

SOUNDS THAT JAR

(Continued from First Page.)

A piece of broken harness. Just as I entered the stable I heard a sound which somewhat frightened me but as I was thinking of nothing very exciting I went into the stable. Again I heard the same sound, "Hoot!" which I thought sounded like "Shoot!" I would go no farther but ran into the house very much excited telling of the strange noises I had heard just outside the barn. My uncle started for the stable to see what it could have been, and on the way he looked up into the oak tree which stood near, and then he laughed and said, "It was only two owls hooting." I laughed myself, but ever since that I have disliked the hooting of an owl and never go into the stable after dark.
—Halda Sall,
A Sixth Grade,
Sheridan School. 1318 Sixth Street NE.

THE MORNING GUN.

(Honorable Mention.)

One might like to hear a cannon booming in salute of a general, but surely nobody could enjoy being awakened by the noise every day. I am sure I do not. Sleeping, warm and comfortable, in my cozy bed with a sweet dream just developing, every morning I am suddenly awakened by a terrific noise as if its purpose were to drive me from my little nest into the terrors of war. That's what I think as I jump out of bed and slip on my clothes, well chilled from the fresh night air. Then I think a moment of the long day before me, which means a long walk to school, followed by a hard day's work. "Would I sooner keep within my warm bed or take this long walk and put in six hours of toil?" Give me a warm bed and a gentler noise than the cannon which is near our house to call me from my slumber.
—Francis Gumm,
A Sixth Grade,
Minnehaha School. Fort Snelling, No. 1.

THE STEAM SONG.

One day I was sitting at my desk in school when I heard a hissing sound at the other side of the room. I looked up and saw a small cloud of steam coming from the safety valve of the radiator. "Hs-s-s—Hs-s-s—Hs-s-s!" All that morning it hissed on and soon the teacher sent down for the janitor to come up and fix it, but that only made it worse and it hissed on and on till at last noon came and we went home. Ever since then I can not bear to hear a hissing noise and I go away from it if I can.
—Clifford Allen,
B Fifth Grade,
Whittier School. 2705 Nicollet Avenue.

THE "GOBBLE-UNS 'AT GIT YOU."

A noise I dislike is the howling of the wind in winter, as it passes around the corner and down the chimney, because it brings memories of ghost stories. At night, after dark, I seem to hear weird ghosts screaming and howling. At different times when I have read of wild beasts and animals I could not go to sleep on account of the screaming wind, which reminded me of the wild things that might devour me. I shudder at the thought of howling winds and I do not like to be alone on cold winter nights.
—Bert Anderson,
A Sixth Grade,
Monroe School. 6869 Ninth Street S.

HER CONTENTED MURMUR.

One day I was holding our kitten on my lap for a little while, when I heard a noise which I dislike—she began to purr. I took her up in my arms and wanted her to stop purring if she wished to be in my lap. But she did not stop, so I had to put her on the floor. That noise makes me nervous. It is so low and heavy that I can not bear it. Altho I like them I never take a kitten in my arms on account of this purring habit.
—Fannie Aronson,
A Fifth Grade,
Washington School. 1209½ Fifth Street S.

SO MUSIC MAY FOLLOW.

"Do, do, do!" What a racket! As we sat in school one day this noise began. Louder and stronger it became. We were writing our spelling lesson and because of the noise began to miss the words which our teacher was pronouncing. What was this disagreeable noise? Only the piano being tuned. It gave me a very bad headache.

MINNEAPOLIS TOPICS

For Sunday, December 10:

"MINNEAPOLIS IN 1955."

The stories must be strictly original. The supposed development of fifty years must be "likely."

Base the changes upon those that have already occurred.

The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

Not Later than Saturday Evening, December 2, at five o'clock. They must be 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, December 17:

"WITH CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS."

The stories must be strictly original. Historical stories of Columbus are barred. The stories must be written in the first person. Write the stories as a person living at that time and associated with Columbus might have written. All stories must be "likely" ones.

The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

Not Later than Saturday Evening, December 9, at five o'clock. They must be 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.

while some of the children scowled and others laughed at what was going on. We all grew vexed when our teacher said we must stay after school and write our lesson as we did not write it at the right time. When half-past three came the noise was still going on, but we all braced up and hurriedly wrote our spelling lesson. Next day we were very glad to be able to write our lesson at the proper time and go home when the rest of the school did.
B Seventh Grade,
Jackson School. —Mabel Bergersen,
1619 Fifth Street S.

