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THE EXTRA MITE

Often When Minneapolis Juniors Were Not Content With a Fair Share They Wished They Had Been.

TOPIC: "JUST A LITTLE MORE."



OMEWHERE in the vocabularies of many Juniors there must be a chapter of big words and long phrases which they have heard used and taken a fancy to, but never seen written. At intervals they refer to this chapter in writing their papers and the results are most always "fearful and wonderful." Their notions of what the words may mean are very hazy and the meaning they are trying to make clear is sure to be given an amusing twist. One Junior wrote that his grand-

father had spliced a chicken's broken leg, when he meant that he had put it in splints, quite a different thing. Another said that she had learned to play Jank-a-duled-Dany, which must be a new variation of Yankee Doodle Dandy, judging from the rest of her story. A new game appeared, too, "Hiden-go-Sit," which was used so much like Hide-and-Seek that one wonders if that might not have been what the Junior really meant to write. It was rather odd to read that a dog objected to play pony "took matters into his own hands" and effectively rebelled. The figurative expression hardly seemed to fit nor would "taking matters into his own paws" have been much better.

A FINNY PRIZE

Water Gates Are Apt to Be a Little Hard to Manage. (Prize.)

MY UNCLE had a farm in Nevada that was irrigated by a large ditch running from a mountain stream. At the head of the ditch there was a huge gate to regulate the water supply. I spent much of my time there fishing. I had been repeatedly warned never to lower or raise the gate or meddle with the mechanism, but one day seeing a fine fish caught in the debris strainer I decided to raise the gate "just a little more" and the fish would fall out into the lower ditch, where he could be easily caught. As I raised the gate I stood in the lower ditch so that I could catch the fish before he got away into the deep water, but the fish did not come so I let the gate up "just a little more." The water came with a rush and also the fish. I reached for the fish and in so doing let go of the rope. In a moment I was deluged with the cold stream. I got out safely and let the gate down, but without the fish and with the firmly fixed idea that I must not always want "just a little more."

—Floyd Langdon,
3149 Humboldt Ave. S.
B Eighth Grade,
Calhoun School.

A PANTRY RABBIT LUNCH

The the Bunny Could Not Run He Disappeared Before Supper in a Surprising Way. (Prize.)

ONE noon when I came home from school my mother said, "I have a surprise for you. Uncle John sent us some rabbits he shot." "Good; are you going to cook them for dinner?" "Yes, they are cooking now. Tell the rest to come to dinner." We all ate the rabbit, but papa did not like it. After dinner I wiped the dishes and went to school. After school, I was very hungry, and went to the pantry for something to eat; there I found the rabbit and ate a piece, then I went out to play, but could not think of anything but the rabbit. I wanted just a little more, then I took a little more and a little more, till I was afraid there would not be enough for supper, then I had to stop, but I did want just a little more. When supper-time came my mother said, "Where is the rabbit?" I was very frightened about it and said, "I ate it, mama." She was so surprised that she did not scold me, but said, "There is not enough for supper and you must go to the meat market for some chops." That was not much fun to go a mile for meat. I decided on the way, to leave the supper meat alone in the future.

—Milo Wetherby,
A Fifth Grade,
Whittier School.

IT LOOKED SO QUEER.

(Honorable Mention.)

"What shall we do this rainy day?" said A— to me when we were the only occupants of our house. I thought a minute and then spying a cook-book, an idea entered

my mind. "Let's do some cooking and when the folks come home we will have something for them to eat that we made ourselves." We had gone to cooking-school so we thought we could undertake almost anything. "Cookies, fishballs, doughnuts," read A— from the book, "we don't want to make those, do we, Esther?" she added, remembering our struggle to make those particular things at cooking-school. "Oh, let's make pie," I said, so we started to work with vim. We leaned over the cook-book most of the time tho, so it took us quite a while to accomplish our task of pie making. "You know we must put some water in the pastry to make it stick," I said, assuming a superior air. "But you must be careful or you will get too much water in and spoil the pie," cautioned A—. So we were both very careful to put in the right amount of water. When we had used what A— thought was the right quantity, I said, "Put in just a little bit more. I know it will not do any harm." But alas! when the pie was baked that "little bit more" was the cause of a very queer looking pie, which we did not serve to our elders.

B Eighth Grade,
Emerson School.

—Esther Revell,
1611 Park Ave.

