

# BRAND NEW YEARS

(Continued from First Page.)

in riding. How happy I was, perched on our beautiful bay Star Bright! Oh, what fun people missed, who did not ride a horse! But alas! Star Bright was fond of the trees and went so close to one that there was no room for me between him and the stern old oak; consequently I was seated upon the ground much to my discomfort and displeasure. For some strange reason I have always enjoyed walking since.

—Lucile Jennison,  
B Tenth Grade,  
North Side High School,  
2308 James Avenue.

## FIRST STIR INGREDIENTS.

(Honorable Mention.)

On the first day of last January, as I opened my top bureau drawer I thought, "Well, this year that drawer is not going to be in any such condition." This was my first resolution. It certainly was a sight, for most everything I possessed that goes under the name of "trunk" was in a heap. When I wanted anything, the first thing on the program was to stir the ingredients thoroly, then find (?) what I wanted. Diligently, that New Year's morning, I set to work to repair damages that hurried hands had done. In a few days the things which had been put into their places, moved back to their former residences. Oh, such luck! Nothing would stay in its place. It always proved that everything was needed in that drawer. So this very day my top bureau drawer is in the same condition it was last January first.

—Myrtle Webster,  
A Seventh Grade,  
Lowell School,  
1510 22d Av. N.

## A LION IN THE PATH.

(Honorable Mention.)

My New Year's resolutions are very numerous but the one I think I will try to keep this year is to turn over a new leaf in spelling. For the last two weeks I have been getting zero, or fifty, and so on and so forth. But I am going to earn ninety or above every day till the end of the term, for if I do not my chances for promotion will be very slim. Arithmetic is easy and so is grammar. I can read the king's English so people can understand me. But spelling is certainly a lion in the path. Mother has coaxed me, my teacher has scolded me, my little sister has cried because she is so ashamed of me, and even the neighbors are all beginning to ask me with an odd little smile, "Well, Joe, how is the spelling?" So you see there is a great and pressing need of reform in this line of study.

—Joe Thompson,  
A Seventh Grade,  
Calhoun School,  
2309 Fremont Avenue S.

## TEMPTING TO A TEASE.

(Honorable Mention.)

Yes, you had planned not to tease uncle; and not to use slang words, or stand up in the boat when fishing; or tease the dog, or throw fire crackers into the chicken yard. But oh, my! I am afraid you have broken them all. When uncle is lying in the "hill" hammock you cannot resist giving him a poke to see him come to life with a start; or you put the dog into the hammock and let him awake uncle with loving dog caresses. And when you get the first bass of the season on your line and hear the hum of your reel, you stand up to be able to play your fish to better advantage; and when he breaks your new silk line and goes off with two feet of your leader, you can hardly refrain from saying what you think. Then, too, when watering the garden with the hose, you absolutely cannot resist the temptation of throwing water on the dog lying peacefully snoozing under a lilac bush. Then some afternoon the chickens seem to be calling you, and you hunt up a last year's firecracker and run down to the garden, get a red tomato and throw it into the chickenyard; then you light the firecracker and throw it after the tomato, then flee, for the gardener is making tracks for you. You hear a wail cackle and a bang! And then a voice reaches you from afar, "I see gwine to switch yo' when I get yo' next." And you go on meditating.

—Penrose Hollowell,  
B Seventh Grade,  
Whittier School,  
2302 First Avenue S.

## MINNEAPOLISTOPICS

For Saturday, January 14:

### "A SKATING STORY."

After long waiting, and more or less impatience, skating has at last come again to Minneapolis Juniors. This is just the time to recall some skating experience. It need not necessarily be a personal one, but it must be known to be true. So if father has a good story, or grandfather, or even brother or sister, it will fit the topic, even tho a writer may have had no special skating experience of his own. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 7,

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, January 21:

### "A COLD DAY."

The topic includes not only cold winter days, when the mercury tries to hide at the bottom of the thermometer, but also days that are merely cold by comparison with the warmer days that have just preceded it. In summer there are "cold" days, altho the temperature is not so low as it is on a cold day in winter. So the topic offers a wider choice than might seem possible at first reading, because there are "cold" days at all seasons of the year. Tell what you did on this cold day; what effect it had upon your plans and your feelings; what you did to counteract the cold, etc. There are all kinds of good stories possible. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

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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.

