The Journal Junior

SUPPLEMENT TO THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

Minneapolis, Minn., Saturday, June 6, 1903.

FULL OF BEAUTY

Summer Scenes From Nature's Picture Book Which Minneapolis Juniors Think Most Charming.

TOPIC—A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER SCENE.

JUNIORS must have arrived at the conclusion that most beautiful scenes have water in somewhere, for that fact was one of the noticeable things about the work in general. The ocean, the great lakes, and a whole tribe of lakelets clear down to a pond fringed with reeds and not too clean as to water, rivers and rushing mountain torrents "shouting from the steep" and tumbling over rocks in merry haste, trout brooks still and dark, sunlit rills glimmering thru flower-dotted meadows—all were there; indeed Juniors must be nearly related to the mer-family, they evinced such a decided fondness for water. The various lakes and streams were not only beautiful in themselves; they were also harmonious with other features of beautiful views. They showed iridescent gleams in the flooding sunlight and mirrored beautiful reflections in their still depths; best of all, they reflected the sunset sky, quivering and shimmering in a glory of opaline tints. A picture with water in was beautiful tho it contained nothing else but a cow, an apple tree abloom, or a tangled thicket. Mountains, a twilight sky sprinkled with stars, cloud effects after a storm, a field of lilies, waving timothy, a nest of birds, and the full moon were among the most beautiful scenes. One Junior who suddenly awakened to the beauty of nature expressed himself thus: "The world seemed new, and I felt that I was paid for all the work I had ever done."

A SEA OF GLORY

Sunset Radiance Made Gems of Water-Drops.

(Prize.)

IT is a lonely spot, in mid-summer. Tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around. A river runs thru the valley and bright flowers grow near the water's edge. Overhanging it there is a thick, warm mist that the sun tries vainly to pierce, but it only succeeds in casting a faint glow upon the surrounding country. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds.

Far beyond, on the other side of the river, a cascade falls in torrents of burnished silver into the rushing, roaring river. On either side are huge masses of granite curiously formed and hoary with lichens. Near me is a small spring of the softest and sweetest water, bubbling from the rocks and then silently stealing thru the soft green grass till it disappears in some crevice.

Faint streaks of purple are now appearing in the west. They deepen. Then a flash of rosy light turns the water into sparkling rubies and diamonds. The sun slowly sinks thru this great ocean of radiance until it is out of view. Then the light begins to fade. It is growing dusk and the twilight has gathered.

In the meantime the great, white moon has risen and it is now lingering on the summit of a mountain peak, its beams lying softly on the water. The stars are like white lilies on a sea of deep blue. A rowboat is coming up the river and I can hear the plashing of the oars and the merry laughter of its occupants. The gentle breeze has changed into a moaning wind and the swaying of the branches is quite evident. The moon is like a hanging lantern far up in the sky. It is quite dark and is getting late. The folk will be watching for us. Come, we must go.

A Seventh Grade, Bryant School. —Marie Wenzel, 3220 Second Avenue S.

A CURLY CORDUROY ROAD

It Wandered Thru Woodsy Places ana Crossed a Laughing Brook.

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

"OH, look, mama! What a beautiful scene!" I shouted. I saw a field red with honeysuckles on one side of the road, and a great patch of pink roses on the other side. This scene was located in the northern part of Minnesota, a few miles from Red Lake on Shotley brook.

Beyond the flowers flowed the brook, bordered by tall spruces, balsams and cone-bearing pines. Many little flowers grew on its banks and red winter-green-berries nestled among their waxen, bright-green leaves at my feet. In the brook minnows darted here and there. There were bushes loaded with unripe blueberries by the road, which wound in and out among old stumps and over a rustic corduroy bridge. All of these things together made a picture of such rare beauty I do not think I shall ever forget it.

B Sixth Grade, Sidney Pratt School. —Beth Johnson, 59 Seymour Avenue SE.

A WEALTH OF RARE BEAUTY.

(High School Credit.)

BEHOLD a scene of exquisite beauty wrought by nature's handiwork! The eye at once becomes riveted, a gracious feeling enfolds one's mind and a keener appreciation of nature's possibilities is felt, not the possibility of power which tears asunder the mammoth rock or floods the land with an ocean wave, but that of delicacy of adornment and the weaving of the common into a wealth of rare beauty. An opening into a tract of woods is the beginning of a vista extending for a considerable distance. The white trunks of the trees appear in bold relief from the various shades of green about. Woodbines have eagerly sought the highest branches of the trees at either side of the entrance, and covered their summits in an arrogant display as tho they were their own support, but their assurance is transformed into a pleasing humility as in their onward growth they depend from the trees, forming a handsome portiere. The ferns and goldenrod beneath with this drapery form the portal to a spot enchanting in its solitude. The fern turf within the vista has the appearance of delicate moss—nature's formation without interference. A few paces from the entrance is a little spring at the foot of a slight eminence which is visible for some distance and then loses itself in the sylvan bowers beyond. The birds gather here, partake of its refreshing waters, and mingle their songs with the gentle voice of the brook. The beauties of this scene constantly change as the sun speeds its course across the heavens. At morn the leaves, heavy with dew, are clothed with diamonds