KINKS THAT CAME OFF.

(Honorable Mention.)

The snow lay crisp and crystalline under a clear blue sky. Sleighbells were jingling merrily on all the

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SUMMER IS HERE

The Merry Tones of Birds, Bugs or Breezes Assure Northwestern Juniors That the Happy Season Is at Hand.

TOPIC: "SOUNDS OF SUMMER."



UNIORS bubbled over with "summeriness" and the stories were delightful. At twilight and dawn the lovely voices of the season were the busiest. Juniors had sat on their porches in the evening until the frogs and crickets had almost sung them to sleep, and then when waking time came in the morning, there were bobolinks and meadow larks or a happy robin to sound the pleasantest alarm possible. Perhaps it was not altogether odd that most of the summer sounds were very country-like sounds.

There was, too, the ripple and splash of lakes and streams in most every story. Another noticeable thing was that the majority of writers told of the sounds of a whole day. Summer morning, noon and evening sounds are all peculiar to themselves and Juniors did not often slight any of them. A few expressed their preference for morning or evening sounds; the girls enjoyed the music of the tree toads and the crickets heard on moonlight nights, but the boys cared more for the sounds that may be heard when out on an early morning fishing trip.

THE VOICES OF THE DAY

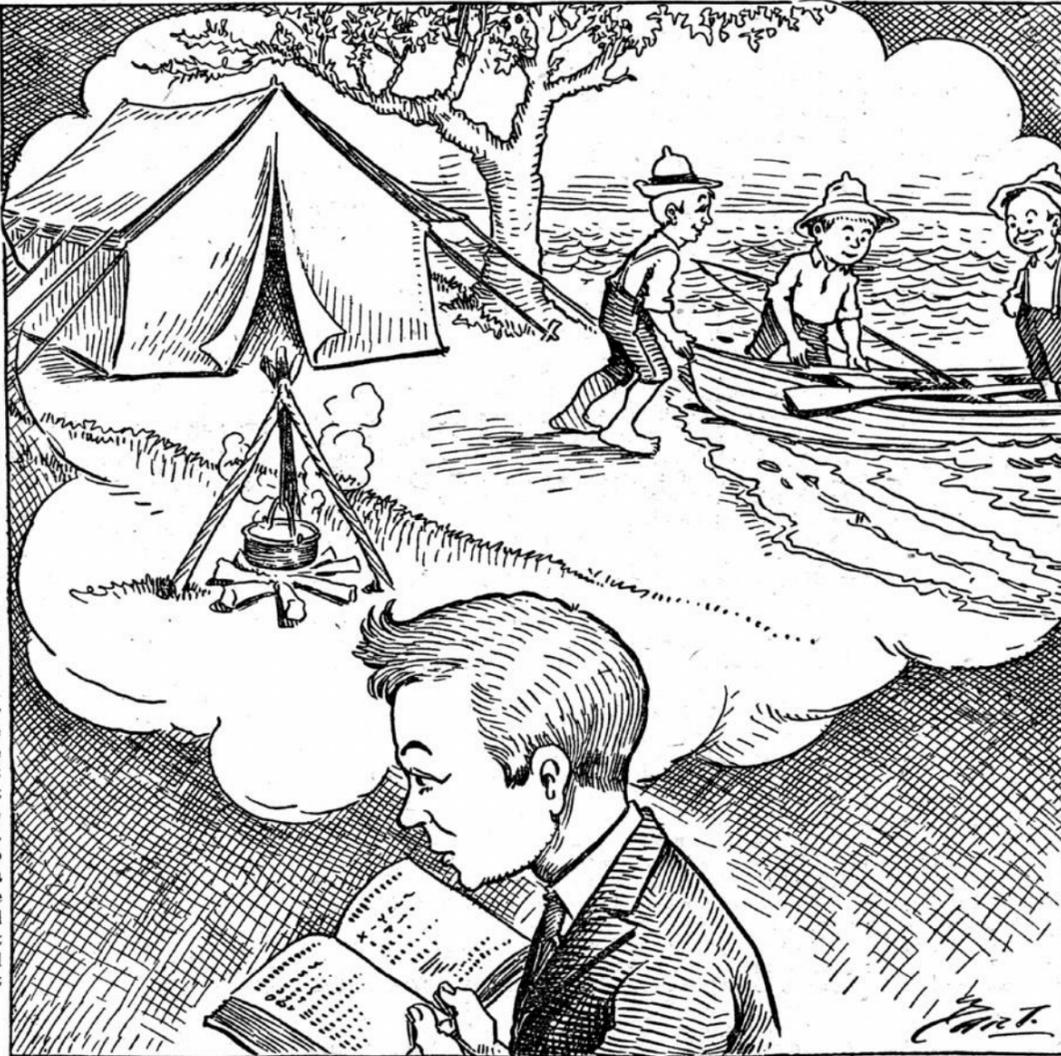
The Joyful Notes of Happy Birds Lightened the Work. (Prize.)