## BETTER NOT ANYWAY.

(Honorable Mention.)

One day, when I was about six and one-half years old, mother went visiting and forgot to put away a good-sized cake which she had just made. I immediately ate as much as I wanted (about half a cake) and became so sick I could hardly walk up to my room. Mother came home and quickly noticed a big hole in the cake. When I came down from my room I went back double-quick, for mother had—. The next New Year I wrote a resolution, trying to imitate father's writing. Here is part of it: "Resolved, I wont an cant a better not eat half a cake at onct." Another New Year found this resolution looking like an old umbrella—full of bad breaks.

—Peter Skurdalsvold,  
B Sixth Grade,  
Monroe School,  
919 Twenty-first Avenue S.

## NO MUSIC REQUIRED.

(Honorable Mention.)

This year a number of people will say, "Oh, dear! I have spoiled so many of my leaves I am afraid I will never be good." And I too am afraid I have torn and blotted my life book so that it could never be mended or the marks erased. But I fear I shall have to work harder not to tease little cousins, for that is my failing; and I began to think I had better stop. I had to go to work harder for auntie for I am not so good as I could be. Then I must not tumble down and not sing at the top of my voice when I get up in the morning; most every one is asleep then and does not care to be wak-



## PICTURE PUZZLE.

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Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,  
Bake me a cake as fast as you can.  
Pat it and prick it, and mark it with T,  
And put in the oven for Tommy and me.  
(Where are the baker and his dog?)

ened by my voice, for no one cares to have an alarm clock or a rooster around. And when New Year's Day comes I will let all my badness go out with the wild ringing of the bells and bring me in a fresh book. I wish all may have a happy new year.

—Mary Pratt,  
A Fifth Grade,  
Holmes School,  
511 Third Avenue SE.

## MORE THAN A GOOD MANY.

(Honorable Mention.)

My first resolution was not to eat candy, but it seemed impossible to stop eating it. I kept on spending my money for candy till one day my teeth began to ache and I began to think I had better quit. I had to go to the dentist and have some teeth pulled, which pained me very much. My parents had all the grocery stores around, that I knew of, stop selling me candy, and they kept all the money away from me they could. I never had candy after that for a while until Christmas. But not very long after that I was acquainted with more stores than they could handle. I began again and have never stopped.

—Francis Barrett,  
B Fifth Grade,  
Washington School,  
617 Sixth Avenue S.

## ONE KIND OF SURPRISE.

Every year when I make my New Year's resolutions one of them has always been to get up just as soon as I am called in the morning. Every year I have failed, and so when I made my New Year's resolution last year everyone laughed, but I said to myself, "I will get up when I am called and surprise them."

My teacher had only given us two lessons to get during Christmas vacation, but on the day before school began I knew my lessons no better than I did the Friday afternoon I left. When the clock struck ten mama said, "Come, go to bed now and get your lessons when you get up in the morning." So I did, but to my surprise when I went downstairs next morning the clock was striking eight. I had no breakfast and worst of all I did not have my lessons. I went into the diningroom and asked why I had not been called and the folk said that they were trying to help me keep my resolution. Of course everything went wrong at school but mama said that she thought that the making of the resolution helped me a great deal even if I did not keep it over twenty-four hours.

—Bernice Armstrong,  
B Seventh Grade,  
Holmes School,  
625 Second Avenue SE.

## FUDGE ONCE IN A WHILE.

When I was a very small boy, like a great many older and wiser people, I liked candy and sweetmeats a great deal better than they liked me. This caused my

mother much apprehension lest I should grow up with what is known as a poor stomach. I did not share her fears, however, and often in company with other little boys, whose mothers felt the same as mine no doubt, contributed pennies to a general fund which supplied us with whole sacks of the finest glucose in all shapes as our friend (?) the candyman, could provide.

One day, I believe it was New Year's, four of us had bought an extra amount of this delicious article in order to celebrate the day, and were devouring it at a convenient street corner, rapidly covering our hands, faces and best clothes with the sticky commodity. I was just in the act of sticking an enormous piece into my mouth when who should turn the corner but mother herself, in company with some other ladies who were the mothers of the other offenders. In vain we tried to suppress the candy and look clean. It was too late; we were caught. I expected to see mother chastise me in righteous anger, but upon entering the house she burst into tears. I had never seen mother cry and in sympathy I cried too. At last I succeeded in comforting her by promising that I never would eat any more cheap grocery store candy. On her part she said that she would make fudge once in a while and that I could invite the other culprits over to help eat it. Both promises were kept.

