some were actually relieved to think the end was so near and that they were to be freed from the terrible siege of preparation, cooking and eating. Sometimes the eatables were worried because they might not be good enough, though usually each one was forward in proclaiming his own merits, and so squabbles ensued; but curiously enough, in the end all seemed to disappear mysteriously. Topics of conversation included the relative merits of the presidents, politics, local news, and historical incidents; while one table was greatly honored by the presence of General George Washington, and another by the Minnesota football eleven. Some of the funny things were a turkey which relieved its feelings by an expressive "cock-a-doodle-doo," a turkey which "grew red with rage," and a "frightful pudding." A guinea pig graced one feast, and at another one "everything was forgotten amidst the turkey"; while a third was the meeting place of eatables which had met "exactly one year ago that day."

### A SAD ENDING

**Remnants of the Dinner Mourn Together.**

(Prize.)

"O H-H-H—" A trembling sigh of relief came from a small piece of celery which occupied a big celery dish all alone. "I am so glad that is over. Even that horrid Billy is through eating at last; and he can hardly squeeze through the door, he has eaten so much."

"He eyed me very closely for a while, but I looked just as sour as I possibly could, so he didn't eat me," said the cranberry sauce blushing very red at the confession.

"I think the joys of living are well enough," said a small voice which came from what was left of the potatoes, "but I declare before Jane was through mashing me, I was quite faint from sheer exhaustion, until she put some pepper in and brought me back to life again. But when I saw that Billy making 'goo-goo eyes' at me I fainted again and I know I shall never survive the loss of my companions. I am almost left alone." And the poor potatoes wept bitterly.

"My dear Cranberry Sauce, won't you please ask Mr. Turkey to favor us with that touching little song about 'Gobble?'"

"I have been talking to him for some time," moaned the cranberry sauce, "but he won't answer me. He is quite dead. All there is left is a piece of his beautiful neck," and bloody tears poured down his face.

"Yes, even Billy asked for some of him twice."

"He was so good and tender."

"Hush! Oh, stop! Look there!" The salad pointed in terror to two snapping eyes and a nose which were just visible above the edge of the table. The potato fainted again.

"Does Fido want his dinner?" called a cheery voice as a pretty little girl came into the room.

"Bow-wow-wow!"

"Well, he shall have it. He is a nice, dear doggy. Here, Jane, give Fido this turkey. Here! You can give him this potato, too."

"Bow-wow-wow!"

—Eva Graham,  
A Eighth Grade,  
East Side High School.

### THE CRUET FAMILY'S QUARREL

**Consternation Reigned in the Dining-Room at the Ringing of the Knell.**

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

"GOOD morning, Mr. Turkey," Miss Cranberry Sauce said brightly.

"Good morning, madame, good morning," answered Mr. Turkey gravely.

"How bold she is," whispered Miss Pickle sourly to her sister, Miss Pepper.

"Of course she is. She always was that way," snapped Miss Pepper who was of a hot disposition.

"Do you like Mr. Jones, Mr. Turkey?" continued Miss Cranberry Sauce.

"No! Decidedly, no!" replied Mr. Turkey, with great emphasis.

"Well, I don't know. I don't think he's so bad, only he eats a great deal. Do you like Mrs. Jones?" she then questioned.

"Do I like her? I'm not particularly fond of her. She's rather good looking, isn't she?"

"If I were asked," began Miss Pickle, "I'd say—"

"Well, you weren't asked, so there's no use in saying anything," interposed Miss Pepper.

"Gracious! What a hot head you have, Sister Pepper! You drive me nearly crazy, I'm sure," exclaimed sour old Miss Pickle with quite a show of wounded dignity.

