TALES OF COLD

(Continued from First Page.)

AN ENJOYABLE OUTING.

(High School Credit.)

It was joyously announced one day last October that on a certain Saturday we were going on an excursion to Lake Minnetonka, and I immediately invited my newly-made friend to enjoy it with us. But the appointed day proved rather disappointing for altho we wore our heavy fall jackets, we went with chattering teeth, clutching our baskets with fingers that were purple with the cold. Nevertheless our faces were beaming with expectancy.

We were greeted at the depot by quite an appreciable company of friends and were soon off for the lake. There we found the steamer "Victor" at our command with its merry little "toot!" that seemed to promise us a very pleasant ride; but we were obliged to close all the windows of the boat because of the chilly lake breeze, thus forcing us to depend almost entirely upon the wit of the party for merriment. At noon we landed at Excelsior, but instead of spreading our lunch upon crude benches under the trees in rustic fashion as we are wont to do on picnic days, we dined upon varnished veranda tables within the dark and dingy walls of the pavilion. After lunch my friend and I left our companions warming themselves at the bowling alley and buttoning our jackets tightly around us, took a stroll about the little town. On our return we sat down in a row boat on the wharf for a confidential talk. As a result, I had the displeasure of seeing my friend limp at my side at school for a week afterward with rheumatism and of feeling that I was the unhappy cause of it.

About four o'clock we again boarded the steamer homeward bound; and in spite of the discomforts of the day, my friend and I returned to the city feeling quite refreshed by the outing, ready to resume our studies with renewed vigor. —Ethel Crittenden,

B Eleventh Grade, 2533 Twelfth Avenue S.
South Side High School.

THE TIME FOR ACTION.

(Honorable Mention.)

One cold Saturday morning as I was walking along the street I saw a man fall down right in front of our gate, and a moment later I saw hundreds of little red cranberries go dancing around him and more came pouring out of a large sack. I sat down on the fence and laughed until my sides ached. When I looked again he was walking down the street looking very much as if he wanted to rub his back. As he passed me he looked at my laughing face and then turned around and shook his fist at the house. Next came a merry school girl, and as she went past the gate she suddenly took a seat, her books flying in all directions. After she rose she did not hum any more but had a frown on her face and a few wrinkles in her forehead. Luckily she did not see me huddled up in the corner of the fence.

After a few moments I heard mama calling, "Clarice, come here quickly," and I jumped up and ran toward the gate. Just as I was going in my feet slipped from under me, and there I sat looking, I supposed, like a sheep after he has bumped his head against a tree. I tell you I did not laugh this time but rather felt like crying. I rose determinedly and went for a shovel and an ax, and after chopping the ice up I shoveled it off the sidewalk.

A Seventh Grade, —Clarice Ingalls,
Whittier School. 122 W Twenty-eighth St.

A VERY PUFFED UP EAR.

(Honorable Mention.)

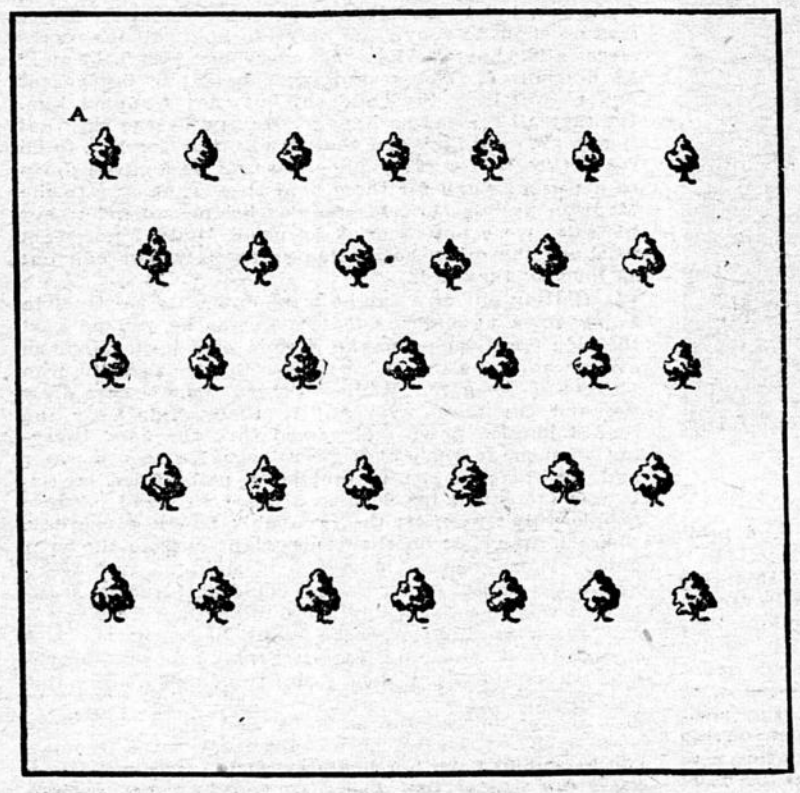
It was a cold, blustering Washington's birthday. The thermometer had sunk far below zero, but that made no difference; I was going to the Washington entertainment to be held in a hall not very near our home. Mother thought it best for me to stay at home, but she had promised me a week before when the weather was mild, so now she could not say a real solemn "no" for who ever heard of a mother breaking her promises? The entertainment was to be held in the evening and was to be a grand occasion.