ITS ECHOES LINGER.

The noise I dislike (and I very much dislike it) is the grating of an iron gas pipe along the concrete sidewalk. This I dislike for the chilly chills that creep up my back and end in my shoulders in a final shudder, fairly cooling me off and setting my teeth on edge. Then, too, a man or a boy sometimes goes along the street with an umbrella in front of him with the iron point scraping along and suddenly stopping at every crack in the sidewalk to investigate. This noise, oh! how I dislike it! Every nerve is set quivering, and kept so until the noise ceases. Then even after it has stopped, the awful remembrance is worse than those of a Thanksgiving dinner.
B Eighth Grade,
Calhoun School. —Charles Bateman,
2739 Lake of the Isles Boulevard.

FRIGHTS AND LAUGHTER.

One night when I was left alone with my brother and sister I decided to read a book, as I had nothing else to do. My brother and sister were in another room and I sat alone. I was reading when I heard a noise I disliked very much; this was the sound: "Who-oo-ook!" When I heard this noise I could not read. I jumped from my chair and went to the window. Nobody was there. I went back to my place. Then I heard it again; I went to the window, but again nobody was there. Then my brother and sister came in and asked me what was the matter. I told them about it. Then we went to the

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.



Professor Scaley (watching a diver)—I seem to have quite a new marine specimen before me. It's not mentioned in the "Natural History," even. Really, this is a most remarkable discovery.
—Chums.

window and hid. Soon two boys came by laughing. One carried a parrot in his hands so we went back to our places laughing.
A Fifth Grade,
Grant School. —Bessie Becker,
1014 Dupont Avenue N.

JOCKO'S FINE TASTE.

Of all undesirable sounds, the one most distasteful to me is the music (?) of the organ grinder. It is not only because the organ may boast of such screeching tones and that the little monkey chatters unceasingly that this noise is so undesirable to me, but the real reason arises from a little episode that occurred a few years ago, in which the monkey played a too important part. It was a perfect summer day and two girls and myself were busy sewing. The sound of the organ and the crowd of children enchanted by the monkey's antics burst upon us. Forgetting entirely our sewing we watched the "gentleman in red" come bowing up to the porch. He immediately delighted us with his antics and we promptly went for a penny. No sooner had we entered the house than he began to eye our sewing mischievously. He made a dive for it and tried the flavor of each piece. He must have imagined that narrow pieces of lace tied around his bonnet would add greatly to its appearance, for he began tearing our nearly finished handkerchiefs into narrow strips. A frightened "Jocko!" from his master brought us to the scene of destruction, but the monkey had already fled. Now whenever I hear a hand organ I am filled with despair for I am always afraid Jocko may be with it.
B Eighth Grade,
Calhoun School. —Alice Berry,
3112 Colfax Avenue S.

COLD MUSIC.

I dislike the noise of a wolf howling very much because I can never go to sleep when they howl at night. When I was out in the country we heard that there were some wolves around and all the men said they were going to camp in the woods and try to kill them. All day we did not see one but during the night the wolves came around and began to howl. I called one of the men and he took his rifle and lantern and went out to see if there were any. He saw the dog that was with us and thinking it was a wolf shot him in the leg. The dog came limping up to us and we saw then that he was our dog and dressed his wound. But I dislike to hear a wolf howl because it makes me think of the time we took the dog for a wolf.
—Mark Colberg,
A Fifth Grade,
Garfield School. 2208 Ninth Avenue.

SWINGING AND SWAYING.

There is no noise I dislike more than the toot, whistle and roar of the coming engine with its long train of cars. The noise sounds in my ears long after the train has pulled slowly out of the station. The sight of a train of cars swinging from side to side sends a chill all over me. Last year when we were out at the lake we

used to go down to the station every night when it was not raining. I would stand boldly out on the platform until the smoke of the engine could plainly be seen in the distance, and then I would rush madly into the waiting-room, until I was sure it had wholly disappeared from view. And only then would I come shyly forth from my hiding-place.
—Abby Chase,
B Sixth Grade,
Madison School. 726 E Sixteenth Street.

A NOISE OF PAINFUL MEMORIES.