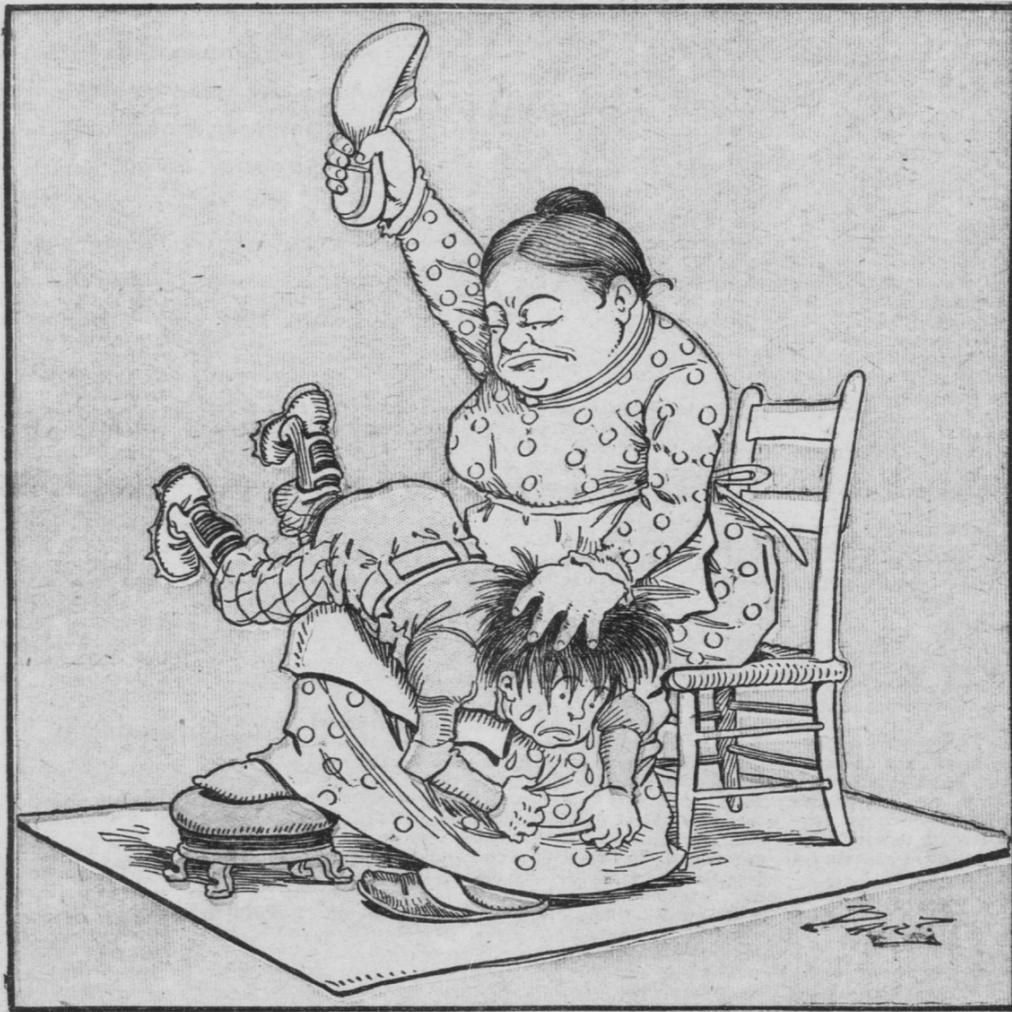
"Come, come, don't quarrel now. You Cruet family always—" began Mr. Turkey in a stern voice, but was interrupted by Mr. Worcester Sauce (a cousin of the Misses Pickle and Pepper).

"Well, now, I'd like to know who told you to interfere," said Mr. Turkey with his usual impudence.

"Hush, hush! Let us not quarrel. Remember, dear friends, this is our last hour," said Miss Butter, who was of a soft and velvety disposition and did not like to see her friends quarrel. Just then the dinner bell rang and great was the consternation in the dining-room.

"That is our death knell," said Mr. Turkey in a deep, solemn voice.

(Continued on Page Six.)



HOW IT HAPPENED.

The fast fullback of the 80-pound terrors was barred from the game to-day.

### The Week's Roll of Honor.

#### Minneapolis Prize Winners.

Eva Graham, A 8th Grade, East Side High School, 310 4th St. SE.

Helen Livingstone, B 5th Grade, Clinton School, 501 E 27th St.

#### HONORABLE MENTION.

Mabell Fruen, A 7th Grade, Sumner School, Glenwood Springs.

Kathlene Dougan, B 8th Grade, Horace Mann School, 3137 Portland Av.

Edna Hills, B 5th Grade, Garfield School, 1813 9th Av. S.

Avis Canfield, A 6th Grade, Madison School, 927 2d Av. S.

#### Northwestern Prize Winners.

Henrietta Shirk, A 8th Grade, Redfield, S. D.

