

## HIS PLANS UPSET

(Continued from First Page.)

delicious pumpkin pie. Johnnie felt that he had never been so disappointed in his life and he did not mean to be again.

—Helen Emerson,  
A Seventh Grade,  
Bryant School,  
3248 Clinton Ave.

### ONLY WANTED THE STRING.

(Honorable Mention.)

"Ouch!" I said. "Johnnie, were you pulling her hair?" "Y-ye-yes'm," came a faint answer from the boy behind me. "Don't you know it's against the rule to do that?" "I didn't mean to hurt her. I just wanted the string she had twisted around it." "It makes no difference what you wanted. You pulled her hair. You may remain half an hour after school and, besides, you'll be marked 'unsatisfactory' in department for this month." Johnnie's heart sank at these words. Not because he was to have "unsatisfactory" in department for the month, but because there was to be a ball game after school and he had to stay thirty whole minutes. Johnnie was a mischievous little boy and like Rip Van Winkle, he always neglected everything. At last came the day that he wished he had studied, for it was promotion time. The principal came in with the list of pupils who were to be promoted, but Johnnie's name was not among them. Johnnie sank down in his seat and the expression on his face showed that he was the "most disappointed lad in the school."

—Gladys Gillesby,  
B Eighth Grade,  
Holmes School,  
227 Oak Street SE.

### FIRED IT "JUST ONCE."

(Honorable Mention.)

Trunks were packed and everything in readiness for our trip to the seacoast. Johnnie was in a state of great excitement, as he had been looking forward to this vacation so long. "I am very glad," said mother, "that we can go before the Fourth. Johnnie will be so much safer away from the city fireworks. I will go now and say goodbye to grandma, while Johnnie packs his fishing tackle; then we can start early in the morning." After mother had gone, Johnnie ran out to the barn to hide away a cannon which he had hoped to use on the Fourth. "If I could only set it off once before mother comes back," he thought. So carefully loading it, he placed it on the outside entrance to the cellar, standing down the steps himself. After applying a match, there was a tremendous explosion, and Johnnie went over backward, down the steps. The cannon had exploded, filling his forehead and hands with powder. When he opened his eyes again he was in bed with head and hands bandaged and his mother and the doctor were talking quietly, and he heard the doctor say, "Perfect quiet for at least three weeks." Then grandma's voice said, "I will stay with him. You take the other children away." Johnnie was in great pain, but his disappointment was far greater and he sobbed aloud, "Oh, why did I do it?"

—Hylda Pellatt,  
B Eighth Grade,  
Calhoun School,  
1605 West Thirty-first St.

### NUT HARVEST TIME.

(Honorable Mention.)

Johnnie wanted to get a winter's supply of nuts, but his mother said, "Johnnie, it is three months yet to Christmas and we need not gather any nuts for two months yet. Jack Frost hasn't been nearer than two miles at the most." So Johnnie did not get the nuts that day. The next night Jack Frost came right to the door of the house, and called and called, but Johnnie did not wake up. On and on he slept. But when he did awaken he called his mother and she said, "No, Johnnie, Jack Frost must come once more before we gather any nuts." Some boys having found out that Jack Frost had been there, took their baskets and went to gather nuts. Who do you suppose Johnnie was? He was a little squirrel. So when Johnnie woke up and went to gather the winter supply of nuts, none could he find. You cannot imagine his disappointment when his mother told him they must move to another place for their winter nuts.

—Mabel Grant,  
B Sixth Grade,  
Motley School,  
604 Ontario Street SE.

### A CAUSE TO GROWL.

(Honorable Mention.)

No wonder Johnnie was lonesome! He had no one to

## MINNEAPOLIS TOPICS

For Sunday, February 25:

### "TEN STEPS FROM THE DOOR."

The stories must be strictly true and original. They may tell of something found there, something that grows there, something that happened there, something to be seen from there, etc.

The "door" may be any door of any kind of a building.

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

Not Later Than Saturday Evening, February 17, 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, March 4:

### "BANK."

The stories must be true and strictly original. The word may be used in any sense given in the dictionary.

