

The Journal Junior

SUPPLEMENT TO THE MINNEAPOLIS JOURNAL

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 26, 1905.

SOUNDS THAT JAR

Minneapolis Juniors Set Aside the Common Belief that They Delight in Noises and Tell of Some They Dislike.

TOPIC: "A NOISE YOU DISLIKE, WHY?"



IT SEEMS as if the cherished old tradition that children delight in noise must be laid on the shelf. Writers did not have a hard time at all in finding a sound they dislike fully and heartily. Such expressions even as, "Among hundreds of sounds I dislike" and "One of the many noises I dislike" were used frequently in the papers. In each case, however, a convincing and generally amusing array of reasons were given in support of their positions. The usual difficult "Why?" did not seem to be the hard point this week because there were so many good and sufficient grounds for dislike. Last week the topic was worked into the stories so cleverly that the editor thought she ought to mention it. Now she is sorry that she did not "rap on wood" when she did it for the topic was worked into the stories so cleverly that the editor thought she ought to mention it. Now she is sorry that she did not "rap on wood" when she did it for the charm seems to have vanished this week. There is always a graceful and dainty way of keeping the story strictly to the point of the topic without making it disturbingly prominent that it is written upon an assigned topic. Juniors should try to find that way. It will give their tales more naturalness and ease.

A DREAM DISPELLER.

An Unfeeling Metal Ticker that Never Sleeps.

(Prize.)

SNOOZE!! Snooze!!—!! Ring! "Oh, there goes that alarm clock. It always rings at just the time I'm enjoying what seems to be the best part of my night's sleep." Every morning after scolding the inventor of that clock, in fancy, and throwing it at him in imagination, I angrily crawl out of bed. After having quite a little difficulty in dressing I start downstairs with a "don't-talk-to-me" expression on my face. In spite of the weather being 40 below zero, or a person having a headache, the alarm clock sympathizes with no one. Almost every day I try to lose that clock but, like "Dull Care," it always finds the top of my dresser again before night and at sharp seven in the morning goes "Ring!" Do you wonder that I dislike to hear it?

—Gladys Gillesby,
227 Oak Street SE.

Seventh Grade,
Motley School.

NOT SOOTHING ASSURANCE.

Danger Lurks on the Water When Foghorns Blow.

(Prize.)

THE worst and most disagreeable noise I think I ever heard was a fog-horn in mid-ocean. As we steamed along in the sunshine, we suddenly went into something dark and thick. In a minute a long weird sound startled us all. A few minutes later another sound like the first, but away in the distance, let us know that another ship was near. We kept blowing away to each other till the sounds grew fainter and fainter. This was a relief for a collision at sea was not one of the pleasures to which we had looked forward. While the fog-horn is blown for safety, still it strikes fear and horror into the hearts of all who hear it. The sound itself is a very unpleasant one and everyone knows there is danger or it would not be necessary to sound it.

—Jeanie Smith,
A Fifth Grade,
Bryant School, 3228 Portland Avenue.

FUN COMES TOO EARLY.

(Honorable Mention.)

As we spent our summer vacation on a farm, I thought I would not have to rise as early as I did when I went to school. We had been there but a week when a family who lived in the village went to spend a week in the city. They had a tame crow which was only a few weeks old. They had no place to keep it while away so I agreed to keep it while they were gone, thinking it would be great fun, but alas! The people who owned it were early risers. It was accustomed to being fed at 6 a.m. Just about 5:30 a.m. every morning it would come and sit on my window sill and make the distressing noise which only crows can make. It did no good to leave his food on his box because he would only hide it. By the end of that week I was so sick of that "caw, caw" that whenever I hear a crow cawing it makes me shudder, because I think of those mornings when I had to go out and feed that crow.

—Vera Wright,
B Eighth Grade,
Emerson School, 200 E Fifteenth Street.

O'ER YELLOW BILLOWS.

(Honorable Mention.)

Once I liked to lie in the long grass and listen to the incessant hum, buzz, clatter and clank of the binder, as round and round the field it would go. But one day brother found a cure for my laziness, as he was pleased to call it. One of the binder horses had been overheated and taken cold, so my brother had hitched up an old horse who had not done a bit of work in two years and was exceedingly lazy. I was lying at the edge of the field dreaming of the time when I would be big enough to run a binder, when I was rudely awakened by a shake and heard my brother say, "I never saw the like of this boy before." I jumped up and he told me that he wanted me to ride "Old Scot." I fairly danced when I heard this and was informed that I was to urge him on. After a few minutes had passed, my enthusiasm began to slacken and a little later I began to grow seasick. At the close of four long hours it was time for dinner and a more miserable person than I was not to be found. It is needless to say that whenever I hear the hum of the binder now, it makes me actually groan.

