

OF RACES WON

(Continued from First Page.)

prize in tow and left our opponents bailing out their boat.

A Eighth Grade, Emerson School.
135 Lyndale Avenue N.
—Harold G. Simpson.

WITH PIE 'ROUND ABOUT.

(Honorable Mention.)

When I was seven years old I had a race, a good, old-fashioned pie-eating race. I went to a fair with my uncle, and while we were in a building where men were showing a certain kind of gas stove and making pie to give to the people to show how well the stove baked, the manager said that he would give a prize of \$5 to the boy who could eat a pie first. The rules of the race were that every boy must be under ten years of age, and that while we were eating the pie we could not take a drink of water. The man asked for ten boys to step upon the platform. I stepped up, with a number of other boys and he chose ten; I happened to be one of the ten to eat the pie.

He gave us each a blueberry pie, and told us to start. Every boy took a bite and stopped, for the man said we had made a bad beginning. We started again, with blueberry pie on our faces, pie on our clothes and pie on our hands. When I was half thru with my pie I dropped it on the floor, for there was my mother standing before me. I will not attempt to describe the prize I received, but I received one when I reached home all right. And I was so happy? —Charles Wells,
B Seventh Grade, 923 Eighth Avenue S.
Washington School.

NOT QUITE SO TALKATIVE.

(Honorable Mention.)

"One, two— Here, come back. I haven't said 'go' yet. Stand back on the line. Now! Ready! O-n-e, t-w-o, t-h-r-e-e, ready-go!" And off they went. "Who?" you ask. That is so; I forget you were not there at the time. A boy and a girl were racing to see which could get to the corner first. I was counting for them to start.

Off they go at full speed. The boy seems to be gaining, altho the girl is going at a good rate. I can see them now—hat and cap off, coats lying by my side. Look! See the girl! Her hair is flying out and her cheeks are flushed to a crimson red. She is slowly but surely catching up with the boy. They are a couple of yards away from each other, but now—see!—she is catching up—only a few feet more to gain. He will have to hurry.

Suddenly, with a dash forward, the girl was ahead, the winner. Of course it made her feel very proud to beat and especially to beat a boy. The boy was not quite so talkative as he had been before the race. All that he said now was, "Oh, I could have beaten if I wanted to, only I didn't want to now." "You mean you couldn't," persisted the girl, and away she went telling everybody she met that she could beat a boy in a race.
A Seventh Grade, Madison School.
—Dorothea Brinley,
410 E Fourteenth Street.

TRULY A PITIFUL SIGHT.

(Honorable Mention.)

"Be careful of your dress," said mama one day as I was going to school. I had my best dress on because there were to be exercises at school. "Yes, I will," I said, but just then my mother called, "Hurry or you'll be late." At that moment my friend came in sight. "I will race you to the schoolhouse," she said. "All right," I answered. One, two, three and off we shot. There was a large ditch near the curbing; I thought I could jump it, but I lost my balance and fell in. It was a pitiful sight to see my new dress ruined. I trudged homeward sadly, instead of going gaily to school. When I reached home I was a great deal worse off for the race. And you can imagine what happened.

A Fifth Grade, Everett School.
—Hazel Birch,
301 Fifth Avenue NE.

AT THE THIRD HOWL.

(Honorable Mention.)

I was at a picnic. "Who wants to snatch for doughnuts?" cried a big man. A string full of doughnuts was dangling between two trees. No sooner said than done. Our hands were tied behind us and we were blindfolded. We were to jump and snatch the doughnuts with our mouths, and the one who had one first was to receive an extra one. Ready! One, start! Two, jump. Three, was followed by a roar of laughter from the onlookers. I caught my teeth in the string. I screamed. People laughed. I jumped again and landed in a pail of water set there purposely. Again I howled. "Take it off!" I cried as I took a

final jump and landed on an enthusiastic dog, with the doughnut in my mouth. The cloth was removed and I saw a dog eating my doughnut. That night when I reached home a dollar fell from my pocket.
A Sixth Grade, Seward School.
—Oscar Swenson,
2443 Twenty-fifth Avenue S.

THE TINIEST OF KITENS.

(Honorable Mention.)