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

Not Later Than Saturday Evening, February 24, at 5 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.

play with except Tom, and he always ran away to his playmates and left Johnnie to himself. But one day, as Johnnie was sitting on the porch, Tom came running up. "Johnnie, I have a friend for you!" he exclaimed. "Her name is Dot. Come to the barn tomorrow and I'll introduce you. Aren't you glad?" And without waiting for an answer, Tom ran away to join his playmates. Johnnie thought a great deal and scarcely talked at all, so now he sat thinking about Dot, his new friend. Next day Johnnie went to the barn. As soon as Dot saw him she began her naughty habit of spitting. Johnnie grew very angry and growling about his luck, he ran home. Johnnie was very disappointed, for he had planned to have such lovely times with her. They have lived in the same house for two years and still they are not friends. You will not be surprised, then, when I say that Johnnie is a big, brown Newfoundland dog and Dot is a little, gray Maltese kitten.

—Gertrude Mitchell,  
B Sixth Grade,  
Madison School,  
1623 Park Avenue.

### A HANDY POCKETBOOK.

Johnnie was the happiest boy on earth the day he was 6 years of age, for he was given a quarter with which to buy nuts and candy for himself. For fear of losing his precious coin he put it in his mouth, thinking it a safe place. As he was running to the store he was so busy thinking what to buy that he swallowed his coin.

### PUZZLE PICTURE.

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A boy in a rear seat at school asked Willie what time it was. Willie looked at his watch and drew this picture on the blackboard. What time was it?

Then he began to cry when he realized that he had lost, or rather swallowed his quarter. He went home and cried the rest of the day, all because he had swallowed his money and missed all the nice candies.

—Harry Algren,  
B Seventh Grade,  
Horace Mann School,  
1001 E Lake Street.

### WHEN FLOWER BELLS RING.

On this particular day Johnnie came to lunch without a thought of the surprise there was in store for him. His father and mother had kept it a secret for quite awhile. When they were all seated around the table, his father let the cat out of the bag. He said he was going to take all the family out into the woods on the next Saturday for a picnic. It was in the spring and the birds were singing gayly and the sun shone in thru the window, making the whole room look lively. No one could help but feel in good spirits. The wild flowers had just begun to bloom in the woods and that was the reason Johnnie's father had chosen this time of year for their picnic. When Johnnie heard all about it, he was overjoyed, for he was a boy for the woods. He could hardly wait until Saturday. At last the light dawned and Johnnie was up bright and early. It was a beautiful morning, but when they were all ready to start and Johnnie's father was hitching up the horse, the clouds became black, the thunder rang out and a great storm came. As for Johnnie's disappointment, the less said about it the better.

—Muriel Avery,  
A Fifth Grade,  
Washington School,  
713 Third Avenue S.

### UNSAFE METHODS.

"Johnnie, come here a minute, will you?" "What for?" he said. "I want to tell you something. Go and ask your mother if you can go with me sliding. Just ask her at first, and then if she says 'no,' begin to coax, then if she does not say 'yes,' make believe you are going to cry. Hurry up and come back as soon as you can." Then I went off to have some fun till he came back. Then my mother told me to go and buy some meat for dinner. When I came back there was something else my mother wanted. On the way I met Johnnie. "Can you go?" I asked. "No," he said, "and I pretty near had a whipping on account of you, too."

—Emil Anderson,  
A Sixth Grade,  
Seward School,  
3003 E Twenty-fourth St.

### WHEN JOHNNIE WAS KIND.

Toddles was a yellow and white dog. Johnnie was a little boy of 7, with blue eyes and red cheeks, with a face and hands and chubby feet brown with the tan. Toddles was chained in the yard, not because he was a cross dog but because he was very valuable and his mistress was afraid that someone might steal him. Half an hour at a time Johnnie would go and sit beside Toddles, for he did not like to see him chained and he would pat him and say,

"Poor Toddles! Don't you want to get out and run?" The dog would bark so quickly and sharply that Johnnie was sure he meant "Yes." His mother had said that he must always be kind to animals and so he thought he would take the chain off and let Toddles run about a little. Johnnie had forgotten that the dog was not his and that he had no right to set him free. He pulled and pulled at the collar until at last he had it off. Just then Johnnie's mother called him to get dressed and go shopping with her. She told him that he could play with Toddles the next day. He went the next day, but he did not find Toddles. He then asked the mistress where Toddles was and she told him with tears in her eyes that some one had stolen him. They looked all over for him, but could not find him. Johnnie was so disappointed! Now he would not have anyone to play with, as he lived out in the country, and the only neighbor that lived near was the lady who owned the dog. Johnnie used to cry whenever he thought about Toddles.

