

Little Folks Are Busy Writing Jim Key Essays

Stories Worthy of "Grown-ups" Draw Prizes for Authors
This Week—Bands of Mercy to Be Formed in Every School.

PRIZE ESSAY CONTEST AND JIM KEY

The wonderful horse, Jim Key, is the central figure in the humanitarian work which his owner, A. R. Rogers, hopes to accomplish. But the horse's benefit exhibitions, which are now over, are only a small part of the work.

Jim Key Bands of Mercy are now forming in the public schools. Any child in the city may join and the organization will number thousands. To maintain the enthusiasm and give it direction, The Journal, in co-operation with Mr. Rogers, has arranged a prize essay contest for pupils in the fourth to eighth grades, inclusive. They are asked to write brief essays, based on their own observations, showing how animals respond to kindness and patience.

Papers should be plainly written on one side of the paper only, and should not exceed 300 words.

Each paper should bear the name, address, school and grade of the writer, and, of course, all must be original and neat. Spelling will also be a factor in the consideration.

If you have done or seen any act of kindness to any animal, just write the story simply and send it to "Uncle Bert," care of The Minneapolis Journal. This is the name by which Mr. Rogers is known to some 700,000 Bands of Mercy members in the United States, and he keeps closely in touch with the writers.

Prizes are awarded each week for the papers from each grade, each class receiving three prizes, \$1, 75 cents and 50 cents respectively. From now on, for a month, the best of these papers will be published every day, by which time the Bands of Mercy will be in running order and the Jim Key Band of Mercy column will be a regular feature of The Journal. SEND IN YOUR ESSAYS AT ONCE.

The Children Interested.

The children are responding warmly to the influence of "Beautiful Jim Key," and they sent in many stories of their observation of kindness to animals last week, in spite of the fact that it was vacation, when play absorbs most of the time.

The stories received last week were all well written, with but few errors, and told of various good deeds which showed there are many kind-hearted children in Minneapolis.

The children who are working for the Journal prizes must read carefully the requirements published at the head of the Jim Key Band of Mercy column, which is especially their own.

The Bands of Mercy will be organized next week in the public schools. Miss Agnesa Florn, the general organizer, will remain in the city a few days to get the bands properly started. A feature which especially pleases the children is that they elect their own officers, a president and secretary.

The parent organization, the American Humane Education society of Boston, sends each little president a gilt or silver star badge, a copy of "Our Dumb Animals," and leaflets



with interesting stories of animals and their response to kindness.

During the meeting, the children will tell of any acts of kindness that they have seen or done themselves.

Jim Key has awakened a great interest in the Bands of Mercy and the teachers of the public schools report that the pupils of every grade are eager to become a Band of Mercy boy or girl.

The following stories were awarded the prizes for last week, representing Corcoran, Douglass, Garfield, Blaine, Emerson, Stewart, Whittier, Sheridan, Horace Mann and Bryant schools.

An order will be mailed the children winning the prizes.

This order must be presented at the cashier's office and the winner will be given the money.

One little Douglass school girl who was awarded a prize must send her name and address to receive her order.

Here are the stories:

Fourth Grade Papers.

A Brave Act.

(First Prize.)

One very hot afternoon in the month that is known as May, I was sitting on the porch trying to keep cool, when I was frightened by the cry of "Mad dog!" I jumped up quickly, for running down the street was a large, black dog with dry tongue hanging out of his mouth. People were scattering in all directions, very much alarmed. Coming down the sidewalk was a boy carrying a pair of water.

"Run, boy, the dog is mad!" some one yelled, but the brave boy who was carrying the water, he didn't seem to care. He went straight on, and when he was in the middle of the road and set down his pail, he went back to the sidewalk. The dog came running along, and when he was close to the boy, he would rush at the boy and bite him. But, instead, upon reaching the pail, he stopped before it, and drank every drop of the water, then he went on his way.

With a happy look on his face, the boy took a little of the water and drank it. He had saved them a little act of kindness.

—Willie Linehan, 2425 Fifth Avenue S., Garfield School.

Story of a Chicken's Life.

(Second Prize.)

In the spring of 1905 a hen was waiting for her chicks to hatch, but just five days before the chicks were to hatch, she died. Next day three chicks and the couple that was left were left alone.