Clare Mitton, A 6th Grade, Benson, Minn.

#### HONORABLE MENTION.

Edith M. Myre, 8th Grade, Emerado, N. D.

Louise Engelhardt, 5th Grade, Washington School, Alexandria, Minn.

Ray Porter, B 7th Grade, Lewiston, Idaho.

Charlotte Vogeman, 5th Grade, Longfellow School, Morris, Minn.

#### High School Credit.

Herman W. Kollitz, 9th Grade, Odessa, Minn.

Georgia Ripley, 10th Grade, Winnebago City, Minn.

## MEMORABLE DAYS

**Thanksgivings, Happy and Sad, Which Will Linger Long in the Minds of Northwestern Juniors.**



HERE never was such a place for spending Thanksgiving as at grandma's home; never such an array of good things smoking on the board, nor a more jolly crowd of people than the aunts, uncles, cousins, and any numbers of other relatives, gathered there. Then after a dinner, which nearly everybody agreed lacked nothing, there were games, old-fashioned and modern, sleighing and skating; and apples, nuts, candy and popcorn, in unlimited profusion. Although the greater number of Juniors spent the holiday in this manner, others were not so fortunate. Many were disappointed because the weather kept guests at home; some were ill with the mumps and could eat neither pickles nor turkey; some were plunged into grief by the death of a relative or friend, in many cases entirely unexpected; and a number of reckless skaters fell into airholes and were put to bed for the rest of the day. One Junior spent the day in Texas, another on the ocean, a third on the train; several were lost in a blizzard, and were rescued, one by a dog and another by giving free rein to the horses.

The stars were not auspicious for some of the dinners, especially those prepared by amateur cooks. Dressing was seasoned with sugar, and sauce was sweetened with salt; turkeys burned black, were stolen by dogs, and a very lively one, having been chased over town, flew up a tree and was there captured; but the very greatest misfortune was that when a stove pipe fell, scattering soot all over the table. Two Juniors evinced deep anxiety, one because he thought there would not be enough to go around; the other lest she should be late for the dinner, so she went to visit before breakfast, asking if dinner were ready; a third put eggs in her pocket, careless of results. A very remarkable man "began to eat himself"; and observant eyes saw "a perpetual falling of snow," and "plums oozing out of a pudding."

### A NEGATIVE DAY

**Effect of Untimely Visits to the Dentist.**

(Prize.)

MY memorable Thanksgiving is not a pleasant one by any means. It does not recall a day of fun at grandma's—the playing of games, the eating of the dinner, and at dusk the frightening of people with jack-o'-lanterns, nor skating on the big pond. No, nothing of the kind. This Thanksgiving is still fresh in my mind for it was only last year. Two or three days before Thanksgiving I went to the dentist and had a tooth pulled. Coming home I did not keep my mouth shut and the result was that I caught cold in my jaw.

When Thanksgiving morning came my chin was about twice its natural size. I did not enjoy that day very much, for I had to stay in the house all day while my sisters went skating. But worst of all the folks went over to a neighbor's for dinner, and left me at home; but my chum came up and stayed with me, so I was not alone, and I had some dinner, for my sister brought me a large tray full of things. The next day my chin was better, and

three days after I went to school. Then I decided two things: First, that I should always keep my mouth shut after I had a tooth pulled; second, that I should not have teeth pulled before Thanksgiving, and last that I should be sure also to have them pulled in time for the Christmas dinner.

A Eighth Grade.

—Henrietta Shirk,  
Redfield, S. D.

### MORE THAN A FAIR SHARE

**Two Thanksgivings Within a Week—Canadian and American.**

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

MY most enjoyable Thanksgiving was one spent at grandma's in Ontario, Canada. It came a week before the American one. We entered a large sleigh and rode out to the farm. Then instead of our alighting at grandma's, we stopped and took a merry crowd in, and rode on to the lake. Oh, how delightful it was! Uncle had had the horses shod so that we could ride on the ice. There, to our great surprise, was a little cottage in which a bright fire was burning. A smell of turkey, and all sorts of good things greeted us as we entered. We found skates enough to go around, and after having a delicious dinner, we went skating.

It seemed to me as though only a few hours had passed instead of a day. After saying good-bye and receiving plenty of nuts to last until we reached grandma's, we left the cottage for I was to start for the United States the next day. I remember