

THE LAST TIME

(Continued From Page One.)

WHEN MOTHER "LOOKED"

The Way to the Store Was So Eventful That Mother's Order Was Forgotten.

(Prize.)

ONE day my mother sent me to a store, which was about three or four blocks away, for some ribbon. As she needed it very much she told me to come back quickly with it because she was in a hurry. On my way I met a girl and I stopped to talk with her for awhile. When I came back mother asked me what had kept me so long. She then unwrapped the package and instead of ribbon I had brought her some candy, because it looked best to me. She was very provoked at this and sent me up-stairs. The next day she was sewing on a dress and did not have any thread, so she sent me to the store for it and told me not to forget. On my way I saw the parade going by and I was so interested in it that I forgot all about the thread. When I went home my mother asked me where the thread was and I told her I had forgotten it. She then looked at me and asked me if I would ever forget anything again. I told her I would "never again" forget.

B Sixth Grade,
Whittier School.

—Catherine Caffrey,
229 W Twenty-sixth St.

SEVERAL ESSENTIALS.

(Honorable Mention.)

It was a large farm and on the broad plains to the west the cows grazed. As soon as I had arrived, changed my dress and donned an old sun-bonnet, I was dispatched in the direction of the cows to "round 'em up." I rode a bony old nag that had evidently seen better days. When I was seated on the horse, known as Pete, I decided that he must have been employed by an undertaker. After proceeding at this gait for about a half-mile we went thru some brush by the way. Suddenly I was nearly thrown from the saddle, my feet left the stirrups and I hung on Pete's neck in sheer desperation for Pete seemed suddenly to be endowed with the wings of Mercury. A loud buzzing that arose from the ground solved the mystery. But when the buzzing had been completely left behind us, Pete still sped on. We found the cows and Pete sped thru their midst, scattering them in all directions and then setting off at a gallop for home. Right in our path was a pond where he stopped for a moment to get a drink. Finding myself enveloped to the knees in the muddy water, I immediately tried all the riding "stunts" that I had ever seen at circuses, but being a novice in the art, I felt a jolt and struck the water with a splash. I emerged dripping from head to foot and saw Pete, a speck in the distance. While I walked back, hot, sunburned, and hatless, I vowed "never again" to herd cows unless I had monstrous rubber boots, an enormous sombrero and a horse that would go at a moderate pace.

B Tenth Grade,
South High School.

—Inez MacNaughton,
2522 Seventeenth Ave. S.

TWO SMALL IDLERS.

(Honorable Mention.)

When two little girls are left to themselves with nothing to amuse them, they are apt to get into mischief. Such was the case on a certain day when I was about 6 years old. I was visiting a little friend who lived in the country and as we could find nothing interesting in the house we decided to run away. This we managed successfully when the eyes of our exacting elders were not upon us. We started out for some woods nearby and after running for awhile we arrived at our destination. We wandered aimlessly about for a time and then decided that the dreary wood was not half as interesting as we had supposed. Suddenly my friend saw "something" hanging from a branch not far above us. It was necessary that we find out what that long gray thing contained. We took a long stick and I wanted to do the investigating. I lifted the stick for the fatal blow, as it turned out to be, for in an instant my friend and I were surrounded by a host of buzzing, stinging, "some-things." Two fatter, sadder, but wiser children started home faster even than they had come, resolving "never again" to go into the woods unbidden.

A Eighth Grade,
Emerson School.

—Esther Revell,
1611 Park Ave.

SO GENTLE-EYED.

(Honorable Mention.)

One evening Towser and I strolled down the tree-lined avenues and gazed, with appreciation, upon our

surroundings. Great trees reared their stately heads toward the heavens and their graceful, shadowy leaves were bathed in little pale beams of golden moonlight that twinkled and played at hide-and-seek among the brown branches. Towser's tail remained suspended in the air as tho that worthy member were lost in deep contemplation of nature while his eye roamed with lazy satisfaction over the different objects. My cousin's broncho was cropping the grass passively outside of our house, and, as my gaze was attracted to him, I imagined myself seated upon his sleek back holding the reins loosely—the animal moving slowly about, enjoying the abundant surrounding beauty. I became so enthusiastic that I stole to the prompter of my pleasant thoughts and looking into his quiet, apparently indifferent eyes decided that he was harmless and proceeded to mount, ignoring the warning in Towser's astonished eyes. I had barely gained my seat when the gentle (?) creature, with disastrous plunges, began a reckless gallop with me screaming and clutching his mane. Further details are too painful to enumerate, but be assured that nature's marvels failed to appeal to me during that strenuous ride and when I landed, bomb-like, upon her carpet my thoughts were rather irreverently directed while thru my teeth slid viciously the word "Maud!"—surely not Mother Nature's name! With tears blinding me I muttered, "Never again, never!" to which Towser, nursing an injured toe, barked an amen.

