

The Journal Junior

SUPPLEMENT TO THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

Minneapolis, Minn., Saturday, December 20, 1902.

THE FIRST PIECE

Minneapolis Juniors Appear Before Audiences and Recite Brilliantly or End in Tears.

TOPIC—THE FIRST "PIECE" EVER SPOKEN.

VERY proud were Juniors when they had their first piece to recite. They felt grownup all at once; and as they strutted around muttering the piece over and over again, repeating it to the cat, a rag doll, or the furnace down cellar, and holding up everybody to listen till the very walls rang with it, they frankly confessed they felt "smart." They walked on air high as the clouds till the longed-for time came. They felt very fine dressed up for the occasion, the girls all curled and ruffled and the boys stiff as to collars and shiny as to shoes. But this was before the recitation. In some instances the agony began with the learning of the piece, because the Juniors did not want to speak and had to. Others names called, and some did not realize what was coming till it came. Out there in front of the platform, which often almost swallowed the tiny speaker, was a great blur full of eyes that stared and stared—it seemed all eyes. Oh, those poor little speakers! They turned "red as fire" or a "June rose," and "white as a sheet," their knees knocked together and shivers chased up and down and all over them. Sometimes mother smiled encouragement from the audience or the promise of goodies sustained them, and by a mighty effort they finished. But equally as often the eyes were too much to be endured, and the proud elocutionists burst into tears and fled, sobbing out their mortification on mother's lap. Frequently Juniors did very funny things. They recited out of turn, scrambled upon the platform anywhere but at the steps, called out to a particular friend in the audience in the middle of the piece and bowed and recited with their backs to the audience. Falling on the way to the seat was an ordinary occurrence, but several Juniors distinguished themselves by tumbling off the stage. And when it was all over, Juniors heaved a great sigh of hearty relief.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

She Was Indignant Because People Looked.

(Prize.)

IT was the last week of school in the little country schoolhouse on the hill. All the little children in the first range were to speak pieces on the last day. I was among those and the piece that fell to my lot was "Little Bo-Peep." I studied my piece during the week and recited it to each of my dolls at least three times a day.

The last day arrived, the parents who had come to hear the exercises were seated at the back of the room. I was the first on the program and when my name was called I walked down the aisle, mounted the platform and took my place beside the teacher. When I saw that sea of faces staring at me I put my hands behind me, looked timidly up at the teacher and said in a shrill little voice, "Please tell 'em to look the other way." The teacher smiled and said, "Go on, dear, no one is looking."

I cleared my throat and began:

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep,
And cannot—

"There is, too, somebody lookin'.

And cannot tell where to find 'em.

"See that boy right over there is lookin' at me.

Leave 'em alone, and they'll come home,
Bringin' the—

"I won't say no more, 'cause two men in the ordiance is lookin' at me." Amid shouts of laughter I walked toward my seat with head held high and many an indignant jerk of my white skirts.

—Maude Oakins,
A Seventh Grade, 1059 Central Avenue NE,
Sheridan School.

CHILLED AS IF BY ICE CREAM

Small Boy Shivered Until He Was Sheltered in Mother's Arms.

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

WHEN I started from home on the evening of my fifth birthday I felt myself changed in an instant to a full grown man because I had a piece to speak before an audience of about one hundred people. I walked proudly along thinking of the ice cream I was to receive if my recitation was a success. I was the third speaker on the program and when called I proudly walked upon the first platform and began, first giving the name of the piece, which was "If I Were a Boy Again." I bravely started out, "Oh! that I were a boy again, without a thought or care." From there on I shiv-

ered and shook, and shook and shivered until the audience must have thought I had already had my promised reward. But spying a reassuring smile from the back of the room I gathered courage and finally finished. The audience cheered while I actually ran to those sheltering arms in the back of the room. I received my ice cream and felt well repaid.

A Fifth Grade,
—Clare F. Overholt,
Seward School, 2924 E Franklin Avenue.

WITH DOLLY UPSIDE DOWN.

(Honorable Mention.)

"**M**ILDRED, are you sure you can say it nicely now?" was the last thing my mother asked me as we started for church. "You might say it over before we go." "Yes, of course I can. I don't see any use in saying it again," I answered, proudly as could be. I was going to speak for the first time in my life, and my name had appeared in print on the Christmas programs: "Dollie's Piece," Miss Mildred Pederson." I felt very important, indeed.

