



DRAWN BY INGWALD MYRE, A SEVENTH GRADE, MONROE SCHOOL.

given it to me so I would not think I had been exceptionally good.  
—Florence Wood,  
Sixth Grade.

#### VAIN WEE YELLOW COAT.

(High School Credit.)

On my sixth Christmas I received a little bird, which I gradually grew to like as no one ever liked a bird before. His name was Dickey; he had restless black eyes and a suit of bright yellow. Once a friend brought him a tiny mate, but he disliked her from the first and lost no opportunity to show it. Altho cruel to his mate, he at last saw one bird that was his ideal of beauty. During the afternoon his cage was hung in a sunny room and the cage door was opened. In his tours about the room, Mr. Dickey discovered a toy bureau with a small looking glass into which he peeped. His fate was sealed. He had fallen in love with himself. Each day he paid a visit to his ideal and sang the softest, sweetest songs, holding his head close to the glass. How he did work to entice that bird to come to him, but in vain. He often peeped behind the glass to find her, but she was never there. Then he went to work to set his captive free. Bit by bit he tore off the paper which held the glass in place. At last it fell and no mate was there! I know his bird heart was very sad, for altho apparently contented, he never left his cage after this, even if the door stood open. At last signs of old age crept upon the little fellow and one day I found him dead.  
—Alice Soderberg,  
Eleventh Grade, 664 Hawthorne Street,  
Cleveland High School. St. Paul, Minn.

#### ITS MUSIC STILLED.

(High School Credit.)

Probably it was not my first Christmas present, but the first one I remember was a mouth organ. At that time I thought no musical instrument could compare with it. What beautiful symphonies and exquisite harmony could be drawn forth by the simple act of drawing in one's breath. For about a week it was in constant use and often it tried my generosity sorely to give it up to anyone else. I could not play any airs, but the simple chords were enough to satisfy my musical taste. I was given a great deal of advice as to its care and especially on keeping it out of the reach of my small brother, which was one of the hard things to do. But in spite of all my care my mouth organ gradually succumbed. At first one reed refused to sound and the malady rapidly spread to those around. I used all my mechanical skill to restore it, but in vain. Often my only tool was a table knife, so, of course, I worked under disadvantages. Then the parts were constantly being lost, first the screws, then the side pieces. After they were gone the reeds became bent and refused to be straightened. Finally only one reed would sound. I cannot distinctly remember what became of it after that, but I think it was "lost" soon after.  
—Isabel Brattland,  
Twelfth Grade. Ada, Minn.

#### THE MEANING OF BROTHER'S SYMPATHY.

(High School Credit.)

The first Christmas present I remember was a huge sugar pear. For days before Christmas we had looked longingly at it as we passed a confectionery store. I did not long for dolls and other toys, for I was used to them, but oh, that pear! It seemed to me the most wonderful piece of fruit in the world. On Christmas eve we had a glorious tree and there on a conspicuous bough hung that pear! It was beautifully rosy and hung on a little branch of its own, with dainty paper leaves. I was breathless with suspense as Santa took it from the tree and when he read my name I gave a cry of joy and almost ran up the aisle for it. Other presents followed, but my candy pear held first place. It never entered my mind that it was good to eat until several days later, I took a little friend into the playroom to see my Christmas presents, and there lay my treasure with a great bite taken right out of its side. I was sorely grieved and sitting there on the floor holding my pear, I cried and cried. Then I

### OUT-OF-TOWN TOPICS

For Sunday, January 7:

#### "THE SOUND OF A WHISTLE."

The stories must be original and true.

Any kind of a whistle is allowable.

The papers should be mailed so as to reach the office of The Journal Junior

Not Later Than Thursday Morning, December 28.

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, January 14:

#### "A CHILDHOOD QUARREL AND HOW IT ENDED."

The stories must be strictly original and true.

The papers should be mailed so as to reach the office of The Journal Junior

Not Later Than Thursday Morning, January 4.

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.

heard my brother say, "Aw, kid, come on; I'll give you all my candy." I knew he was the culprit, but nevertheless I was finally pacified and we ate both the pear and the candy. But to this day I still wish that I had my candy pear for a keepsake.  
—Mabel Hamilton,  
Eleventh Grade. Frazee, Minn.

