The Journal Junior

SUPPLEMENT TO THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

Minneapolis, Minn., Saturday, July 5, 1902.

'ROUND THE BARN

A Day's Doings in Animaldom as Seen, Heard and Reporten by Minneapolis Juniors.

TOPIC—ALL AROUND THE BARN.

CONVENTIONS are the order of the day, and according to the Minneapolis Juniors the inhabitants of barns have not been slow to adopt this method of considering matters of general interest to barndom. Many of these took the form of indignation meetings in which the actions of certain small boys were severely condemned. While in nearly every case it was a "boy" or "boys" unfavorably criticized and girls were seldom mentioned, yet it is to be hoped for the sake of the boys' peace of mind that the word was applied in a general sense, just as the word "man" is often used to include women and all mankind. If it were possible for people to know how they are regarded by the dumb animals it might materially improve their treatment of the latter. If we are to believe what we read, gossiping is not confined to the human race, but is also very prevalent in and about the barnyard. Most of the speakers were not out of the ordinary, that is as far as reputation and ancestry go, but there was one cow that claimed to be a direct descendant of the one that jumped over the moon, and a mouse that had been a follower of the famous Bandit Mouse. However, the career of the latter was cut short by the cruel jaws and claws of an unkind cat. Women are generally credited with having a monopoly on the hat question, but one Junior overheard an animated discussion on the subject of headwear, carried on by the horses and mules of a certain barn. A word of advice to the Juniors: So conduct yourself towards all animals that you will not be the object of contempt and adverse criticism in an indignation meeting held either in your barn or in any structure in the neighborhood.

Mabelle Moberg neglected to give her choice of prize.

HER FIRST ATTEMPT

With a Fate Similar to the Renowned Jill.

(Prize.)

WHEN the cow came into the barn with a broad grin on her face and a very ill-concealed chuckle, it was no wonder that the other animals crowded around in anticipation of a jolly story, and the cow commenced: "Now you may think it strange that as old a woman as that one up at the house could be so silly as to be afraid of a cow,—but she is." Here the cow indulged in a hearty laugh and then continued, "Still she is a good-hearted woman and intended to do my master a good turn this evening. My master was late home and 'Gusta declared it was a shame that the cow had to wait so long to be milked. Although she never had milked before she started out with the stool and pail to try it. She walked around me several times looking at me with a doubtful eye and trying to propitiate me with large handsfull of grass. She finally screwed up enough courage to begin but sh was so frightened that she set the pail under me on th ground so as to be ready to run in case I should kick. B the time she had about enough milk to cover the bottom o the pail I thought she acted so perfectly silly for a woman of her age that I couldn't resist playing a trick on her and lifting my foot I made a motion as though I would kick." Here the cow was almost overcome by laughter, but managed to resume. "When you remember how fat and roly-poly 'Gusta is and take into consideration the fact that we were at the top of a long, sloping hill, you will see how little it took to send 'Gusta rolling down that hill like a rubber ball, with the pail and the stool clattering after her. My, but it was a funny sight!" and the cow leaned up against the side of her stall while all the other animals joined in the laughter.

B Eleventh Grade, East Side High School. —Hazel D. Cowles, 2618 W Thirty-ninth St.

A FAMOUS ANCESTOR

A Direct Descendant of the Cow That Jumped Over the Moon.

(Prize.)

"OH dear," sighed a board in the old barn, "how old I am getting. I have been in this old barn for twenty years the coming month. All my brothers and sisters were torn down long ago, but it seems that they leave me here every time. But then," he added with a superior air, "I know a great deal more than any of you. I can tell you if you could see things that I have it would make your eyes stick out. Why, on one of my long journeys—"

"Huh," interrupted the cow, "long journeys, indeed! You never took as long a journey as one of my ancestors did. Do you know," and she shook her horns, "that I am a direct descendant of the cow that jumped over the moon? Yes, and I'll accomplish the same feat in the near future, if the price of beef continues to rise."

"Fudge!" said a voice close by, and all turned to look at the mouse who sat there blinking his little eyes. "You should have been with us and seen some of our gallant raids and attacks," for in truth the tiny mouse was no other than a follower of the notorious Bandit Mouse.

"Never mind," said a soft, purring voice, "they are all ended now," and the white pussy cat pounced upon the mouse and in a twinkling had eaten him.

The other occupants of the barn were so terror stricken that they said no more, and the pussy cat went out of the barndoor softly purring:

Once there was a little pussy, white as snow;
In the barn she used to frolic a long time ago.

A Eighth Grade, Adams School. —Mabelle J. Moberg, 319 Twentieth Avenue S.

