

OFF TIME TALES

(Continued from First Page.)

MANY QUEER LOOKS.

(Honorable Mention.)

When I was a little girl of 10 years I received an invitation to a party. When I read it I was sure that it said Friday afternoon. I read it when it first came, but I did not read it again. My mother made me a new dress for the occasion, but when Friday came she told me the party was on Saturday. At that age I was rather stubborn, and insisted it was Friday. She said, "Read the invitation and find out yourself." But I had read it once and once was enough for anybody that was smart, I declared. Mother only smiled. So I started to the party with my friend's present under my arm. I thought it was funny that I did not see any one going to the party, but I thought, "I must be late. Well, I don't care." I went up the steps and rang the bell. The servant came to the door and looked surprised when she saw me there, but she showed me in and said she would tell Miss to come right down. I thought, "Why, how queer! Why doesn't she take me upstairs so that I can take off my things? I think that servant is decidedly rude to laugh at me." When my friend came down, dressed in her ordinary dress, she kind of smiled at me, but did not say anything. I then offered her my present. She thanked me, but looked kind of queer and said, "Aren't you coming to the party tomorrow?" You can not imagine my discomfort. I turned my visit into a formal call and retired very early. I advise all people to read their invitations more than once.

A Seventh Grade,
Calhoun School.

2722 Girard Ave. S.

IT INCLUDED FATHER.

(Honorable Mention.)

My pony had come in the evening and I announced that I was going to bed early so I could get up at 6 in the morning and have a ride before breakfast. In the morning when I awoke, I looked at papa's watch and it said 6 o'clock. I went to the barn, saddled the pony and took a ride. I had been gone quite awhile when I thought it was about time for mama and papa to get up so I rode home to show them the pony. When I arrived home nobody was up and I looked at papa's watch. Imagine my surprise when I saw it was only ten minutes past six. I then knew that I had read the time wrong the first time and that it had been only 5 o'clock. That morning when papa got down town everybody looked at him in surprise as he very seldom gets down before 9. He looked at the clock and it said 8 o'clock. He looked at his watch and it pointed at 9. So between my wrong reading, and papa's watch having wrong time, I had gotten up at 4 o'clock instead of 6.

A Seventh Grade,
Margaret Fuller School.

4600 Fremont Ave. S.

A PEACEFUL NIGHT.

(Honorable Mention.)

Oh, dear! oh, dear!! how my tooth did ache. I thought I should never reach the dentist's office. He told me to come at 9:45 a.m., but I went home and told mama that he wanted me to come at forty-five minutes to nine. She said it was pretty early, but I must go. I was at his office at forty-five minutes to nine and waited until I was so tired that I came home again. But when I was home—ouch! ah, dear, me! It did ache. I cried all that day and night and the next day I went down with mama and had that tooth pulled. The following night I slept in peace and ever since that time I have paid strict attention when anybody tells me a certain time.

Sixth Grade,
Motley School.

—Cecil Brown,
2515 University Ave. SE.

A MIDNIGHT LUNCHEON.

(Honorable Mention.)

Frederick's father commenced to work at his bench at 7 a.m. Thinking he heard the clock strike 6 one morning, he arose in a hurry, dressed himself, started the fire and prepared his breakfast; but his food did not seem to taste as good as usual. The breakfast over, he put on his coat and hat, but fearing he might be late, he turned to look at the clock. What! 12:30 a.m. Rubbing his eyes he looked again. Yes, 12:30 a.m. "Hum! Guess I can have another five hours' sleep," he said. As noiselessly as possible he sought his bed, hoping that none but himself was the wiser for his early morning breakfast.

B Sixth Grade,
Grant School.

—Mabel Hill,
1139 Aldrich Ave. N.

MINNEAPOLIS TOPICS

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.

For Sunday, March 11:

"WIND."

The stories must be strictly original. They may be true or fanciful.

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

Not Later Than Saturday Evening, March 3, at 5 o'clock. They must be written in ink on one side 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. The papers must not be rolled.

DUTIES FOLLOW TO NODLAND.

(Honorable Mention.)

