

AS THEY SAID

(Continued on First Page.)

sibly happen to her. I had an errand to do, and I ran on as quickly as I could. She would have preferred staying with me, but as she had work to do at home she went on. I soon reached home, and learned that the horse had become frightened and had thrown my friend out. She was hurt, tho not badly, and I learned to be careful what I advised people to do.

B Eighth Grade,
Logan School.

—Marjorie Glasby,
2124 Fremont Avenue N.

A PRACTICING THAT PREACHED.

One day when I came home from school I found my little cousin sliding on the railing on the back stairs. He was only five years old and I said to him, "You had better be careful and not fall down." The next day he found me sliding, and he said, "It's no use for you to try to preach to me when you do it yourself." I thought so, too, and I did not slide any more. The next time my cousin came he said, "I guess I will not slide any more, I might fall down." I think that this preaching and practicing of mine did some good.

A Sixth Grade,
Seward School.

—Mabel Monson,
2616 Eighth Street S.

ON EASTER SUNDAY.

"If I were you, I wouldn't care about the dress I wore. That does not make so much difference; it's you that counts." How many times I had said this to some friend to console her for not having something new that she wanted. About two weeks before Easter, it was discovered that a certain sum of money father was expecting would not be forthcoming in time to get my Easter suit and hat. Here was an opportunity to practice my long-advocated theory that "the clothes do not make the man." Did I hail it with delight? No. I declared that I would stay home from church on Easter Sunday rather than be an odd one in winter coat and hat. In vain was I assured that the next Sunday the new things would be mine. "I could not very well announce that in church," I pettishly exclaimed. Then came the struggle—the struggle between the desire for the world's good opinion of my clothes and God's good opinion of me. But after a five o'clock service Easter morning, coming home from a meeting hallowed by the most exquisite passages from "the tongues of men and of angels," I decided that I had chosen "the better part which shall not be taken away."

A Tenth Grade,
South Side High School.

—Winifred Turner,
3128 Sixteenth Avenue S.

THE INGRATITUDE OF TABBY.

One day as I was walking with a friend of mine, a poor, half-starved cat began to follow us. The poor creature's fur was wet and it looked as if it had not been fed for several days. It was a very cold day and the cat was almost frozen. It was crying very piteously and I said to my friend, "If I were you, I would take that poor cat home and feed it and let it get warm." I did not want to take the trouble to do all that myself, but I felt so sorry for the cat that I thought somebody ought to. She picked the cat up, and carried it home. I helped her make a nice bed for it and we gave it some milk and soon it was purring instead of crying. A few days later the cat caught my friend's pet bird and killed it. I felt very badly, for if I had taken the cat home with me, this sad accident would not have happened.

B Eighth Grade,
Logan School.

—Miriam Smith,
2309 James Avenue N.

THE HAMMER AND THE NAIL.

"If I were you I'd hammer those nails in straight," I said to my companion, who was busy making a pair of stilts. "And I wouldn't hit my fingers, either," I continued, as I noticed the hammer land on one of his fingers instead of on the nail. A few days later I took it into my head to make a pair of stilts, but I wasn't going to pound the nails in slanting nor hit my fingers instead of the object aimed for. Things turned out differently, however, from what I intended. My first blow, aimed at a nail, hit my "littlest finger" and I ran

Minneapolis Topics.

For Saturday, Sept. 26:

"A BRIGHT IDEA. THE RESULT."

You have all had one, at least. That is, you have all thought you had one. Sometimes events did not prove that your judgment was correct, but nevertheless, the idea, as an idea, certainly was a bright one. What, that answers to this description, have you had? What were the circumstances that called it out? Above all, what were the results? If one bright idea is not just what you care to dwell upon, and tell to the world, choose another. Considering the bright wits that there are among Juniors there surely is more than one idea to choose from. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of *The Journal Junior*

Not Later Than Saturday Evening, September 19,

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, Oct. 3:

"A TRIP WITH JACK FROST."

By the time this topic comes to be used, Jack Frost will have made the north one visit at least to remind us that winter is coming on and that his reign is near. Just "s'posin'" that he is a really, truly personage and offered to take you on one of his jurneys, what do you suppose he would say? What would he do? How would you like to take his place? What does he look like? How does he do his work? Oh, there are any number of similar questions that you could ask and answer. Do not try to take more than one or two, or the subject will be too big to be contained in the word limit. Make the story fairly sparkle with the briskness that Jack Frost puts into the blood of all of us. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of *The Journal Junior*

Not Later Than Saturday Evening, September 26,

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.

into the house howling with pain. I returned to my task after my finger had been bandaged, for I was not going to be stopped by "just a little accident," as I expressed it when my mother told me I had better not try again. My second blow was more successful, for it hit the nail pretty square. And I continued blow after blow, some landing on the nail and some not. When the stilts were at last finished you could easily have seen that an expert (?) had made them. It is needless to say they did not last long.

A Sixth Grade,
Seward School.

—Arthur Wester,
2801 Eighth Street S.

A LONG, DISTRACTING PAUSE.