Sister took them and fed them, and put them to bed. In the morning when she went back to the house, she found that the chicks were all dead. She was very sad.

When school closed for vacation I took the children and mother to the farm. I was very sad when I saw the dead chicks. When I was in the barn, I saw a little chick that was still alive. I was very happy.

—Lorain Johnson, 8421 Cedar Avenue S., Corcoran School.

A Poor Bird.

(Third Prize.)

I found a little bird that could not fly. I picked it up and called it to my mother. There is a poor bird which some cruel boy has shot. My mother took it and looked at it, and there was a hole in under its wing. So we washed the bird and put it in a safe place for him out of doors, where no harm could get at it. In a few days the bird was well enough to fly away.

—Lorain Johnson, 8421 Cedar Avenue S., Corcoran School.

Fifth Grade Papers.

A Kind Little Girl.

(First Prize.)

I think Jim Key is a most wonderful and beautiful horse.

There was a poor stray dog came around our house in Iowa, and as I can't or never could see anything useful, I took him in. The boys had been throwing stones at him and he had broken his leg. I took him and doctored him and gave him some good food and after a little while he became quite a nice looking dog.

I also had a white hen. She was very pretty, but she had a crooked bill. The lady who gave her to me took care of her, but she had a lot of other chickens and when she fed them it could not eat very fast and the other chickens would get the food all eaten up before she had a chance to get to the feed.

I also had a white hen. She was very pretty, but she had a crooked bill. The lady who gave her to me took care of her, but she had a lot of other chickens and when she fed them it could not eat very fast and the other chickens would get the food all eaten up before she had a chance to get to the feed.

I always disliked to have a chicken brought alive and killed. I was very sad when I saw the dead chicks. When I was in the barn, I saw a little chick that was still alive. I was very happy.

I am so glad you came to Minneapolis with your dear Jim Key, and I hope he has taught cruel boys to be kind to all animals.

—Genevieve Godfrey, 8621 Second Avenue S., Bryant School.

Our Teddy.

(Second Prize.)

Once there came a cat to our door hungry and homeless. Nobody seemed to care for it, so I called him in and soon he became a great pet.

But he was sick, he had a sore below his ear. I could sit and mother caring for it. She would take him up in her lap and open the sore and wash it with warm water. When she would put some ointment on it. He would lie very still and look up into mother's face, as much as to say, "How good you are to me."

Mother would then wrap him in a piece of flannel, put him in a box which she placed in the sitting-room by the stove. This I could sit and see mother do at least twice a day, and soon our Teddy was as well as ever.

—Marilyn Johnson, 3421 Cedar Avenue S., Corcoran School.

Sixth Grade Papers.

The Story of Bushy.

(First Prize.)

One day in May Florence and myself were out for a long tramp, when we heard a faint noise like the cry of a mouse.

We looked inside a hole in the tree and saw a baby squirrel.

Florence put him in her Tam O'Shanter, where it was soft and warm. No one thought the poor little thing would live, as it was very thin and sick.

We tried to feed him a little warm milk, but he would not open his mouth. I then held his mouth open while Florence poured in some milk. Each time he made a big fuss. The fifth

day he opened his mouth alone. After that he looked forward eagerly to his meals.

He began to get fat and grow very fast. He had a long bushy tail, so we named him Bushy.

We had no cage for Bushy, but kept him in our room. One day we found him upon the table trying to eat the corner of a box of sugar. He worked and worked and finally succeeded. He filled his mouth and claws with it and went under the bed to eat.

We taught him to roll over and beg. If we said sugar, Bushy would immediately begin to search for it.

Then kindness, Bushy had no fear of us. One day Bushy was missing. At night we heard a noise and saw Bushy on the window sill. After that Bushy never stayed in our room, but always came for his meals.

One May morning three years later we discovered that Bushy had a family. Every day he came to the window for nuts and sugar for his wife and babies.

In the fall my cousin's family went to Europe for a year and Bushy was nowhere to be found when they returned.

—Harriet W. Barnes, 1414 Stevens Avenue, Emerson School.

A Kind Act.

(Second Prize.)

