

# The Journal Junior

SUPPLEMENT TO THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1905.

## THE TEARY TIMES

Minneapolis Juniors Find It Hurts to Disappoint Others Almost as Much as to Be Disappointed Themselves.

TOPIC—"WHEN YOU DISAPPOINTED—"



THE editor has in mind to write a new book on economy, wherein Juniors may be persuaded to save the surplus energy which causes some stories to spill over the 300-word limit and use it upon those occasions when ideas are hard to catch. Certain it is that few really good, Junior-ish ideas were captured this week; and aside from originality, there seemed to be a large amount of trouble to fill the 100-word space, which has been labeled "must," with any kind of ideas. There is a good reason for that: Last week was vacation and everybody knows there is an abundance of things to hunt upon long, sunny vacation days, besides ideas, and things equally important, too—health and rest and recreation, and fun and all sorts of experiences to store away for future inspiration. So that is all right. Meanwhile it is good discipline to do one's best whatever the time or circumstance, since a letting go of one's powers or purpose nearly always means a weakening of those forces. Hold on tight to the determination to do good work, your very best in fact; and tho it may not always be possible to do excellent work, you will not lose anything if you make a strenuous effort. Along with the general dearth of ideas, there were lesser things which might be criticised any week except vacation week, but this will be sufficient: Be careful to say just what you mean, and then there will be no such curious descriptions as this, which was found in a Junior story: "Many little vehicles covered with roses and children dressed in white, and Shetland ponies tied with white roses and ribbons, passed by."

MORE THAN MISERY

The Victim Squirmed but Triumphed Finally. (Prize.)

"SO THE little girl is writing a poem about her pet kitty, is she?" asked my brother, coming into the room where I was writing.

Contrary to expectations I made no reply.

"It brings up sad memories. She does not even hear her beloved brother. Perhaps a tune would cheer her up."

He began a squeaking, rasping whistle calculated to put my nerves and voice on edge, but I merely desisted from writing.

"It does not have a good effect. I will see how she likes a penny. It's such a splendid, inspiring habit to save up pennies. Perhaps she will get a dollar some day, and it will look so well among the little coppers."

Then he laid a penny temptingly before me. But having grown wise by experience I let it alone.

"The little dear would surely like a pillow; it's so bracing."

He threw a pillow at me, but it had no effect, at least outwardly, on me.

"But of course," resumed my tormenter, "the best thing to brace her up is the cold, 10-below-zero air. So I will open the window and to make better circulation I will just throw these pillows upon the floor."

I could not endure this long. If it was disappointment to my brother, it was misery to me. I kept my eyes fastened upon the lid of my ink well, tried to keep my teeth from chattering, and looked as glum as possible.

"And now the snake will finish up the job."

Wonder of wonders! I was mute. My brother went to his drawer for his snake, but found it not. Of course not; it was buried deep in the sewing baskets, and my brother, robbed of his pet, did not return.

A Seventh Grade, —Gladys Harrison,  
Douglas School. 1780 Lyndale Avenue S.

SOMETHING OF A WONDER

An Inhospitable Hostess Lunched While Hungry Guests Looked Thru the Gate. (Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

ONCE when I was quite small, brother gave me a nickel. I wanted to go to the store, but he would not let me because I was so grimy. I ran into the house, washed my face and hands, went to the closet, took down a clean apron, and putting it on over my dress buttoned it all up wrongly. Out of the house I went and down the street, turning in at the home of my friend. She was busy making pies with the best flour the yard afforded.

I asked her if she could go to the store with me, but she said she did not think so, and asked me if I would help her, for she could not make pies fast enough to supply the demand. She was disappointed for I picked my way between the rows of pies, and standing by the gate I sent a few parting words back to her "I'm going to buy some candy." She ran towards me, but I shut the gate and hurried down the street.

There were many children in our neighborhood, and by the time I arrived home with my candy anyone would think I was some wonder to see the children trotting along behind me. I went into the yard, leaving them outside by the fence. I brought out a little table and my dolls and then emptied the candy out. I gave my friends outside the fence some mud pies I had baked in the morning and then sat down to eat, while my guests kept telling me what good pies I could make. They stood there until I had finished eating my candy, and when the last piece disappeared the sorrowful group walked away, leaving me in peace with my dolls. Conscience would prick for I found how selfish I was in disappointing the children.

A Sixth Grade, —Grace Matthews,  
Jefferson School. 1114 Chestnut Avenue.

AN INNOCENT AIR.

(Honorable Mention.)

"Now, Anna, do get that silly expression off your face and go down and entertain her. I will relieve you in

(Continued on Sixth Page.)



COMPARISON OF BOY.

Diggin' Garden—

and

—Diggin' Fish Worms.

## THE WEEK'S ROLL OF HONOR

MINNEAPOLIS PRIZE WINNERS.

