

# The Journal Junior

SUPPLEMENT TO THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1904.

## THE GAME'S END

Minneapolis Juniors Are Interrupted in Their Play Generally to Their Dissatisfaction.

TOPIC—AN INTERRUPTED GAME.



IT depends a good deal on the character and manner of an interruption, whether that interruption is going to spoil a game or not. If it is the kind that sets Juniors bubbling for very joy, like some kind of treat or one's bosom friend coming to stay all summer, it is all right and a few pats at the goal are not missed. But if—sh!—if Juniors are up to mischief such as smashing windows or breaking off the plants in mother's posy plot, then alas and alack! how comfortable a game it might have been and how Juniors wish posy plots and windows would not make

such strenuous efforts to get right in the way when they ought to know better.

Somehow one does not dread mother's reproof so much as one received in school, tho it may be every whit as effective. Questions and answers is a delightful game to play, if you don't get caught and have to work arithmetic after school; but it is better not to play it because you might be interrupted. Halloween games are lively, too, if a whole string of ghosts don't come gliding in and make you shiver. Girls are charmed to play "house" occasionally, but there are pleasanter things than having the mansion tumbling around your ears, especially at dinner time. And it isn't just exactly nice to be "it" three times in succession and then have to go into the house when it is your turn to hide. Dropping a game because one wants to run to a fire for instance, is a different matter altogether; and that is why the character of the interruption has so much to do with it.

Evelyn K. Graber will please inform the editor of choice of prizes.

BEFORE THE SPAT.

Grand Ladies with Made-to-Order Smiles. (Prize.)

ALL of Marie's family were away and she and I had taken possession of the entire house. Marie announced that she intended to wear what she pleased from her mother's and sister's clothes. At first I was astonished. Then as my surprise wore away I found myself assisting in the thorough mending that followed. After we had posed for a time before the long mirror, we added the final touch to our toilet—powdering our small faces with flour. Then in our role of "grand ladies" we glided as haughtily as possible down the polished stairs. Much of our gracefulness was lost, however, owing to the fact that we knew how to manage neither French heeled slippers nor trains.

When we arrived at the drawingroom we kicked off our slippers and proceeded to rub our ankles in a very unladylike way, talking meanwhile in unusually sweet tones and displaying artificial smiles. We were getting along nicely in a conversational way when somehow we started upon an often-renewed, never-ended quarrel.

"I'm Mrs. R., you know," Marie began. "Well, I'm Mrs. M. I'm the richest woman on earth." "No, I'm the richest! I said so yesterday." "I don't care. I said so today."

And so the quarrel raged. Both looked as tho we might possess a million, at least, in our own right. Marie's scrawny neck and arms were embarrassingly visible in an evening waist. I had forgotten to put on a long petticoat, and as my borrowed skirt was of a very sheer white material, the result was not a happy one. At the height of our discussion the doorbell rang. Snatching up the slippers and holding high our skirts, we flew up the stairs much faster than we had come down, and in a few minutes all signs of our mischief were concealed.

—Lenora Brooke,  
B Eleventh Grade, 2532 Chicago Avenue,  
North Side High School.

THE VERY UNKINDEST CUT.

Miss Teacher Would Not Even Let the Culprits See How It All Turned Out. (Prize.)

WE sat side by side in school, my chum and I. One day she slyly slipped a bit of paper into my hand

which said, "Let's play questions and answers." After much persuasion I consented, for I thought I could easily let my geography go once. Soon we were both deeply interested in the game and even went so far as to forget where we were. We did not hear the muffled footfalls of our teacher, as she silently stole down the aisle; nor did we see every eye in the room turned on us when the tall form of the teacher halted and watched us, until she said in a stern voice that still sounds in my memory, "Rosalind, you and A. may remain in your seats after the class is dismissed." That evening two sad little girls sat in the gloomy schoolroom trying to solve hard arithmetic problems. On the way home from school two hours later my chum said very sadly, "Wasn't that horrid? She might have given back the paper so we could have seen how it turned out."

—Rosalind V. Whitcomb,  
A Eighth Grade, 2210 Twenty-third Av. S.,  
Adams School.

JUST AT TEA TIME, TOO.

