

The Journal Junior

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THE LAST TIME

Things They Do Zealously Take Ridiculous Turns and Minneapolis Juniors Make Quaint Resolutions.

TOPIC: "NEVER AGAIN."



JUNIORS ought to be patted on the back and fed on sugar plums for this week's stories, they wrote such sane, jolly little ones. "Just supposin'" they had taken it into their heads to be poetic, bookish or tragic; think of the outlandish tales of the kind that could be woven around "never again!" But the stories were strictly natural, original, delightful. Adventures outran all other kinds of happenings. Monsters, goblins and dragons may be fled and knights no longer ride forth to seek strange experiences; but, the Juniors may not have pictured themselves as knights, they felt the same old thrills quiver thru them when they rode a broncho for the first time, or searched for a spring in a strange wood while a big storm was gathering or investigated a bees' nest or went for walks in the dark. Just two or three grains of imagination and one or two of "wideawakeness" can tint the most commonplace happenings with a wonderful, wonderful glamor. Even the results of their mischief-making—results that most any Junior knows are seldom pleasant—were made very tolerable by an active "forgettery" after they had semi-sorrowfully promised "never again" to do the like.

CAESAR'S NEW VICTORY

A Question that Was a Decided Test of Attention. (Prize.)

THE class was called to order and recitations commenced. My thoughts, however, were far away from the school-room. The school which my sister attended had closed early that year and she had gone to visit in the country. I envied her greatly, and was now picturing the delightful time she was probably having. Suddenly, I heard my name spoken rather sharply by my teacher. I quickly roused myself and by her expectant countenance I knew she had asked me a question. But I had not heard it and consequently did not know what to answer. At last I hazarded a faint "Yes." No sooner had I uttered the word than the entire class burst into a merry peal of laughter. Even Miss E-joined them. I blushed to the roots of my hair for I knew my answer must have been a ridiculous one. After the pupils had ceased laughing my teacher's face grew stern and she said, "That is worth a zero for today and one for tomorrow, Borghild." Oh how ashamed I felt! After class I asked a girl what the question was. She said I had been called on once before, but had not responded and Miss E-then probably wished to see if I was paying any attention whatever to my lessons, asked me if it was not Julius Caesar who won the battle of Gettysburg. I felt very sorry to have lost the good graces of my teacher and decided "never again" to dream during a recitation. —Borghild M. Dahl, B Eleventh Grade, South High School, 808 Phoenix Building.

FOR JUST ONE TIME

On a Very Changeable Day a Small Boy Found the Path of Knowledge. (Prize.)

IT WAS a warm morning in early September. We had lately moved to a small town in central Ohio. The day was Monday and my cup of joy was full, for the school-bell was ringing and I was to answer its summons for the first time. I had been washed as clean as soap and water could make me and was dressed in my best clothes. My mother went with me, which I thought was quite unnecessary, for was I not 7 years old? I thought as soon as I went to school, I should know it all, but as I entered the school-room door my pride seemed suddenly to have left me and when my mother started home it was all gone. Before the morning was over, the superintendent, who was my father, found before him a very tearful small boy who was wishing for home and his mother. As I look back I wonder how so many experiences could have been crowded into one day, but "never again" will come to me the pride, surprise, and disappointment of a first day at school. —Paul Beeler, Horace Mann School, 3347 Oakland Ave.

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VACATION PRIZES

During the summer vacation, eight prizes of \$1 each will be awarded weekly, four going to Minneapolis, and four to Northwestern Juniors.

High schools will compete with high schools, seventh and eighth grades with seventh and eighth grades, fifth and sixth grades with fifth and sixth grade, the fourth prize being awarded to the second paper in any of these three classes, which merits recognition.

AS FEARS HEARD

Some Weirdly Mistaken Notions About Common-place Sounds Bring Northwestern Juniors Weal or Woe.

TOPIC: "AS IT SOUNDED."