—Donald Robb,
A Seventh Grade,
Madison School, 1600 Chicago Avenue.

A STARTLING THREAT.

(Honorable Mention.)

One moonlight winter evening while I was staying out in the country, my uncle sent me to the stable for

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

DROPS OR FLAKES

Northwestern Juniors Found that Unwelcome Weather Generally Came in Some Degree of Wetness or Windiness.

TOPIC: "MISPLACED WEATHER AND WHAT IT DID."



CAN it be that Juniors delight in telling tales of woe? Whenever the topic is "an unlucky day," "a disagreeable noise" or "misplaced weather"—in fact anything about which writers have a chance to complain—the number of good stories is overwhelming. The pens seemed to have raced along so easily that the entertaining incidents must have just tumbled from their points. And since troubles seem to be in order, the editor gives a list of hers that are mostly in the lines of "don'ts" that Juniors did:—They wrote on both sides of the paper; they did not put down the grade; two clever little stories did not have the slightest hint of a signature anywhere, tho they were turned over and over and searched thoroly the postmarks told where they came from and that was all. Juniors as a rule do not write dry introductions, but there are two that they seem to hug to their hearts. It would be almost impossible for the editor to tell how many papers she has read that start out with either "the day dawned bright and clear" or "the Sunday school was going to have a picnic." Can't something more original be said about picnics!

A QUICK CHANGE

Adaptable Juniors Picnic Merrily in December.

(Prize.)

ONE day in December a party of twenty girls and boys planned a sleighride. We had hired a team and sleigh for the purpose and everyone was to bring twenty-five cents to buy candy, oranges and bananas to eat on the way. Fur robes were prepared and warm wraps were awaiting everyone. Meanwhile the weather changed and it grew warm and pleasant. The sun shone and the wind stopped howling. The weather became like summer. The appointed day came, the weather was such as we have on the first of September. Everything seemed to have the spirit of summer. The birds sang and twittered, the cocks crowed. Everyone was enjoying the sunlight and fresh air. Everybody was glad except those who belonged to our party. They were vexed and disappointed, so we planned on having a picnic instead of a sleighride. We started off to the mounds early after dinner, full of the spirit of summer. There we played on the rocks and climbed trees and gathered acorns which had been hidden under the snow. Some of the boys went fishing in the pond adjoining, but without success. We had our supper on the rocks under a large tree and played until dusk, when we started homeward quite content. Everyone thought it was better than a sleighride would have been.

Seventh Grade.

—Clara Pederson,
Luverne, Minn.

THE TEXAS "NORTHER"

A Violent Change When the Wind Swoops Down from the North.

(Prize.)

