swer a few letters. As I entered the library mama called me back, saying, "You must not neglect your hair." When I had finished attending to my hair I again turned my steps toward the library only to hear some one say, "You'll be late for school unless you hurry." "Late for school!" How those words rang in my ears! Then I remembered it was Friday.

I was tardy at school. The first thing in the morning teacher gives out our arithmetic lesson and I had no way of finding where it was. I went to class with no lesson as the result of that first mix-up, but that was not all. At recess none of the girls wished my company, and why was a problem I could not solve. Besides, my geography book was not to be found, and I thought of all the warnings which had been given the school by the principal and what would happen if books were lost. As I finally departed from the school house at a late hour, I had a bad headache as the result of a mixed-up school day.

Sixth Grade, —Gladys M. Goodnough,
East Granite Falls School. Granite Falls, Minn.

THE END OF ALL JOY.

(High School Credit.)

"Get up quickly, you lazy girl! It is half past seven and you will be late for school." I made ready in a hurry when I heard these startling words. I was downstairs and had my hat on in no time, but in some way I put my jacket on inside out. Such an ill omen! Hastily I turned it outside out and inside in and darted for the door. I had just closed it behind me when a voice from somewhere cried out, "Have you had any breakfast?" Another ill omen. I had to go back.

After I had choked down my breakfast and burned myself with the coffee, I again rushed out of the door when I heard some remark about an umbrella. As I was rushing down the street, I met a freckle-faced boy who said, "You aren't in a hurry, are you?" I reached the doors just in time and finished the first recitation without difficulty. But not so the second. I had forgotten to learn the German quotation. The German teacher said, "Ach! was ist los."

When I came to the third recitation I found I had left my essay at home. The English teacher said, "What is the matter?"

From there I walked moodily into the laboratory where I broke a test tube containing a solution on which I had been working for two hours the day before. The chemistry teached coughed a dry "Ahem!" That finished my enjoyment of the day. I rushed for my hat and started for home, eager to get into the fresh air. It was then I remembered the remark about the umbrella. As I walked along letting the rain cool my fevered cheek and run down my neck, I said to myself, "What a day this has been,—such a mixed day!"

A Eleventh Grade, —Freda Johnson,
Cleveland High School. Lake Phalen.

ENOUGH FOR THE TEACHER.

(High School Credit.)

The great ball game between the Pine Island "Young Tigers" and the Byron "Red Sox" was to be held on Saturday, and so my thoughts on Friday were not so much on Latin, algebra and rhetoric as they were on baseball. During the rhetoric recitation I was asked to give a periodic sentence, and the only one I could think of was, "As the bases were full, and as there were two men out, and as the score was a tie, and as this was the last inning, he realized his responsibility and made a home run." Then when I was again called on to give an epigram or pun, I remarked, "The foul flew so high that the little boy (our catcher's name is Little) could not catch it and he began to bawl. His mother, thinking he was too lazy to chase the fowl, sent him into the field. There he chased flies until dark and then he tried to get a bat."

But this was enough for my teacher, and I had to make a run for home or else let him strike; and I decided to score against him by making the home run.

Ninth Grade. —George Cutting,
Byron, Minn.

AS GOOD CHILDREN DO.

(Honorable Mention.)

When I was about ten years old I was invited to a party at the house of one of my friends. It was to be on the following day in the evening, and as it was about school time when I received the invitation I was very much excited and my thoughts were on nothing else during the day but that party.

While we were reciting in reading, the teacher asked some of the pupils to tell something about the lesson, and they, like good little boys and girls, did so. She finally asked me when a certain accident had occurred and I promptly answered, "To-morrow evening at seven o'clock." Of course they all laughed and I became quite embarrassed, not realizing for a moment where my wandering thoughts had taken me. Again during the day I was asked where a certain character in the story was going and I again promptly answered, "To the party."

Once more I was the source of amusement for the school, but even with the best of resolutions I continually mixed my school work with the anticipated party.

Eighth Grade. —Ethel Reed,
Prairie du Chien, Wis.

Northwestern Topics.

For Saturday, June 25:

"A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER SCENE."

The scene may be one of the present season, or it may be one of a summer that is past. It may be the description of a scene near home or it may be one in foreign lands. It may be a scene that is unchangeable year after year, or it may be one that was possible for the one only when the writer saw it, but whenever and wherever it was, describe it so readers can not help but see it. The papers must be mailed so as to reach the office of The Journal Junior

NOT LATER THAN THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 16.

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, together with the name of the prize preferred from the list printed elsewhere. The papers must not be rolled.

For Saturday, July 2:

"AN INTERVIEW WITH THE FIREWORKS."

