

FOLK OF CHARM

(Continued From First Page.)

have come to apply for the position of substitute." "But my dear madam (I blushed, remembering my youthful appearance) you seem unaware that hundreds of experienced teachers are applicants for positions which like you, without experience, they are anxious to obtain." "I am so eager to show my competence," said I, "if you would only allow me to try for a week." I regarded this last as a condescension on my part.

The superintendent hesitated. I was conscious that I had been very forward, and as I am usually inclined to allow others to bear the burden of the conversation I was shocked at my loquacity. After a pause the gentleman arose and walked across the room. He returned with a letter of foreign origin. "Miss Y. will not return in September," said he: "She will be in Germany until November. You may report at Blank High School in September. Good morning."

B 11th Grade, —Wanda Irene Fraiken,
South Side High School. 3034 Sixteenth Av. S.

A MASTER OF MAGIC.

(Honorable Mention.)

"Mr. Holmes will see you," the servant said pleasantly. "But he does not know who I am, and besides how can he tell that I came to see him without even seeing me?" I persisted. "Oh, you know he is the Mr. Sherlock Holmes, and all he said was, 'An American, so show her up.'" "How can he know I am American?" I thought as I walked up the long flight of stairs. I was shown into a small but cosy room where I saw a man sitting in a large armchair and smoking.

He looked at me a moment and then said unexpectedly, "Why, hello! How did you enjoy your trip, Sadie?" I thought I should choke, I was so astonished. "How in the world do you know I have just taken a trip, and that my name is Sadie," I asked, breathlessly. "Simple, simple," he said. "You must remember that you are wearing a brooch with your name on it and that you have a very marked American accent which you would lose if you stayed here three weeks. I suppose you wonder how I knew that you were American before I saw you. We Englishmen have a certain way of knocking which Americans never can imitate. I knew you were American by your knock." He went on to tell me many startling facts which surprised me so much that at last I became very nervous. I departed still more impressed by Mr. Holmes' wonderful deductions.

A Seventh Grade, —Sadie Shaw,
Whittier School. 2833 Harriet Avenue.

THE TALE OF A "REALLY TALK."

(Honorable Mention.)

"Hello, my boy, how did you hurt yourself?" I was lying in my sister's hotel rooms with a badly cut knee when President Roosevelt spoke to me. He was staying in the city over night and his rooms were next to my sister's.

"Hello," I answered, "I cut myself on a piece of glass when I was jumping from our swing."

"That's too bad," said he, "I hope it will soon heal. I know how hard it is to spend your vacation indoors. Once when I was a boy I cut my foot while wading in the creek and had to stay indoors all vacation. It seemed to me that it would never heal."

"I never had a cut that took that long to heal," said I.

"It was a very deep cut and then I caught cold in it so that it took longer to heal than most cuts."

"I suppose you have a good time at the White House," said I, changing the subject.

"Oh, I have a pretty good time. I have a good deal of work to do, but when I am thru my work I have a good time. A great many people come to see me every day. All my work is pleasant. You ought to come and see me and visit Archie. He has a pony and you

could have a great deal of fun. I think I had better go. There are some friends waiting to see me. Good-by."

B Seventh Grade, —Charles Hutchinson,
Rosedale School. 3806 Blaisdell Avenue.

AN IMITATION SANTA.

(Honorable Mention.)

It happened when I was six years old that papa took me up town to see "Santa Claus." I wanted an unusual number of Christmas presents, so papa said it was better for me to go inside and tell Santa what I wanted. I went in and began my interview with Santa Claus.

"Now, Santa," I began, "you know I want a great, big doll and a buggy, and a nice cradle with rockers, two chairs, a new bonnet with blue ribbons, some blocks and—oh, Santa, you know what little girls like."

"Oh, certainly I do," replied Santa. "I have pleased many a little girl in my time. I will be down at your house early Christmas eve."

"Shall I give you my address, Santa?" "Oh, no, I know where everybody lives. Just run on home now and you'll be surprised Christmas morning."

Then I stood on my tip toes and gave Santa "a great, big kiss" and proudly returned home.