HERE was a voice in the wind or the wood or the dark that made Juniors' hair stand on end; shivers run down their backs and unusual speed find its way into their heels. When the ghostly voice in the dusk turned out to be the cooing of doves; the command of two wandering highwaymen just the chatter of owls searching for their evening meal of mice, and one big bogey man in bare reality to be merely two little brothers, the frightened ones felt tremendously relieved; tho it was a general habit with them to hurry to other scenes as soon as possible. Misunderstanding one little word over the phone put a girl who accepted an invitation to dinner in an uncomfortable position because she lengthened her visit. Another girl to whom her friend's singing sounded like the whistle of a passenger train found it the most tactful thing to shorten her call after she had expressed her opinion. And so the sounds ran from one peculiar quaver to another, but with a good story to each mistaken tone.

A HOOTING OWL

An Empty Pail Was the Only Spoil for the Robbers. (Prize.)

ONE evening while we were camping last summer, my cousin and I went to the farmhouse about a mile away for milk. It was nearly dark when we started back toward camp with the milk, and the trees bordering either side of the road made it seem rather lonely. "This would be a splendid place for robbers to—" There was a loud crashing of branches—and a rough voice cried, "Who are you? Who are you?" The interruption was so sudden and so unexpected that we were more astonished than frightened. But fear came after, and we stood trembling and afraid to move, each moment expecting this invisible person to say, "Hands up!" altho he would not receive much but an empty pail, for in our fright we had spilled all the milk. "Let's run!" hoarsely whispered my cousin, and in a moment we were flying down the road at a pace which would have done credit to a race horse. We reached camp nearly exhausted, but able to relate our thrilling adventure. "Ho, ho!" shrieked my brother in a fit of laughter. "It was an owl out looking for his supper and he mistook you for field mice!" We are still teased about the holdup in the woods and what had sounded to us like a robber's terrible voice. —Roberta Reid, Sleepy Eye, Minn. Ninth Grade.

ENOUGH OF SUNNY "DIXIE"

The Cold Plains of Home Were Better Than a Summer that Seemed Unnatural. (Prize.)

WE HAD been down south in "Dixie," where the soft warm breezes blow in what should be the coldest part of winter. On the first of March the magnolia blossoms hung waxen and fragrant when the trees should have been cold and bare. We were returning home thru swamps where grew palms looking like great pineapples as large as trees and live oaks hung thick with Spanish moss. Now and then we would see ugly alligators as the train swept by. Then we left the swamps, the leaves on the trees grew smaller and smaller and one morning I awoke to find snow on the ground. Then after sweeping thru Minnesota I suddenly heard the wind whistle a long drawn-out "Who-o-o-o!" just as we flew over the "frozen Red" into dear old North Dakota. How good that wind sounded! It seemed to say, "Home, H-o-m-e, H-o-m-e!" Seventh Grade, —Beulah E. Amidon, Hawthorne School, 379 7th av S, Fargo, N. D.

BROWN AND SWEET

A Funny Fright that Was Shared by Three Little Persons Who Like Sugar. (Prize.)

MY SISTER was very fond of maple sugar and brother and I found out that she came down every night for a piece to go to sleep on, after we were all in bed. We decided to hide in the pantry. We knew about the time she came down, so a little before that time we grew very



NINETY IN THE SHADE.

But, then, what's the use of stayin' in the shade.

THE WEEK'S ROLL OF HONOR

MINNEAPOLIS PRIZES.

Borghild M. Dahl, B Eleventh Grade, South High School, 808 Phoenix Building.

Paul Beeler, A Seventh Grade, Horace Mann School, 3347 Oakland Avenue.

Catherine Caffrey, B Sixth Grade, Whittier School, 220 W Twenty-sixth Street.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Ines McNaughton, B Tenth Grade, South High School, 2522 Seventeenth Avenue S.

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

Cara M. Sandberg, Eighth Grade, Elaine School, 560 Seventh Avenue N.

Susie Van Fossen, A Sixth Grade, Emerson School, R. R. No. 2, Minnetonka, Minn.

NORTHWESTERN PRIZE WINNERS.

Roberta Reid, Ninth Grade, Sleepy Eye, Minn.

Beulah E. Amidon, Seventh Grade, Hawthorne School, 379 Seventh Avenue S, Fargo, N. D.

Thomas F. Russell, B Fifth Grade, District 13, Madelia, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Berenice K. Ross, Ninth Grade, Wadena, Minn.

Hazel Murphy, Eighth Grade, Blue Earth, Minn.

Henrietta Coomy, Eighth Grade, Pembina, N. D.