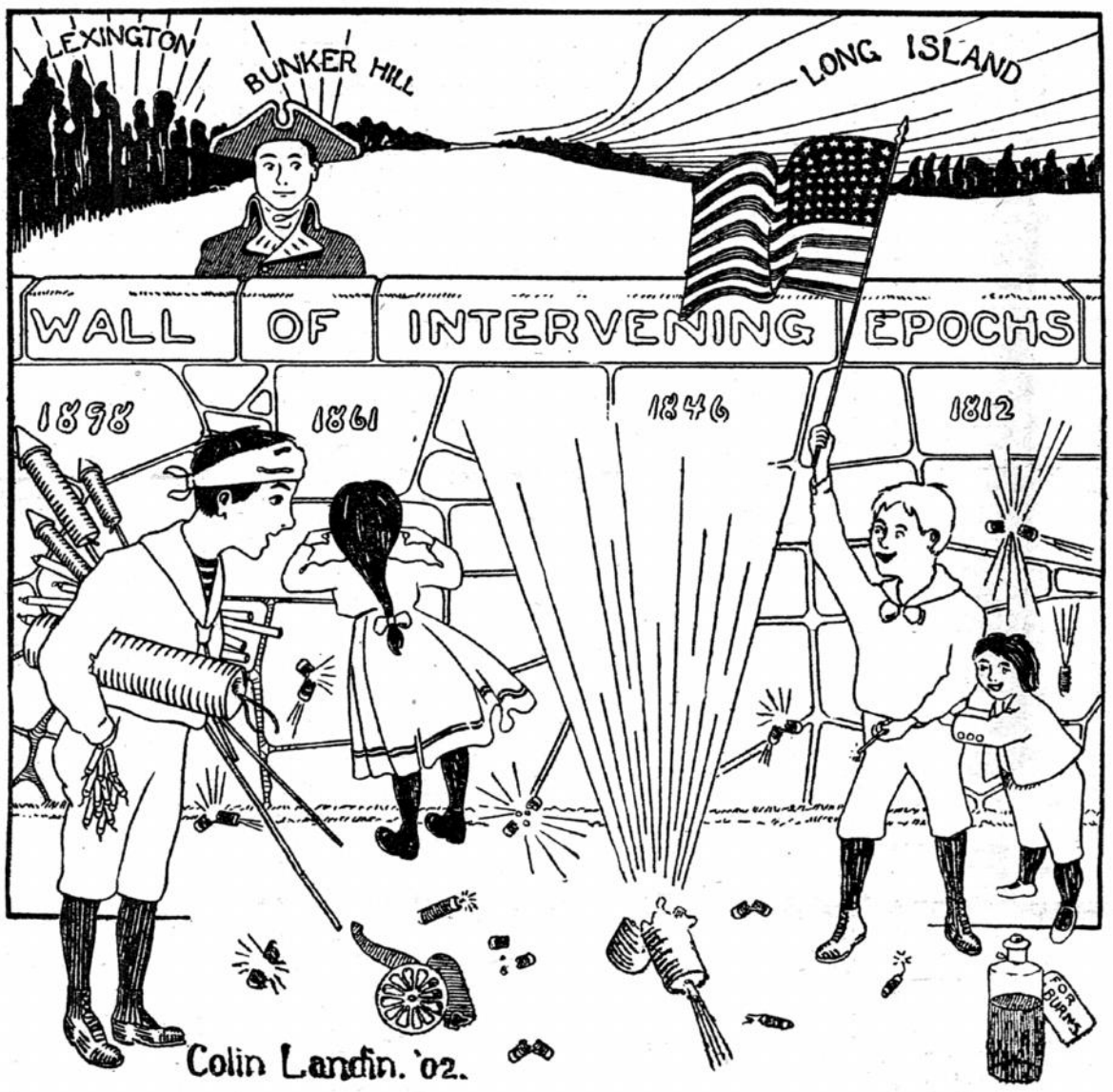
A BARN CLEANING BEE

In Which Mr. Mule and Mrs. Pony Were Active Workers.

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

EVERYBODY in the ricketty old barn at Sunnyside were making ready for the return of their kind mistress, who was coming on the 4 o'clock train that day. Mr. Mule was

(Continued on Page Six.)



Little Nathan (1776)—I wonder 'f those lads know what all that powder'n noise cost?

—Drawn by Colin Landin, 1202 Eighth street S, A 9th Grade, South Side High School.

The Week's Roll of Honor

Minneapolis Prize Winners.

