

TALES OF WOE

(Continued From First Page.)

A PUZZLED LAMBKIN.

(Honorable Mention.)

"Tra la, la!" I sang as I went up the cellar stairs with a pan of milk. The morning was warm and sunny and there was nothing to trouble me, so I sang gaily. Instead of going up the cellar stairs that led into the house, I intended to go up thru the outside cellar way.

When I was halfway up I heard a queer, clattering noise above me, and then a loud "Baa, baa!" Before I had time to think, down came my pet lamb thru the trap door and into the pan of milk. The milk poured over me in a white shower, the pan and the lamb and I came to the floor with a crash. When I collected my scattered senses I found myself sitting on the floor, the milk pan on my head and my clothes drenched with milk. The lamb? Well, the lamb looked as if he had struck a hard blow.

Mama came running out but she stopped at the door and exclaimed, "Florence! Florence, what have you been doing?" "That lamb!" was all I could answer for laughing.

This was my most unpleasant surprise because I was so happy before, and because I do not like milk shower baths or lambs coming in that way.

—Florence Parlin,
B Seventh Grade,
Clinton School.

THE POUTIEST OF POUTS.

(Honorable Mention.)

The last day of February several years ago marks my most unpleasant surprise. I was on my way to a party, and altho the sidewalks were covered with frozen sleet and it was very difficult walking I was perfectly contented. Who would complain when one's mind was filled with joyful anticipations of a party? With a sack of oranges in my hand I tripped along singing snatches of songs.

In this happy mood I was carelessly crossing an unusually slippery field. I saw a man approaching, and woe unto me! Just as I neared him my feet slipped forward and we both fell with a thud. I was very slow in getting up; anyhow, the man was up before me with a very amused smile. No wonder! my hat was off and oranges were rolling in all directions. I partially forgot my manners, so unexpected was my fall, but somehow I managed to stammer an apology. Great was my mortification to think that I should have caused him to fall.

He proved a very sympathetic gentleman, expressing his regrets and assuring me that it was all right. So settling my hat and picking up my oranges, I resumed my journey. But not as before; this time in a very chagrined state of mind, a dull pain in my head and some very pouty pouts on my face.

I enjoyed myself at the party but not as much as I had anticipated, for I had a thumping headache which lasted several days. I suppose the unfortunate gentleman had one also. I now regard this most unpleasant surprise as an amusing joke, altho I did not at the time.

B Eighth Grade,
Sheridan School.

—Jennie Fitting,
2422 Grand Street NE.

THE FINDING OF "YELLER."

(Honorable Mention.)

The most unpleasant surprise that I ever experienced happened to me last summer, and the cause of it was a very small dog. He entered our family circle on a warm, bright morning in June, when he was found lying by the door. My heart went out to him, and despite the many protestations of my mother I grew more and more fond of him. As day after day passed we became closer friends, but soon our joy was to end.

The dreadful surprise fell upon the 12th of July. It was a clear, calm day, and full of joy I was going to a picnic followed by my princely dog, "Yeller," as I called him. We had just turned a corner when I came in contact with a finely dressed lady. I stumbled and she started violently, and then such a scene as was enacted! The lady dropped upon her knees and clasped my "Yeller" close in her arms. "You little, tootsie wootsie! You're coming right home with me. Poor little doggie, did you think I had lost you?" With this and a little more such talk she turned and walked slowly down the street holding tightly to a struggling dog. In her haste she

Minneapolis Topics.

For Saturday, June 6:

"A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER SCENE."

Even tho you have never gone far beyond the city limits, you must have once at least run across a summer scene which struck you as being especially beautiful. Perhaps it was something that you passed every day, but which this special time took on a new beauty that attracted your attention. What was it? Where was it? Why did it seem so beautiful? Travelers, or even those who go to nearby lakes are not the only ones who can do good work on this topic; the beautiful scene may have been one from your own door, and in your own dooryard. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of the Journal Junior

Not Later Than Saturday Evening, May 23,

at five o'clock. They must be strictly original, written in ink on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length, nor less than 100, marked with the number of words and each signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

For Saturday, June 13:

"TWO VACATIONS."

Compare two vacations that you can remember. This is all there is to the topic, but it ought to be plenty enough for you to fill more than the allotted space. What is the difference between the two vacations? Can you tell why they were different? Which did you enjoy the most? These are a few of the suggestions to answer, but there are any number of others which ought to suggest themselves to you. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

Not Later Than Saturday Evening, June 6,

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did not deign to glance in my direction and I was left looking woefully after her, unable to recover from my greatest surprise because of the extreme quickness with which my joy had ended.

—Marion Lewis,
A Sixth Grade,
Emerson School.

RATHER A PEPPERY TOMATO.

(Honorable Mention.)

One summer day not many years ago I had a most unpleasant surprise and I shall not soon forget it.

