

confessed it all and we vowed "never again" would we have a candy shower on any teacher.  
A Sixth Grade, —Gertrude Mitchell,  
Madison School. 1623 Park Ave.

**HARDLY A VOW.**

"Dear me! shall I never have my story printed? Here I've been writing for a long time and I've never had one printed." This is what I would exclaim every Sunday morning when I had found my story was not printed in The Journal Junior. I wrote a few times this last term but never have had a story printed. One Sunday I really expected it to be in. When I was disappointed I threw down the paper and said, "I'll never write another Journal Junior story again. No, never!" Only part of the vacation has gone by, but here I am, writing again.  
—Lila Martin,  
A Fifth Grade, 3515 Tenth Ave. S.  
Horace Mann School.

**MOST "LEMONY."**

"Let's make this lemon sherbet for supper. I know it will be good," I said as I looked thru a recipe book. "All right, if you make it yourself," mama answered. I was soon at work and when the sherbet was almost frozen I had to lift the lid and have a peep (and a taste, too). "Goodness!" I exclaimed. "What is the matter with it? I must have forgotten the sugar." I put in two cupfuls of sugar and went on turning the handle. After awhile I tasted it again. "What can it be?" I thought, for it was still almost as sour as vinegar. After a little consideration I decided that the whites of two eggs would remedy it, so in they went and I continued the freezing operations. The result was a freezer full of delicious looking snowy sherbet of which I felt very proud, until it was served at supper-time and I saw every one squinting and making wry faces. "What is this, Hylda?" asked my brother. "Frozen wool flavored with vinegar!" I could not understand it, so I looked at the gelatine I had used and found it to be phosphated, which really needed no lemon juice—and I had used three. "Well, never again," I said, "will I agree to make lemon sherbet alone."  
A Eighth Grade, —Hylda Pellatt,  
Calhoun School. 1605 W Thirty-first St.

**THE WATERY PLUNGE.**

After a long and rather tedious ride, we arrived at White Bear lake. We found a nice place to leave our lunch-baskets and after resting a few minutes in the pavilion, we started to visit the various amusements. First of all the Katzenjammer castle attracted us and Helen, who had visited it before, acted as our guide. It proved to be very amusing, yet I was glad when we were out-doors again. Many more things were visited and then came lunch, which was appreciated by us girls. A boat-ride was taken after lunch and then some of the girls proposed going in bathing. We procured our suits and were having great fun in the water when the water toboggan was seen. Two or three of us wanted to go down it. Mama strictly forbade this, but like disobedient girls we went. I rather hesitated about trying it when I reached the top and looked down. The girls urged me to, so off we went. I never experienced such a sensation in my life. I was trembling all over when I reached the water. Mama called us in as a punishment, and I received a good scolding. As we were nearing the car, I told mama that I would "never again" disobey her, especially under such circumstances.  
—Madeline Rankin,  
A Ninth Grade, 3221 Pleasant Ave.  
Central High School.

**WHEN CHIPS FLEW.**

On the 30th of June some boys and I were piling wood. You all know the old saying, "Boys will be boys" and so it was with us. We had not been piling long before we slyly began to throw chips at each other. One chip struck me squarely on the neck and I determined to punish the guilty person. I chased him over a load of wood, but I stumbled and fell on a sharp stick which went thru my clothing and part way thru me. The doctor had to take six stitches which were rather painful. Now I am confined in bed and can hear the boys laughing and playing. I have resolved "never again" to run over a woodpile in such a haphazard way.  
B Ninth Grade, —Karl Morton Rhode,  
East High School. 1520 Adams St. NE.

**AIMED FOR THE SKY.**

A very memorable Fourth of July was five years ago. It is still clear in my mind. I was sternly told that I must not have anything whatever to do with fireworks, as they were very dangerous. Not heeding the good advice I pleaded and pleaded, but to no avail. It had been repeated several times that no fireworks should enter our household. Mama always said when I asked her, "Never again." I continued pleading until papa said, "Here is a quarter, now skip, I want some rest." Off to the store I marched as happy as a lark. I selected my fireworks from a window full of Fourth of July supplies and returned with a burden consisting chiefly of canes, cannon crackers and sky rockets. A box of matches was immediately secured and soon the supply was disappearing. I did not know how to handle the sky rockets so I inquired of a friend who did not know either, but pretended he did. "Just light this taper and hold it right to your face like this and then it will shoot way up in the sky," said he. I did as I was bidden and you can imagine the result—a little girl of about 8 years, with face, hands and clothes burned, calling at the top of her voice, "Mama! mama!" It was now my turn to use the phrase "Never again," as mama had often used it before the accident. I bear the scar to this day that I received on account of my ignorance.  
A Seventh Grade, —Delvina E. Sullivan,  
Harrison School. 418 Knox Ave. N.

**AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL.**

One afternoon, two of my girl friends came for me to go out riding on our wheels. I gladly accepted the invitation, because it had been a hot day and I did not have anything to do. "Let's go down Riverside hill," said Olive, and we finally decided to go. On arriving at the foot of the hill, we were going to see who could go down the hill without jumping off. I went down slowly, but my friend started off rapidly. She flew down the hill, turned a sharp corner, and lol she was tumbled into the mud. I stood staring, hardly knowing what had happened. After helping her to take some of the mud off, we returned

home, feeling sure that we would "never again" go down Riverside hill on our wheels.  
A Ninth Grade, —Emma Vondrak,  
East High School. 641 Ontario St. SE.

**A BEAUTIFUL WINGED THING.**

"Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!" A great yellow and black striped thing buzzed angrily at its reflection in the window. "What a pretty fly," thought I to myself, who had attained the age of 3 and was much interested in flies and insects. "Guess I'll catch it," so I ran to the window and soon had it in my possession. "Buz, z-z, zit!" With a cry of pain I dropped it and ran with stinging finger to mama, who explained as she tied up my finger, that the pretty fly was a bee. Never again did I attempt to catch a fly of any kind, and ever since then I have had an aversion toward any kind of a large fly.  
B Eleventh Grade, —Ella Wilson,  
Central High School. 5000 Lyndale Ave. S.

**A STRAY WHITE CAT.**

With white sheets drawn closely about us and pillow-cases thrown over our heads we stole toward the cemetery and stationed ourselves behind the tombstones ranged along the fence close to the road. We were determined to have revenge on the boys who had played a mean prank on us the Hallowe'en before and nothing, we thought, could make us change our plans. Suddenly, the youngest of our trio exclaimed in an awed whisper, "What's that?" Turning, we saw a long, white, spectral object wending its way toward us thru the tall grass which grew in abundance in the cemetery. We drew closer together and at the same instant the strange creature leaped on top of one of the gravestones and gave forth a weird, mournful cry which rose higher and higher until it had increased to a heart-rendering shriek. We immediately took to our heels and the next minute were tearing down the road as fast as our long robes would permit. We finally reached home breathing very fast, and we did not venture from the lights of the village that night. A few days after our adventure we overheard a conversation between a few of our elders and

looked like a large round white stone in the thick brush. I thought I might as well find out what it was, and made my way to it, and, I give you my word, it was a great big egg—almost as big as a tar-bucket. I made up my mind to carry it back to the ship to take home, tho it was heavy; but while I stood with it in my arms, brushing off the dirt that was on the under side, I heard a rustling in the bushes, and then I thought there must have been a big bird to lay that enormous egg, and then I shook so that I nearly dropped the egg.

"I got behind a tree near by and stooped down so that I could see thru the bushes what kind of a bird was coming.

"I never saw such a thing in my life before! Maybe you won't believe me, but that bird made so much noise as it came thru the bushes that I thought it was a herd of cattle. And when it came to where I could see it, each of its legs looked as big around as my leg, and it was as tall as a small tree. And such a beak as it had!

"It went directly to the spot where the egg had been, and then I was frightened, for I knew if it caught me with the egg I'd be eaten up in a minute. But I didn't dare to move. When the monstrous creature missed the egg, it set up an awful squawk. Then I dropped the egg and ran in the direction that seemed clearest of trees.

"The bird ran, too, for I could hear it crashing thru the bushes, and I expected every minute to be taken in its big mouth. By and by I couldn't run any more, and fell down, when five big birds similar to the one I had already seen came leaping along straight at me.

"I lifted my gun, but before I could shoot, the first bird had run over me and knocked me down.

"I jumped up and ran, and I didn't stop running till I found you, and here I am."

"Is that all?" asked one of the men, sarcastically, when Pierre had ceased speaking.

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Well," said the man, "if I were going to make up a yarn I'd try to have it reasonable, or end in something exciting."

"But I didn't make it up!" exclaimed Pierre, indignantly.

"All I'm sorry for," said one of the men, "is that he didn't bring the egg with him. It would have made such a rare omelet."

At this the sailors laughed.

As long as Pierre lived he was known as Big-Bird Pierre, for he could get nobody to believe him. Since his time, however, more has been learned of Madagascar, the island where Pierre landed; and tho nobody has seen a living bird such as Pierre described, eggs and skeletons of birds have been found, and judging from them, it is no wonder that the little French boy was frightened.