#### A VERY BIG SECRET.

(High School Credit.)

The family climbed into the curtained sleigh on Christmas eve and drove rapidly down the road to the village church. The snow was three or four inches deep and the little white flakes were still coming. As we drew near the church we heard the voices of the anxious children. After shaking the snow from our garments in the long hall, we entered and there in the midst of the great platform stood a real Christmas tree loaded with everything of which Santa could possibly think. The clear Christmas anthem burst forth on the ears of the listeners. Next the children sang and recited till the place rang with glee. At that moment a bell-like sound was heard and Santa appeared around the corner of the chimney. The real fun had just commenced. The presents were distributed and the very first name that was called was mine. I jumped to my feet and stared open-mouthed when a large man placed a doll-carriage in front of me. It was just the size for Finette Marie at home, and such times as we did have. One day in the summer my little friend and I took our families out riding. We were going along the quiet lane, when a big brown toad jumped out and Hannah was so frightened that her quick jump broke my carriage. We sat down upon the green turf and sobbed. Mother was picking berries on the other side of the fence and she heard us resolve that we would never tell how the accident occurred,—but we did not know that for several years.  
—Edna V. Mills,  
Tenth Grade. Independence, Iowa.

### DECEMBER

*Ah, this is the merriest month of the year,  
Filled with gladness and joy and with  
rousing good cheer.  
Tho there's ice on the ponds and there's  
snow on the ground,  
Green holly and mistletoe ever abound.  
To tell us of Christmas, of hope and of light,  
When hearts are all merry and happy and  
bright.  
So we laugh at the winds, and we scoff at  
the snow,  
And we chuckle the louder the harder they  
blow.*

#### A THRILLING TRIAL.

(Honorable Mention.)

One Christmas morning long ago I awoke and hurried downstairs to see what good St. Nick had brought me. I saw a sled, and my name on it, too. How glad I was! In the afternoon my cousin came over with his dog, Tige, and a harness, but as his sled was broken he did not bring it with him. While we were playing in the house I said to my cousin, "Let's hitch up Tige and have a spin around the block." He agreed for the double sport it would be to try my new sled and have a ride to boot. When we came to the road Tige saw a cotton-tail rabbit, and as he was a hunting dog he thought it his duty to catch that rabbit. Forgetting that we were riding behind him, he started out after bunny as fast as his four legs could carry him. When he had run a short distance the sled tipped and we went over into the snow. Tige kept on, unmindful of everything but the chase, until he came to the railroad tracks. He was too late, for just then a train swept around the curve at a speed of sixty miles an hour and there and then I saw the last of my highly prized sled. When the train had gone by we rejoiced to find that Tige had escaped with only a little scratch, altho my sled was a total wreck. When we reached home with the remains of the sled, and Tige limping behind us, we certainly must have looked like a pair of forlorn travelers.  
—Anton Heinen,  
Eighth Grade. Comfrey, Minn.

#### BROWN BUNNY'S FATE.

(Honorable Mention.)

The first Christmas present I can recall was a little brown rabbit. I was very glad, indeed, when I received him. But, alas! how queer he did act. He would not jump and skip about or eat nuts or cabbage or buttons or pins or any of the things that I tried to put down his throat, but sat staring at me like a statue. And to my great surprise and disappointment, he would not even move his long ears as I had seen other rabbits do. After a few hours, however, I discovered that he tasted sweet. Very soon his long ears which had seemed useless to me were gone, and before evening the whole rabbit had disappeared. But where? That was a mystery to me for a long time. When I grew older I thought it not impossible that I had eaten him. Now I am quite sure that must have been the case.  
—Manda Erickson,  
A Eighth Grade. Cokato, Minn.

#### HER OWN, AFTER ALL.

(Honorable Mention.)

The first Christmas present that I can think of is

that which we called "Esther Skoog's dress." One day my aunt came down to our house and said, "Lyla, come to my house and try on a dress that I'm making for Esther Skoog." I then said, "Why don't she try it on?"

"Because she does not know that she is going to have it," was the reply.