Eighth Grade,
Blaine School.

—Clara M. Stadborg,
560 Seventh Ave. N.

clouds sailing in the sky. Should I be lost in the wood and drenched with rain in addition to all my misfortunes? I shuddered at the thought and gave myself up to fate, but fate did not mean to be cruel to me, only to teach me a lesson. After a short time, I heard my uncle's voice and answering his call I reached home just in time for the rain began to patter when we stepped into the house. Fate really did teach me a lesson and that was "never again" to show off braver than I was in reality.

B Eighth Grade,
Blaine School.

—Jeanette Frisch,
801 Lyndale Ave. N.

WORK TO BE HONORED FIRST.

It was the last week of school and I knew we were to have many tests. On Sunday, I was going with a few boys to Minnehaha Falls. I asked my mother and she advised me to learn my lessons first, because we were to have a test in geography Monday. But I told her that I would get up early Monday morning and study my lessons. We started at 8 o'clock in the morning and arrived at the falls in half an hour. Oh! we had so much fun! We went on the Ferris wheel and on the merry-go-round, and most of us rode on ponies, and then we had lunch. After that, we ate ice cream and candy, and then went over to the Soldiers' Home and saw the falls. We went to the pavilion and heard the music. About 7 o'clock, we went to see the animals in the menagerie. We saw bears, tigers, leopards, monkeys and all kinds of animals and birds. At last, at a quarter of twelve, we decided to go home. I arrived home at half-past twelve, and went to bed right away. I awoke Monday morning at twenty minutes past eight. After breakfast, I tried to study, but could not, because my thoughts were on the fun I had had at the falls. I heard the first bell ring and started to school, my lesson still unlearned. When I went into my room I hoped that teacher would not give the test that day, but after recess, she announced the test in a quarter of an hour. I received a very low mark, and I promised myself that I would "never again" enjoy anything before my lessons were finished.

—Morris Friedman,
526 Seventeenth Ave. S.
B Eighth Grade,
Adams School.

BETWEEN BABY'S SOLOS.

A friend had asked me to take care of her baby while she and the rest of the family went to the circus. After receiving permission I started with a happy heart about my duties as nurse girl. Upon arriving I was promised 50 cents if I tended the baby and washed the dishes. I was not particularly fond of the latter work, but with 50 cents in view I could do it easily. I decided to put the baby to sleep first and I rocked and sang to her for fully a half hour. Then she began to cry and such screaming I never have heard. She certainly had strong lungs. After five minutes I succeeded in quieting her and she was nearly asleep when the telephone rang. This aroused her and she was wide awake again. Another five minutes' cry and a half hour rocking and she went to sleep again. That gave me an opportunity to wash the dishes. I hurried faster than ever before and was just beginning to wash them when I heard, "Yah! Wool!" the baby had awakened. It was 10 o'clock then and not a dish was washed. I rushed to her and she lay there wide awake with eyes that seemed as large as saucers. It was 11 before she closed her eyes again and I started once more to wash the dishes. I was doing nicely when I grew frightened at a noise I imagined I heard in the basement. I left the dishes in the water and went to bed with the baby. I made a little noise and jarred the bed. That awoke the baby and another crying spell ensued which did not end until 12:30. At a quarter of one her mother arrived and "never again" will I take care of a baby at night for 50 cents.

B Eighth Grade,
Whittier School.

—Dorothy Jaqua,
21 E Twenty-sixth St.

WALKING A LINE.