"Wasn't that horrid? I was so mortified. I don't care, now, if I couldn't speak without making such a blunder and stopping fully five minutes I wouldn't try to recite at all." "You should not be so hard on her," said mama. "She is only ten years old and to face such a large audience is enough to scare an older and more experienced person. And then, anyone is liable to forget. She had so little time to learn her part." "Well, she ought to have taken more time," I persisted. "I never will do as she did."

This conversation was held about four years ago, three of which passed quickly and found me, among others, dressed in dainty white with locks curled and "frizzed," waiting impatiently for the march to start with which we were to enter the hall for the last time as eighth grade pupils. I was all

girl of about my size came along with her brother, who had a big, strong bob. They had not been there very long when I said to the girl, "If I were you, I would try to get my brother to go to the hill in the alley." The hill of which I spoke was a long, icy one, over which the sleds went very fast. For this reason and because there was a sharp turn in it the small children were afraid to use it. The girl teased her brother till he went. When they started, the bob went along smoothly, but just before they reached the turn, the steering rope broke. The bobs bumped into a shed and the front sled split, the boy who steered receiving a bad bruise in the forehead. I felt very badly when I heard of it, for I felt as if I had been the cause of the accident.

B Eighth Grade,
Logan School.

—Edna Marks,
1712 Hillside Avenue.

A GIRL, A HOSE, AN OPEN WINDOW.

About three years ago we visited my aunt. There was a large swing in one corner of the lot, a big shady lawn, and a large, roomy barn; but best of all was the hose which was attached to a faucet at the side of the house. Naturally we wanted to use it all the time. It was known all over the city that between nine a. m. and five p. m. the water was not to be used on the lawns. One morning my brother was watering the lawn and said he believed he would wash the window, because it looked dirty. I told him he had better not, for it might work its way thru the window moulding and go inside. So he did not try it. But while eating dinner that day, I noticed that the window was dirty, and made up my mind that as soon as the clock struck five I would take the hose and wash the window. I could hardly wait for the time to come. I listened, and after a long time the clock struck five. I unreeled the hose, turned on the water and pointed it toward the window. But after dinner my aunt had raised the window. You can guess what happened. The water went in, my aunt came out, and as the window was right over the faucet she could not shut it off. She called to me and then I shut it off.

Everything was soaked. I got a rag and the pail and went to work. My brother looked on awhile, then helped me, but it would have served me right to have let me do it alone.

—Clare F. Overholt,
A Sixth Grade,
Seward School.

2924 E Franklin Av.

THE AMBITIONS OF THIRTEEN.

An ambitious girl of thirteen rushed into the room where her mother sat sewing, with an air of considerable importance mingled with disgust, exclaiming, "I don't see why Flossy will keep that house so disorderly and no one to interfere with her plans or their execution. If I had such an opportunity, everything would bear the imprint of an excellent housekeeper."

Her mother looked up with an amused smile, saying, "I know you admire an orderly house, but it is far more difficult to keep a house in order than to admire the work when finished. Cousin C. has invited me to visit her at the lake, which would take me from home two days. How would you like to take charge of the house during my absence?" She was wild with delight and at once accepted the proposition. They spent that evening preparing for the trip, as the mother was to leave early in the morning. Naturally, things were left in confusion. This little housekeeper at once began to create order out of chaos, when the doorbell rang and a friend came to spend the day. After a little she excused herself, hastily piled the dishes into a pan and stored them away in the cupboard, threw the stray garments into the clothes press and crammed small articles into bureau drawers, and very soon things had a neat look, but? She also hastened to the store for such articles as would save cooking. Her friend enjoyed the visit very much and so did she, to a certain extent. The next day she worked with a will to complete her task before her mother returned—she expected her at 5 p. m. At 2 p. m. she sat down a moment to rest, but fell asleep, and when her mother returned she was sleeping sweetly in a disorderly room. Alas, for the boasting of your humble servant.

—Alice E. De Krofft,
A Tenth Grade,
South Side High School.

2321 Nineteenth Avenue S.

OF WHAT WE SAY TO OTHERS.

We often repeat this saying, "I wouldn't do that if I were you," and many a time we do the same thing we told another person not to do. Here is the result of one of the times when I advised a friend of mine not to stand on the part of a dock which was below water. Everyone knows that a board standing in the water will become slippery in a very short time. A friend of mine was trying to walk to the end of the dock and I advised her not to. But she succeeded and when she had gone into the house I thought I would try. When I had gone but a little way I slipped and fell into the water. Ever since this little incident I have felt that we should always take heed of what we say to others.

B Seventh Grade,
Seward School.

—Nettie Adegard,
2106 Twenty-seventh Av. S.

IN ONE HAND AND ANOTHER.

