

## OF MUCH VALUE

(Continued From First Page.)

whole family eating supper, but no one paid any attention to me or asked me to get ready for supper. I was getting desperate. Why did not some one say something to me? That silence was awful. At last, summoning all my courage, I walked up to papa and asked him what time it was, altho the clock was right in front of me. At this they all laughed, and I was so ashamed that I went upstairs and stayed there until morning. I do not think they could have thought of a better way to punish me.

—Elsa Sanborn,  
A Eighth Grade,  
Bryant School.  
3422 Columbus Av.

### THE "BABY BYE-LOW" CURE.

(Honorable Mention.)

**PUNISHMENT!** What recollections that word brings to my mind of naughty things done and their sad consequences. But of all of them one stands out most distinctly and it was, in my opinion, the severest punishment I ever received.

I was a lazy sort of girl and always made a hard time of rising in the morning, so I was often late for school. One day I went later than usual. My teacher decided to punish me in a way that would cure me of all laziness henceforth. She made a nice little bed, and in front of the entire school put me to sleep, and there I had to remain for the rest of the morning. I was so humiliated that since then I have always risen early, and it certainly cured me of laziness.

—Belle Abramowitz,  
A Seventh Grade,  
Sumner School.  
518 Aldrich Avenue N.

### WATER, BUT NO SUDS.

(Honorable Mention.)

**T**HERE is one Monday in my life that I shall always remember. It was wash day, and I knew if I stayed at home I should have to help with the washing just as if I were a girl. So I thought to myself, I will not do it; I will run away. And away I went to the swamp where there was plenty of clear water but no suds. I picked some pussy willows, but in getting them I stepped in water up to my knees. Finally I went home and told my mother where I had been and showed her my flowers. She did not like them at all, but gave me a whipping and sent me to bed. I lay there on the bed and after a while went to sleep. When I awoke I asked mama if I might get up. She said, "If you are ready to work you may." I said, "I will help you." I believe this is the greatest punishment I ever had, because not only did I have to do the housework, but I was whipped and sent to bed like a baby, which was worse even than being a girl.

—Percy Hondorf,  
B Fifth Grade,  
Rosedale School.  
4302 Colfax Avenue S.

### A CLEAN LITTLE MAN.

(Honorable Mention.)

**I**T was a beautiful summer day; there was a bright sun with a cool breeze, but my mother had a heavy washing on hand. My sister and I, who were very small, were very busy planting clothes-pegs, thinking that they would soon grow into cabbages. When my mother saw this she thought that she must get us away from the washing. "I'll get you some cherries, and you'll play on the bench and let mother get on with her work, won't you?" "Yes, mama, we'll be ever so good." So my mother brought a step-ladder and gathered some juicy cherries.

First I played grocery man and sold cherries to my sister. When I had all my cherries sold, my sister played grocery man, then when she had sold out we divided them fairly between us and ate them. But our faces and hands were all stained purple. "Never mind," said I, calmly, "I'll soon wipe it all off." And catching hold of a white sheet on the line I rubbed my face and hands quite clean and then rubbed my sister's face clean. When my mother saw the purple stains on the white sheet, she gave us both a scolding, and sent us to bed. I think this was my greatest punishment.

—James Higgins,  
B Sixth Grade,  
Jackson School.  
1322 First Street S.

## Minneapolis Topics.

For Saturday, Feb. 6:

### "YOUR FAVORITE STUDY. WHY?"

Sometimes all studies seem distasteful to a Junior, because all school work has become tiresome, but nevertheless, there is always some favorite study that will brighten him up and whose learning is a pleasure instead of a task. What study do you prefer from those you have now or have had in the past? Why? As usual, the "why" is the most important part and must be very fully answered or a paper will not be considered in the contest. Try to make the stories bright and alive. There are dead papers just as well as there are dead leaves, and they are of just about as much value, too. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

**Not Later Than Saturday Evening, January 30,** 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, Feb. 13:

### "A STRANGE, TRUE STORY."

First, the story must be known to you to be absolutely true. It need not have happened to you personally, but you must know beyond a doubt that it actually happened. It may be any kind of a story, but it must seem decidedly out of the ordinary to you. It may be serious or amusing or creepy, but above all things, it must be a true story. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

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### KNEEDEEP IN FUN.

(Honorable Mention.)

