

# The Journal Junior

SUPPLEMENT TO THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

Minneapolis, Minn., Saturday, Aug. 16, 1902.

## NATURE'S WHIMS

Inanimate Things in the Great Outdoors Which Seem Queer to Minneapolis Juniors.

TOPIC—A QUEER THING IN INANIMATE NATURE.



LITTLE "sermon" on the week's work is in order. Unkind criticism is too often indulged in, but every Junior knows that a considerate suggestion given in a kindly spirit is very helpful sometimes. "Inanimate" is not a very big word; yet three Juniors stumbled over it, sending in stories about a calf, birds, a spider and a fly. The mistake is very natural and excusable in the work of Juniors in the fifth or sixth grade; but one of the Juniors was in neither of these grades. "Inanimate" means "without life or spirit." Dictionaries are very helpful friends when big words stand in the way of a good paper. Fossils seemed queer to Juniors who

saw them for the first time; but to students of nature there are indeed "sermons in stones," and whole histories may be read from shells, plant life, and tracks of animals to be found in rocks. One fossil in particular was much admired because of its delicately traced leaves; but the finder could never destroy the impression that it resembled the jaws of a little animal, so she gave it away. Nature did not spare trees when playing queer pranks. A branch, which had fallen across a stream, had petrified and formed a bridge of stone. The foliage of another tree grew in such a fashion that a crescent was sharply evident. In the midst of a barren stretch of country made desolate by forest fires, a single tree bore its green crest aloft, boldly relieved by a background of dead companions. Quite the "queerest" whim of nature was a potato plant which bore potatoes both on branches and on roots.

Loretta Russell and Frankie Chilton will please notify the editor which prizes they prefer.

### LEAVES OF STONE

A Haunting Likeness to Grinning Jaws.

(Prize.)

ONE day while digging near a little stream I came across a very peculiar stone. At first from its strange appearance I thought it was the delicately-formed jaws and teeth of some strange animal. Little columns of light gray, three-sixteenths of an inch high and about a sixteenth of an inch thick, were based upon a thin layer of hard gray stone about three inches long and supported a somewhat irregular roof equally as fragile. The top layer, occasionally waving down to meet the base, concealed some of the tiny columns. The thin layers of stone, though they had the chalky appearance of gray slate, were much stronger than I thought, for I could not break them. In my efforts to break the stone apart I rubbed off the sand which clung to the outside of the layers and lo! the base was a leaf of stone with the back turned out. It was a perfect leaf from its saw-like margin to every delicately-traced vein; and so was the top a leaf, emphasizing its identity by the way it curled down to meet the bottom one.

What were those tiny columns? Who made the leaves of that stone? These were questions I could not answer, for I was very little. When I showed papa the strange thing I had found I was told that they were petrified leaves and that the little columns must be the petrified eggs of grasshoppers. I cannot account for their having petrified in our climate, and yet the formation could not have been washed there, for I found it near the source of the little stream. For a long time I enjoyed looking at the dainty stone leaves; but when I placed it upon my shelves, the first impression that it was the delicate jaws and teeth of a little animal returned. I could find no more pleasure in my curio, so I gave it away.

B Tenth Grade, —Loretta Russell, South Side High School. Madelia, Minn.

### HOURS OF HARD THINKING

Queer Bit of Rock Proves to Be an Inspiration to Lazy Wits.

(Prize.)

IT was just a few days after school had closed that one day a stone mason was called to the house to mend a place in the stone wall bordering the alley.

That day it was very hot—too hot for sewing. I had just finished my book and I had nothing to do, or at least I thought so. Pretty soon I concluded to watch the stone mason, and see how hard he had to work on a hot day; maybe I could get some inspiration from him. In a very short time I saw him pick up a small piece of rock, glance at it, and then turn to see if any one was near. I went up to him, and in his

broken English he told me to look at the curious stone. It was about eight inches square. It was very curious, indeed, for there were many places where there seemed to have been shells, and in one place a lizard. The shells were very queer, being of a shape I had never seen. I took the stone into the house and in a few moments my mother was as curious to know how this rock became so queerly fashioned as I was.

We kept the rock, and now I think that it was quarried near a lake or river; that shells had been washed upon clay, and after that had hardened another layer formed, until a great boulder was made. That stone has given me many hours of hard thinking.

—Marie U. Ness, A Eighth Grade, Blaine School, 615 Hoag Avenue N.

### A TOPSY-TURVY POTATO PLANT

Tubers Grew on the Branches With Clusters of Leaves Sprouting from Them.

