

THAT ONE LOOK

(Continued From First Page.)

yard and Don was with us. It was about supper time, and many bicycles were passing the house. Don was almost crazy with curiosity, and when he saw another pass he dashed out and chased it. He was not experienced in chasing bicycles, and he ran right under the wheel. The man fell off, and for a few minutes the dog, bicycle and man were all mixed up in the dust. Don was the first to get out, and ran away rather frightened but not hurt a bit. When the man rose he found that he had broken his glasses and could not see very well to go the rest of the way home. My, how ashamed Don was that night! We shut him up for a whole day and he did not chase bicycles again for a long time.

—Hazel Traxler,
A Seventh Grade, 226 W Twenty-fourth Street,
Whittier School.

CARDINAL VERSUS CORN.

(Honorable Mention.)

There was to be a basket-ball game between the corn color and the cardinal red. I was for the cardinal and wanted it to win.

As the game was started there were many cheers for both sides. The whistle was blown, the ball was thrown up by the coach and the game began. It proved so exciting that most of the people could hardly sit still in their seats. Now there was a ball for the cardinal, then a basket for the corn; another for the corn and then another for the corn. Cheer followed cheer. One of the corn's team made a foul which gave the cardinal a free throw. It made a basket. As the game progressed the goal-thrower of the cardinal's side jumped quickly to get the ball, caught it and made a basket, but tripped himself and was hurt some way. Time was called, because it was the end of the first half. The score was three to six.

After ten minutes the whistle was again blown and the game began. When they had been playing a few minutes the cardinal threw up the ball and made a basket. Again the team was cheered. It made another basket and still another. The cardinal was getting ahead of the corn, and when the corn saw this it complained to the coach that the cardinal was playing roughly. Time was called and the game was closed. The score was seven to six in favor of the cardinal. I was glad the cardinal won because that team seemed to work hard for it.

—Mabel Hagelin,
B Eighth Grade, 1417 Ramsey Street N E,
Sheridan School.

ON APPLE RIVER.

(Honorable Mention.)

One of the most exciting things that I can remember happened while we were camping on Pine island in the Apple river in Wisconsin. That part of the country is noted for its fine fishing grounds. We had great luck in fishing; one of our party caught the largest bass that was caught in the state that year.

One morning a lady, one of the boys of our party and myself were rowing idly about. I had my fishing pole near and suddenly I felt it jerk. Letting the oars drop I caught it, and it took all of my strength and wits to keep it from breaking. It felt as if I had a whale on the end of it, and to add to my nervousness, mother stood on the bank screaming in her fear that we would be capsized. I finally won the day, landing the largest pickerel that had been caught there by a boy. It weighed eight pounds.

When we were returning home we saw the "Apple Blossom," the little steamer that made the trip from town to our island every day. She had a new pilot that day, and a very stupid one. As it was approaching us we thought nothing of it, but soon it was nearly a hundred feet away from us and making a straight dive at our boat. In a few minutes it would have been upon us if the engineer had not been quick-witted enough to reverse his engine just as our boats scraped against each other. We were very weak and frightened, and we all felt that we had had enough happen to us in one day.

—Charles Arnold,
B Sixth Grade, 3614 Third Avenue S,
Bryant School.

THE THIRD TIME 'ROUND.

(Honorable Mention.)

It was last summer. My sister had just come home from the country and had brought with her a pet cat. After talking and petting the cat and admiring her fine fur, we put her down and then it was her turn. She explored her new home by sniffing the furniture and jumping up on certain chairs, which I suppose looked comfortable. After spending considerable time in the house she continued her travels in the yard. When she thought she had surveyed everything carefully, she jumped up into the hammock for a nap.

Minneapolis Topics.

For Saturday, March 12.

"MAPLES."

What does this word suggest? The story may be some personal experience, or something entirely fanciful. Whichever you choose, however, the "maple-y" flavor should be so strong that the stories could not be mistaken as upon another subject. Remember, please, that maples are with us the year round, and that there is something to be written of them at all seasons of the year. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

Not Later Than Saturday Evening, March 5.

At 5 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 paper signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

For Saturday, March 19.

"DO YOU FEAR LIGHTNING OR DARKNESS? WHY?"