As it was early for ripe tomatoes mama had warned me not to take them unless they were a bright red. One day when passing a grocery store I saw something in a basket outside that looked very much like tomatoes. Not heeding mama's warning I went in and asked the storekeeper if I could have one of the things that were in the basket outside. He asked me which ones I meant and I pointed to what I thought were tomatoes. I took the largest one I could find and went home to show it to mama. About half-way home I was tempted to take a bite of it when—oh, how it bit my tongue! Throwing away the "tomato" I rushed home and told mama about the horrid thing that bit my tongue and lips. She told me it was nothing but a red-pepper. I had to stay indoors for about a week till the swelling, which was

importance; as for little things, I left them for somebody who did not possess such great brain power.

When my mother spoke to me at this particular time, I decided I would show somebody how much I really knew. I ate my lunch with leisure, strolled around the yard a little while and did whatever best suited my excellent taste. Finally I thought of my school. "Oh, what time is it, mama?" I exclaimed, rushing into the house. "I really have no idea, my dear," she calmly replied. I eyed her with evident astonishment a moment, then started for school. "Not a pupil about!" I panted, as I came in sight of the schoolhouse. "Oh, well, my teacher won't say much to me anyway." Imagine my surprise when the teacher said to me, as I was demurely walking to my seat, "Nina, do you know you are ten minutes late?" "Yes, ma'am," I replied. "You may just put on your hat and go home." Home I went, straight as an arrow. On my way I decided it was everybody's else fault but my own, because I never could be capable of such a thing. When I reached home a more unpleasant surprise I never had. Perhaps you can guess what it was.

—Nina Campbell,
A Sixth Grade,
Whittier School.

A TOO, TOO SHORT TRIP.

The only unpleasant surprise I remember of having was about eight years ago. I was going to take my first trip on a train and I felt very important indeed. I thought that of course I would be on the train all day and maybe all night, but I was not sure. I told everybody I met that I was going away on the train to stay a long time.

At last the time came to get in the carriage and leave my older sisters, but I had made up my mind that I was not going to cry and I did not. I sat very straight in the car and my mind was on the dinner that I thought I was going to eat on the train. Suddenly mama touched me and said, "Come, Katherine, get your things on, for we are nearly there." We had been on the train only an hour and we were at our journey's end. I put my things on very slowly and there awaited me another unpleasant surprise. It was nothing but a little country town, and I had thought I was going to a large city. I had not asked anybody where I was going and I wished very much that I had.

—Katherine L. Hayes,
B 8th Grade,
Douglas School.

THE HORSES AT PLAY.

It had been a hot, trying day for the field horses, and after such it was papa's custom to drive them to the river for a refreshing plunge; so after they were unharnessed my cousin led a pair of grays, one of the men a brown team and papa led old Kate and Queen to the woods. I was playing (I must have been about six), at the little ravine bridge when they came up. Papa knew I was always wild for a horseback ride and let no chance go by to gratify me; so now I was lightly swung upon Queen's back. It was such joy when one was so small to be up so high on a big horse and be able to touch the lowest twigs of the trees we passed. The ride was an exquisite delight, and watching the horses bathe was scarcely less enjoyable.

When they came in sight of the water they raised their tired heads and broke into a trot. Each man then mounted a horse and rode him bareback into the deepest water, for all but papa's team preferred to lie down and roll where it was shallow. The horses plunged and reared, beating the placid water into foam and spray, while the men seemed to find no difficulty in keeping their mount and cared not the least tho their clothes were soaked as they brushed the horses clean. My cousin's horse rolled in the very deepest part of the river. I just saw horse and laughing rider disappear when I found myself choking in cold, slimy darkness. My head was just above the water and I felt so miserably tiny and frightened. My cousin was hastening to me all covered with mud, it is true, but still laughing and safe, and I was soon going home in papa's arms. As I grew more interested I had stepped nearer and nearer the water with my eyes upon the animated scene until I stepped too far and my amusement ended in the exceedingly unpleasant surprise of tumbling in.

—Loretta Russell,
A Tenth Grade,
South Side High School.

HIS COMPASSIONATE DOGSHIP.

It was about three years ago, in May, and I was hurrying to school with an umbrella nearly as large as myself. It entirely concealed the upper part of my body, so that I could not see what was going on in front of me.

As I turned a corner I felt I was nearly lifted off my feet. The next instant I thought I saw a thousand stars, tho it was in the daytime. My umbrella had fallen out of my grasp and was merrily sailing away. Looking up I saw the cause of the collision, a large St. Bernard dog, gazing compassionately at me. As the ridiculousness of the situation dawned upon my scattered faculties, I laughed aloud. When the dog heard this he ran up to me and began to lick my hands. I patted him on the head and he knew he was forgiven. That day I did not go to school, for I was drenched, as I could not recover my umbrella, which the wind had blown out of sight.

—Willie Cohen,
B Eighth Grade,
Logan School.

