

A WONDER ARRAY

(Continued from First Page.)

somehow and finally ejaculated, "I assure you that in time we shall learn the value of time." Then I took my seat amid enthusiastic sighs of relief.

B Tenth Grade, —Harry Collins,
South High School. 1728 Ninth Avenue S.

A THREE-CORNERED BATTLE.

(Honorable Mention.)

One day I felt tired of staying at home, so with my dog I started for a lake about two miles away. We went thru a wood and then over a plowed field. We had not gone far when the dog gave a bound and was soon engaged in his one great fight with a muskrat. In a few minutes Jupe gave a yelp. I saw that the muskrat was getting the best of him. Jupe had bitten the muskrat's leg and at the same time the muskrat had seized Jupe's ear with his sharp, little teeth. I took my dog's chain and began to fight the animal. It bit my foot, but I kept up the battle. Every time I tried to strike, it would try to bite me. Meanwhile, Jupe had leisurely walked to a safe distance and waited for me to kill the muskrat. It fought pluckily until I gave it a hard blow on the head. After that it could not fight so well. It took me quite a while, but at last I killed it.

B Sixth Grade, —Celia Morey,
Van Cleve School. 3602 Van Buren Street NE.

THE BEST CABBAGE-HEAD.

(Honorable Mention.)

I was told one day, when I was small, to go to the grocery store and order the man to bring home for me the largest head of cabbage they had. As I went into the store, I forgot for what I had come. I could only remember it was something large and round. I had completely forgotten the name of it. The grocer asked me what I wanted and I told him I had forgotten the name, but it was round and good to eat, and that my mother had told me to get the largest one there. He said it must be a watermelon that I wanted and picked out the largest and nicest one he had, and told me he would bring it over in a little while. I went home and told my mother he was going to bring it in a little while, and I went out to play. The grocer soon came with the big watermelon and mother was surprised enough, when she found I had taken the watermelon instead of cabbage. She kept the watermelon, however, and we had one great feast on it and I said to myself that a watermelon was better than cabbage any time.

B Sixth Grade, —Lena Anderson,
Adams School. 1605 East Twenty-fourth St.

CINDERELLA COACHES.

(Honorable Mention.)

It was a glorious August morning. Off in the far east could be seen a faint tinge of pink, that grew brighter and brighter till the heavens were one flaming mass of scarlet, that gradually blended into a beautiful golden hue. And then the sun burst in all its glory, burst to shed its beams over great fields of waving grain; rose to call the tired workmen from their happy dreams to another day of toil and labor, a day that would be the grand finale of a glorious harvest. I sprang from my bed and hastily dressed myself, for it was to be "pumpkin day," or the day all the great golden pumpkins were to be gathered, and I must go out on the first load. We were soon rumbling along the old country road in the large, rickety farm wagon, armed as proudly as ever knight was armed with great pitchforks as large as ourselves. By this time all the noisy little wood-folk were awake, and red squirrels and bluejays quarreled among the branches, while saucy magpies echoed a rollicking good morning. But look, this is the pumpkin field. Could anything be more perfect, more beautiful! As far as the eye can see there is nothing but a mass of golden yellow pumpkins. But we soon stripped the field of its glory and as I lay in my bed that night I thought of the one great heap of pumpkins in the yard and of how good and kind Providence had been to the farmers that year.

—Lucille Cooke,
A Seventh Grade, 2415 Bryant Avenue S.
Douglas School.

AN ODD, OLD GUIDE.

(Honorable Mention.)

A few years ago a party of surveyors, which included my father, had just finished their day's work in the northwestern part of the state of Illinois, when a violent snow storm came on. They started for their camp,

which was in a wood of about eighty acres. The wind was blowing very hard and the snow falling so fast that they could scarcely see each other. When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they suddenly came across some tracks in the snow. These they looked at with great care and found to their dismay that they were their own tracks. They now saw that they were lost on the great prairie and if they had to pass the night there in the cold, drifting snow they would perish before morning. While they were shivering and thinking how they should get back to camp, they caught sight of their horse, known as "Old Jack." Papa said, "If anyone can show us our way to the camp out of this, Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him loose and we will follow him. I think he will show us the way to our camp." As soon as the horse found himself free, he threw up his head and tail as if proud of the trust that had been placed in him. The horse turned in a new direction and trotted along. They had gone only a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their campfires. They all gave a loud cry at the cheering sight. They felt grateful to "Old Jack" for saving them all. I think this was "One great horse."