One night I went to bed very late without having prepared any of my lessons, but decided to waken early the next morning and do them. I soon fell fast asleep and dreamed of arithmetic, spelling and history. I could see big zeros going down after my name. In the midst of one of those trying dreams, just when I was about to receive another of those distasteful marks, I was startled by hearing my name called. Surely it must be late! How tired I was! Oh, that arithmetic! These were the thoughts that rushed into my mind as I fairly jumped into my clothes. I hurried downstairs. It was very quiet and no one was up. Who had called me? Could I have dreamed it? I found a match and looked at the clock. I heaved a sigh of relief and surprise when I found out my mistake in the time. I blew out my light for it was only 4:30 o'clock.

A Sixth Grade,
Garfield School.

—Mamie Linehan,
2426 Fifth Ave. S.

TUESDAY COMES FIRST.

When I was quite small, I always turned about the days, Tuesday and Wednesday, and once it brought me some bad luck. There was to be a picnic and we were to meet at a certain place. I told my mother it was on Wednesday and so she dressed me up on that day. I went to the place appointed and found nobody there. I waited for at least an hour which seemed to me like three. At last I decided to ask some workmen who were building a house if they had seen many people get on the car there. They told me they had seen some people there the day be-

PUZZLE PICTURE.

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The teacher asked a boy on the back row how he would characterize the conduct of Benedict Arnold. The boy hesitated and Willie tried to help him by drawing on his slate. What was Willie's suggestion?
Answer to last week's puzzle—A quarter after one.

fore, but none that day. I knew then I had made a mistake and I went home feeling very unhappy. Since that time I have been more careful to know the right day.

A Fifth Grade,
Bryant School.

—Clinton Avery,
3702 First Ave. S.

PROVEN BY PHONE.

Mistakes in time will happen, but I never saw any one get more behind than a day. One Saturday morning after I was done with my breakfast, my sister who happened to be at the house, called me and said, "Why, there is Johnnie A—going to school!" "No," I said, "He is going on an errand for his mother." "Don't you see the book under his arm?" "Why, that is a bundle," I said, but she would not have it that way. Then followed a strong argument which ended in my sister telephoning Mrs. A—. When the latter answered, my sister said, "Did you send Johnnie to school today?" "Of course I did. Didn't you go?" "No; today is Saturday." "I thought it was Friday," said the astonished Mrs. A—. "Well, I suppose he will be home at noon. Good-bye."

A Seventh Grade,
Bryant School.

—Neil Brown,
Park Ave. and Fiftieth St.

ALL IN A POWDERED WIG.

How hard they worked to finish the Martha Washington costume which Grace said she was to wear that evening. At last she powdered her hair and put on her costume and was all ready for the party. "Are you sure it begins at 8 o'clock?" said her mother. "Oh, yes," said Grace. Half an hour later the bell rang at her friend's house where the party was to be. They were very surprised to see her in the ancient finery, and asked her what she had the dress on then for. She was bewildered and said, "Where are all the people?" "Why, today is only Tuesday! The party is tomorrow," said her friend.

A Seventh Grade,
Calhoun School.

—Henrietta Blackett,
3416 Humboldt Ave. S.

THE MELONS WERE GREEN.

"Mama, may we have a watermelon?" said three little boys one bright summer morning coming into the kitchen where their mother was at work. "Yes, I think so," said their mother, not knowing that it was too early for melons to be ripe, as she had not lived on the farm long. They went out to the melon patch and looked around. "Here is a fine big one," said Frank and out came his knife. He cut a large square in it and they all looked on eagerly, but it was as green as a cucumber. They tested another and it was just the same. They tested every good melon in the patch and every one was green. A few days afterward their father on going to the field, saw what they had done. He was very angry and the boys said, "Let's go to the barn if we don't want a whipping." Near evening three little boys hurried out of the barn to the

house. I guess they were well scolded, and I do not believe they ever will forget the time they tested the melons when they were not ripe.

A Fifth Grade,
Garfield School.

—Herbert Clark,
2219 Chicago Ave.

A MARVELOUS COUNTRY.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting February, alone, etc.