It Is Not Altogether Funny to Have the House Tumbling About One's Ears. (Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

"O H, girls, what shall we play now?" asked one of my little friends who had come to spend the  
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## THE DAY AFTER

Northwestern Juniors Discover That Every Tale of Pleasure Must Have Some Sort of Sequel.

TOPIC—THE DAY AFTER.



WITH but few exceptions the day after was not a bit pleasant, and that seemed almost too bad because the day before had seen such a gloriously good time it was a pity to cloud the memory of it in that fashion. The Juniors were not particularly anxious to have that sort of sequel to their good times, oh, no! But being wise beyond their years they decided that "every day of pleasure must have a day after," necessarily, and so the thing to do was to make the best of it, which they usually did by going to bed for a day or two.

On the day before all was joy and laughter, picnic dinners and games, Christmas treats and dizzy spins over the ice, the glad popping of fireworks, pink lemonade and peanuts. But alas for the day after! The fifth of July Juniors generally spent in bed, variously bandaged; the day after Christmas they "didn't feel very well," and so went to bed; the day after the picnic aches and pains played hide-and-go-seek all over them and ran in several different directions all at the same time, so what could Juniors do but go to bed? When they simply would not give up and go to bed, they hobbled around the house cross as an untold number of sticks and fully expected to hear their bones creak once in a while. Sometimes they did not recover their usual elasticity for a week, but such is human nature that they would go thru it all over again to have another day like the day before. In one instance the day before brought a sad disappointment, so it was both right and proper for the day after to "make good."

SO VERY SUNNY

An Urgent Need to Protect the Hammock. (Prize.)

"WHY can't I sleep a little longer?" I asked after mother had called me for the sixth time on the morning after the Fourth of July. "Because you played yesterday and you must work today," came mother's quick response.

"Are you getting up, George?" said father's deep voice about five minutes later. It sounded like a steam calliope compared with mother's "still, small" voice and I climbed out of bed. Before I had finished dressing I lay down once more and these words came to my mind:

"O gentle sleep, nature's soft nurse, how have I attracted thee, that thou forever wilt weigh my eyelids down and steep my senses in sweet forgetfulness?"

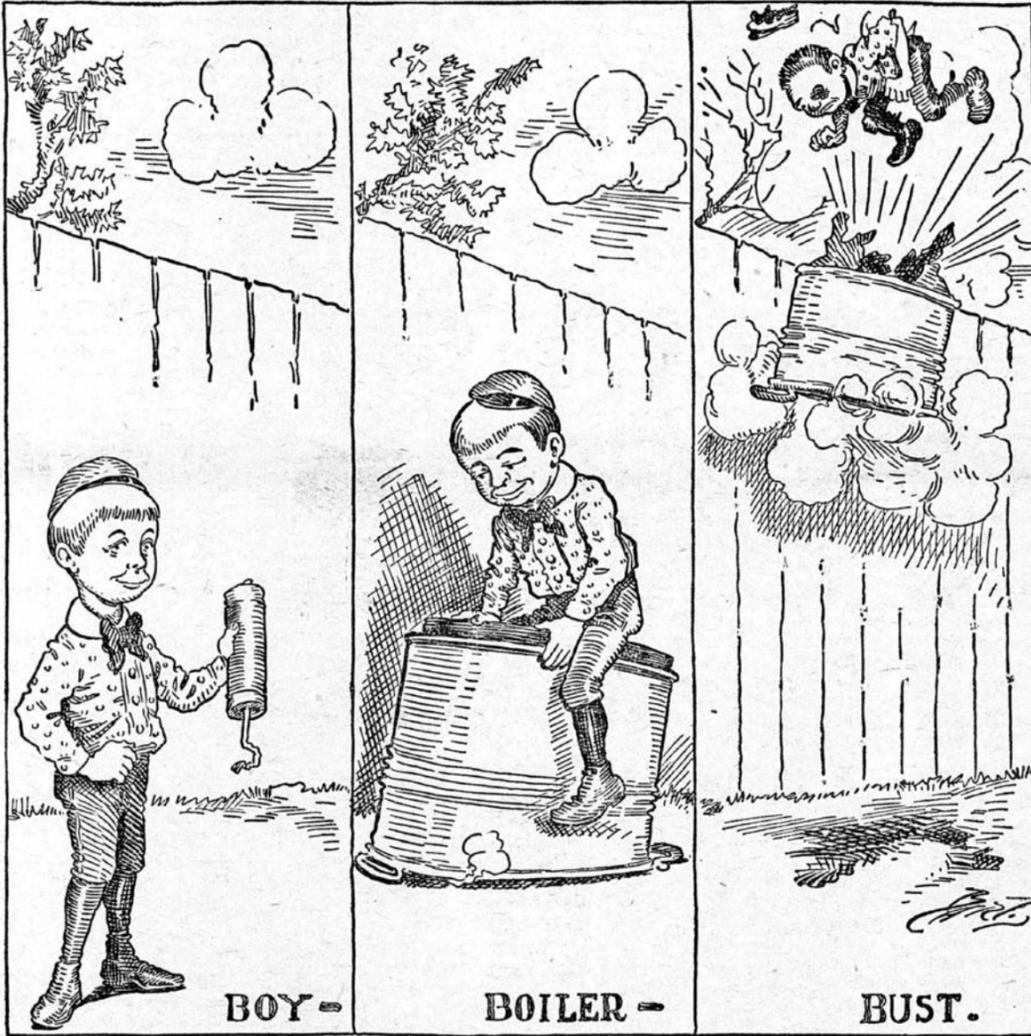
At last I was persuaded by the appeal of my mother "If you want any breakfast come down at once!"—to hurry and finish dressing. After I had had my breakfast I was sent out to mow the lawn, but as the sun was very bright I decided it would be proper to stop work every few minutes and protect the hammock from the sun's hot rays. And I was very successful in keeping it from fading, for the hammock and I are about the same length. —George Cutting, Ninth Grade. Byron, Minn.

