

PUZZLES FOR WITS

When Minneapolis Juniors Let Their Wits Go Wool-Gathering, They Often Find Facts Hard to Understand.

TOPIC: "WHAT YOU WONDER ABOUT MOST."



NE Junior wonder was, "Why is my story not published?" The brave ones, after asking this a number of times, still applied the, "Try, try again" motto. Sometimes without success, however, and no wonder, for something more than just trying is needed to make an acceptable paper. The cheerful spirit is perhaps the charm. Juniors write mostly about their personal experiences and of course they have some disagreeable ones. But pouts and tears, dishwashing and dusting and general grumbling are not a whit more entertaining on paper than they are any other way, you know. You may make a long, long wail over your own dusting or wood-sawing and feel somewhat relieved but, if you remember, when your chum did the same you found the wail rather tiresome to listen to. It was unsympathetic of you, of course, but troubles are not so bad after all if one ignores them and "weeps" were meant to be taken alone, so if you write a grumbling, wailing paper, unless it happens to be a funny grumble which you do not take quite seriously yourself, you may be almost sure that it will not appear.

THE SIMPLE SPORT

In a Wintry Land She Tried to Do as Others Did. (Prize.)

PERHAPS you will smile when I tell you that the thing I wonder most at is how people can skate. I came from California two months ago, where people never think of skating, so when the creek froze over I went to watch the children skate. It seemed so simple and easy that I decided I must skate, too. I borrowed a pair of skates and started for the creek. Some boys, seeing me, laughed and said, "Oh, Greenie, you can't skate." So confident was I that I knew how that I politely told them to attend to their own affairs. I strapped the skates on and started, as I thought, to skate. The next thing I knew I was in the middle of the creek staring about me like a stupid owl. At last I came to my senses and slowly unstrapped the skates, and started home amid the laughs and jests of the boys. With every bone in my body aching, I firmly resolved then and there to attempt skating no more. I have since gone several times to watch the skaters, but each time my wonder has been increased tenfold. —Ella Gunderson,

249 Eighth Avenue N. Seventh Grade, Blaine School.

THE TREES AND THINGS

Hard to Tell How Nature's Children Keep Their Proper Complexions in All Weather. (Prize.)

I HAVE often wondered about nature and how carefully everything is kept. I have wondered why the trees and grasses do not freeze thru the long and cold winter. I have often watched trees in spring as they shoot out their buds and grow larger and larger every day until they become flowers and the small leaves grow slowly and at last become large leaves. How evergreen trees in the far north can keep their pretty color all the year 'round and how the poppies far, far north can spring up in such a short summer as there is there. No man has yet found out how nature grows in all its beauty and therefore it is a wonder to us. —Ivar Ivars,

B Sixth Grade, 1138 Bryant Avenue N. Grant School.

A PUZZLED BRAIN. (Honorable Mention.)

Of many things, I wonder most about my brain. How can it carry all that it does? It does not seem as if there could be room for all, but there is, and also room for more. The studies,—arithmetic, geography, grammar, spelling and all the rest I have to learn. Then there are the lessons I have to learn at cooking school and they also have a place and there are, beside, quotations and poems to store away. How can it all be. I simply cannot understand it and find it the greatest puzzle in the

world for me. Many nights I have lain awake pondering over that queer construction,—my brain, and of what it is made. It must be of some pretty strong stuff to keep so much stored away in itself and think so fast. Of course, it does not keep all that it has once learned, not by far, but it certainly keeps and remembers a great many things. I do not believe it will ever be more plain to me, but will be left for me to wonder about all my days. I wonder just which part of it remembers and which part it is that always forgets. There must be one room called the storehouse and the other must certainly be just an empty room that can never keep anything in it. There seems nothing to do but wonder, wonder, wonder.

A Seventh Grade, —Ruth Thompson, Calhoun School, 2724 Girard Avenue S.

SOB O' SERIOUS. (Honorable Mention.)

As the term draws near its close, I begin to have feelings of anxiety as to where my lot will be cast next semester. I recall to mind my numerous failures and begin to wonder most, not about what I am going to get for Christmas, but whether I am going to pass or not. I make two columns: in one I put each dreaded "U," and in the other the welcome but slow-coming "S." Then my heart begins to grow faint as I find that the "U" column far outnumbers the "S" column. I then begin to consider that my only hope lies in the report for the last month

(Continued on Sixth Page.)

A SHRILL NOISE

Most All the Whistles Known Blew Far and Wide and Thereby Hang These Tales of Northwestern Juniors.