The noise that I dislike is the barking of a dog, because it reminds me of a little black dog with long, curly hair that my brother once had. After he had lived with us for three years he went away one day and was gone two weeks. After that he would come home for a short stay and then go away for some time. The last time he returned at Christmas, after he had been away a month. When he left after the holidays, it was for good. We have never seen him since. So whenever I hear a dog barking I think it is our little dog coming home, and when I find out it is not I am so disappointed I wish there was no such a thing as a dog in the neighborhood.
—Ruth Dalen,
B Sixth Grade,
Horace Mann School. 3430 Fifteenth Avenue S.

THE DAY DIVIDE.

A noise I dislike very much is the ringing of the janitor's bell. It seems to say, "Come to school! Come to school!" Then the studies begin, first arithmetic, then geography and a recess short but full of fun, for that dreadful bell calls us back to school. Then comes spelling, worst of all with physical exercise following, then a language lesson at noon, hurrah! An hour and a half without a bit of school. But then comes the afternoon. Full of joy and sweetness, for music, that is not hard, and drawing, oh, such fun! Then we have a few hours of play and a night that is full of rest and then again comes the janitor's bell and dreadful school.
—Harold Elfes,
B Sixth Grade,
Grant School. 1118 Dupont Avenue N.

SILKEN SHRIEKS.

The sound that I dislike is that of something scratching on silk. I remember one time when I was dressing I had my hair-ribbon in my hand and happened to run my finger-nail along it. The most horrible sound was made that I think I ever heard. I do not like this sound of the silk because it is such a shriek. It always makes me nervous to see a kitten playing with a silk cushion for fear I shall hear that noise. Many people like to hear it but I do not, and I have known many girls who do not like that sound.
—Elma Faust,
B Sixth Grade, 2016 Cedar Av.
Adams School.

ACTING THE TALE.

Of all the noises the clanking of a chain is the noise I dislike the most. One evening several years ago, my father and mother went away, leaving me home alone. I settled down to read Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol." I was reading of the dismal noises Marley's ghost made when suddenly I heard a noise of rattling chains in our cellar! We had never used the cellar so I was very much disturbed. Then to cap it all a gust of wind blew out the lamp. Then I heard the chain rattling on the cellar stairs, then thru all the rooms and then it was on the stairs leading to my room! I was so frightened I could not move an inch and every second I expected to see a ghost. My "ghost" came soon enough. It was our dog which father had tied in the cellar. But, breaking loose and dragging his chain after him he had made some noises I never shall forget. As I was teased so much about it by the family I grew to dislike that noise or even the sight of a chain and I suppose I always shall.
—Ella Gunderson,
Seventh Grade,
Blaine School. 249 Eighth Avenue N.

MYSTIC FOOTFALLS.

One dark winter night after everybody had gone to bed, I heard the stairs creak. I went to papa's room and told him that I had heard the stairs creak and that some one was coming up. We had a revolver downstairs but how were we to get it? The best we could do was to call at him, so papa did. Then we listened to find out if he was there yet, but we did not hear a sound. Papa lit the gas and went to the stairway, but no one was there. As he was looking downstairs he heard the stairs creak, then he knew that no one had been in the house at all, and that was what I had heard. It is a very unpleasant noise to hear because one thinks that somebody is in the house. The rest of the night we slept undisturbed.
—Paul Jones,
A Sixth Grade,
Calhoun School. 1320 W Twenty-eighth Street.

EARLY HOUR SHADOW.

Of all disagreeable sounds, the worst I believe, are the seven o'clock whistles. As I reluctantly bring myself into the realms of morning, my first thought is of those whistles. They are yet silent, so I improve the time by another "forty winks." Just as I go off into a blissful dream of prepared arithmetic lessons, I hear those whistles and a voice call, "Laura, hear those whistles!" "I'll be there in a moment," I answer and then wish that the whistles had not blown.

I'll think of something pleasant. We will go to the library tonight if I get my history before class. Last night I read "May Queen" by the midnight oil but as our lesson was Stephen of Blois, that helped very little. I will study after breakfast. I must give up all further musings, then, and eat breakfast. Again the voice of my sister tells me that soon there'll be a cold breakfast. Finally, if all goes well, I arrive at breakfast at 7:45 and can enjoy (?) in "solitary grandeur" a menu of cold toast and chocolate. If I remonstrate with mother, she reminds me that, when the whistles blew, the meal was warm. Breakfast over, I hurry about, looking for books