"All right, I'll try it on," I said. I kept trying it on and watching until it was done. Christmas eve soon came and when I sat down by the Christmas tree and opened a rather large present, I found to my surprise it was "Esther Skoog's" dress. I then ran to my aunt, calling, "Oh, Lala! Oh, Lala!" for I could not say Laura. She asked me what I wanted and I said, "Oh, Lala, what will Esther's mama say? You made a mistake and gave me Esther's dress." "Oh, no," was the laughing reply; "It is yours." "Thank you," I said, and I still have the blue dress known as "Esther Skoog's dress."  
—Lyla Brunius,  
Fifth Grade. Carver, Minn.

#### A CARPET NAPOLEON.

(Honorable Mention.)

A set of pasteboard soldiers and two little cannon, tho they lasted but a short time, are Christmas presents any boy would remember even when he had grown old enough to want something more like the real article. My cannon were made of black wood with a spring inside which would shoot out a wooden ball when I pulled a string. I fought many battles with these toys and killed the same soldiers over and over again. It was hardly fair to them, for I set them up in a row where they had to stand until they were knocked over or until I was tired of playing. One day when I was loading the cannon the spring slipped from my hand and the shell went crashing thru a window. Some one came running in, but I did not stop to see who it was. I beat a retreat and was out of sight in a second, but from my hiding-place I could see what was going on. The new commander took soldiers, cannon, shells and all and put them in the stove! That was the last of my Christmas present and was also the last of the war. I knew when I was beaten.  
—Harry Wade Atchison,  
Sixth Grade. Chatfield, Minn.

#### A RUNAWAY DOLL.

It was a cold day in December. Outside the wind was howling and whistling 'round the corners and the snow was falling fast. But in the houses the children were having merry times, waiting for the rap of Santa Claus and hearing little of the wind outdoors. This is the way we waited patiently one Christmas eve for Santa Claus. At last, we heard a heavy noise on the front porch. My heart beat very fast, when a loud rap was heard at the door. Mama told me to open the door for poor Santa Claus, but I was too frightened to move. After much coaxing and begging I opened it. Santa Claus rushed in with a large pack on his back. He was dressed in red with a long white beard and had large laughing, mischievous eyes. After taking off his mittens and looking around, especially at me, he started to give us our presents. From the bottom of his pack came a large beautiful doll almost as large as I was and I could hardly carry it. Of all the presents I received I liked my doll the best. Six months later, during very warm weather, I was out playing one day with my doll. It seemed to me that she must surely be very hungry because she had eaten nothing all day, so I left her in the corner of the porch while I went for something for her. When I came out again my doll was gone! I cried many days afterward, but she never came home again.  
—Hazel Rudberg,  
Seventh Grade. Litchfield, Minn.

#### A SMALL HORSE AND A LARGE ONE.

The Christmas morning that I found a little tin horse and wagon in my big stocking I thought I had the whole world. With this plaything I scratched mama's chairs and all kinds of other furniture. She did not like this, so she put me out in the back yard the next summer. She had sand there for me in which I played from morning till night. One day an accident happened to this plaything. A man who had four large horses and a wagon came to our house one day with a load of wood. Seeing them coming, mama called me. I ran, forgetting my plaything, and one of the horses stepped on it and broke my poor tin horse and little wagon, too.  
—Willis Bloom,  
Seventh Grade. 319 W. Maple Street,  
Lincoln School. Stillwater, Minn.

#### A REAL BARKING PUPPY.

A little black puppy was the first Christmas present I remember. He was tied to my stocking with a long string. I was afraid of him at first, but he was so gentle that I picked him up. He proved a good play-fellow and we had great fun rolling in the snow together. When he grew older and larger my father took him to hunt wolves. He was a good wolf hunter and sometimes he would go out by himself and kill a wolf. Then he would come to papa and pull at his coat and bark until papa would follow him and bring back the wolf. One day he was chasing a wolf and a hunter shot him.  
—Clarence Trotter,  
Seventh Grade. Minto, N. D.

#### A STRANGE NOTION, INDEED.

When I was 6 years old, I received a "Noah's ark," with Noah and all the animals. I had always wished to have one, so I was much pleased with it. I played with it as often as I thought of it. One day when I was playing with the ark we boys began to hide our presents. I took the animals, one at a time, and hid them in corners.