Gladys Harrison, A Seventh Grade, Douglas School, 1780 Lyndale Avenue S.  
Grace Matthews, A Sixth Grade, Jefferson School, 1114 Chestnut Avenue.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Anna Dempsey, B Eighth Grade, Clinton School, 2817 Columbus Avenue.  
Arthur Wester, B Eighth Grade, Garfield School, 2427 Thirteenth Avenue S.  
Marjorie McFaddon, B Seventh Grade, Horace Mann School, 3117 Oakland Avenue.  
Elsa Stenback, B Fifth Grade, Adams School, 2428 Sixteenth Avenue S.  
Blanche MacClatchie, A Fifth Grade, Calhoun School, 3000 Emerson Avenue S.

NORTHWESTERN PRIZE WINNERS.

Grace Waldie, Eighth Grade, Dickey, N. D.  
Rachel Graves, Sixth Grade, Washington School, Anoka, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Pauline F. Fmda, Seventh Grade, Devils Lake, N. D.  
Gladys Lundie, Eighth Grade, Salem, S. D.  
Francis Kelly, Sixth Grade, Luverne, Minn.  
Martha Howorka, Fifth Grade, Adams School, 1067 W Seventh Street, St. Paul.

HIGH SCHOOL CREDIT.

Emma Ghering, Tenth Grade, Larimore, N. D.  
Edith Landberg, Ninth Grade, Coakato, Minn.  
Ida Johnson, Ninth Grade, Montevideo, Minn.  
Agnes Peterson, Ninth Grade, Dassel, Minn.  
Helen Baumreid, Ninth Grade, Hawley, Minn.

## MAY DAY DOINGS

Northwestern Juniors Revel in the Merriment Attending the Opening of the Season of Flowers and Fruit.

TOPIC—"MAY DAY."



BASKETS and baskets plus picnics, parties and poles equal May Day. Any Junior, even the littlest, can do that sum. And that is about all there was to the May Day stories. Of course rain, and jokes and hidden watchers created some diversion and therefore some variety in the stories; but for the most part it seemed that there could not be a May Day story without a basket or a queen or a May pole in it, any more than there could be a genuine Christmas story without a glimpse of a tree or a wisp of Santa's beard. Indeed, so hard put were Juniors in the chase for original stories, they not infrequently leaped 'way beyond the first day of May and landed in the middle of the month somewhere—"which was against the rule."

If the field is limited, it is much better to be original in it than to get outside the fence altogether. Here is another little sign-post to point out a path almost lost in a tangle of weeds which we might call "wrong usages:" "Got" is considered inelegant except in rare cases where its use seems almost unavoidable; "nice" means accurate, precise, and a "nice day" might mean anything except pleasant weather; "quite" means wholly, entirely, so "quite a few," "quite a bit" are absurd phrases. One of the stories from ninth grade presented an odd appearance because only two "i's" out of the whole number were dotted. A dot is a part of the letter, so be kind and provide it with that very necessary part.

ON BAREFOOT DAY

Nothing Quite Like Wading in Earth and Water. (Prize.)

WE used to live on a farm until about four years ago. While we lived there May Day was always an exciting day for us children, for on that day if it was real warm and sunny we were allowed to go barefoot. About the first of April every spring we began to tease mama to let us take off our shoes and stockings; but it was of no use, for we always received the same reply, "Wait until the first of May for I don't want you going around with a cold, and if it is pleasant and warm then you may."

Anyone who has ever gone barefoot and knows the joy of paddling around in a mud puddle after a rain; or wading in the brook and feeling the soft water ripple around his feet; or the pleasure, on a hot day, of digging a hole in the ground and putting his feet in and covering them up with the cool earth, and all the other incomparable pleasures of going barefoot, can

imagine our disappointment if our "barefoot day," as we used to call it, was cold or stormy. In town none of the girls our age went barefoot, so since we left the farm we have kept our shoes on the whole year. Then I suppose we are too old anyway. But sometimes when I see the little boys and girls playing around in their bare feet I almost wish I could change places with them for a while. If you have never gone barefoot you may think it is silly; but all I can say is just try it, and you will change your mind and think with me that it is the best thing about childhood.

—Grace Waldie,  
Eighth Grade. Dickey, N. D.

HER MAJESTY WITH MUMPS

The May Queen Walked on Air Till Fate Provided a Crack for Her to Fall Thru. (Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

THE incident which I am about to relate occurred when I was 7 years of age. We had been practicing a long time for a party that was to be given on the first of May. I was to be the queen, wear a wreath of daisies on my head and have ten little girls dance around me, each holding a ribbon attached to a pole in the center. I considered it a great event and walked on air until one day my pride had a fall. I was taken ill with mumps and when the doctor arrived he told me, to my great disappointment, that I should not be able to go. It was only a little thing but I have never forgotten it.

Sixth Grade, —Rachel Graves,  
Washington School. Anoka, Minn.

FIRST CATCH YOUR JOKE

(High School Credit.)

"What are you talking about and what are you