Nearly all of us, even when we are grown up, fear one or the other of these, and nearly all of us can trace that fear to some special cause. Which is it you fear? What has made you feel that way? And just what is it that you fear? The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 12,

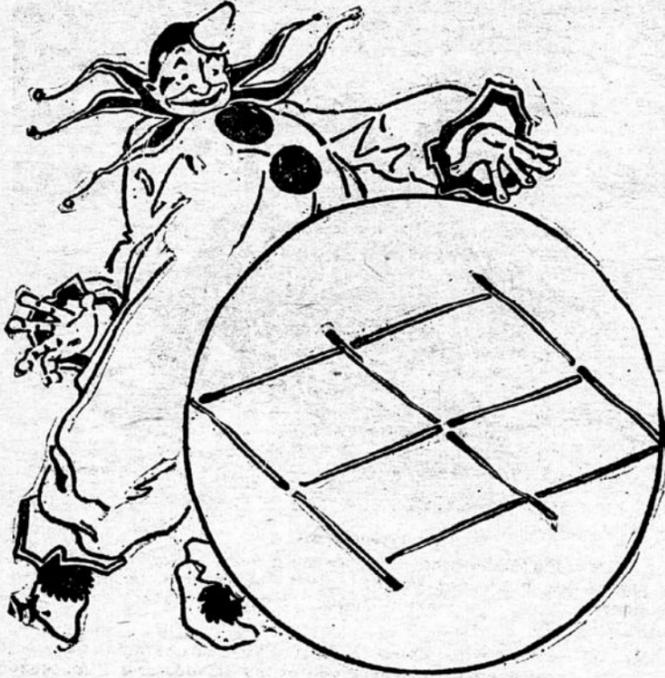
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She slept about ten minutes, then she was awakened by hearing loud breathing. My heart gave a throb, for it was Snap, our dog, who dislikes the sight of a cat; he had just returned from a hunt with my brother. I was going to call him, but it was too late. When the dog saw the cat he approached with an ugly growl. Then followed growls and spitting, and in some way or other the cat lighted upon the dog's back. The dog rushed around the house. A scream from me brought my brother running from the barn. The third time the dog came rushing around my brother was ready for them. He threw a pail of water on them. Thus began the acquaintance of our dog and cat.

—Florence O'Brien,
A Sixth Grade, 2217 Twenty-third Avenue S,
Seward School.

A BELLIGERENT BAT.

I was out picking plums one hot summer afternoon when I saw a bat hanging with his head down. I did not notice anything else, so I was foolish enough to try to catch it. I walked as lightly as possible and was just going to snatch the poor bat, when a bee stung me on the ear. I jerked my hand away as soon as I could, but not quick enough, and the bat punched a couple of little holes thru my finger and finger nail. I then began to run, and ran directly toward the bees!



PICTURE PUZZLE.

(Copyrighted.)

How many six triangles be formed by removing and replacing four of these twelve matches?

nest without knowing it. I soon turned my course, and a few more stings were on me when I reached the road, one on my neck, one on my lip, one on my leg, and neither of them felt very good.

—Leo Bruder,
B Seventh Grade, 3922 Richfield Avenue S,
Lake Harriet School.

HOUSE-CLEANING CARES.

One day when my cousin and I were going to the park I saw a bird flitting around some trees. I was deeply interested and stood still looking at it working as hard as it could. Suddenly my cousin said, "Oh, please don't stand here, I want to go and sit down." She was tired, because we had walked a good way.

I told her that I was interested in the bird building its nest, so I did not wish to go. I asked her if she would not like to watch it, too. She said yes, and we watched it flying around searching for bits of straw and scraps of paper. When it flew away for things I went to see how it had worked. It had built with such care that it made me think of mama when she cleans house. I watched that bird so long that I almost forgot to go home. I enjoyed myself ever so much, and learned something by watching the bird.

—Selma Benson,
A Sixth Grade, 528 Twentieth Avenue N E,
Holland School.

AFTER THE BANG.

When I saw the pavilion burn a year ago, something happened. I stood by the hydrant and the big rubber hose, watching the great flames leap into the air. It was a grand sight. The firemen rushed up and shot the water on the fire, but they could not stop it. The water was turned on at full force; I could hear it flying thru the hose. Suddenly there was a bang, and for a second I did not know what had happened, but in another second I could have been seen fleeing toward home with a lake of water following. Something had happened. I was sure of that.

—Harold F. Chapin,
4224 Queen Avenue S.

A Sixth Grade,
Lake Harriet School.

THE KITTENS' HOLIDAY.

Two years ago I had three kittens. It was in the summer, so they were kept in the summer kitchen. At this time they were about six or seven weeks old, and fought over everything they received.

One day when they saw a mouse, of course, they all ran after it. It ran to the summer kitchen first, and then to the pantry. We had a large can of lard sitting on the floor, and the mouse jumped into it. I knew the cats would follow, but I could not stop them, so in went all three. It was a warm day and the lard was soft, for the can was too large for the ice-box. When they climbed out they

were all covered with lard and the mouse was nowhere to be seen. The lard was spoiled, and when mama was cleaning it out a little while after, she found the mouse in the bottom. I would have given it to them, but she thought they did not earn it. For a long time we could not play with the cats.