As it drew toward evening I began to get ready and was "dressed up" long before time. I was only about six years old and was to go with my sister. It did seem quite cold on the way over, altho the wind was at our backs, but what of that? We would soon be in the hall enjoying the program. We took our seats near the front so I should be sure not to miss anything. The opening number was a lively piano solo which I enjoyed very much, but after that came a solemn speaker who told of Washington's voyage over the Delaware and how the men suffered from the cold. This made me shiver for I thought of going home with the wind in our faces. I felt better when a little boy stepped up and rattled off:

"'No school to-day, no school to-day,'
The children shouted wild with glee.
'But why,' said grandpa, 'Tell me pray
Why such a thing should be;
'Tis but the middle of the week,
'Twas Christmas lately and New Year's;
Don't hurry off to hide and seek,
There's some mistake, my dears,'" etc.

After the entertainment we started home. It proved to be very cold. I felt the cold most on my ears and especially on one, but gradually I felt it less and less and at last not at all on that ear. When we reached home the first thing I said was, "Oh, it was a fine program." Just then mother seemed frightened and exclaimed, "Why, child, what is the matter with your ear? It's as white as snow." Instantly I put my hand to my ear but felt nothing. I pinched it but felt nothing. It was evident that my ear was frozen. Snow was used to thaw it out which was very painful. The ear became very large, which caused me great wonderment for I did not understand it at all.

B Seventh Grade, —Arthur Wester,
Seward School. 2801 Eighth Street S.



PICTURE PUZZLE.

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Here are thirty-three trees in five rows. The task is to run around these trees beginning at A, touching each one only once and finally returning to the tree A.

Solution to last week's puzzle:—1. P-late. 2. B-read. 3. Butter. 4. Soup (supe).

BLANKETS GO VISITING.

(Honorable Mention.)

"Oh, my, what a hot day! I can hardly get my breath!" We were on a ranch in Montana, and fifteen miles from any sort of house. My aunt had just been talking and went on, "If we only had some ice we could make lemonade. Here, lie down on these pillows and you (addressing the hired man) had better go to yonder brook with the horses and water them. When you get back I will read this poem, 'Snow-bound,' because it may make us feel cooler." I had on my thinnest low-neck and short-sleeve dress. All the rest had thin clothes on also.

About two o'clock we were all asleep when a great gust of wind came and then it turned very cold. The cold wind blew and swept down from the mountains, and it then reminded me of these lines from "The Vision of Sir Launfal:

"Down swept the chill wind from the mountain peak,
From the snow five thousand summers old;
On open wold and hilltop bleak
It had gathered all the cold,
And whirled it like sleet on the wanderer's cheek."

We had not one blanket and were blue with cold. The thermometer on the wagon said 57 degrees above zero. We crawled into the wagon but could not get warm. We hitched the horses up and in six hours at last reached a sod house. We warmed ourselves and obtained blankets so we rode the remaining miles in comfort. I think a change from 92 to 57 degrees a wonderful one. In Montana such changes as this often happen. When I go visiting there now I find that the people always carry blankets along.

A Sixth Grade, —Alice Berry,
Lyndale School. 3117 Colfax Avenue S.

AT ROW BOAT COTTAGE.

(Honorable Mention.)

Last Memorial Day we had planned to have a very good time. We were going to a lake about forty-five miles from home where my uncle lived. It was to be more of a fishing expedition than anything else. We started out early in the morning before in a large lumber wagon, or so we called it. The weather was fine and we had a delightful ride in spite of the jolting. We arrived about nightfall and we were not sorry we were at our journey's end.

The next morning we awoke to find it very cold and the wind blowing fiercely. But we were not to be stopped by this. About ten o'clock we started for the lake, which was only two miles from my uncle's, so we decided to walk. We packed a large basket with lunch and started. We found the waves real high and the clouds dark and lowering, just such a scene as would make one feel shivery. Still we were not ready to give up so we put the fishing tackle into the boat, and all except mother and a few others who disliked the look of the waves climbed into it and pushed off. We said it was just the kind of weather for fish to bite. We caught a few fish and nearly upset the boat several times, but at last we gave it up and returned to shore. I was wondering where we would eat lunch when father said something to uncle and they pulled the boat ashore, turned it upon its side, and we had a first-rate barrier from the wind. After lunch we decided to go home. We had no sooner reached home than it began to rain, and we spent the rest of the day in the house, after having, as I think, a very good time, even if we were nearly frozen to death. —Lucille Mapes,

A Sixth Grade, 3247 Minnehaha Avenue.
Longfellow School.