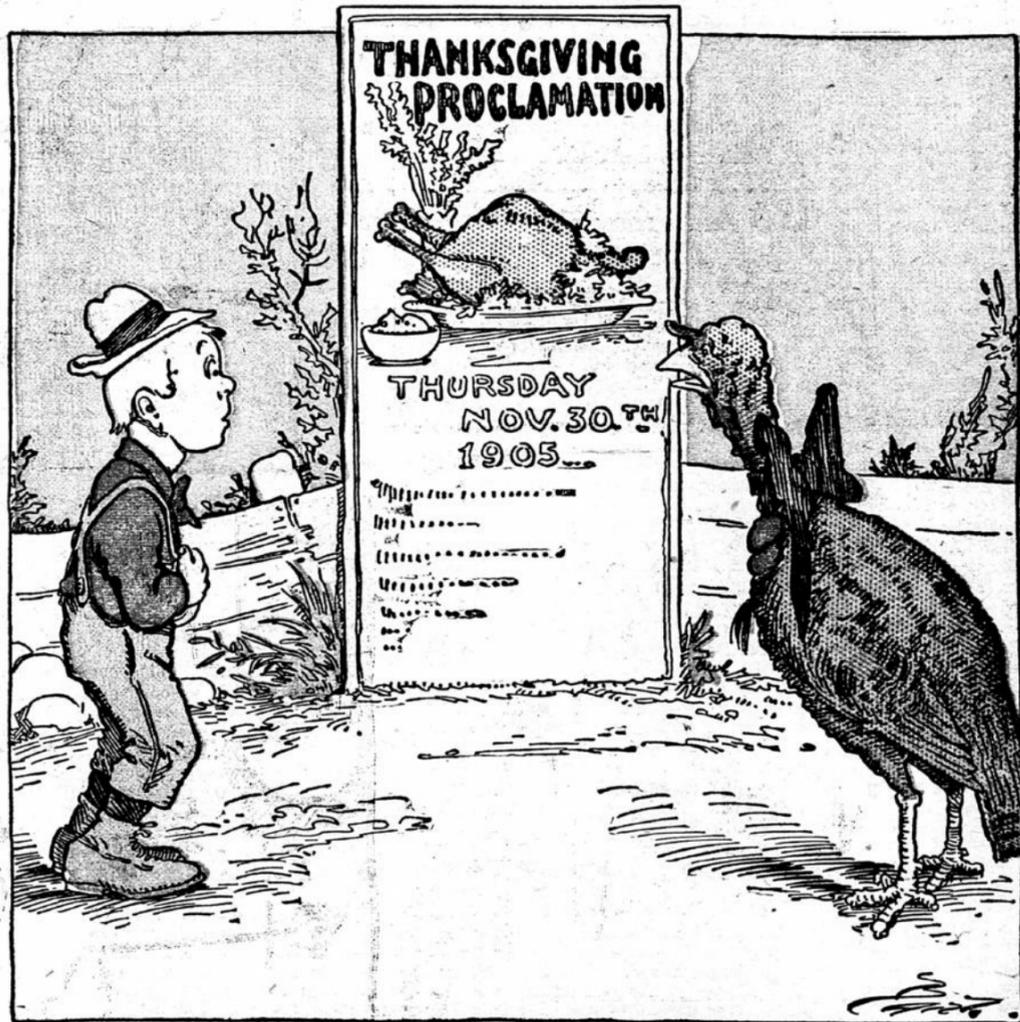
WHEN we lived in Texas mama was cleaning the house for Christmas. It was so warm and pleasant that she opened wide all the doors and windows to let in the sunshine. About three o'clock it suddenly became very dark. Mama went to the window to see what the matter was. As she looked out she felt a cold blast of wind strike her face and she knew that a "norther" had come up. In Texas a very cold north wind that comes up suddenly is called a "norther." We quickly closed all the windows and built fires in the stoves. All the rest of the day we sat huddled around the stove. We were so cold; our backs were freezing, altho our faces were nearly baked. Before we went to bed we intended to put the plants and potatoes and eggs nearer the stove, but they were all frozen. The weather of the forenoon and afternoon of that day seemed to be misplaced, for the morning had been too warm for the day before Christmas, even in Texas, and the afternoon was unusually cold.

—Louise Doadall,
Fifth Grade,
LeSueur, Minn.

THE BUMPS ON THE LIMB.

(High School Credit.)

A real hard snowstorm in September is rather a



THE DIFFERENT VIEWPOINT.

The Boy—Seems like the last day of November's pretty late for Thanksgiving.
The Turkey—Seems like as if Thanksgiving got around pretty early this year.

THE WEEK'S ROLL OF HONOR

MINNEAPOLIS PRIZE WINNERS.

Gladys Gillesby, Seventh Grade, Motley School, 227 Oak Street SE.

Jeanie Smith, A Fifth Grade, Bryant School, 3228 Portland Avenue.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Vera Wright, B Eighth Grade, Emerson School, 200 E Fifteenth Street.

Donald Robb, A Seventh Grade, Madison School, 1600 Chicago Avenue.

Hilda Sall, A Sixth Grade, Sheridan School, 1318 Sixth Street NE.

Francis Gumm, A Grade, Minnehaha School, No. 1, Fort Snelling.

NORTHWESTERN PRIZE WINNERS.

Clara Pederson, Seventh Grade, Luverne, Minn.

Louise Doadall, Fifth Grade, Le Sueur, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Carrie Sieckert, Seventh Grade, Farmington, Minn.

Hanna Almen, Eighth Grade, No. 1, Grafton, N. D.

Frieda Carlson, Eighth Grade, Winthrop, Minn.

Marian Lane, Fifth Grade, Chatfield, Minn.

HIGH SCHOOL CREDIT.

Ruth Davis, High School, Detroit City, Minn.

Edith E. Lindberg, Tenth Grade, Cokato, Minn.

Edna V. Mills, Tenth Grade, Independence, Iowa.

Alberta A. Davison, Ninth Grade, Independence, Iowa.