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

THE other day I discovered a very queer potato plant. We were out in the garden getting some potatoes when I picked up this odd-looking plant. On the branches were little potatoes. Some of them were small and others were as large as a medium-sized crab apple. The lower branches had a great many potatoes, but the top ones did not have any. Another queer thing about it was that out of the potato

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## WALKS OF NOTE

Sorry and Sunny Incidents Which Made the Jaunts of Northwestern Juniors Memorable.

TOPIC—A MEMORABLE WALK. WHY?



OMEHOW memories of unpleasant things last longer than any other kind, however much we cherish recollections of past happiness. But fortunately the uncomfortable feeling which accompanies them is invariably followed by a soothing sense of relief and a huge sigh of thankfulness that the unpleasant experience is safely over. This is the conclusion drawn from stories of memorable walks, the most of which were anything but wholly pleasant.

A "broiling" sun, mosquitos, and miles of weary road—oh, dear, it seemed as if they would never end. Sometimes it was only "blocks and blocks"; but they might as well have been miles, they were so long, so dusty and hot. Then if there was no sunshine, there were threatening clouds, roaring thunder, rain, and a fine display of electricity. Between the heat and cold, wet and dry, hunger, fatigue, headache and blistered feet, Junior lives were made miserable and walks were made memorable. But other things made certain jaunts long to be remembered. Among these were a bulldog which chased a party of boys, a nest of snakes, a tear in a new dress, snow heaped up across the path like mountains, and a fire in the woods. Walks with friends and relatives who were soon to journey away were memorable because sad. A trip through a mine of Arizona was considered worthy of note because of the brilliancy of a certain room; a merry jaunt up gaily-colored bluffs and the quest of a botany class for specimens were also noteworthy.

Grace Holtz neglected to state which prize she prefers.

### SOLDIERS THREE

Horses Leave a Woeful Group on the Road.

(Prize.)

LAST fall our football team went to play a neighboring team some twenty miles distant. As mother put a decided veto on my brother and myself going by train with the crowd, we felt considerably depressed and gloomy. However, a bright ray of hope appeared in the person of a friend of my mother's whose ideas of letting boys loose agreed with mother's exactly; and who had a boy of her own, also very anxious to see the contest. She proposed taking us three boys with her team. A happier trio than we were would be hard to find.

We saw the game; our boys conquered and everything was pleasant. We started home in the evening in a very satisfied state of mind and enjoying our ride immensely. We were entertained with interesting stories and pleasant conversation, my mother's friend being not only a good driver but a very entertaining companion as well. All at once out of the darkness directly in front of us came a

gleaming light and a fearful screech as a freight train rushed by us. The horses plunged forward, the lady holding to the lines until her hands were cut and bruised. The frightened horses finally broke from the buggy, leaving us in the middle of the road too scared to be brave. The lady by this time was almost in a fainting condition; but seeing how frightened we were, with wonderful "grit," as we called it, she overcame her feelings.

We gradually gathered our scattered wits together and prepared to face our difficulty. We were five miles from home, cold, hungry, tired and sleepy. There was nothing to do but to walk home. We divided the luggage, consisting of blankets, wraps, halters, etc. When we began to feel as though we could go no farther our friend suggested that we pretend we were soldiers; that revived our feelings, and we trudged bravely on, reaching home about 10 o'clock. I am convinced that though it was by no means the pleasantest walk, it was certainly one that I shall never forget.