After a few years when I learned the full particulars of the identity and whereabouts of Santa Claus, I

dent of the road." Then I said, "Do you know of any chance for me to buy a road that some one is making very cheap?" He said, "I have no more time to talk to you," so I went away.

B Fifth Grade, —Ernest Clarquist,
Rosedale School. 4227 Blaisdell Avenue.

TWAIN, THE—TRUTHFUL?

I was asked to get an interview with Mark Twain, because all of a certain paper's reporters had tried again and again, but had failed. I entered the house and happened to catch him in his study. I heard him mutter, "I wish I had gone out that back door." I felt like turning around and going home, but I stiffened my backbone a little and stepped into the room. He was not such a cross person as I imagined when I heard him mutter. It was hard to get him to tell the truth. I told him what I had come for and he said to "Fire ahead and ask questions," and he would answer them to the best of his ability. So I "fired ahead."

"Which of your works do you consider the best?"

"The last one I shall write."

"How old are you?"

"I am nineteen."

"Indeed! Which man do you admire the most?"

"Mr. —"

"Why?"

"Because he isn't a reporter." Feeling rather hurt I departed, and neither the paper nor I was satisfied with this interview.

—Marjorie Borrill,
4305 Dupont Avenue S.

A Seventh Grade,
Rosedale School.

A CITY FULL OF STUMPS.

I undoubtedly enjoyed a talk with the superintendent of the iron mines in Biwabik, a small town in northern Minnesota. On seeing him I asked if there was much danger in a mine. He said there is, but he did not mind that much. I then asked him if the town was situated on flat country and if it was large. "No," he said, "the town is situated in a clearing in the forest and has about thirty houses and one store. It is full of tree stumps." "Are there furbearing animals there?" said I. "Yes, there are small bears and plenty of rabbits, and the berries of the wintergreen grow very large," he answered.

—Wayland Hernelund,
1807 Jackson Street NE.

B Sixth Grade,
Holland School.

THE SWARMING SPANIARDS.

Once I wanted to see and talk with President Roosevelt. As I opened the door to go out I saw him coming toward me. I said, "Good morning," and told him that I wanted to have a talk with him. So we stepped into the house and entered the parlor. I began asking questions about the Spanish war, when he led the Rough Riders. "Did the men volunteer willingly?" I asked. "Yes," he said, "not one was forced to join. They were all eager to go and we thought it fun to see the Spaniards disappear like a swarm of bees." "I suppose it was," I said. "And I should like to have been there, too." "I suppose you would," he said, "but I must bid you good-by," and with that he left me.

A Sixth Grade, —Ingvald Johnson,
Holland School. 1607 Madison Street NE.

EVERYWHERE AT ONCE.

I had long been wanting an interview with Santa Claus, and now it had come the very time I wanted it—Christmas eve. I was sitting in a chair when Santa came tumbling down the chimney. "Do you want a ride with me? While we are riding you may have your interview," said he. He was dressed in his red cap, jacket and moccasins all trimmed with white fur, and on his back was his pack. I wriggled up the chimney, for I had fastened a rope to the top. Then we climbed into the sleigh and I said, "How do you get into the houses that have stoves?" "Oh, I can go thru walls as I can thru air," he replied. "How do you manage to go all over the world in one night?" I asked. "Santa Claus can be in very many different places at one time," was his answer.

B Fifth Grade, —Earl King,
Lake Harriet School. 4415 Thomas Avenue S.

"THE JOY OF LIVING."

With special privilege from Old Father Time I have been enabled to step backward over more than 2,000 years of time and furthermore granted the privilege of interviewing a famous Grecian philosopher, the criticized Epicurus. Altho at first the conversation was quite formal, questions soon came easily enough and before long we were engaged in the following conversation:

"In what," I asked, "is the supreme good of life found?"

"In pleasure, a delight which is apart from the practice of virtue."

"Your doctrines do not, then, embrace virtue?"

"Yes, they do, inasmuch as the latter may confer pleasure."

"Then you do not inculcate virtue because you feel it is your duty?"

"I possess no such feelings whatever. What is life and why are we mortals here, if not to enjoy ourselves? Why not live up to the proverb, 'eat, drink and be merry?'"

