

The Journal Junior

SUPPLEMENT TO THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

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THAT ONE LOOK

Minneapolis Juniors Describe the Various Things That Happened When the Seer Saw the Seen.

TOPIC—WHEN.—SAW.—WHAT HAPPENED?



WHEN I saw _____, some amusing and wildly exciting things happened. Perhaps they were not so amusing at the time, especially to the ones taking part in the incidents, but they were very funny to spectators and more than one good laugh was enjoyed in consequence. For instance, Juniors did not think it was funny to see queer black or white things parading around or standing in ghostly corners, nor was it amusing to observe glaring eyes peer in at the windows Halloween when Juniors were alone in the dark. It nearly always happened that their hair stood straight up, their knees knocked together and their teeth most fell out with chattering. But when it was all over, even those who were frightened, could afford to smile a little at the masked brother or sister, the sobbing trees or a grinning Jack o' lantern.

Times were exciting when tabby saw the dog. There were snarling and spitting and clawing and scratching, and a great confusion in general till somebody came to the rescue. Sometimes something happened when people saw a leaky hose being played on a fire, and that was usually an unexpected bath. Three visitors from the country felt sort of cranky when they saw their train pull out without them, for finally they had to walk twelve miles on a cold, dark night. One might almost accuse a Junior boy of magic for causing a cake to vanish suddenly when he saw it, if the manner of its disappearance were not so evident.

THE ENGINE WON

A Mad Race Between Train and Wolves.

(Prize.)

WHEN father saw the approaching pack of wolves he received such a nervous shock that he still suffers from its effects.

My father, who is a missionary minister, often finds it necessary to get up at any hour in the morning to catch an early train. It was a cold, clear morning in December. He had risen at 3:30 a. m., and the stars were still in the sky. In front of him stretched a gently-undulating prairie, bordered on all sides by a dense pine forest, white up and down before him were the shining steel rails.

The night had been warm, and there was a light crust on the snow. Suddenly out of this magnificent silence came the long, wild, blood-curdling howl of a wolf. It was followed instantly by two answering

howls. He could see their forms approaching and hear the sharp click, click of their feet as they broke thru the crust on the snow. Simultaneously with this the head-light of the engine appeared at the curve of the track. It was a race now between the engine and the wolves. When an engine makes a stop at a station it gives two or more toots with its whistle, if not it only gives one. As the train approached the station it whistled once, and then father realized that he had given no signal. He hastily opened his satchel, and taking out a newspaper, set fire to it. This proved to be an effective signal, as it whistled three times in rapid succession. When the train came thundering up and father jumped on the steps he heard three howls close by. Then all was silent and he was safe.

Charles Hixon, Eighth Grade, Adams School, 1410 E Nineteenth Street.

A RATHER PRICKLY BITE

Poor Pussy Cat Found He Could Not Dine on Needle and Thread.

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

ONE Sunday morning there was an unusual bustle in the kitchen, for there was going to be company to dinner and the cook had met with several delays in preparing it. Now, as she glanced nervously up at the clock, she hastily put a few more stitches in the turkey that she was preparing, then broke off her thread and laid it with the needle on the window sill, where a large Maltese cat was lying. A few moments later the cat jumped down into the yard. When I saw him peacefully chewing the thread I knew, of course, he had

smelled the turkey on the thread and stolen it. What else could one expect?

But in a little while something stuck in his throat, and try as hard as he might, he could not get it out. By and by he walked into the house, just about as miserable as a cat could be. That afternoon the family noticed how sick he seemed. The next day he appeared no better, and on Tuesday he was taken to the veterinary surgeon. To the surprise and wonder of every one the surgeon took a needle threaded with a double thread from his throat. I am glad to say Malty is now entirely recovered.

Thora Breiddal, B Sixth Grade, 2513 Monroe Street N E, Van Cleve School.

AN INQUISITIVE NOSE.

(Honorable Mention.)

DON was our dog. He was born at the lake, and, of course, knew nothing of the city. When he was small he was a dreadful mischief and chased the squirrels and all the other animals away. I am sorry to say he was very curious and put his naughty little nose into everybody's else business. He tried to fight dogs twice as big as himself and often was hurt.

When we took him to town he was in a perfect ferment until he found out what everything meant. One day he learned what bicycles are with disastrous results. My sister and I were playing in the front

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LIKE A PLAY

There Were Action and Local Color to Spare, the Time Northwestern Juniors Were Careless.

TOPIC—WHEN YOU WERE CARELESS.



