

The Journal Junior

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OF DEAREST TOYS

Minneapolis Juniors Tell How Their Favorite Playthings Looked and What Became of Them.

TOPIC—CHILDHOOD TOYS.



DOLLS! Big dolls, little dolls, all sorts of dolls," said a Junior; and that describes the great sea of papers that almost swamped the Junior office this week. There were wonderful, sleeping, talking beauties dressed in rich gowns that were made to look at but not to play with; there were boy dolls; sailor dolls, baby dolls, black dolls, and Jap dolls; and just ordinary girl dolls of china, bisque, wax and celluloid, with real curls and pretty, home-made clothes were legion; while rag dolls, homely but cherished, were numerous. Then there were dolls that one does not meet every day; a wooden doll with a square head; dolls made of corn cobs, potatoes, clothes-pins, and one of a summer squash; but perhaps the oddest ones were a Chinese idol, a doll made of straw, and another of Indian beadwork. Aside from these, which both boys and girls enjoyed, there were numerous household and mechanical toys, and animals, dear to the hearts of their young owners. Some curious playthings were little green worms, a stocking darning, an old pistol, a worn-out baking pan, very lively little fingers and toes, palmetto seeds, and papa's beard. Many and various were the ways in which favorite toys met their fate; sometimes the small hearts refused to be comforted, but fully as often a promise of a new toy dried the tears and brought the dimples.

When one little mother's darling died, she displayed mourning of red and green ribbon; another, who smashed dolly's head to see what was within, said dolefully, "Since then I have not cared to see what was inside"; the proud possessor of a tea-set prepared a "very elaborate breakfast of sugar and water"; and the mourners at a doll's funeral sang reverently, "Two Little Girls in Blue" and "Yankee Doodle."

A SHINY HORN

No One Dared Face the Music But Carlo.

(Prize.)

IN AN early period of American history, say some twelve or fourteen years since, I became the proud possessor of a fine musical instrument. It was a tin horn, bright and shiny, with a curve in it. By uncovering or covering a hole close to the mouthpiece, two tones were made. I immediately began to practice and soon found that no one would listen to me. Wherever I went I saw only the backs of the people moving swiftly away. Only one dared face me and fight it out; that was Carlo, the dog, and many a bitter encounter I had with him, each trying to drown the other. We were generally interrupted, however, by my parents, who were disturbed by my sharp and flats and by Carlo's hoarse notes. But, like the "harp that hung on Tara's walls," its soul of music fled. One day I broke it by stepping on it, and loud and long was my wail of sorrow and anger. I cannot say that the people around were sad and broken hearted over the accident; on the contrary, they seemed to be glad. My loss was partly made up by the promise of a wagon in a few days, and the horn went where all good horns go.

A Eighth Grade, North Side High School. 216 Twenty-sixth Avenue N. —Charles Miner.

GOLDEN-HAIRED "DOLLY GRAY"

Little Father Led a Double Life, Playing With Both Boys and Girls.

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

IT may seem strange to hear a boy assert that he never had a toy that he prized more highly than a doll. All the boys in the neighborhood used to look upon me with contempt and say, "You can't play with us if you are going to drag that old doll with you." For a long time I used to live a double life. When the boys were gone and the girls were playing, I used to take my doll and go out and have a good time. But when the boys returned I used to run upstairs and hide my doll.

Finally one day as I was going next door to show my doll, a boy shouted, "Come over here and I will let you ride my tricycle." Here is where I made my mistake. Instead of taking my doll upstairs, I hastily thrust her between two barrels and away I went. But, alas! tricycles are not so easy for a little boy to ride. At the very first crossing I slipped and down I fell, receiving a skinned knee. Hurrying home I discovered that my golden-haired "Dolly Gray" had disappeared. After inquiring all over the neighborhood a lady said that a rag man had been in our yard while I was gone. It almost makes me sad yet when I think of the fate of "Dolly Gray."

A Fifth Grade, Monroe School. 827 Twenty-second Avenue S. —Leslie Lyons.

Lunch Counter and Comrade.

(Honorable Mention.)

THE toy that amused me most was a little rubber pig, which distracted my attention from everything else I had. It kept me away from my meals, and when I felt hungry I tried to consume it. This toy served a double purpose—as plaything and lunch counter. The treatment he received was terrible. He was thrown around, bitten, and even used as a sailboat, and proved a very good swimmer. With all of his good qualities, he had one bad one—he was not fireproof, and after two short weeks of existence he was burned at the stake, and was condemned all around for his unpleasant odor.

A Seventh Grade, Bremer School. —Don Methven, 236 Twenty-ninth Avenue N.

The Tragical End of "Susie."

(Honorable Mention.)