When we arrived, I quite forgot the little nervousness I had felt, in the splendor of the Christmas tree. At last I was startled by hearing someone speak my name, while mama gave me my doll and a reassuring smile. I trotted up to the platform and made my little bow, which I had practiced so often, and bravely began the opening lines, "Dolly is going to speak you a piece." I heard a titter go up from the audience and looking down—oh, horrors! Dolly was upside down! Her feet were where her head ought to have been. But I gravely turned her over and recited my

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BEST IN BOOKS

Norshwestern Juniors Dwell Admiringly Upon Their Favorites in the World of Letters.

TOPIC—FAVORITE AUTHOR, BOOK AND CHARACTER. WHY?

EXCITING times there were in Juniorsdom this week. A great election was on, with first place in the affections of literary Juniors as the prize. Authors all the way from Caesar to Daniel Defoe entered the contest; and some of them, regarded as masters by people who know, would not feel a bit complimented by the returns. Louisa M. Alcott captured the prize by sixty-one votes. Longfellow with thirty-five, Henty with eighteen, Harriet Beecher Stowe with seventeen, Dickens with fifteen, Ernest Thompson Seton and Washington Irving with eleven each, and Martha Finley with ten ranked next in honor. Then followed Cooper, Trowbridge, Anna Sewall, Shakspeare, Tennyson, Scott, Laura E. Richards, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Alice Caldwell Hegan and Marshall Saunders. The following were also popular favorites:

Burt Standish, Hawthorne, Whit-tier, Katharine Williams, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Westcott, Victor Hugo, Ruskin, Horatio Alger and E. P. Roe. Lew Wallace, Homer, Bunyan, Mulock, Jacob Riis, Booker Washington, Eugene Field, Jane Porter, Bacon, Lowell and Mary M. Dodge, received one vote apiece. In addition there was a large scattering vote for authors of lesser fame.

It is not strange that Louisa Alcott should have received such a large vote; although many of her admirers were girls in the lower grades, girls—and boys, too—in the higher grades and even in the high school declared their love and admiration for this friend of their childhood. Her book children were not perfect; but somehow with their little faults and simple virtues they seemed so real and alive, Juniors took them to their hearts and loved them every one. Henty and Cooper were prime favorites with the boys; a few girls stood firm for tales of war and adventure, but as a rule, girls do not care so much for "dreadful "thunder" stories. Next to being real, favorite characters were chosen because they were kind and thoughtful, happy and bright, brave and noble, and perhaps more than any other quality of character, self-sacrificing—which means so much. Alcott's books were chosen in one instance because they do not always end, "And they lived happily ever after."

A HEROIC LEAP

The Pacing Mustang Dies He Lived—Free.

(Prize.)

MY favorite author is Ernest Thompson Seton. In his animal stories he shows a humane spirit and a kind heart. He shows that animals are not merely things, but creatures that eat, sleep, talk and live lives often as interesting as those of a human being. Of his works I enjoy "Wild Animals I Have Known", the most. It shows all the habits and customs of different animals and is told in such a manner that the characters seem almost human.

Of those stories I prefer "The Pacing Mustang." The mustang is so free and independent that he must excite everyone's admiration. Born with a natural desire for leadership, he soon became a leader in a herd of mustangs and showed his wisdom in choosing the most obscure places for their home and the best drinking and grazing grounds. He made a good leader, for when he saw men coming toward them he gazed intently at them for a moment then marshalled his followers and was off at his famous pace, leading the rest. When finally his followers had all been captured or had deserted him, he showed his independence by living alone, too much grieved to obtain another following. And when he was caught at last by an old man's stratagem, after many other men had failed to capture him, he showed his loyalty to all horses, for he answered and approached the horse which the old man used as a decoy. To the last he showed his unconquerable spirit by being determined not to be captured, and by taking his splendid run up the hill and his leap off the cliff even if it did end his free, joyous life on the plains.

—Ruby Applebee,
Eighth Grade,
Irving School.