—Harry Collins,  
B Ninth Grade,  
South Side High School,  
1827 Fifteenth Av. S.

## THE LAST ORDER FIRST.

"Resolved," and down the page were written lists of resolves, appalling at present, but very appropriate and impressive at the time. Followed to a T, these resolves would have made us model boys and girls, but with one exception they went the way of most impulsive New Year's resolutions. At the top of my list was my exception, "Obey the last order first."

Being a sailor's granddaughter I had had it presented to me several times by this illustration:

"Supposing," said grandpa, "a ship was quietly crossing the Pacific. Say the captain should order the idle crew to splice ropes, and suddenly the ship should spring a leak. Do you think they would calmly splice ropes when the command, 'All hands to the pumps,' came? Rather, they would obey the last order first."

Then one morning the truth and force of the adage was impressed upon me. The horse was hitched and mama, seated in the buggy, called to me to hurry and bring a package left in the house. On the way the washerwoman stopped me, and asked for soap. It was the last order and I promptly obeyed it. Climbing into the buggy we turned the horse's head around, and there, about a minute's time ahead of us, just the time occupied by the last order, was a runaway team dragging an empty hayrack after it. Dashing up the road, they thundered up the hill of the bridge; swinging suddenly around the corner, too narrow to admit two teams to pass, made a dash down the opposite hill, leaving the broken crosstree sticking into the cedar blocks and impeding travel. Accompanying the queer feeling with which I viewed the wreck, and the thought of our narrow escape, was the firm resolve to "obey last order first." Thus it happened I kept one New Year's resolution.

—Alvylda De Haven,  
B Ninth Grade,  
North Side High School,  
3200 Logan Avenue N.

## TORN INTO LITTLE BITS.

It was the day before New Year's Day and I sat by the fireside reading a book that I had received for Christmas. Suddenly it flashed into my mind that I would make some New Year's resolutions. So I hunted a piece of paper and a pencil and began my list. I wrote the following:

"During the last year I have not been pleased with myself, and so I have resolved to turn over a new leaf of the book of life.

"I will try not to be cross to my brothers and sisters.

"I will try to obey and please my parents.

"I will practice my music at least one hour a day.

"I will try to be useful inside as well as outside of the house. I will try to get 'S' in conduct in school.

"I will try to be friendly with everybody.

"I will go to church oftener.

"I will not be cross to the dog."

This ended my list, and I pinned it on the door in my room. The first week went well, but the second week!

All of my resolutions were broken and I resolved to tear the paper up.

—Florence Finnberg,  
B Seventh Grade,  
Monroe School,  
913 Twenty-first Avenue S.

## USED TO HARD (?) STUDY.

"I will learn all my school lessons hereafter," was my first thought on a certain well-remembered New Year's morning as I slowly descended the stairs toward the breakfast room. I was delighted with my Christmas gifts, and as we had two weeks of vacation I had forgotten the pleasure of learning lessons thoroly.

Next morning school began and I hurried off forgetting all about my resolutions of the day before. When our first study period began, I thought that I would not learn all the lesson, as it was too long, but remembered the resolution in time. I managed to get thru the morning, but that was about all.

"Oh! that fateful resolution of that miserable morning," I thought as I wandered listlessly home from school that noon. "Why was it ever made?" I studied my lessons thereafter, but did I always know them? I did not care to break my resolution right away as my friends knew it all, but what a task it was for me! (It is yet.) In that way I became rather used to studying hard (?), but did not always know my lessons in the time given.

—Mary Folsom,  
A Seventh Grade,  
Clinton School,  
2725 Stevens Avenue.

## A DREAM OF SPONGES.

Last New Year's day I resolved to follow the doctor's instructions and take a cold shower every morning. The terrors of such a practice need no describing to one who has been thru it. There are dreams of phantom sponges of monstrous size rising from the foot of the bed, and after hanging suspended in the air for a moment