—May Corles,
B Eighth Grade, 3716 Bloomington Avenue.
Horace Mann School.



RECOGNIZED.

Dachshund—Hullo! That looks extraordinarily like a poor relative of mine.—Chums.

A NIGHT IN THE ROCKIES.

(Honorable Mention.)

"The horses are gone!" screamed my aunt. We were camping in the Rockies and had gone gumming into a primeval forest, hobbling our saddle-horses on the edge of the forest in typical western fashion. Immediately all sorts of possible accidents that might befall my "bronc" rushed to my mind and I plainly saw him with his hobbles tangled in the underbrush. It was suggested that we spend the night where we were, and early next morning proceed to camp. "But we never can stand the night cold without a campfire, and I emptied my match pocket early this morning," cried my despairing uncle. "Everyone see if he has any matches." The search proved futile and we had just given up hope of having a fire when someone rent the air with an Indian whoop. All eyes followed hers, and we saw on the other side of a seething mountain stream a dilapidated match-box that might contain a match. "I'm going after it!" cried my uncle, and snatching the action to the word he plunged into the torrent and slowly but surely gained the other shore. We were all watching him eagerly and when he touched the box the rusty iron fell apart in his hand, disclosing a match. We proceeded to make a blazing campfire that seemed to light the whole night. We gathered close around it, toasting our faces and freezing our backs. Lying down on a bed of pine boughs with the stars overhead and the wind whistling across us, we tried hard to sleep. A few hours before dawn we were all awake and my cousin, wrapped in his blanket like an Indian, suggested that we tell ghost stories till morning, which we did. This, indeed, was "one great night" to me.

—Alice Berry,
B Eighth Grade, 3112 Colfax Avenue S.
Calhoun School.

THE MIGHTY JAM.

One great sight that I have seen was the log jam in the Mississippi river, about two miles above Camden Place pumping station. I started about nine o'clock in the morning and arrived at the jam at eleven. I walked out on the boom, which in some places was raised on piles about ten feet above the water. Some men crept when they came to these places, but I walked. The water was rushing on each side of the log until it seemed like walking on top of a freight train going down a mountain a hundred miles an hour. But at last I reached the jam. There was a place nearly as wide as the river and about three or four miles long, piled from the bottom to a height of ten feet above the water with logs. I walked across the river on the jam and a mile up on the other side. There I cut my initials and the date in a little shed and then recrossed to the other side and went home.

—Francis Bugby,
A Eighth Grade, 1223 Seventh Street S.
Washington School.

JUST TIT FOR TAT.

My friend had a new trapeze swing with an iron bar, the rope being all bound with cord. The boys said

it was a "peach." His father put it up in the yard and everybody swung in it. He and I built a little platform from which we jumped and caught the bar. One day I saw the hose lying beside the faucet and I fastened it on and turned it on him. He vowed he would be revenged. One morning when I went over I saw the bar was all shiny; he said it was a new bar. I mounted the platform and jumped, but as I touched it I could feel that it was greased and I received a big bump on the head. He declared it was his "one great revenge."

—Max Becker,
B Sixth Grade, 711 East Seventeenth Street.
Madison School.

AMID STRONG BRANCHES.

In our back yard there is a great oak tree, which has many branches. On one there is a swing and we have great fun swinging. We have also a trapeze hung from another branch. It has many branches where one may find a good seat and I often go up in this tree, either to read or draw. But more often I may be found there eating, for eating is one of my greatest pleasures. This large tree gives good shade and it has very good acorns. I sometimes eat them with salt. This tree is many years old. I am very grateful for this great tree, for it gives me much pleasure.

—Evelyn Healey,
B Seventh Grade, 40 Royalston Avenue.
Sumner School.

TELLING ALL ABOUT IT.

"Dear me!" said my friend to me, "I have never been on one great journey and you have been on so many. It is about time we were packing up and going to Europe." It was not very long after our conversation had occurred that my friend announced that she and the rest of her family were going to spend the winter in France. With joyous expectations she looked forward to the day when the train would pull out of the station and they would be spinning along on the way to New York, where they would board the steamer for France. In early April a happy party unlocked the doors of their home, which had been empty all the long winter and immediately my friend came over to tell me of her one, great journey and her experiences in France with Mademoiselle Marie and Monsieur Ajax.

—Ethel Harwood,
B Sixth Grade, 2638 Aldrich Avenue S.
Douglas School.

THE SAVING KNOCK.