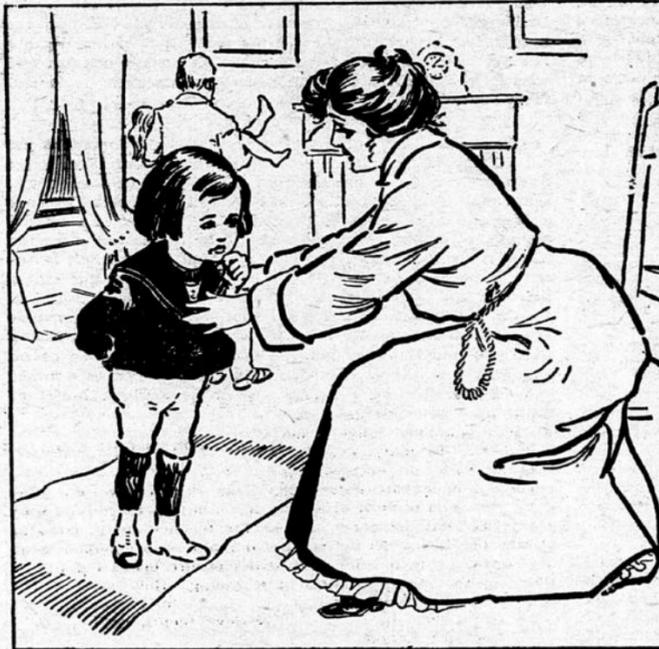
TOO NEAT FOR THE WOODPILE.

One morning I planned to spend the day with my aunt. I rose early, dressed in my best suit and polished my shoes, and when I was ready I looked as spick and span as any one could look. I went downstairs and ate my breakfast. After a while my father noticed how neat I was. He asked me why I was dressed up so. I said I was going to spend the day with my aunt. He said, "Come with me and I will give you something." I went out with him, expecting to get a nice present, when to my surprise he said, "Here, Egil, I am going to give you the job of piling this wood, which has lain here for three days, untouched by idle hands. So put on your old clothes and get to work." One can imagine my surprise. I pouted and fretted, but my father said, "If you do not get this wood in to-day you may not go to the picnic to-morrow." With that he left. I worked hard and at six o'clock that day I had the wood in. Next day I had a delightful time.

—Egil Pettersen,
A Sixth Grade,
Monroe School.

WHEN ALL LIGHT FLED.

One fine winter afternoon, a number of years ago, I went sliding in the afternoon. I promised not to stay long, but there was so much excitement and fun there that, unfor-



PICTURE PUZZLE.

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Can you see the grandmother of the children?

caused by mistaking a red-pepper for a tomato, had gone down.

—Frieda Johnson,
A Sixth Grade,
Holland School.

1621 Washington Street NE.

WRESTLING IN A WILDERNESS.

My head had been aching so violently that it seemed a thousand malicious little demons had selected it for a carousing hall. As a consequence I neglected my lessons and was reported for Latin. Stung with shame and self-reproach I resolved to let the demons carouse as they wished, I would get my Latin.

So I studied long and late over my conjugations and rules. As I went about my work I muttered between clenched teeth, "Gallia est omnis divisa." In the woodshed I chopped fiercely away at six-knotted chunks and wished I could put my Latin wits together as easily as I separated the knots. One night I awoke to find myself perched on the trunk declaiming with all the art of a tragedy queen, "Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres."

In class, as I thought, my extreme studiousness had won me the reward of the virtuous, for had I not declined "tuba" making only two mistakes? My average was eight. Had I not conjugated "sum" in the present, getting everything right except the second and third persons singular and first, second, third plural? I had given an entire vocabulary of twelve words correctly except the principal parts of six verbs. I had translated several sentences without a huge cross against one. My ever loyal chum assured me I had done nobly. (She had been absent most of the time), and her chumship of the south declared in a letter that she knew I was doing gloriously. When the teacher called me to the desk the following Monday and asked how my Latin was, I answered with a proud consciousness of duty faithfully done, "I have been making excellent recitations," and proceeded to tell how wonderful my lessons had been. She interrupted me with, "You have been reported again." I was stunned.

—Elta Lenart,
A Ninth Grade,
North Side High School.

"THERE WAS A TACK."

I had my most unpleasant surprise while we were moving. The men had taken up the carpet and put the tacks on a chair. I was very tired and the chair looked so comfortable that I sat down. I jumped up quicker than I ever did in my life. This was a very unpleasant surprise because I was looking forward to such a pleasant rest. Sitting on tacks is not the pleasantest thing by all means. The men laughed and made fun of me until, being tired of it, I selected the longest tacks I could find and arranged them so they would be sure to sit on them. After their hard work they were thinking of their chance to rest while the horses worked. They all jumped upon the wagon box but they did not stay there long. For they had come in contact with the tacks. It was queer how the men made such a fuss about some tacks when they laughed so heartily when a small boy accidentally sat upon one.

—Verne Burnell,
B Sixth Grade,
Emerson School.

THE FALL OF MISS PUFFED-UP.

"You had better hurry, Nina, or you will be late to school," my mother said to me one day at noon. Having arrived at the age of nine years I thought nobody else in the whole world knew as much as I did, not even my mother. Such a mind as I did have! I always knew just when to start to school and not be late and every other thing of great