Supposing the fireworks that are used every Fourth could talk, what do you think they would say? How would they look upon the noisy celebration? How would they feel at the idea of shooting their heads off? Try to make the story as snappy and cracky as the fireworks themselves in action. The papers must be mailed so as to reach the office of The Journal Junior

NOT LATER THAN THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 23.

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, together with the name of the prize preferred from the list printed elsewhere in The Journal Junior. The papers must not be rolled.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

(Honorable Mention.)

"Say, I'll dare you girls to stay out of school" "Oh, what fun! Let's, shall we?" I exclaimed. "I wouldn't for the world," said some one else. But when the bell rang there were five of us with our wheels and away we went. As fortune, or misfortune, would have it, we rode past the office. Mama was there and saw us, too. "Marguerite, come here!" she called, and trembling in my shoes I went, while the girls stood looking on with distended eyes and mouths. "Why are you out of school?" "W-we stayed out." "No one gave you permission, so you may go back to school!" mama said with a stern look, altho there was a twinkle of fun in her eyes. (Doubtless she was remembering her school days). To tell how I trembled and grew red and white would be useless, for no one could describe it.

I went back to school, hung my hat on the hook and went in. "Marguerite, half an hour late. You may stay one hour tonight." "Thank goodness she does not know I stayed out. But isn't it funny teacher let me off so easily?" I thought as I took my seat amidst a great tittering of the girls. I had hardly reached my seat when notes were pushed, thrown, whirled along the floor and sent to me in a hundred different ways. They read like this: "The cat came back." "Scared out, eh?" "Your mama sent you back," etc. But the crowning one was, "M. told Miss C." It is unnecessary to speak of the misery and the "mixedness" of that day, or of the interesting (?) talk after school.

A Eighth Grade, —Marguerite Lewis,
South Side School. St. James, Minn.

The Egotist.

The more one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.

—Lavater.

SUCH A STERN VOICE.

(Honorable Mention.)

One day last April I went to school real early. It was Tuesday and I wanted to get a great deal done. When the first bell had rung and it was time for the last, a few of my friends came and asked me to go out to play. I went without hesitating a moment. At last the bell rang and I hurried to my seat.

Then I remembered we were going to have a short test. I had none of my studies ready to recite when class time came; I did not know anything. Then teacher said, "Take your book out and study so you will know it." It was said in such a stern voice that I grew frightened, and upon looking for my books I saw I had left them at home. I was terrified more than ever. I was told to get paper and pen and write geography. I had no ink and, oh, dear! I had to go down in the basement for a bottle of ink. I went to fill my ink well and when I had it done at last my clothes and everything were covered with ink. Everything seemed topsy-turvy; and nearly every study went the wrong way. I had to stay after school and clean up the space around my desk. It took me till ten minutes after five, and probably if I had gone to school at eight o'clock it would have been the same. I went home and was very cross. It was a long day and I was glad it was over.

Sixth Grade. —Dolly Groetsch,
Henderson, Minn.

A SCRAMBLED AFFAIR.

(Honorable Mention.)

One day when I went to school I was very tired, for I had been up late the evening before, and I did not feel like studying. All went well until geography time. I could not answer anything I was asked so I had to make it up. Then when I should have been studying grammar I was making up my geography as I did not like to stay after school. And in that way I missed in grammar. So when I ought to have been studying spelling I made up my grammar; at least I thought I did. I missed in spelling, too, so I had to stay after school. When I was ready to make up all I had missed I can tell you it was a mixture, for in a hurry to get ready I had written some of my geography on the grammar paper and some of my grammar on the geography paper. But after all I reached home before five.

Fifth Grade. —Effie Sands,
Warren, Minn.

BECAUSE OF POUTS.

"Take your geographies." This is what I heard when I was working examples diligently. The day was all mixed, for when I should have studied reading I had studied spelling. We had to draw a map of the great lakes, but I went to sleep instead. I had a habit of laying my head on my arms and my teacher thought I was doing the same thing now; but when I did not awake she came down and shook me, which made me jump and scare her. I had been dreaming about fairyland, but I did not think I was in fairyland after a while. I was told to stay in at noon which I did, and I did not get home till half after twelve. When I reached home at last I found everything mixed. Dinner did not taste right, the potatoes were too salty, and the meat had too much pepper on it. I was also blamed for having let the chickens out of the coop. This was all because I was pouty. —Camilla Brahs,

Seventh Grade. Henderson, Minn.

FULL OF GIRLY GIGGLES.