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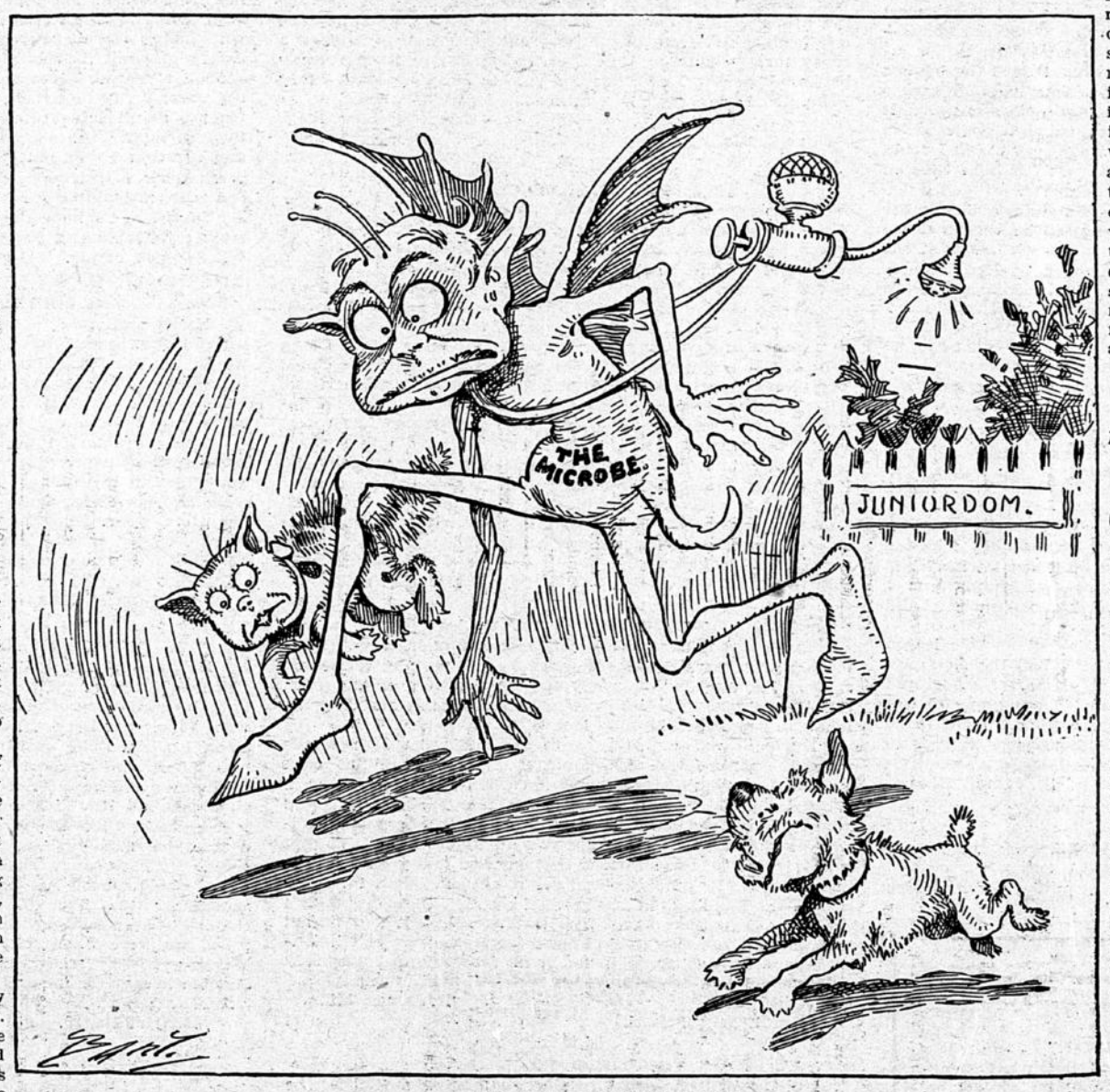

CHASED OUT OF JUNIORDOM.

Towser and Puss—So you're the cause of the Doctor ordering the boys and girls not to pet us!. We'll not do a thing to you.—(See Editorial.)

The Week's Roll of Honor

MINNEAPOLIS PRIZE WINNERS.

Marie Wenzel, A 7th Grade, Bryant School, 3220 Second Avenue S.

Beth Johnson, B 6th Grade, Sidney Pratt School, 59 Seymour Avenue SE.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Oscar W. Burgeson, A 8th Grade, Adams School, 1810 Thirteenth Avenue S.

Ethel M. Crowther, A 7th Grade, Douglas School, 2101 Irving Avenue S.