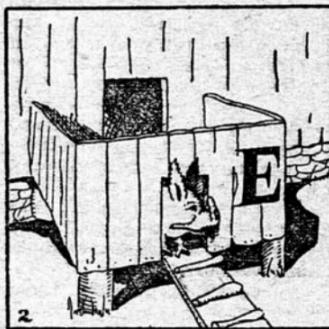
"Oh, dear me! I can never learn my lesson," I burst forth impatiently. I had been visiting a friend and at last we decided to race to see which would beat learning our lessons. I had objected, however, saying that she would learn her lesson while I was going home. "Then," she said, "I will give you five minutes to get home. I will begin studying at thirty-five minutes past ten."

I started home, running, when suddenly I saw the tiniest kitten. Of course I stopped, picked it up, and took it to the house for some one to take care of as a dog was hovering dangerously near. The lady took it and asked me if I wanted to see its brothers and sisters. I said I should be glad to. I reached home at forty-nine minutes past ten, and that was what caused my despair. I was sadly beaten.

B Sixth Grade, Whittier School.
—Jean Robertson,
2630 Blaisdell Avenue.

OVER THE FENCE IS OUT.

Is there anything that will make one's heart beat



PICTURE PUZZLE.

(Copyrighted.)

What pieces of American money are represented in this picture?

fast as a race for dear life? I had been on the farm only a few days and had not quite learned the habits of the animal kingdom. It was the duty of my cousin and me to go to the pasture where we kept all of our cross cows and feed them.

No one ever dared enter the field except grandpa; and so one morning when I awoke with a good deal of courage and walked into the pasture, you need not be surprised that I took to my heels. I walked up to one of the gentle (?) creatures and patted her kindly—"Nice Bossy." But I don't know what displeased her, the "Nice," or the "Bossy;" at any rate she lowered her head and dashed at me, while I ran down the field with a face that looked whitewashed. My cousin laughed at me, but I ran and jumped the fence and happy I was to say again, "Over the fence is out."

A Sixth Grade, Motley School.
—Eugenia Anderson,
324 Fifteenth Avenue SE.

JUST EVERYDAY SOAP.

Only three more days to wait before the day of the race. It was to be a race of twelve boys and girls, for four blocks, and a prize was to be given to the one who won. At last the day came, a bright, sunny one, and at nine o'clock the race was to begin. When nine o'clock came I thought, as I was only six years old, if I were to win what a lovely prize I might expect.

The race began and my, how I ran! It seemed almost as if my legs were coming off, but run I must and so I did run. I did not know whether anyone was in front of me or not, nor did I know anything until a shout was raised and someone pronounced my name as the winner of the prize. All crowded around me, and as the man opened the box which contained the prize, to my great disappointment I found it was only a common bar of soap. But I thanked him kindly as tho I were pleased, and never accepted an invitation to a race again until I was old enough to know better. But how the family did laugh at me when I took home the bar of soap!

A Sixth Grade, Emerson School.
—Marion Baernstein,
106 E Sixteenth Street.

UP A WINDING STAIR.

One race I distinctly remember happened one bright, sunny day in May. A merry party of three went to spend the day at the pine forests. After having our lunch in those beautiful woods we decided to go to the reservoir, which was but a few blocks away. There was a tower on a very high hill. Stairs wind around it and this was what we had decided to race up, quite a difficult task.

When we arrived at the foot of the hill the signal was given and three very excited children started at full speed up the hill. To climb the hill was easy, but the tower—that was dreadful. The stairs were narrow, and so winding that when I was about half way up I became so tired and dizzy that I almost gave up. One

glance told me I was very near the top and again I started at full speed. Just as I was about to reach the top some one sprang past me and in a moment I heard the call, "I've won." I came out second, and just after me my other friend. Three very tired children arrived at the top all out of breath, but looking happy. After our hard race we sat down on the steps and finished our lunch, and after enjoying the beautiful scenery all around us we took the car for home quite tired from the effect of the race.

A Sixth Grade, Kenwood School.
—Genevieve Conner,
2021 Queen Avenue S.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

I had been making a piece of lace and my sister was making a hemstitched handkerchief. Neither of us was getting along very fast. Mama said that she would like to see the work completed and that she would give a new dress to the one who did her work first and at the same time the best. We were given so much time each day, from one o'clock to three. We both wished that we had more time.