CHILL CELLAR WEATHER.

A mild spring day hardly suggests a cold weather story, yet it really sends chills up my back to think of it now. A friend and I were enjoying the making of fudge. We took it for granted that we were alone in the house, the rest of the family having, so we thought, taken a trip to the country. The candy was almost finished when we heard a door creak and some stealthy footsteps in the room adjoining. We thought at once that some of the other children had returned, and in order to escape them we hurried into the cellar, being careful to shut the door behind us. In our hurry we forgot that the door had a spring lock which could be opened only from the outside, and hence we found ourselves imprisoned in the cold, dark cellar. We pounded on the door, cried aloud and tried in every way to attract attention but all in vain. We had been deceived by some dog or cat, or the noise of the wind, for not a human being entered that house until some four hours later, when the family returned and two very cold and shivering little girls were released from their wintry prison and restored to summer temperature.

—Olive Bergstrom,
1826 Fifteenth Avenue S.
A Eighth Grade,
Adams School.

'WAY ABOVE FREEZING.

Once long ago when I was about six years old we lived in Lake City. We were going to a picnic one cool fall morning. The clouds were black but I tried to keep mama's eyes on me instead of the clouds, for if she saw them I knew she would not go. So we started and drove five miles till we reached the place where the picnic was to be held.

After dinner it commenced to rain and oh, how I wished I had stayed at home! All of us climbed into the buggy and started home. Mud splashed, and flew in all directions. When we reached home I had the cramps. Mama had to unhitch the horse, because papa was away, and I had to sit on the porch and wait. Oh, how long it seemed before she was able to do anything for me and how cold it was! When she had unhitched the horse she took me into the house and built a fire, then she put me to bed and it was so comfortable. This was the coldest day I ever have known altho the thermometer was away above the freezing point. —Francis Asp,

B Fifth Grade, 4528 Pleasant Avenue.
Rosedale School.

THE STORM SPIRIT OUT.

About four o'clock one winter afternoon several years ago, the day of one of the most dreadful snow storms of the winter, the wind began to rise; and the snow, hitherto falling lightly and gently, began to descend in a fine sleet. Everything seemed to indicate a blizzard and mama was worried as J. had gone to visit the school with C., and both being small they might not be properly wrapped up to face the storm.

Between the railroad tracks, which we always crossed when coming home from school, and our house was a stretch of wind-blown prairie where the snow drifts were always deep, especially for little ones. Thinking she might be of some assistance, mama threw a shawl over her head and ran down to the tracks. But no one was in sight. Unmindful of cold or apparel mama went on and on, looking for the children, until she reached the school house. She found that the little ones had left some time since. Then as further search would have been unnecessary, mama retraced her steps. It was quite dark. The blizzard increased every moment. Huge sheets of snow, heavy and wet, beat down unmercifully. The gale, for such the wind had risen to be, swept along in whirls seemingly from all directions, catching up snow and depositing it across the paths. Evidently the winds were enjoying themselves and blowing their best; having cleared the skies of stars and left it glowering at the horizon. A blizzard from a warm, lighted room is pretty and fascinatingly weird, full of queer shapes and sounds; but to one in its midst it imparts strange sensations.

Reaching home just before the fury of the storm descended, mama found the culprits, one toasting her feet by the fire, the other watching from the window. They had missed mama, going home by a route seldom traversed. —Alvilda DeHaven,

B Ninth Grade, 3200 Logan Avenue N.
North Side High School.

AN IMITATION "SNOW-BOUND."

A snow storm in April! It often happens, but I had never seen one before and this was the worst storm of that winter. The snow was two feet deep and in many drifts it was four. My father happened to be out of town, so my sister and I took our shovels and went out. It reminded me of "Snow-bound" a great deal. We made a path to the road and also small caves which were to represent "Aladdin's wondrous cave." We were not quite so brave as Mr. Whittier

Minneapolis Topics.

For Saturday, April 23.

"YOUR QUEEREST DAY."

Sometimes there come twelve hours, more or less, out of a certain twenty-four whose events can only be classed under the head of "queer." They are so different from similar hours other days generally bring; they are, beside, so different from what might be expected to come, that they make a day that stands out distinctly because of the unusualness of the events. They may be a series of odd accidents, or sights; the meeting of odd people or any other events which seemed especially odd. All sorts of stories ought to come out of the grabbag. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 16,

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, April 30.

"STORY OF A CORNER."

Everybody can tell a story of a corner, because there are all sorts of corners. There are corners of streets and corners of buildings and corners in houses and barns, etc. Some of the older Juniors also probably understand enough of the business world to be able to write about an entirely different kind of a corner. The stories may be either true or original, but they must center about some "corner." The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 23,

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.