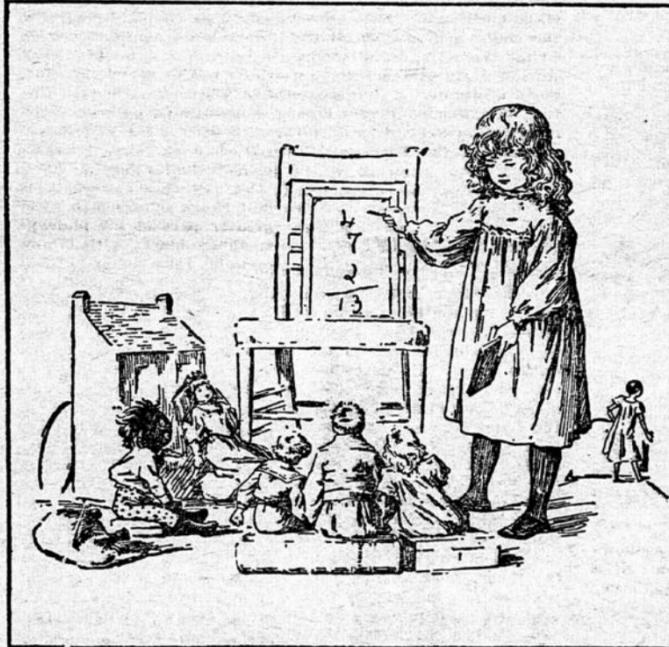
One day about two years ago my smallest brother came home with a pocket full of green plums. I had to tell him a number of times to throw them away before he would. In a few days I went to the woods and saw some plums on a tree. I picked one that was quite ripe and it tasted so good I picked a hand full. When I went home, my mother saw me eating them and she said, "Why did you first preach to your brother not to eat plums and now eat them yourself?" I could say nothing and had to throw my delicious plums away.

B Seventh Grade,
Seward School.

—Eda Nickel,
2430 Thirtieth Avenue S.

ON THE ROAD TO TOWN.

My friend and I were going to walk to town. We started out and soon came to a crossroad. "Which road are you going to take; the one around the woods or the one on this side?" I asked. "I don't know," he answered, "I guess we had better take the one on this side. It's the shortest and you don't have to go thru any woods." "If I was you I would go the other way, I am, b.. if you don't want to, you don't have to," I returned. He referred the other one, so we separated and I went my way and my friend his. I had walked but a little way when the roads began to get muddy. Soon I came to a mud puddle that crossed the road. A large branch of a tree overhung it and to avoid getting wet I climbed it, but just as I was about to jump, there was a cracking and then a crash—and I found myself sitting in the puddle of water. Of course I could not finish my journey.



PICTURE PUZZLE.

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Can you find Clara's little playmate?

a flutter, for was not my name written in bold type across the program as representative of our room? Over and over I had said my selection. I knew every word of it. A moment of suspense and then the master of ceremonies announced "Miss Tillie Will." In fear and trembling I went to the platform, grandly I started, but alas! just when I reached the important part—I forgot. My teacher had said, "Whatever you do, don't repeat." I could have gone on had I repeated the last line, but there I stood—for ages. Then a line came back and tho it was not the next I finished all right. Mama tried in vain to convince me that the hesitation was not noticeable to one who did not know the selection, but only after she had slyly whispered, "Practice what you preach."

B Tenth Grade,
South Side High School.

—Tillie Will,
1517 Chicago Avenue.

ALL ON A BRIGHT SPRING DAY.

One day in the month of May, when my friend and I had been picking wild flowers, we came to a crossroads on our way home. My friend wanted to take the road to the left, while I chose the road to the right. We stood there a long while, trying to decide which road to take.

"If you want to be chased by tramps," I said, at last, "You may go that road, but I am going to take this road." She was afraid of tramps and said she would go my way, and we trotted home safely.

The next week another girl and I went to pick some flowers. We happened to have a dispute and when we came to the crossroads I turned to the left, not heeding what I had said before about tramps. The girl tried to coax me to turn back and accompany her home, but I was so angry at her I would not heed her calls. I had walked about two blocks when a man darted out from the bushes. I ran as fast as my legs would carry me and was afraid to look right or left, for fear I might see him at my heels. On I ran, until I was out of the woods. Then I walked as fast as I could and when I reached home I fell down exhausted. In my fright I had lost all my flowers. I said to myself then that I would never get angry with my companion while in a wood because it is better to have company while in the woods than to be alone. Then I thought how foolish I had been to go a road that I had prevented another girl from choosing, and I knowing all the time that it was a road used by tramps.

A Sixth Grade,
Seward School.

—Clara Johnson,
2416 Twenty-seventh Av. S.

WHEN GRANDFATHER COOKED.

Once during the summer, when I was visiting in the country, my aunt went to town, leaving my cousin, my sister and me at home. My grandfather was with us and as he was once cook in the army he wanted to do a little cooking. He started to make some cookies, but when he got the flour and milk stirred into the pan he did not know whether to use soda or baking powder. I said, "Better use soda because you have sweet milk." He did as I said and when the cookies were baked they were as hard as rocks and as flat as a pancake. Grandfather said he ought to make me eat them, as long as nobody else could, because I told him to use soda instead of baking powder.

B Eighth Grade,
Logan School.

—Nora Moore,
2413 Emerson Avenue N.

FOR ONE SMALL ROPE.

When I was small my chief pastime was sliding. One day when I was sliding down a small hill near our house, a