I do not believe my mother could have been thinking of this little rhyme, when, knowing it to be the last day of April and not thinking of the number of days in that month she dated her letter April 31, 188-. However, this was the first thing my uncle saw when he received the letter at the crossroads postoffice in a little eastern town. I think it must have given him a severe case of crick-in-side for this is what he wrote back:

May 6, 188-.

My Dear Sister:—Yes, I always knew yours was a wonderful part of the country. I have heard from travelers who having penetrated that far into the interior have succeeded in getting back without being "fleece'd" by bunco men and becoming attached to the place before they could save money enough to get home, that the land was flowing with milk and honey; that potatoes grew baked and the turkeys ran roasted, but I never knew that your April has thirty-one days. However, if you date your letter thus I know it must be so. Your affectionate brother,

—Gene.

—Lawrence H. Cady,

735 E Twenty-eighth St
A Eighth Grade,
Horace Mann School.

THE DINNER WAITS.

A year ago I was badly confused in time. It was about 11 o'clock by the right time, but I thought it was 12. I made the fire as mama was away and put on the teakettle, and after I had peeled the potatoes and put them on, I went for the meat. When I came back it was fifteen minutes after 11, but still thinking it was fifteen minutes after 12, I prepared the rest of my dinner and then set the table. When I was done I went to call my little sister, but I could not find her for she was playing about a block away. Then I went in and looked at the clock more closely than before and it was only half-past 11. I had told my sister to come home at 12 so I had to wait one-half hour longer.

—Jessie Daines,

447 Jefferson St. NE.

B Sixth Grade,
Sheridan School.

SHE PROMISED TO GO.

"Mama, here is an invitation for a surprise party, June 11, on —," I said, and walked out into the yard wondering if I should go. There I found my friend, Dolly, and she said, "Are you going to that surprise party?" "I do not know. I have not made up my mind just yet. Are you going?" "Yes, I guess so. I'll go if you will." "Very well. I'll go, then." She walked on home and I kept on thinking, "It is just a week till school closes. And on Friday I am going to that concert." All week long, my thoughts were on the concert. I wondered if so-and-so would sing, or if somebody else was to play a piano solo. I had forgotten all about the party and when Friday evening came I went with the girls to the church. I was having a lovely time when one of the girls said, "I wonder if the girls are having a nice time at Blank's party, and if she was very much surprised." "Oh, girls! It can't be tonight that they are having it," I cried. "Why, sure, it is. Today is the eleventh of June," said one of the girls. "I am going right home," I said. "I told Dolly I would surely be there. Oh, dear! What shall I do? I want to stay here and I want to go to that party." "It's too late to worry now. It is so late, I wouldn't care if I were you," said another girl. "I do care and I am going." The concert was not half thru, but I walked out of the church and over to Blank's house. When I arrived there, no one was at home. I went next door to inquire and they told me the people had all gone to the theater and that the surprise party was not till the next night. I went home very cross to think I had missed the concert and that the party was not till the following evening.

A Eighth Grade,
Greeley School.

—Lillie Edlund,
2816 Elliot Ave

THE WAY IT WAS BEGUN.

Jan. 25.—Second day at high school. First day went all right. Have not been in the habit of starting before 12 o'clock for school, having only half-sessions at the Clinton. First day was rather a novelty, so succeeded in getting ready too early, and had a tiresome, impatient wait for time to start for school.

7:00 a.m.—Alarm clock set for 5:30 just went off at five minutes before seven. Don't care. I can get there in time all right.

8:35—Just got to school five minutes late. Rather unlucky beginning for a new highschooler. Don't know my lessons, either, and the only vacant time to study comes at third period. I see my finish.

9:15—Got into Latin class late. Flunked in Latin, of course. Expected to.

9:50—Missed in English composition all round. Couldn't get started just right. No wonder. Too late to study before class. Never mind. Do better tomorrow. Don't care much for rhetoric anyway. Like the teacher better.

10:45—Time for algebra. Don't understand lesson well, but ought to. Had plenty of time to learn it. Well, here I go.

11:25—Time for recess. Haven't time to eat any lunch. Too much hurry. Going to get down to manual training shop in time anyway.

1:00—Got here in time. Got new model started, and received double plus on other model. Feel better. Hope to get two done this month.

2:00—Got home later than usual. Going skating.