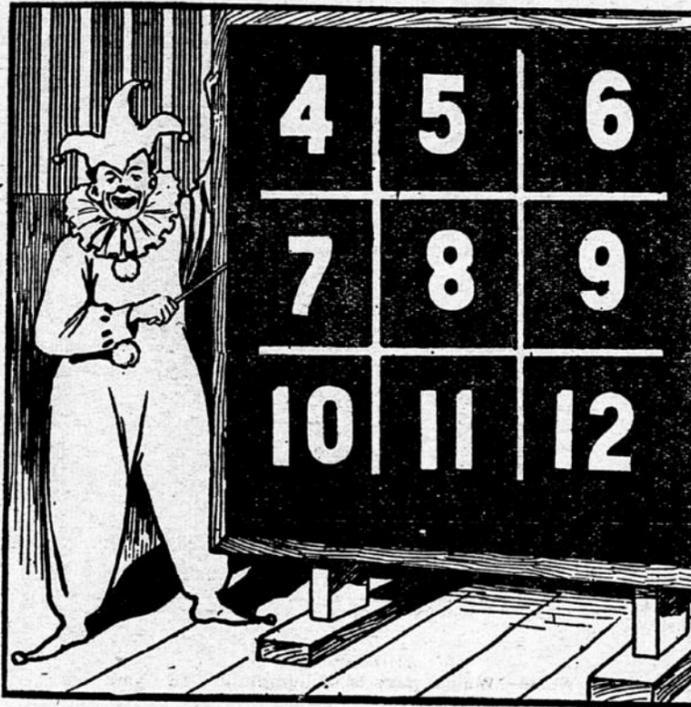
**A** SOUND spanking and a very long hour spent in the dark closet were received by a little girl whose delight it was to wade in mud puddles.

Mama had gone calling and left me in charge of papa. I do not think mama had been out of sight five minutes before I slipped out of the house unperceived by papa, as he was reading and did not notice me. When he had finished his story he went to the door and called, "Ethel, Ethel!" But no one answered. He suspected that I was up to some kind of mischief, so he walked out to the road, and there in a large puddle of mud I stood kneedeep, with shoes and stockings on, of course, and having a jolly good time. When I saw papa I scrambled out of my trap in a hurry and started around the house as fast as my little feet could carry me, papa after me. I was coaxed into the house after a short time and papa changed my shoes and stockings. I awaited further results, getting what I did not expect, when mama arrived. You may be sure I never tried that caper again.

—Ethel L. Todd,  
A Fifth Grade,  
Prescott School.  
2618 Buchanan St. NE.

### THAT BONNY SCOTCH CAP.

One winter, about five years ago, my mother bought me a cap, then called a Scotch cap, which I greatly



### PICTURE PUZZLE.

(Copyrighted.)

Rearrange these numbers so that when added in any direction, vertically, horizontally or diagonally, the total will be twenty-four.

disliked, and I said I would not wear it. My mother, however, overruled me and said, "You must wear it, my dear, or stay in the house."

So after I had thought about it awhile I decided to stay in; and I did stay in not only for a day, but for about a week. When a week had elapsed, my father asked me if I wanted to go down town with him, and I gladly said, "yes." But mama said, "you can if you wear your Scotch cap." "Oh, dear!" said I, "I don't want to wear that old thing. I would rather stay at home."

"All right," said my mother, in a firm tone, "stay at home." So I stayed at home, but when papa had gone mama said that if I would run around the house three times with my Scotch cap on I need not wear it any more. So I did it.

It was my greatest punishment to run around the house with the disliked cap on my head, for I was afraid all the neighborhood was looking at me. Now when we are looking at a cap that I don't like, I say so before it is bought.

—Helen Acomb,  
B Sixth Grade,  
Bryant School.  
3325 First Avenue S.

### A ROOM THAT WAS FIXED.

"May I go to the picnic? I really haven't time to finish my work this morning," I said to mother. "If you hurry you can get the work done before the children start," she answered. I did not want to do this, so I began to tease her until she said a final "no." I then threw things around in my room, pushed all the things into the drawers and went downstairs saying my room was "fixed" now. Mama had come upstairs to put a ribbon into the drawer. She looked at me and then at the drawer and said, "You may go, but I do not think you will enjoy yourself half so much as if you had done as I told you."

I started away and thought how easy I had been let off this time. By the time we arrived at the picnic grounds I saw what I had done. I did not play with the girls and boys, but went into the woods and cried myself to sleep, and I slept until I heard some one say, "It is all right," and I looked up and saw mama.

—Dimple Browne,  
B Sixth Grade,  
Horace Mann School.  
3013 Park Avenue.

### SOME VERY BAD NEWS.

Little folks usually take a punishment more to heart than older ones. I was only in the second room when I received my greatest punishment. I had been quite noisy all morning and when afternoon came I seemed to be getting worse, so the teacher called me up to her desk and put a piece of paper over my mouth. When I realized what she was doing I burst out crying, and between my sobs of grief, I managed to say, "Please, teacher, I won't whisper any more if you won't put that paper on my mouth, boo-hoo!"