Eleventh Grade

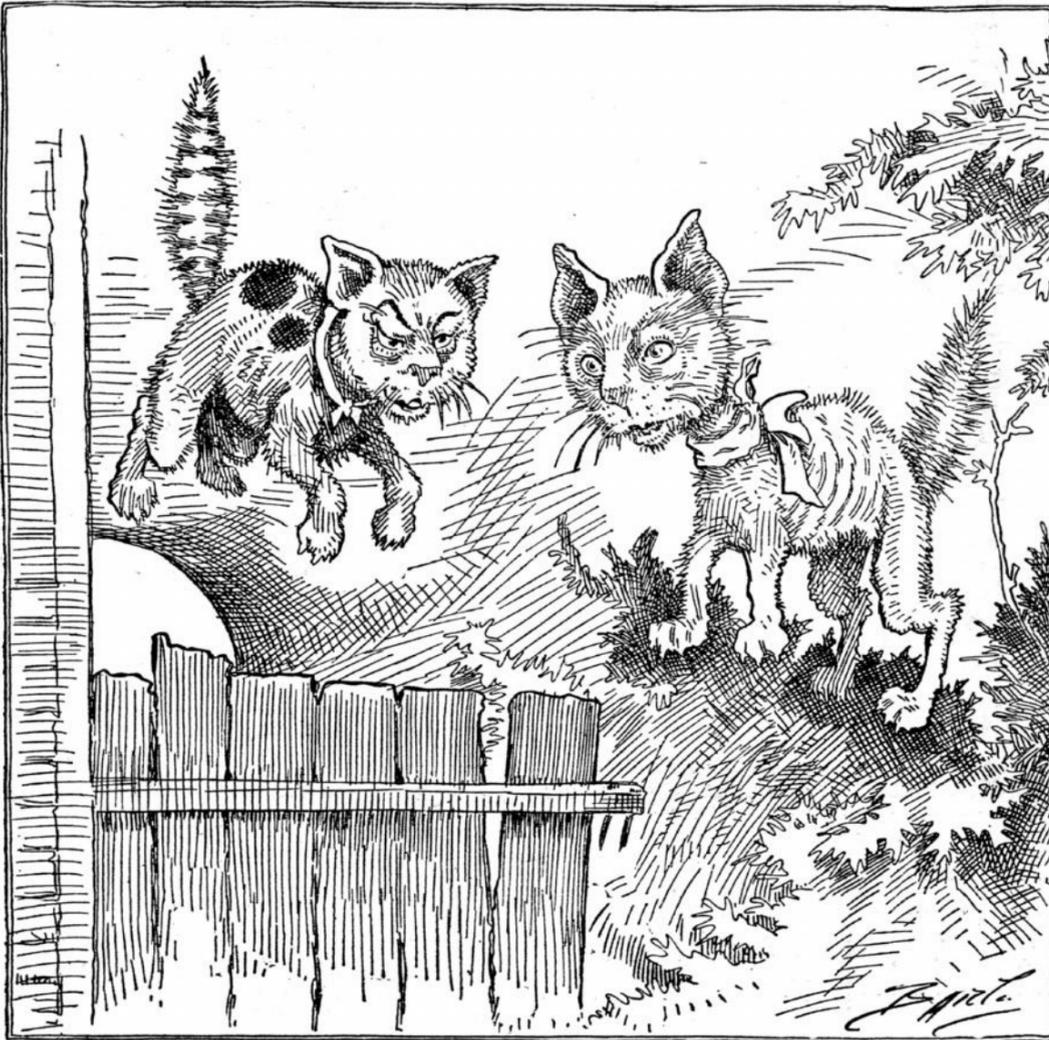
Perham, Minn.

### AN OMINOUS GREEN-GRAY CLOUD

A Ghostly Cow and Stormy Weather Make a Picnic Party Uncomfortable.

(Prize.)

MY most memorable walk occurred during the evening of a sultry day when two other girls and myself were enjoying a picnic four miles from town. It was late in the afternoon when we suddenly observed that the sky was rapidly being covered by an ominous greenish-gray cloud which frightened us so that we lost all power of reasoning; instead of taking shelter at some farmhouse, we started to town, facing the storm, which we thought was going to be a cyclone.



### CATASTROPHE

(See Editorial.)

First Spirit Cat—Who are you?  
Second Spirit Cat—I'm Dorothy Brown's winter cat—she left me in the city to starve when she went to the seashore. Where do you hail from?  
First Spirit Cat—Oh, I'm Robert Green's summer cat, he left me at the lake to freeze when he went back to town.

### The Week's Roll of Honor

#### Minneapolis Prize Winners.

Loretta Russell, B 10th Grade, South Side High School, Madelia, Minn.  
Marie U. Ness, A 8th Grade, Blaine School, 615 Hoag Avenue N.  
Frankie Chilton, A 6th Grade, Bremer School, Thirty-sixth and Washburn Avenue N.

#### HONORABLE MENTION.

Allan J. Wash, B 9th Grade, Central High School, 2747 First Avenue S.  
Ella Johnson, A 12th Grade, East Side High School, 3011 California Street NE.  
Pearl M. Gordon, A 7th Grade, Washington School, 412 Hennepin Avenue.

#### Northwestern Prize Winners.

Richard Poppler, 11th Grade, Perham, Minn.  
Grace Holtz, 8th Grade, Central School, 413 Hunter Street, Rochester, Minn.  
Stanley G. Swanberg, A 6th Grade, Worthington, Minn.

#### HONORABLE MENTION.

Charlotte E. Barnes, 9th Grade, Lockhart, Minn.  
Hattie Hetland, 9th Grade, Ada, Minn.  
Walter Stahr, 9th Grade, 3410 Park Avenue S, St. Louis, Mo.  
Nezzie Whan, 8th Grade, Royalton, Minn.