"Then you mean by your system of obtaining happiness to result in a corruption of your country?"

"No. I say no!, for it never was my intention to have my followers indulge in frivolities. My doctrines have, unfortunately, been misinterpreted." He sighed deeply. I was about to speak but was suddenly carried back to my own age.

—Henrietta Lund,
B Tenth Grade, 605 Seventeenth Av. S.

South Side High School.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

I sat before the fireplace, where a log was crackling merrily, with one of the greatest poets the world has ever produced. This great man was Henry W. Long-



PICTURE PUZZLE.

(Copyrighted.)

The first letters of four objects in this scene on an African desert form a woman's name and also the name of a pretty flower.

was so disgusted with myself that I never wanted to look upon another Santa Claus because I had kissed a man I did not know and never saw before.

A Eighth Grade, —Florence Bell,
Adams School. 1808 Fourteenth Av. S.

DEWEY AT MANILA.

(Honorable Mention.)

Ever since I have been old enough to think about the great men of our country I imagined that I should like to talk with Admiral Dewey, the famous man who went to Manila. At last one cold day in December I had my chance. I was visiting my sister in Cleveland, Ohio, and as Admiral Dewey came to her house I had a talk with him.

"How old were you when you first went to war?" I asked.

"I was not very old at that time, and I was delighted to go. I was much interested in wars, and when I was appointed admiral of a fleet I began to feel proud. We were cruising in the east so we were not far away when ordered into the harbor of Manila. The night of the attack we could see the houses on the shore and the reflection of the lights in the waters. It was a very pretty sight. We took the city by surprise and had a very hot battle, but we received our reward for it later."

"Tell me about the people," I said, "and how they live."

"Children were running about everywhere and several of them came up to me when I went ashore. I had some candy of different varieties in my pocket, that we had had on board the vessel for encouragement at times. I went into one of their houses where a woman was making coconut cakes to sell. She offered me one but I refused and told her I just had had dinner."

A Fifth Grade, —Jennie Joyce,
Lowell School. 1906 Nineteenth Av. N.

A PROSPECTIVE PRESIDENT.

I had long thought that I should enjoy talking to a "self-made man," so one day while I was in St. Paul I took the elevator to the office of a well known railroad president. He was not in. I sat down and waited till he came.

When he did come I did not know what to say, but he said, "What do you want, my boy?" so kindly that I was not afraid. I said, "I came to find out how you became president of the Northern Pacific railway. I understand that you began with nothing, and as that is just the amount that I have I thought I should like to follow in your footsteps if you will tell me how." "Let me see," he began. "I was a very poor boy when I started out. I began blacking shoes and at first I earned about 25 cents a day. Then I went on the train and sold papers. Then I became brakeman on the train. A number of people in Europe owned shares in a new road that was being built, and they were afraid that it would never amount to anything and were anxious to sell their shares. I had money enough to buy some of them and soon I bought others. I own many shares in the road. I bought them for almost nothing and now they are very valuable. Soon I was made presi-

Minneapolis Topics.

For Saturday, Jan. 9:

"IN THE ATTIC."

If you do not happen to have an attic now, write of something connected with an attic that you used to have. If you never had an attic, write of one you have been in elsewhere. And if you never have been in any kind of an attic in all your life, try to write a story from something that father or mother or grandfather or grandmother can tell you. And if all these "ifs" do not fit your case, just imagine an attic and tell about something that happened in it. But choose the true story where you can get it. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior.

Not Later Than Saturday Evening, Jan. 2,

at five o'clock. Each paper 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 signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

For Saturday, Jan. 16:

"A LONG TO BE REMEMBERED RIDE. WHY?"

Any kind of a ride will answer—horse, carriage, boat, train, etc., pleasant or otherwise. The "why" is half the topic and no paper which does not answer the "why" fully will be considered in the topic. It is to be remembered because of where you went, how you went, what happened somewhere on the way, or because of the scenery, or what? Everybody has had a ride, if it is not more than one in a wheelbarrow. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior.

Not Later Than Saturday Evening, Jan. 9,

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.