ISUPPOSE that every child at a certain age has a doll; and I, at the age of three, was the proud possessor of a rag doll which rejoiced in the name of Susie.

Susie might have been handsome once; but as I remember her, she had on a well-worn red dress and nothing of the paraphernalia of a stylish doll. Her startling blue eyes and extraordinarily red mouth were covered with such a coat of dirt and grease as to be nearly unrecognizable. Still I liked Susie. She was my constant companion and trusted friend. She sat gravely at the table and received her food with the rest. Doubtless my efforts to provide Susie with food accounted somewhat for her greasy countenance. Poor Susie was many times

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LORE OF NATURE

Northwestern Juniors Tell Tales of Intelligent Residents of the Wood and Pets of the Home.

TOPIC—A STORY FROM NATURE.



WOODLAND and meadow are rich in lore that is doubly interesting if read by one's self. Juniors fairly bubbled over with delight and wonder at the strange, new facts they discovered when they were wide awake. Wild things possessed charming traits of character hitherto undreamed of, and domestic animals possessed qualities before unrealized. Birds feigning broken wings to decoy people from their nests; funerals and the household moving of insects; the building of all varieties of homes, including the nest of a tailor-bird and another which had three rooms with an egg in each; a battle between bluejays and squirrels; the charming of a snake and gopher by music, were all fascinating when seen by Juniors' own eyes. The intelligence of pets was no less wonderful: a pet canary made a bandage for its own wound; a wild mother bird, whose babies were held captive, brought something that killed them; a cat adopted a young squirrel, and a hen, a family of kittens; horses and dogs saved people from death, and showed their love for old homes by returning again and again; a mule kidnapped a calf, and when a cow went at a dog with lowered horns, the dog jumped over the presented weapons. Sometimes boys and girls confessed that they tormented the gentle residents of the wild wood, but usually better impulses prevailed.

It was specified that the story must be of an incident which each writer had seen for himself. A civil war incident was among the stories, and of course, it is impossible to believe any of the Juniors could have been there.

Another mistake was in trying to tell the stories in the style of Ernest Thompson Seton, that is, describing as a certainty, what birds thought and said among themselves. This made good reading, but that same "goodness" made the stories read like a creation of the imagination, and hence they were rejected.

Moreover, two papers came which were closely modeled upon a story told by Mr. Seton in "Lives of the Hunted," under the title of "Why the Chickadee Goes Crazy Once a Year."

A JOLLY FELLOW

"Chief" Cleverly Eluded Lazy Youngsters.

(Prize.)

CHIEF was the leader of our band of horses a few years ago. We went across lots to school, and as there was a corn field just back of the school-house where the horses used to feed, it was very convenient for us to ride to and from school; at least we thought so. We did it the first day; but the next, and in fact all of the following days, we only rode to school. Chief would round up the whole drove at a few minutes to four and home they would go like a troop of cavalry; while we, with bridles in hand, would walk behind, disgusted but amused, at the old fellow's joke. Chief, standing in the barnyard, would toss his head and seem to laugh at us.

And how could he tell the time!

Did he look at the sun or did he feel it in his bones? —Rose A. Ripley, Winnebago City, Minn.

A BATTLE OF THE CLOUDS

Jays and Squirrels Fought Furiously, While Fur and Feathers Flew.

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

THE most interesting incident from nature that I can think of at the present time is a battle that I witnessed between the red squirrels and bluejays in our neighborhood.