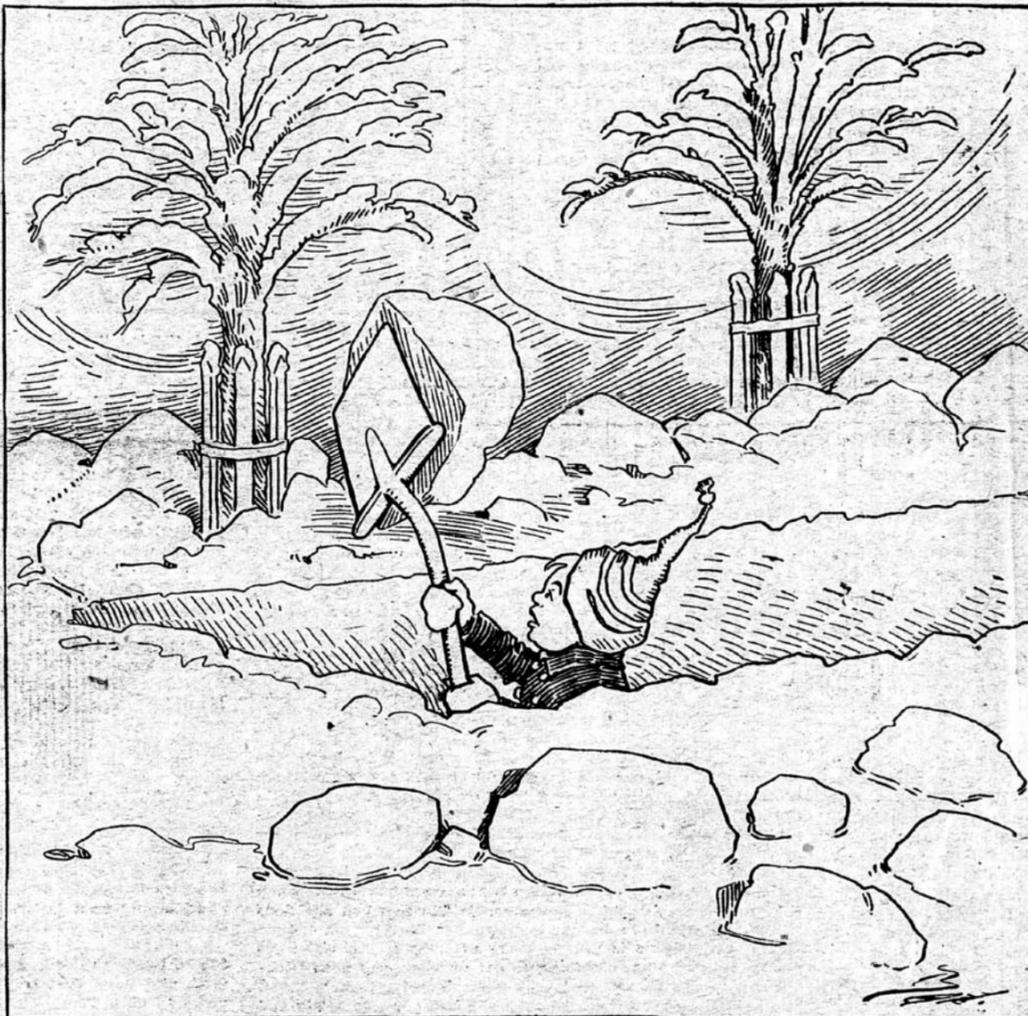
Anoka, Minn.

THE LIFE STORY OF MR. BEAR

His Habits Are Revealed in a Manner Altogether Fascinating.

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

MY favorite author is Ernest Thompson Seton, and my favorite book of his is "The Biography of a Grizzly." The chief character in the book is a grizzly bear, fierce and wild in his older days, and timid and queer in his younger ones. His mother and brothers are killed when he is only a



PUZZLE PICTURE.

Find the boy who hopes Santa Claus is looking.

The Week's Roll of Honor

MINNEAPOLIS PRIZE WINNERS.

Maude Oakins, A 7th Grade, Sheridan School, 1059 Central Avenue NE.
Clare F. Overholt, A 5th Grade, Seward School, 2924 E Franklin Avenue.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Mildred Pederson, B 8th Grade, Adams School, 1010 E Eighteenth Street.
Laurence Westlund, A 8th Grade, Logan School, 1506 Emerson Avenue N.
Fred L. Hamblin, A 8th Grade, East Side High School, 623 Thirteenth Avenue SE.
John Crosby, B 6th Grade, Lyndale School, 3018 Lyndale Avenue S.
Elliot Mitchell, A 6th Grade, Madison School, 605 Ninth Street S.

NORTHWESTERN PRIZE WINNERS.

Ruby Applebee, 8th Grade, Irving School, Anoka, Minn.
Milton Mayer, 6th Grade, Central School, Red Wing, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Elpen Seasted, 8th Grade, Two Harbors, Minn.
T. A. Sollie, 7th Grade, Twin Valley, Minn.
Verna Vall, 6th Grade, Stewartville, Minn.
Orin Clover, 5th Grade, Warren, Minn.

HIGH SCHOOL CREDIT.

Theodore Gronert, 11th Grade, Prairie du Chien, Wis.
Ruth Lowe, 9th Grade, Two Harbors, Minn.
Emma Kuhfeld, 11th Grade, Moorhead, Minn.