TOPIC: "THE SOUND OF A WHISTLE."



IT would not have been truly "Juniory," of course, if the writers had not managed to find their way so far into mischief as to be almost on the ragged edge of an accident. The best places for these thrilling happenings Juniors found were out on the lake, or in pathless woods on hunting trips or just on every day walks along railroad tracks. Wherever they were, they were almost sure to set various whistles a-blowing as timely and welcome warnings. Perhaps it was because whistles are such common things or because one kind is so very dear to all boys and some girls that the stories were so naturally and delightfully told. The ones that revealed arduous hours spent in learning to whistle were especially amusing, and when at last the high, trilling notes would waver out clearly, some one-time-grumblers were quickly converted to the joys of whistling the same tune over and over again. The very fragile excuse they gave to people who grew weary of the sound was, "that practice made perfect and perfection was their goal."

IT HAD ITS USE

Despised by All It Yet Repays Evil With Good. (Prize.)

"SISTER, come on," clamored my younger brother. "We'll have a dandy time." I assented, not unwillingly, for the creek was a lovely place and the woods were delightful. The smaller children wanted to go, too. "You will be drowned or lost in the woods," I said; but they were not so easily frightened. My brother handed me a whistle, whose shrill note was disliked by all the family. I laughed as I took it. "You'll not have it back so speedily," I said. The creek was low and taking my little sister I crossed over on the stones and started down what we call the "never-ending road," which follows the creek as far as we ever cared to venture. Time went faster than I thought. "Where are the others?" asked my sister. I started. "Stay here while I find them," I said; but they were gone. I had lost them, but I knew they could find their way home. I started back to my sister, but where was she? This was surely the very spot where I had left her, but she was not there. Suddenly the whistle came to my mind. I placed the little instrument to my lips and blew. I listened; a frightened cry came in answer. I followed the sound and found my sister.

—Frances Goodsell, Grand Meadow, Minn. Seventh Grade.



CLEARING THE SNOW From the Skating Rink and from the Sidewalk.

HE COULDN'T HELP IT

With a Fireman in the Family Every Whistle Is an Irresistible Temptation. (Prize.)

IT was a very hot day and I was standing in the shade of an old tree just a little way from the fire station. Suddenly the whistle gave a few of its deep snorts and I sprang up and ran quickly to the firehouse. I had scarcely reached it when "Thump! thump!" came the sound of the horses' hoofs on the floor and the great, strong horses were hitched up in double-quick time. I jumped on the hook and ladder wagon with my uncle. The chains dropped and we went down Broadway as fast as the horses could gallop, until we came to the railroad track. The people were running and calling to know where the fire was. The team became frightened and the mud was almost a foot deep. We were soon stuck and I fell off, right into the deepest mud there was. Just then the train came along puffing as loud as it could and frightening the horses more than ever. After all the trouble it proved to be only a false alarm. The firemen were very angry, for they had to clean all the mud from the horses. I changed my clothes, which were muddy enough. I told my mother at the supper table that I did not want to go with the fire department any more. Just then my uncle came in and asked me how I was. Before I had time to answer the whistle blew again and I was off with uncle in spite of myself. Fifth Grade.

—Kenneth Ferguson, Chatfield, Minn.

THE WEEK'S ROLL OF HONOR

MINNEAPOLIS PRIZE WINNERS.

Ella Gunderson, Seventh Grade, Blaine School, 249 Eighth Avenue N.

Ivar Ivars, B Sixth Grade, Grant School, 1138 Bryant Avenue N.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Ruth Thompson, A Seventh Grade, Calhoun School, 2724 Girard Avenue S.

Paul Beeler, A Sixth Grade, Horace Mann School, 3247 Oakland Avenue.

NORTHWESTERN PRIZE WINNERS.

Frances Goodsell, Seventh Grade, Grand Meadow, Minn.

Kenneth Ferguson, Fifth Grade, Chatfield, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Marguerite Phelps, A Eighth Grade, Central School, Grafton, N. D.

Esther Larson, Eighth Grade, Battle Lake, Minn.

Leonard Sprague, Sixth Grade, Central School, Grafton, N. D.

HIGH SCHOOL CREDIT.

Gertrude Clark, Tenth Grade, Montevideo, Minn.

Alberta A. Davison, Ninth Grade, Hawley, Minn.

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

Hannah Torngvist, Ninth Grade, Dassel, Minn.

Oscar Wilcox, Ninth Grade, Larimore, Minn.