The egg is larger than a football and would, it is calculated, hold as much as 160 hens' eggs. As for the bird, it was of the same family as the ostrich, but was more than twice as tall and proportionately

heavier, so that, towering as it did a man's height above the tallest elephant, it must have been a startling bird to see for the first time unexpectedly.

The aepyornis, as the bird is called, does not exist now, but Mr. Wallace, the great naturalist, thinks that all the indications are that it may have lived within the last two centuries.

**A SAILOR CAT**

"Old Tom" of the Brooklyn Not Rated as an Able Seaman, but Is One, Just the Same.

Altho not officially rated as "able seaman," nor yet entitled to slop chest and grog, "Old Tom," of the cruiser Brooklyn, is acknowledged by the crew to be one of its most intelligent members and one to be accorded special privileges.

"Old Tom" is the official mascot of the cruiser from whose peak flew the flag of Admiral Schley during the battle of Santiago. He is no ordinary cat, for his education has been the task of scores of patient sailors. Now Tom knows many tricks, but the one which has justly made him most famous is sitting up on his haunches at attention and saluting with his right paw at his forehead.

There isn't a natty marine on board the big cruiser that can do this salute any better. Cats are not as tractable and friendly as dogs, and it is difficult to teach them things not on their schedule of instinct. But "Old Tom" is declared by his sailor friends to be possessed of a very superior order of feline intellect, and their patient efforts to instruct him in human accomplishments have been amply rewarded. Besides saluting on command, Tom can jump, play dead, walk a tight rope and do many other things that an ordinary, everyday house cat, or even a big-tailed, soft-furred show cat would never think of.

Tom's quarters are forward, but he has the freedom of the ship, and is just as likely to curl up for a nap in the bunk of the commanding officer as he is to slumber in the sun on deck. His favorite haunt is the cook's galley, and his best friend is the cook.

**AS BROAD AS 'Twas Long.**

A man who drove across the country last summer to a little town in western Kansas met a farmer hauling a wagon-load of water.

"Where do you get water?" he asked.

"Up the road about seven miles," the farmer replied.

"And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?"

"Yep."

"Why in the world don't you dig a well?" asked the traveler, excitedly.

"Because, stranger," the farmer said, calmly, "it's just as fur one way as the other."



Boat Race Day in Beetletown—An Exciting Finish. —Cassell's Little Folks.

among other things learned that a stray Angora cat was wandering in the vicinity of the cemetery, having recently lost its mate. A few people had been frightened by its wailings at night, and a man had been sent out to capture it. No one was told of our scare, but afterward I declared that "never again" would I go into the woods at night and be frightened out of my wits, as it seemed, for nothing.  
B Eighth Grade, 95 W Twenty-eighth St.  
Whittier School.

**A GIANT IN FEATHERS**

Scientists Exploring Madagascar Find Proof That a Little Sailor's Yarn Is True.

John R. Coryell in St. Nicholas.

Pierre Chartonne was not by any means the least excited person on the French fleet which cast anchor in Rafala bay, Madagascar, on a certain day some three hundred years ago. Pierre was to go ashore for the first time in more than a year. The captain had promised that in the morning he would accompany the men who were going to look for fresh water.

The next morning, with his beloved blunderbuss borne upon his shoulder, Pierre stepped proudly on the beach, ready and anxious to meet the savage men and curious wild beasts he felt sure he was going to see.

Shortly before dinner-time it was proposed that some of the sailors should try to shoot a few of the birds of which the forest seemed full; for fresh meat to a sailor is one of the greatest of luxuries, and it seemed a pity to do without it when it was directly at hand. Here was an opportunity which Pierre did not let pass. He entreated his commanding officer so earnestly to let him be one of the shooting party that consent was given.

Pierre, blunderbuss in hand, and three sailors started for the forest.

An hour later, the three men hurried down to the beach laden with game, but without Pierre. Where he was they did not know; they had missed him more than half an hour before, and supposed he had returned to the beach.

"Here he is now," suddenly exclaimed one of the men. And there, indeed, he was, hatless and in haste. As quickly as his short legs could carry him, he was tearing thru the underbrush; and as he drew nearer the men on the beach could see that he was frightened.

When he reached the alarmed sailors, he sank, panting and exhausted, on the sand. To all their hurried questions he could only gasp out, "After me!" and point to the forest. Whereupon they all gathered eagerly about him to hear his story.

"After we had gone about two miles into the forest," he began, "I left the others, because I thought we would see more game in two parties than in one.

"A little while after I had left them I saw what