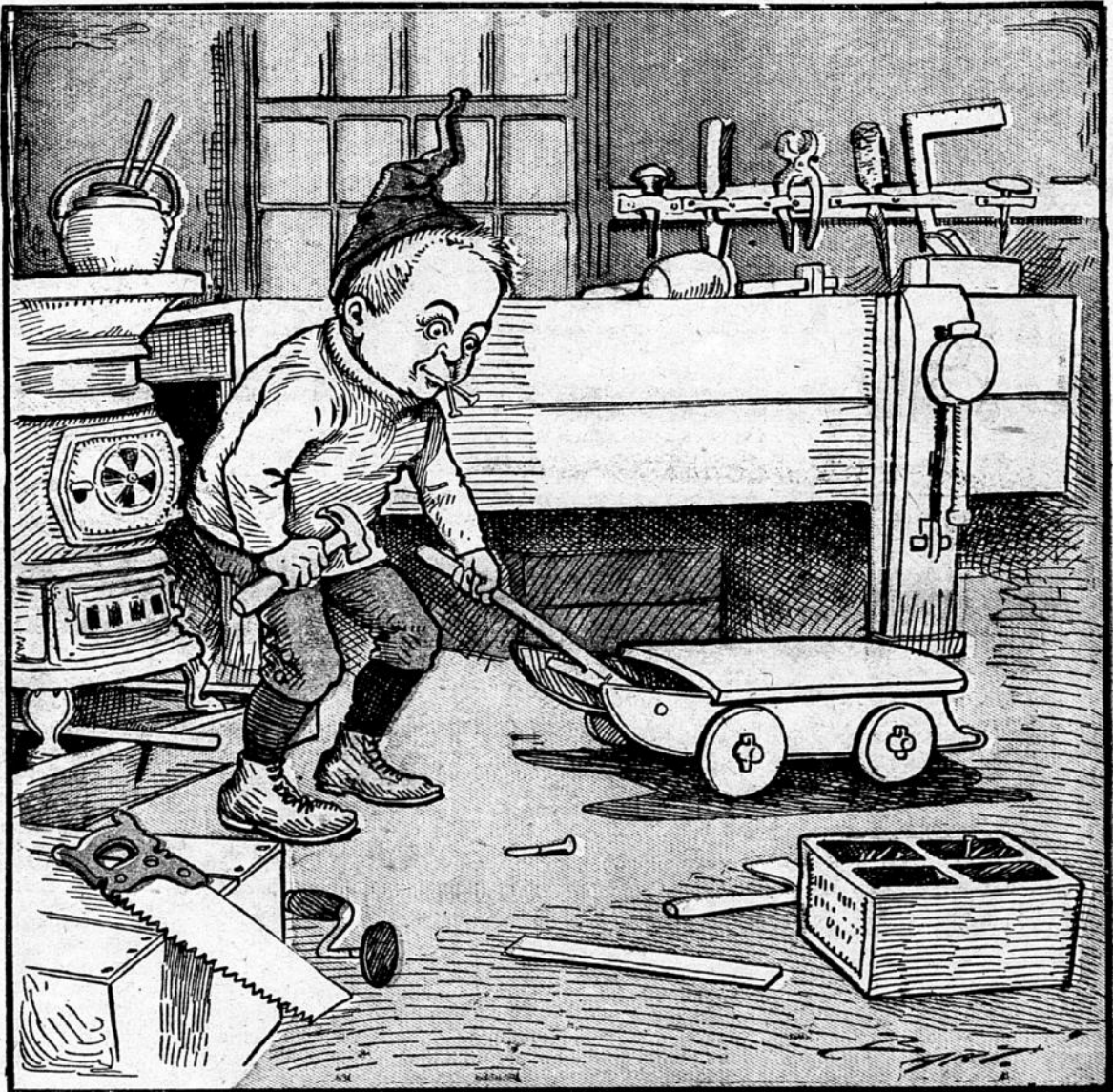
It was a warm day in the fall when the acorns were dropping, and the squirrels were busy. I was out in the back yard cutting a whipstock, when I heard the wild screams of bluejays and the chattering of squirrels. I was not surprised at this, but looking up, a strange sight caught my eyes. There in the nearest oak, a furious battle. It seemed that both parties were after acorns and were fighting over them. The bluejays were darting up and down and striking right and left like mad, while the active squirrels were doing their best to demolish the jays. By this time fully five minutes had passed and bits of fur and feathers were falling. The squirrels, however, soon found that they were no match for the jays, and scampered off to their hollow trees.

—Sheldon Wilbur, Aitkin, Minn.

Affecting Doggish Penitence.

(Honorable Mention.)

A FRIEND of mine has a very cute, as well as intelligent, dog. He is not large and he has curly black hair. When very small they had taught him to cry, a feat which he accomplished



HE FINDS A WAY

The Inventive Boy—Guess I'll have a little coasting this winter, snow or no snow!

The Week's Roll of Honor.

Minneapolis Prize Winners.

Charles Miner, A 8th Grade, North Side High School, 216 26th Av. N.

Leslie Lyons, A 5th Grade, Monroe School, 827 22d Av. S.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Gordon Holbrook, A 8th Grade, Emerson School, 111 W Grant St.

Clifford Hastay, B 8th Grade, Sheridan School, 738 Jefferson St. NE.

Don Methven, A 7th Grade, Bremer School, 236 29th Av. N.

Julia L. Spence, B 6th Grade, Whittier School, 222 W 28th St.

Edith Molloy, A 6th Grade, Lyndale School, 3316 Pleasant Av.

Northwestern Prize Winners.

Rose A. Ripley, 8th Grade, Winnebago City, Minn.

Sheldon Wilbur, 5th Grade, Aitkin, Minn.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Mary Nolan, 8th Grade, Waverly, Minn.

Jessie Hotalling, 7th Grade, Central School, Luverne, Minn.

Arnold Arvidson, 6th Grade, Wadena, Minn.

Carl Russell Oliver, A 5th Grade, Central School, Stillwater, Minn.