WHAT made Juniors careless? Oh, a great many times they were in a hurry to go somewhere, sometimes they were late for school, sometimes they were day-dreaming and very often they were cross as two sticks with two sticks crossed on top of those; but usually Juniors were careless just because they were careless, and in the majority of cases that was the best reason.

When Juniors were careless what a confusion there was! They tumbled out of trees and off barns and into rivers, and succeeded in hurting themselves so that everybody was beside himself and screamed and sent for the doctors. They turned the house up-side down and wrong-end to, smashed dishes by the piece

or by the dozen, upset lamps and set the chimney afire. They left birdie's cage open and cried a few tears when they could not find anything but feathers; they forgot to close the shed door and so little sister had a gay time in the paint pot; they put plaster of paris and machine oil into the cake, and came to the conclusion that ten times eight equals forty. When Juniors were careless they did such numbers of dreadful things there was almost no end to the sorrowful tale, and they had a hard time deciding which instance to relate. They felt badly about it; that is, the times when they did not pout and say they did not care. But mother scolded, and when the carelessness was very careless indeed, she sometimes did worse. And the Juniors were the very ones who said that was right.

NO CHEWING GUM

So the Little Dog Began on the Kodak.

(Prize.)

I HAD been taking some snapshots of famous scenery, the river that ran below our house, a grove a short distance away, and our orchard, with the trees in bloom. I came home tired and I did not do as I should have done—put the kodak away immediately. "Better take it upstairs," mama cautioned. I said "yes," but picking up a book to read for just a moment, I soon forgot kodak and everything else in my interest in the story. The kodak belonged to my brother, and was one of which he was very proud, only allowing me to use it on rare occasions.

I was sitting in the window-seat reading with the kodak beside me, when my little dog jumped up on my lap and commenced to chew the edges of my book. I was so interested

I did not think about what he was doing, and simply pushed him down on the seat beside me. There he found the kodak to chew on and soon was having a fine time, chewing away to his heart's content. Just then my brother came into the room, and such a powerful "Drop it!" as came from him caused the dog and me to drop kodak and book respectively. I could almost have imagined it was the villain who had stepped out of the book and was ready to carry me off.

I was soon disillusioned, however, as, of course, my brother scolded, and equally, of course, I wept bitter tears, but all in vain. I was in "durance vile" for many days, while the dog was banished utterly from the kingdom. The moral, I think, is as obvious to all as it was to me, and so will need no explanation or comment.

Ethel Buck, Eighth Grade.

Twin Valley, Minn.

FOUR DOGS PLUS ONE CAT

A Picture of the Playhouse When the Fierce Combat Ceased.

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

ONE warm day last summer I had gone to my playhouse to spend a peaceful afternoon. I was very hot and sleepy. I had a little lounge there and I lay down to rest. The cat was with me, and I noticed several dogs outside the shed. At first I thought they might come in and spoil my playthings, but after a while I said to myself, "They ought to know enough to stay out," and I very soon fell asleep.

After some time I was awakened by the noise of the dogs, four of them running round and round the cat and me, and barking fiercely. The cat was glaring



THE JUNIOR'S DREAM.

The Week's Roll of Honor

MINNEAPOLIS PRIZE WINNERS.

Charles Hixon, B Eighth Grade, Adams school, 1410 E Nineteenth st.

Thora Breiddal, B Sixth Grade, Van Cleve school, 2513 Monroe street NE.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Hazel Traxler, A Seventh Grade, Whittier School, 225 W Twenty-fourth street.

Mabel Hagelin, B Eighth Grade, Sheridan school, 1417 Ramsey street NE.

Charles Arnold, B Sixth Grade, Bryant school, 2614 Third avenue S.

Florence O'Brien, A Sixth Grade, Seward school, 2217 Twenty-third avenue S.

NORTHWESTERN PRIZE WINNERS.

Ethel Buck, Eighth Grade, Twin Valley, Minn.

Amanda Waale, Sixth Grade, Hawley, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Lester Dickinson, Seventh Grade, Washington school, St. Cloud, Minn.

Agnes Peterson, Eighth Grade, Dassel, Minn.

Mabel Sheibach, Sixth Grade, Granite Falls, Minn.

Harlan Upham, Fifth Grade, Central school, Grafton, N. D.

HIGH SCHOOL CREDIT.

Edw. Benson, Eleventh Grade, Prairie du Chien, Wis.

Mattie Moshier, Ninth Grade, Howard Lake, Minn.

Delta Town, B Tenth Grade, Cleveland high school, 1238 Beane street, St. Paul.

George Cutting, Ninth Grade, Byron, Minn.