One day when I was coming home from school I passed by a yard where a man was loading sand onto a wagon. As I heard very loud talking, I went over to see what was going on. Two horses were stuck in the sand and as they could not pull the wagon out their driver was pleading for help to stop, but he only muttered something about people minding their own business, and when he saw that kind words had no effect, he commanded him to stop. By this time I, too, had become very much excited and angry and we set off together in search of a policeman.

The owner of the horse was punished severely, for besides paying a heavy fine, the poor animals with the marks the whip on their backs were taken away from him. We went home feeling pretty sure that the man had learned a lesson; and we also felt happy to think that we had saved the horses from many more such lashings.

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one little corner where I couldn't get at him.

"Well, Charlie," said mama, chuckling at the very idea of him trying to get a dog out from under the porch, and throw stones at him the way he did. "Go and tell Florence to come and try her luck."

No sooner said than done; Florence called and called, but no dog.

"Charlie, you go in and call papa," said Florence, still remaining by the porch.

While Charlie was gone Florence tried and called and called very loudly once more.

To her surprise the dog came out very slowly from under his hiding place to greet whom he knew would be his friend when he came, for he had been attempted to come out while Charlie was there, he knew Papa would have received many blows and kicks, and that is why he didn't come out for Charlie.

"That mean little brute," Charlie replied, coming out of the house.

"Never mind now," exclaimed Florence. "I got the dog, poor little dear."

"That mean little brute," Charlie replied, coming out of the house.

"Listen, listen, Charlie," said his mother, as she took him on her lap and soothed him. "Never try to get animals badly, for they will not do what one wants them to, and besides they will always have a fear of one. Remember that, Charlie."

—Mildred Fleming, 2812 E Twenty-fifth St., Seventh School.

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Janitor Introduces

College President

Little Episode at Lawrence University Has Attracted Much Attention.

Special to The Journal.

Appleton, Wis., April 14.—A janitor of a college giving the president of that institution letters of introduction to be used in Germany is an odd circumstance which happened at Lawrence university. When Dr. Samuel Plantz, president of the Methodist institution, was about to go abroad he desired letters to take with him. Paul Seith, the janitor, immediately responded and supplied the doctor with letters to his mother and friends. These were gladly accepted by the president and used to good advantage while he remained in Germany.

While Seith is only a janitor, he is a graduate of two German colleges, one of which Dr. Plantz studied at while away. When a boy the Lawrence janitor finished at the Royal gymnasium at Stettin and later took his degree at the Royal academy, Berlin, in 1874. In the boiler-room at the local college can be found numerous drawings and devices which the graduate janitor uses in studying on inventions. At the present time he is laboring on a smoke consumer. For some months he has had patterns of the device, but is trying to perfect it. Among other things which he has invented and sold the patents on are: A dustless chalk eraser, typewriter holder, combination kitchen and ironing table and safety device on a stovetop.

No member on the Lawrence faculty takes as prominent part in politics as does the janitor. While a democrat, he inclines towards socialism. In speaking of his views he said, "I am a socialist, but not a 'red.' I do not believe in strikes. I believe that laboring men should be sent to congress in place of rich men and those who are controlled by trusts. Laboring men should also be in the city council. I believe that the laborer over 60 should be pensioned the same as they do in Germany, where they get from 200 to 500 marks a year."

ERICHSEN BUYS SHIP
FOR TRIP TO GREENLAND

Danish Explorer Gets Around Difficulties with Duke of Orleans and Prepares for Expedition.

By Publishers' Press.

Copenhagen, April 14.—Having broken off negotiations with the duke of Orleans regarding the duke's polar ship, the Belgica, the Danish explorer, M. E. Erichsen, has bought the Norwegian polar ship, the Magdalene, for his expedition to northwest Greenland. The Magdalene arrived here yesterday.

She has been docked for refitting and will be called the Danmark. She is a new vessel, is in excellent condition, and was used last year as a supply ship for the Ziegler depots. It is said she will start on the Erichsen expedition June 24.

If you once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, biliousness or constipation, you will never be without them. They are purely vegetable; small and easy to take. Don't forget this.

More pure India rubber—more wear—more style. Foot-Schulze Glove rubbers.

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