—Ruby Dow,
A Fifth Grade, 2511 Monroe Street N E,
Van Cleave School.

PRISONER OF THE PORCH.

When I saw our hired man coming down the beach one morning I was very much frightened, because I knew he was coming after me. I was about 6 or 7 years old, and we were spending the winter in the south. My aunt used to teach me, and every morning at 9 o'clock I was supposed to go to her room. For several days I was missing when 9 o'clock came. She told me if I was gone the next day that when she found me she would tie me up. I must have thought that she did not mean it or else I forgot, for the next morning I was gone. So that is why I was frightened when I saw some one coming for me.

I went home and Aunt Ruth met me at the door with a small rope. I commenced to cry, but she told me I must learn not to run away. She tied me on the front porch and gave me my speller to study. The children next door learned their lessons at the proper time and saddled their ponies for a ride. They rode into our yard for me to go with them and saw me tied. Of course, I felt badly because I could not go to ride, but I felt worse to think that my two best friends had seen me tied. After that I was always on hand at 9 o'clock.

—May Howard,
A Seventh Grade, 2546 Grand Ave,
Whittier School.

THE SAFE WAY TO HUNT.

One time I was out hunting with Uncle Henry in Little Rock. There wild cats and owls are plentiful, and hunters who have to sleep out of doors all night dread it.

One Saturday morning uncle said he was going hunting and asked me if I wanted to go. I said I did, and after breakfast we took our guns and started for the mountain. When we arrived there it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. After lunch we set out for the summit of the mountain. We did not kill much game before sundown. We intended to start for home at sundown, but uncle would not go. It was about 10 o'clock at night when I saw a wild cat coming toward us. I fired at it, but I do not know whether I killed it or not. I just dropped my gun and ran for home as fast as I could.

The next morning uncle came home with the wild cat I shot at and the two guns. He said the next time I had better see if I killed the thing I shot at before I ran.

—Clarence S. Hazer,
B Sixth Grade, 3414 Oakland Ave. S,
Bryant School.

WHEN WEEDS FLOP.

One morning last summer my brother and I went out rowing, and when I saw the troller lying in the bottom of the boat I thought I would fish a little, so I let the troller out, and before long I had several jerks, so I proceeded to pull in the troller. I had just what I expected, some weeds, and something more which I did not expect. I pulled the weeds into the boat, and just then they began to flop around. At first I wanted to jump out of the boat, but next I thought of the fine fish I might have. At last I pulled the weeds off the hook, and there lay a four or five-pound pickerel. When I first caught sight of my pickerel I did not realize how good it would taste after it was fried or baked.

—Alice Ingraham,
B Seventh Grade, 1428 Adams Street N F,
Holland School.

SOME SKY FIREWORKS.

When I saw the storm clouds a great many things happened. First of all I became angry; then papa said probably it would clear up, but it did not so it made me all the more angry.

This happened one day when I lived on a farm in North Dakota. It was the Fourth of July and I was going to Lisbon, which was sixteen miles from Sheldon. We lived four miles from Sheldon, making in all twenty miles. As Lisbon was larger than Sheldon, we had to go to Lisbon to see the fireworks display and the circus. We were just starting when we noticed the clouds. Of course we could not go if it was going to rain. So back to the barn we went. We did not unhitch the horse, because we hoped it would clear up, but it kept on raining and spoiled my Fourth of July.

—Gilbert Kilty,
A Sixth Grade, 3509 Bryant Ave S,
Lyndale School.

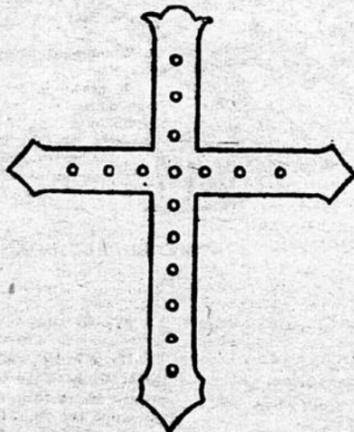
THE VANISHING CAKE.

When I caught sight of the chocolate cake it disappeared pretty fast. One day when I was small, our hired girl was going to bake chocolate cake. When she was ready to bake it I came along and asked her if she would not bake one for me. She said "Yes." I watched her get the cakes ready and put them into the oven. Then I went out of the room and did not come back for a while. When I came back I was surprised to see a very nice cake standing on the table, and I thought it was for me. I did not ask the girl who it was for, but pitched right in and devoured most of it before any one saw me. When my mother found me I had eaten the inside of the cake where it was soft and where most of the chocolate was.

—Emil Neumuth,
A Eighth Grade, 850 Sixteenth Avenue S,
Adams School.

ONLY A WOODCHUCK, TOO.

One Sunday evening a friend and I went down to



Solution to last week's puzzle.