This was in vain, so I took my seat with the paper over my mouth. In reading class I had to stand up with the rest, but I could not read with the paper over my mouth. The worst part was that I had to go out at recess with the paper on, and I felt so ashamed

that with all the coaxing I could not play. I stood in one corner of the yard thinking what a naughty girl I was. I remained after school and the teacher took off that horrible paper. I went home thinking that I would not say anything to the folks at home, but "bad news travels fast."

—Florence Bourdeaux,  
B Sixth Grade,  
Whittier School.  
2526 Pleasant Avenue.

### LIFE NOT SO EASY.

I did not pay very good attention in class, for I thought all the time, "Life in this world is easy," so I did not care very much whether I passed or not at the end of the term. Later on the teacher told me if I did not improve in my lessons that I would fail at the end of the term. But I kept on getting my lessons as usual, just learning them for that day instead of learning them so I could not forget when a test came.

Near the last month I realized that I could not pass unless I did better work right away, so I did. At the end of the term I did not pass, and I felt discouraged to think that thru my own fault I had let the other boys, smaller than I, get ahead of me. After that I never said, "Life in this world is easy."

—Leo Bruder,  
A Sixth Grade,  
Lake Hariret School.— 3922 Richfield Av S.

### A VERY SICK GIRL.

Whenever the time for washing dishes came around I was always sick. One day after dinner I looked at all those dishes on the table, wishing I could get out of the task in some way, so I told mama I had the headache. Then mama said, "If you are sick you had better lie down." I was very glad to lie down, but after the dishes were washed I ran into the kitchen and was just going to go out doors and play, when mama said, "I thought you were sick; sick girls must not go out to play. You had better go and lie down again." I lay down again, and two or three times I wanted to get up, but every time mama said, "Sick girls must not get up."

At last supper time came, and just as I was going to get up and go to supper, mama said, "Sick girls must not eat anything." So I had to lie down again. I was very sorry that I had pretended to be sick and I thought that I would never try that again.

—Ada Blomquist,  
A Seventh Grade,  
Rosedale School.  
Lyndale and 53d St.

### FIFTEEN MINUTES LATE.

One day when I was playing, my mother told me that I had only fifteen minutes more to play because I had to study my lesson. I did not want to stop because we had just begun to play the most interesting part of the game. My mother was upstairs, so I took a chair, piled some books on it so that I could reach the clock. Then I turned the hands back fifteen minutes. When mother came down stairs she told me I should dress in my best clothes. When I had them on she told me to go over to uncle's, because he was going to take my cousin and me out riding. I went to my uncle's, but my aunt told me that he had gone fifteen minutes before. I cried because I always enjoyed going for a ride.

—Ethel Culp,  
B Seventh Grade,  
Van Cleave School.  
2627 Quincy Street NE.

### THE TELLTALE HAIR.

"Let us go swimming," called a friend. "I can't, because I went in yesterday," I called back.

"Nobody will ever know, and the water is fine and warm."

"All right; wait until I get my suit."

So I went down and had a fine swim, except that I knew I was doing wrong, and I was afraid mama would find it out.

After I had been in swimming I went home and began to do the work I had left. Pretty soon mama called me in and asked me why I had disobeyed. She had seen me come home and she saw how wet my hair was. Then she said, "I think you may stay at home to-morrow when we all go to Wildwood."

So the next day they all went away and I had to stay at home alone, with nothing to do but think of the grand time they were having on the merry-go-round and roller coaster.

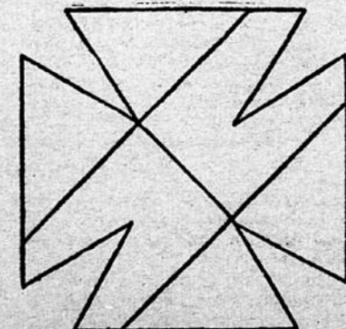
—Theodore W. Freeman,  
A Seventh Grade,  
Rosedale School.  
Washburn Park.

### A FEAST ON PINK PILLS.

"Dorothy, you must not touch those pink pills on the book case, they are deadly poison." That is what mama said as I entered the room, for she caught me looking admiringly at the bottle of strychnine pills. "All right," I answered. But the minute mama left the room I climbed on a chair, took the bottle down and went into a dark corner to enjoy my delicious feast.

Just as I was about to eat my fourth pretty pill, mama came into the room for something. She heard some one chewing. Looking around she saw me with my mouth full of pills. "Oh, mother! mother!" she screamed to grandma, who was in the kitchen baking. "It's strychnine! what shall I do?"

Grandma took the bottle away from me and made me drink two raw eggs right down. This made me very cross at grandma for two days, and I would not sit on her lap. Do you not think this was severe



Answer to Last Week's Puzzle.