"Now, don't touch those blueberry pies I've made, for if you do you'll not have a bit of supper and will all be sent to bed," was the last thing mama said to us before she left. But how tempting they were, standing there on the table. If we could only have one piece. Alas, after we had looked at them for a short time, we decided to eat "just one" and tell mama about it; but when we had eaten one we wished for another, as there were several to divide it with. We soon finished the second and had begun on the third when "one great knock" was heard and then another. The door opened and in stepped our uncle. "I've got the largest buggy out in the alley and we are all to go to Aunt Olive's for supper," he said. "Get ready and I'll be back in three-quarters of an hour." Lucky we were, for if we had not gone to Aunt Olive's, we should not have had any supper, and just think of that!

—Alice Johnson,
B Seventh Grade, 613 Cedar Avenue.
Jackson School.

THE END OF THE GLIDE.

The words, "One great" remind me of the time I received one great bump. This happened two years ago, the first time I was on roller skates. The management of the rink offered reduced prices for skates and admission for school children on Saturday and I went thinking I could skate on them as easily as I did on ice. When my skates were put on I struck out like a professional, but it did not last long. My feet flew up in front of me and I went down with a thump which took my breath. I stuck to them, however, and was soon going smoothly, but I never forgot that bump and I never shall.

—Bert Knapp,
A Eighth Grade, 529 Sixth Street S.
Washington School.

THE HOUSE ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.

"You are building today for your womanhood," quoth one whom I revered humbly, and straightway I sought thru the world for a site whereon to build the great dream castle. I strode thru the valleys, unheeding and gazed only at the mountain peaks. Finally close to the summit of the loftiest, I reared the finely carved walls of marble, pure as the newly fallen snow and glistening thru the dark boughs of the straight, tall pines and noble oaks. Close beside it dashed a madly rushing stream of silvery green and over it arched the blue sky flecked with delicately tinted clouds. Within, the lofty halls rang with the clear, sweet voices of the chosen few, dearest of all earth's children, and a high, large room, cool and soothing in its green and bronze, held row upon row of books and a desk where I caught the dancing elves of thought and sent them, in a wider freedom, out to a waiting world. But, alas! there came a great practical philosopher who with sad eyes averted, gently tore down the noble columns, piling them in woful ruin, drove the dear ones far away into forgetfulness, ground into dust the idols enshrined in the holy of holies and then laid a huge hand with gentle caress upon my head. I gathered up the idols' dust, laying it tenderly in a crystal case and walked silently into the valleys again. Now my dream-self dwells in a silent cottage on the plain, whose attic window overlooks the marble ruins of the castle as they glisten in the moonlight. The occupant thereof, tho alone is not sad, for there is loving, earnest work to do; many who live outside need sadly the wealth that was lavished on the few.

—Etta Lenart,
B Twelfth Grade, 1909 Clinton Avenue.
South High School.

TROPHY OF THE CHASE.

While I was in North Dakota this summer I went on a hunting trip with my uncle. As we started out a fine dog followed us and then ran away ahead of us; soon we heard him barking and growling. We ran as fast as we could to where we heard him and what do you think we saw? A great, big badger, fighting the dog. My uncle called the dog away and, "bang! bang!" went a gun. I ran to where the badger was and picked it up. Then I took it home and skinned it. I have the skin yet and will always keep it.

—Harold Lavis,
A Fifth Grade, 2428 Aldrich Avenue S.
Douglas School.

MINNEAPOLIS TOPICS

For Sunday, October 29:

"RACINKLING—A NEW WORD AND HOW IT CAME ABOUT."

There are a good many new words in the dictionaries of today that have come into popular use in the past ten years wholly because new words were absolutely necessary to express new conditions, new inventions, new actions, etc. "Just s'pose" the dictionary of the twenty-first century contains the word "racinkling". Write the story of how the word came into use—tell what part of speech it is, etc. There is the possibility of some unusually good stories of great variety of subject. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior.

NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 21,

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 Sunday, November 5:

"AN UNLUCKY DAY."
When a person claims to be unlucky, he generally claims also that the misfortunes fall upon him thru no fault of his own. In choosing what you call an unlucky day, make it one which at the time at least, seemed to shower unwanted things upon you thru no fault of your own. Avoid placing the blame upon anyone else, however, as that kind of stories is not wanted. Write brightly, spicily, entertainingly, but do not use a pointed pen at the expense of any one else. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior.

NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 28,

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. The papers must not be rolled.