Dora Johnson, B 6th Grade, Lake Harriet School, 4738 Baird Avenue.

Henry Fergestad, B 5th Grade, Lyndale School, 3509 Colfax Avenue S.

NORTHWESTERN PRIZE WINNERS.

Grace Crawford, 7th Grade, Chatfield, Minn.

Joseph F. Russell, 5th Grade, Madelia, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Carl Swanson, 7th Grade, Armstrong School, St. James, Minn.

Willie Smith, 7th Grade, Washington School, East Pierre, S. D.

Roxaline St. John, 5th Grade, Heron Lake, Minn.

Emma Mjoberg, 5th Grade, Warren, Minn.

HIGH SCHOOL CREDIT.

Alice E. Dekroyft, B 10th Grade, South Side High School, 2321 Nineteenth Avenue S.

Ruth Lowe, 9th Grade, Two Harbors, Minn.

Bessie Marvin, 11th Grade, Prairie du Chien, Wis.

T. Augusta Newlander, 12th Grade, Grafton, N. D.

SCHOOL TRIALS

Northwestern Juniors Smile Over the Telling of Troubles That Vexed Their Student Souls.

TOPIC—A SCHOLAR'S TRIALS.

WHILE talking of their school trials, Juniors frequently assured the grownup world that they really had many trials and that these trials really were vexing. The idea occurred so often that suspicious grownups might smile a little at the earnestness of it, which would not be at all proper as it has been a very long time since they had to endure the trials and tribulations of the scholar's life.

Difficult subjects ranked first among the trials, and oh, what trials those were! Arithmetic with its prickly, puzzling problems, grammar with its rules and moods and cases, geography with its products and capitals, and history with its queer, twisted names and slippery dates—the wits of Juniordom were all but ready to fly away between them. Often these studies were found unusually hard to master and no amount of "digging" made them any easier; but just as often Juniors played instead of studied, and then of course they had no right to scold if they were punished. How hard it was to get up in the morning, and how difficult it was to keep from whispering, wriggling and giggling! Then desks and books were inclined to be anything but clean, and in the spring especially Juniors felt imprisoned with the whole outdoors calling to them. These trials were all more or less vexing, but the greatest of school troubles were the weekly, monthly and yearly examinations, for then "one finds out how ignorant he really is."

RIDING PEGASUS

Report Cards Bring Students to Earth.

(Prize.)

OF all the trials that a scholar ever experienced, arithmetic is the greatest. One must sit up till nine o'clock at night to get it and then awake at five o'clock in the morning and tackle it again, then get ready for school in a hurry, with his breakfast sticking crosswise in his throat, only to find that his examples are wrong. It is not very funny, especially as his report card generally suffers severely at the end of the month. That is not saying anything about one's self; his feelings sometimes suffer as much. After soaring aloft on the winged horse, Pegasus, he is suddenly brought to a realization of his weaknesses and resolves to do better next month. But then, one realizes more and more every day that school life does not mean play. Trials must be expected and borne with the best grace possible.

—Grace Crawford, Seventh Grade. Chatfield, Minn.

AN ELDER BROTHER

Can Not Run Away From a Tearful Little Sister.

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

I AM the eldest of three little Russells attending our district school and am expected to be a sort of a model and fatherly guardian for my brother and sister. This is my greatest trial, because I cannot run off across the fields and other places for fun, and leave a slow, fat, crying little sister behind. Oh, no; I must be gentlemanly and take "poor, dear, little sister" safely to school.

She is so full of play that it sometimes breaks right out during school and then the teacher says to her, "You may sit with Joseph and be a good girl." She often forgets to "be a good girl," and whispers, pinches and tickles me and makes my desk disorderly. But if I scold her she only laughs.

My next greatest trial is my penmanship, which is caused by my extravagant use of ink. The teacher tells me to hold my pen just so, and not bear heavily upon it, but no matter how hard I try, my pen deals out the ink as generously as tho it cost nothing.

—Joseph F. Russell, District 13, Ceresco. Madelia, Minn.

THE FIRST WARM DAY.

(High School Credit.)

IT was the first warm day of the year. The snow was gone and the softly sighing west wind, blowing into the schoolroom thru the open windows, brought the scent of the dry, brown grass fast giving place to green. The leaves of the school books fluttered idly in the breeze. There were more eyes gazing out upon the lake than on the thumb-worn pages. My Latin lay upside down on my desk, while I gazed thru the window indulging in happy day-dreams and building castles in the air. "Oh!" sighed I, "what a trial it is to have to stay in school on such a beautiful day!" A tiny, gray sparrow perched on the window sill, calling me sweetly to come for a stroll in the woods. I sighed again. Then suddenly I realized that time was flying and that no amount of pleasant weather would learn my lesson for me. "And anyway," I reasoned, "the harder I work the shorter the time will seem." I righted the neglected book and set to work,