Hazel D. Cowles, B 11th Grade, East Side High School, 2618 W Thirty-ninth Street.
Mabelle J. Moberg, A 8th Grade, Adams School, 319 Twentieth Avenue S.
Bernice Pratt, B 6th Grade, Madison School, 812 E Fifteenth Street.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Caroline Beede, A 10th Grade, Central High School, 1704 Nicollet Avenue.
Ellen M. Brown, B 8th Grade, Greeley School, 2500 Thirteenth Avenue S.
Kathleen Dougan, A 8th Grade, Horace Mann School, 3137 Portland Avenue.
Julia Spence, A 6th Grade, Whittier School, 222 W Twenty-eighth Street.

Northwestern Prize Winners.

Harold B. Crozier, 10th Grade, Hutchinson, Minn.
Harry Brown, B 8th Grade, Amboy, Minn.
Lola M. Peterson, A 6th Grade, Lake Melissa, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Walter Stahr, First Year, High School, St. Louis, Mo.
Vernon E. Stenerson, A 8th Grade, Washington School, Duluth, Minn.
Stanley Swanberg, A 6th Grade, Worthington, Minn.
George Cleveland, 6th Grade, Wayzata, Minn.

FOURTH OF JULY

Northwestern Juniors Recall Pleasant and Painful Memories of Their First Festivities.

TOPIC—"Fourth of July." What Does It Suggest? The First Fourth You Remember.

THE first Fourth—how much it meant to Juniors! Such glorious times they had never dreamed of before and hardly dared hope to have again! There were picnics, parades and speeches, popcorn and peanuts and popping crackers. There were bands all around and the music throbbed, swelled in volume and floated away; people shouted themselves hoarse, and everybody felt that there never had been such a country. But the best was to come. When the music and shouting ceased, and the glowing banners moved softly in the evening breeze, then, indeed, did Juniors feel it was good to be Americans. Then magic streaks shot up, and breaking against the dark sky, showered brilliant stars around; then fiery wheels spun, cannon crackers boomed, and fountains played in living fire. It seemed like fairyland, and to small Juniors it meant little more.

It was only when Juniors had gone to school several years that they began to understand the reason for Fourth of July festivities; then, perhaps, several years passed before they appreciated the grand work of those early patriots. Pleasure was suggested by the fact that ours is a free country, that we celebrate its birth, and that the celebration is a joyous occasion. There was a suggestion of pain in the thought of war and the sacrifices of our revolutionary fathers; then, too, when inquisitive Juniors investigated the delay of a lighted firecracker there was sure to be pain somewhere around.

Harold B. Crozier will please let the editor know what prize he prefers.

PROUD COLUMBIA

Present Power Built Upon Past Sacrifice.

(Prize.)

THE celebration of the Fourth of July is suggestive to me of the fact that over a century and a quarter ago, when the population of our country was less than three millions of people, our forefathers with the deliberation of statesmen and the bravery of heroes, declared their independence of the mother country, and against great odds in a hard-fought war of seven years maintained their declaration. It is this act that we celebrate—this beginning of our national life which we remember by our outbursts of enthusiasm. It is the memory of that eventful day, of that noble deed, which we seek to perpetuate in the hearts of all.

The very essence of this day is patriotism. This—and this only—should be the paramount feeling of every true citizen of the republic. It is then that we should take delight in our past glories and successes, remember the achievements of our heroes, the accomplishments of our armies and, while celebrating these, should take great pleasure in the thought that we are no longer the weakling of the eighteenth century, but the world power of the twentieth—not only that, but a moral factor in the world's progress. We should rejoice that we have increased from three to eighty millions, that our boundary has been pushed from the Atlantic to the Pacific and even to the islands of the sea, and that now we stand a protector of liberty and a revenger of oppression.

Tenth Grade. —Harold B. Crozier, Hutchinson, Minn.

A GLORIOUS TIME

Young America's Independence Bringe a Strange Ending to a Novel Day.

(Prize.)

THE first Fourth of July that I remember distinctly was eight years ago. There was to be a celebration in one of our neighboring towns and I was very anxious to go. After teasing and coaxing a good deal my parents, giving me much advice and a small amount of money, at last consented to let me go.

Everything was strange and new to me, and I wandered about enjoying all the sights and having what I called a "glorious" time. About 6 o'clock in the afternoon I became very tired, so I hunted around for a place in which to lie down and rest. After awhile I found a farm wagon with clean straw in the bottom of it. I climbed in, crawled back under the seat and was soon fast asleep. It seemed only a short time to me before I was awakened by the jolting of the wagon. I drew myself partly from under the seat and looked around. The sun had long since sunk to rest and everything was dark and strange. What was I to do? I lay down again and tried to think of some way of getting home, but I did not know where I was so I began to cry. This must have attracted the attention of the occupants of the seat, for there was a stir above me