DOING WELL—FOR GIRLS.

A Splendid Game of Ball Which Interested the Boys, and Something Besides. (Prize.)

LAST Fourth of July found a large group of men, women, boys and girls on a broad stretch of grassy plain on the shores of Lake Minnetonka. We had gathered there for a Sunday school picnic. And what do you suppose we were going to do? The girls were going to play baseball! The boys just laughed and held their heads high as if to say, "Girls can't play baseball." This made us all very anxious to do well. We talked over the rules for a few minutes and then our game began. We made it so interesting that a large crowd of boys were soon standing around watching us. When our game was finished the boys said, "You did very well for girls, but we could have done better." They were only jealous of our ability.

I felt well that night when I went to bed but, oh! how I felt the day after my celebration. When I tried to get out of bed the next morning, I was so stiff I felt as if I had had rheumatism for months. I



BOY - BOILER - BUST.

VACATION GRAMMAR

A Fourth of July Companion of Boy—as executed by a Junior.

### The Week's Roll of Honor

#### MINNEAPOLIS PRIZE WINNERS.

Lenora Brooke, B Eleventh Grade, North Side High School, 2532 Chicago Avenue.  
Rosalind V. Whitcomb, A Eighth Grade, Adams School, 2210 Twenty-third Avenue S.  
Evelyn K. Graber, A Fifth Grade, Everett School, 141 Fifth Avenue NE.

#### HONORABLE MENTION.

Wanda I. Franken, B Twelfth Grade, South Side High School, 3034 Sixteenth Avenue S.  
Athena M. Martin, A Eighth Grade, Bryant School, 3515 Tenth Avenue S.  
Mary C. Ely, A Seventh Grade, Lake Harriet School, 3812 W Forty-fourth Street.  
Marie B. Johnston, B Seventh Grade, Horace Mann School, 3144 Columbus Avenue.

#### NORTHWESTERN PRIZE WINNERS.

George Cutting, Ninth Grade, Byron, Minn.  
Stella E. Painter, A Eighth Grade, Jackson School, Maple Plain, Minn.  
Lucy Gray, Fifth Grade, Waterville, Minn.

#### HONORABLE MENTION.

Rose C. Conmy, Ninth Grade, Pembina, N. D.  
Tolley Hartwick, Tenth Grade, Granite Falls, Minn.  
Frances Lundsten, Eighth Grade, Scandia School, Waconia, Minn.  
Lee Miller, Seventh Grade, Miller, S. D.