We worked diligently for a while. But after two or three days I did not work so hard. One day I noticed that my sister was beating me. I hurried to catch up, but she was thru first and therefore won the prize. I was very much disappointed, but made myself contented knowing it was my own fault. And ever since when I have anything to do I think of the saying, "Work while you work, play while you play; that is the way to be happy and gay."

—Flossie Darke,
606 Fifth Street S.

B Sixth Grade, Washington School.

TEN SECONDS LATER.

One morning I happened to sleep too long, and when I rose I looked at the clock. It was after eight. I hurriedly put on my coat and cap and started off for school. I ran about three blocks and then walked a block. I kept this up for about a mile and a quarter. We had a substitute teacher that week. I ran and ran till I reached the door of the schoolhouse. One of the little boys said I would have to hurry or I should be late. So I went shooting up the stairs. I opened the door and sat down and just then the gong rang. If I had been ten seconds later I should have been late.

—Claude Elwood,
4144 Minnehaha Avenue.
B Seventh Grade, Minnehaha School.

OH, NOT AT ALL AFRAID.

No, I am not in the least afraid of dogs, but when one appears I promptly prepare to scream and leave the scene of action. A dog, the worst of his kind, made his presence known one morning when I was peacefully going to school. I calmly eyed the vicious canine and he eyed me with equal calmness, but he did not stop there. He showed his teeth and growled fiercely.

My courage forsook me. At that moment I verily believed that I was going to be devoured, altho I was then almost as big a girl as I am now. I gave a faint scream and "scooted." But fortune favors the innocent as well as the brave, and at this exciting juncture fortune was a small way cut thru the middle of the block and communicating with the next street. Thru this alley I ran, the dog in swift pursuit. Such a race ensued. I would not give up the struggle, neither would the dog. He was determined to rid the world of at least one troublesome mortal. On we went. Then on I went. The dog had abandoned the chase, but I was ignorant of this fact, and ignorance was not bliss. I ran along puffing and panting until I reached the next avenue. I looked around and saw that I was no longer the object of the dog's interest. I reached school quite exhausted and minus a new pencil and my usual good-nature, but the latter was regained after due time. The pencil's resting place still remains a mystery.

A Eleventh Grade, South Side High School.
—Wanda I. Fraiken,
3034 Sixteenth Avenue S.

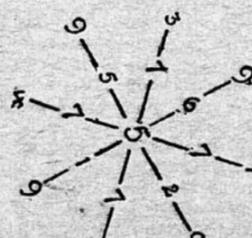
THE JOLLY MAN'S JOKE.

There was a fine breeze and the boys made up their minds to send their kites into the air and see which would go fastest and furthest. So some of the boys stood in a line, each with a ball of string in his hand, and behind them stood another row of boys with kites of all sizes in their hands ready to throw them up when a signal was given. Then one large boy called out, "Ready, one, two, three—go!" Up went a line of kites and off went a line of boys, and a general shout came from the crowd that was gathered around. They were to run to the lake, and one jolly man said that he would give a prize to the boy who beat. No one knew what the prize was, but when the boys came back for the prize he handed the winner a little rubber doll.

A Fifth Grade, Lake Harriet School.
—Florence Frost,
3800 Thomas Avenue S.

KING OF THE BARNYARD.

Even tho this happened a long time ago I still remember it plainly. Those who have never been chased by a gander will not know exactly how it is. I was visiting my aunt who lived in the country and kept a few barnyard fowls, among them being a large gander. One day she sent me out to the henhouse for some eggs. I found about six and put them into my apron to carry back. The gander and I were not very good friends and it so happened he was standing right in my path scolding furiously. I very politely stepped to one side and all the while said



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle.

Minneapolis Topics.

For Saturday, June 25:

"A BIRD STORY."

This may be a story of a captive bird or the story of a wild bird; it may be the story of a barnyard bird, or the story of a singing bird; but it must be a story that you know wholly from your own observation. There ought to be a great many kinds of birds represented in the stories, for Juniors not only are observant, but they have had many kinds of pets. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 18,

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 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:

"HUNTING."

There are all kinds of hunting episodes that may be included in this topic, from the hunting of an idea that refuses to be found, to the tracking of game. Whatever kind of a hunt you choose, tell the story graphically, that is, in such a way that whoever reads will see the hunt step by step and enjoy either its excitement or its amusing side. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior.

NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 25,

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