I went to school one morning so late that I had not worked more than a few problems when our class was called and we went to the blackboard. Then the problems we were going to work I could not get. I multiplied when I should have divided and subtracted when I should have added, so the problem was all mixed. I suppose it was because I had been giggling all the time. Everything was so funny. When we were having spelling our teacher said "preacher" and I wrote "mouse" because I had seen a mouse in the corner of the room. I asked him if he considered it wrong when I wrote the wrong word, but he said no. Then in history I raised my hand and lost my balance somehow. My friend was sitting by my side so of course we did not have very much room. My foot went up but I caught hold of the seat, and we both started to laugh. But luckily the teacher was looking the other way so I was saved from a fall and a reproof. So ended my mixed day. —Mabel Blom,

Seventh Grade. Milan, Minn.

FRESHMEN ALL FORLORN.

On my first day in high school I had attained to the dignified title of freshman, and I was made more fun of than any other day; I think the same was true of my fellow freshmen. I had made out my program as well as I could. One of the teachers said, "First period classes, pass." I looked at my program, which said, "First period, B Ninth, English, Miss R." Where was her room? I did not know, so I went into the room which I thought was hers. When I opened the door I saw some very dignified seniors. Someone said, "Are you lost?" I turned red and left the room. Next I asked a boy where her room was. He said, "Take the elevator to the fifth floor and turn to the right; her room is the first one." Did this school have more than three stories? I had not noticed that. I could not find the elevator, so I kept walking around. At last I saw Miss R.'s room. Nothing else happened until recess.

I had just put on my cap and was going thru a hall when some one said, "There's a freshie." In a little while I was seized by some boys who took me to the gymnasium. Here they tossed me in a blanket and put my head under the faucet to cool me off. After treating some other freshmen in the same way they let me go. When I went into the hall a boy said, "Is your name Roger Elliot?" I said "Yes." He said, "Miss B. wants to see you." I asked him where her room was; he told me and I went there. She asked me what I wished. I said a boy had sent me to her. She laughed and said, "Oh, they are up to their tricks again." When I reached the assembly hall the principal said the school was dismissed. At last this unhappy day had ceased. —Paul Delander,

B Tenth Grade, 740 E Cook Street, St. Paul.
Cleveland High School.

LIVELY WHILE IT LASTED.

One day it was very cloudy and we were all afraid it was going to rain so we did not care much about our lessons. It grew so dark we could scarcely see and we spent out time watching the clouds and listening to the thunder. After a while the trees began to twist into all manner of shapes and then it commenced to hail. The hailstones were immense and fell with such force that they broke the windows. We all stood up to keep out of the way. It was soon over, but it was lively while it lasted. That day was certainly mixed up in every way, it seemed to us. When we were dismissed we found hail as large as hen's eggs and about three inches deep all over the ground. —Frank Caw,

Seventh Grade. Chatfield, Minn.

TRULY A TERRIBLE DAY.

Several days this term it seemed as if everything went wrong with me, but one day was still worse than the others and a very disagreeable day it was for me. The very beginning of it was that I rose late that morning and was late for school. I was not able to finish my arithmetic lesson and so I received a very low mark for it. My geography I had not learned so I received zero for that. The next lesson was language and neither did I know that. Now the morning was past, and how disagreeable did I feel at home! In the afternoon the same thing happened in my studies. It ended by my having to stay after school to learn my lessons. But I just tell you it was a terrible day for me.

A Fifth Grade, —Erlen Freisheim,
Adams School. 900 Juno Street, St. Paul.

HOME NATURAL ENOUGH.

It was my first month of school after a long vacation. Tests were coming at the end of the week, and I was sure history would come on Thursday, so I studied history good and hard Wednesday evening. We had a long lesson in history assigned us, but I thought I should have plenty of time to study that for Friday.

Thursday morning I went to school feeling very sure of having a good mark in history. When we were all in our seats ready for examination, to my great surprise the slip of questions handed me were not history but arithmetic. And oh, just think of my tables! I was so excited that I forgot twelve inches were equal to one foot. When the arithmetic test was over we were to recite history, and of course I could recite very little—only what I could remember from the time I went over it at school before; and so everything seemed just the opposite in everything to what I had planned. I went home that night wondering if I should find things at home as I had at school; but much to my relief everything was natural enough there.

Eighth Grade. —Josephine Fering,
Warren, Minn

ANOTHER LITTLE WALK.

One morning I came to school feeling very cross, so it was unlucky that we should have an examination in arithmetic. When I was working on the last example my teacher, Miss A., went by. She stopped and looked at my paper and then said, "Why, Ella, you have not put your mind on these examples. You have copied and worked every example wrongly and I think you had better get another sheet of paper. You can't go home until you get every example." This made me crosser than ever, and as I went to get another sheet of paper I stamped my feet as hard as I could. Miss A. made me go again, which I did not mind so much. I worked my examples and was thru just in time to go home with the rest. When I went to school in the afternoon I was not so cross, but cross enough to give