"Dear me!" I exclaimed as I threw myself on the lawn, "can I ever cross that rope without falling?" My friend B—and I were trying to walk a rope that was drawn across from one tree to another. It is true, too, that B— was rather fatigued from the many attempts, but she still kept on trying. When father came out he said, "I will give this quarter to the one who can cross without falling." We took turns, but each of us failed. After several more unsuccessful attempts we resolved "never again" to walk a tight rope. I have never tried since, but as I have not seen B— for some time I cannot tell whether she has kept her resolution or not.

B Eighth Grade,
Horace Mann School.

—Harriet Martin,
3515 Tenth Ave. S.

A TIMID MESSENGER.

It was the 1st of June and school was to close in eight days for the long summer vacation. Our teacher was very nice and her pupils wished to show their appreciation of the many favors she had bestowed upon them. A candy shower was decided upon as the best thing. We must first receive the principal's permission. This task was laid upon M—, the largest girl in the room. She did not tell us that she was afraid to ask him, partly because she felt sure of a refusal and partly because his eyes were so keen that they seemed to look clear thru one. At noon M— said it was all right and we, thinking the principal was satisfied, brought our candy the next morning. We filled the drawers of Miss L—'s desk brimming full with it. Then we awaited her arrival. At 9 o'clock the door opened and in came—oh, horrors!—a substitute. She said in a cross tone, "Miss L— is ill and I take her place." She then opened the desk and when she saw the candy she smiled and said, "Thank you, dear children." If she had only known our thoughts, she would not have said it. At recess M—

PUZZLE PICTURE.



Can You Help Find a Bird?

A TEA CONFUSION.

(Honorable Mention.)

"Oh! I am sure it will turn out fine and mother will be so pleased, for she did not expect to have ice cream for dinner." I was at home alone and I was sure I knew how to make good ice cream. Anyway I was going to try to for I had watched mother make it so many times. Once I had eaten tea ice cream and it was so delicious that I decided to make some of that. I soon had everything ready except the tea. The recipe called for "one cupful of tea" and without thinking I put in one cupful of tea leaves. I put the cream in the freezer and turned it awhile and then I looked at it. One look was enough. Instead of a freezer of delicious ice cream, there was only a mass of tea-leaves and milk. I resolved then "never again" to make ice cream without mother's help.

A Sixth Grade,

R. R. No. 2, Minnetonka, Minn.

A WARNING SMOKE.

On the Fourth of July my cousin and I went to a store for some fire-crackers. We bought a large box of cannon crackers. When we came home my cousin said, "There's a picnic over in the woods. Let's go over there?" "All right," I said, so we both started, shooting our fire-crackers as we went. After awhile I happened to see a nice big one. I took it out of the box. My cousin was looking at it with a look of satisfaction when he exclaimed, "Oh, isn't that a dandy!" Just then I lit it. We ran and waited for it to go off. When it did not do so my cousin said he was going to take the powder out. When he was a few yards from it it went off and he was glad that it had done so before he had gone closer. He "never again" went so close to smoking fire-crackers.

B Seventh Grade,
Grant School.

—Clarence Blake,
1129 Girard Ave. N.

WISDOM FROM THE WOOD.

"Oh, come on, you scare-crows. We'll have a lovely drink. I know just about where it is," but my cousins would not stir. They had moved into the country a short time before I came to visit them and we were at the edge of a large wood which was near my uncle's residence. We had gone there in hope of finding relief from the intense heat. After awhile we became very thirsty so I suggested that we all go in search of a brook which I had heard my uncle say was a little farther down. My cousins would not follow my suggestion for fear of being lost which accounted for my calling them "scare-crows." "If none will go, then I will myself," I said indignantly and taking the little pail in which we had brought some lunch I went off bravely. Darkness was already gathering when I realized that I had lost track of my cousins who had evidently gone home and there was no brook in sight. Burning with thirst I wandered aimlessly along. Suddenly I observed black

MINNEAPOLIS TOPICS

For Sunday, July 29:

"A STREET I HAVE LIVED ON."

The stories must be true and strictly original. Recognition will go to the best told stories, those that give the best description of the chosen street. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior,

Not Later Than Saturday Evening, July 21, 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, August 5:

"PREACHING AND PRACTICING."

The stories must be true and strictly original. Recognition will go to the most entertaining stories, which also keep the closest to the topic. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior,

Not Later Than Saturday Evening, July 28, 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.