—Mary Sofie Berg,  
B Seventh Grade,  
Jackson School,  
1203 Second Street S.

### LOST ON A PUMPKIN.

The little country school was all excitement on the day preceding the spell-down. Johnnie Smith was considered, by some, the best speller; others thought Harry Brown just as competent. Mr. W., who owned the hardware store, had promised the finest pair of hockey skates in the store to the winner. Already Johnnie's sharp eyes had ferreted out the best pair in the large window display. Every day they seemed to gleam brighter and the runners looked sharper. Johnnie anxiously awaited the spell-down. It came at last. The proud parents were confident that his or her child would be victorious. The contest started and in a short time the ranks began to decrease. It grew more exciting. At last the only two left were Johnnie and his opponent, Harry, as most had foretold. As quickly as the school-teacher announced the word, either one or the other answered. Finally the word "pumpkin" was given and Johnnie, in his confusion, spelled it p-u-m-k-i-n, and at once the vision of his skates seemed floating away. He realized his mistake, and after heartily congratulating Harry on his success, took his seat. But every time Johnnie beheld those glittering skates, altho he did not envy Harry, he thought, "If I had only spelled that simple word 'pumpkin.'"

—Gertrude Barden,  
2120 Eighteenth Avenue S.  
A Ninth Grade,  
South High School.

### JUNE RAINS AND PICNICS.

One bright summer morning Johnnie hurried off to school. The teacher told the room that there was going to be a picnic on the last day of June, so they all went home as happy as could be. They had to wait for two long weeks to come, before the picnic. The children all said that the two weeks seemed as long as two months. The night before the picnic day, Johnnie went to bed hoping that the weather would be fair. When Johnnie arose in the morning he looked out of his bedroom window. It was "raining pitchforks" and Johnnie was so disappointed he did not know what to do.

—Catherine Caffrey,  
B Fifth Grade,  
Whittier School,  
229 W. Twenty-sixth Street.

### AT KING RAIN'S PLEASURE.

When I was still quite a small boy, a friend of mine who was camping at Minnetonka, invited me out to spend a few days with him. Anticipating fun, I readily accepted and immediately began to pack up some clothes and lunch. As I was not sure of the way, my sister and her chum accompanied me to the depot to see me off on my little trip. In the evening when we started, the sky was clear and the air balmy, so my spirits were light. But they did not stay so. Somehow, as we waited for the car, and it took its time (on account of a fire, we learned later) they sank greatly. At last the car came and we soon reached the depot. But, of course, the train had left, according to all such cases. It was plain, after some inquiring, that we had to go home. Back we went with our bundles, in a downpour of rain, which had begun while we were in the depot. My disappointment was very great and I was at the age when crying helps one. But the girls seemed to enjoy it and I laughed a great deal when our umbrella blew inside out. It made me angry, however, to see the girls stumbling thru the puddles and laughing over it. Being wet from head to foot was not funny then, because I felt so badly. Finally we reached home and dry clothes and promises of other outings cheered me up, for the summer was long and I was young.

—William De Haven,  
B Eighth Grade,  
Bremer School,  
3200 Logan Ave. N.

### SWEETS WERE NOT GIVEN.

"Hurrah!" shouted Johnnie, "Hurrah! I am going to school! Really school! Oh, aren't you glad, mama?" Johnnie was just 6 years old, and was to begin school that morning. Would 9 o'clock never come? At ten minutes to 9 he and mama started for the big, red schoolhouse. There was a very nice teacher there. She gave Johnnie a dear little seat near her desk, and Johnnie thought he had never seen such a nice place. Mama soon went home, leaving Johnnie with the teacher. Pretty soon the bell rang and all the noise stopped. Miss C— gave Johnnie the word "can" to spell. He did not know how to spell it. He did not know what to do he was so frightened. In a minute more he was running home as fast as he could run. When he was in his mother's arms he said, "I thought school was a nice place, where we had candy and nice things. But I don't like it a bit."

—Susie Van Fossen,  
B Sixth Grade,  
Emerson School,  
2115 Blaisdel Ave.