I LIVE near a creek and also near quite a number of trees on the edge of the prairie, therefore I hear many beautiful sounds during the summer. At first when I awake I open my window. A meadow lark usually is singing very softly. The song is so beautiful that it makes a person feel as tho he could go right to work. As I work a beautiful robin may perch near the window and sing. His melody is lively but not usually continued long. Toward noon when I go after a pail of water, a flock of blackbirds flies to one large tree and begins to sing in a chorus. This makes me feel as tho I ought to be happy also. After dinner when I am thru with the housework and have nothing else to do, I take a book to the orchard. As I read I hear the sound of the bees and flies whizzing around my head, as tho they were going to sting me, but I do not mind them much. A few feet in front of me there is a small stream running along so smoothly that I lose all interest in the book and listen to its murmur. In a short time, perhaps, it grows quite cloudy and the wind whistles its tune. Then there is a little shower of rain and I run to the kitchen, where I listen to its patter on the roof.

—Ethel Snortum,
Canby, Minn.

Eighth Grade.

A BROWN STUDY.



WAKES TO THE MEADOW LARK'S CALL.

Overhead, Underfoot and All About, There Are Sounds That Tell of Summer. (Prize.)

I CAN tell when summer has come because when I awake in the morning I hear a meadow lark singing. Then I dress and go outdoors. When I reach the field I hear a bobolink singing on a barb-wire fence. I often hear a gopher and then walk over to find its hole. I once startled a whole flock of quails that flew up, making a noise with their wings. Then they alighted in some brush on the other side of the street-car track and began to whistle. A mowing machine was in the next field and I ran as fast as I could. I fixed my eyes on the ground so that I could not see how far I went. I nearly stepped on a ground-sparrow's nest. The sparrow flew off a little way and began to scold. She was so afraid that I would trouble her nest in which were four eggs. When I reached the field the man cleaned the grass out of the sickles. Then he got on the machine and drove off, and all the while the machine merrily sang, "Clickety, click, click, click."

—Mortimer Dyer,
Fifth Grade,
East Hopkins School.

THE ALLURING NIGHT.

(High School Credit.)

Let me take you out in the garden where the white moon-radiance lies all about you. The winds, sighing thru the treetops laden with flower-fragrance, play in the grasses and bear the frogs' melodious, lulling chant up from the glimmering river. The chatter of the birds died with day and now only an occasional flute-like note

THE WEEK'S ROLL OF HONOR

MINNEAPOLIS PRIZE WINNERS.

Floyd Langdon, B Eighth Grade, Calhoun School, 3149 Humboldt avenue S.

Milo Wetherby, A Fifth Grade, Whittier School, 2820 Harriet Avenue.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Esther Revell, B Eighth Grade, Emerson School, 1611 Park Avenue.

Evelyn K. Graber, B Eighth Grade, Sheridan School, 141 Fifth Avenue NE.

Marjorie Marchbank, B Sixth Grade, Madison School, 732 East Sixteenth Street.

Cecil Brown, B Sixth Grade, Motley School, 2515 University Avenue SE.

NORTHWESTERN PRIZE WINNERS.

Ethel Snortum, Eighth Grade, Canby, Minn.

Mortimer Dyer, Fifth Grade, East Hopkins School, Hopkins, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Rose Lauritzen, Seventh Grade, Devils Lake, N. D.

Myrtle Holmes, Fifth Grade, Devils Lake, N. D.

Nancie Anderson, Fifth Grade, Cannon Falls, Minn.

HIGH SCHOOL CREDIT.

Mildred Bentley, Tenth Grade, Montevideo, Minn.

Clara V. Henderson, Tenth Grade, Independence, Iowa.

Lillie Frauen, B Ninth Grade, Cleveland High School, St. Paul, Minn.