



Transcription of the *Wide Awake Journal*, a manuscript newspaper written at The Ashland Normal School, in Ashland, Oregon, May 14, 1897.

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[Cover]

Wide Awake Journal

Ashland, Ore. May 14, 1897

Edited by May Klady [Klody?]

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Subscription Rates

One year \$1.00

Six months \$.50

Single copy in pass for the 8<sup>th</sup> Grade.

School is almost out, some of us are glad and others are sorry. There are a great many hopeful looking faces.

This is the last edition of the Wide Awake Journal under the present management. We hope the future editor will find it a more profitable business than the present editor found it.

The Ashland N.S. world renowned Base Ball nine will meet on the ~~Gridiron~~ Diamond, May 22, 1897, and will defeat the Ashland S.S. Scrubs. Everyone come and yell for the N.S. Bring your horn and a good supply of air and have a good time.

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Personals

Robert Hammond and Dewey, poor boys, seem to have very sore hands.

Lewis Stanley and the measles are having quite a time. We all hope that Lewis will get the best of the measles. Lewis caught them but they will not go away.

Miss Dacia Willits, our elocutionist, will give a recitation for commencement.

Howard Rose stayed out of school last week. We missed you Howard, did you have a good time? Miss Beryl Elsaian and her chum Laura Garrett, seem to like to roam along Bare Creek by the Roper Ranch.

Try R. L. Goodyear's new barber shop.

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About 20 of our northern cousins passed through here last Monday evening.

We had all better follow Johnnie's example and wear red and yellow flower. They seem to be the style don't they, Blanche?

As Chalmers sits in the corner of the room now, the teachers should watch Lena and Effie.

For Reading material apply to Norris, Jones, & Co.

Lena Kendall has on hand a large stock of fine paintings which she will dispose of cheap.

If you want to take music lessons, call on Miss Mary Caldwell who is a graduate of the Boston Conservatory.

For talk, see some of the boys in the 7<sup>th</sup> Grade and for fine reasoning, try some of the boys of the 8<sup>th</sup> Grade.

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Be on Hand.

If you are going to do anything, do it promptly. The longer you wait and think about it, and dread it, the worst it will be. If you are a man, don't keep your wife waiting dinner for you unless

there is some good and sufficient cause, and generally there is not. A little system and a good deal of determination will help you to be prompt; and after you once get into the habit of it you will like it. Brace up and make an effort you shiftless, indolent, always behind folks, and see if you cannot come to time.

When you have learned to listen, you have already acquired [acquired] the rudiments of a good education.

The wide man knows he knows nothing, but the fool thinks he knows all.

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The following is a poem composed by one of the girls in the 7<sup>th</sup> Grade.

Once there lived in our town  
A girl whose hair was very brown;  
Her cheeks were pink, her eyes were blue,  
Her dress was of a reddish hue.

Gentle Daisy was her name.  
Her lover Howard carried a cane  
And up the street they slowly went  
Walking, two hours they gaily spent.

It was upon a bright May day  
When Howard must go away –  
Three years had passed he never came.  
Poor Daisy watched by all in vain.

One day when she was standing at the gate  
She saw a man coming at a rapid rate.

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She said, "I wonder if it can be Howard  
The pretty boy who was no coward."

It was the boy that went away  
Yes, the very dude who looked so gay.  
He said, "Dear Daisy in the paper I read  
Two years ago that you were dead."

"And now to my home I have br'ot [brought]  
A wife of whom so much I thought.  
Today we have been married one year."  
And from his eye there fell a tear.

So let this be the last we meet.  
Go away from me and do not weep.  
So they parted at the door  
Yes, parted there to meet no more.

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[Clippings including "Are we Thankful?" "The Scientific American" "Frances" "A girl of seven years..." "The Baldwin Apple..." "The Largest Black Diamond."]

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[Clippings including "Wild Oats," "Singing in the choir," "Choir leaders," "The spider," "The uses to which paper is put," "The baby beaver," "Strange to say, some of the most delicious

perfumes,” “Sponge farms,” “Well did the late James Russell Lowell defy the skeptics of England.”]

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Wise and Otherwise

Thursday, Apr. 22, President McKinley’s mother celebrated her eighty-eighth birthday.

The Grant monument was dedicated – with imposing ceremonies, in New York. President McKinley was among the speakers.

The oldest churchgoer in Scotland is Mrs. Millar, a lady of one hundred and two years, who resides in the Milk End district of Glasgow. She was born in Kenmore, a Perthshire village, in 1795, when Burns was still writing songs in Dumfries, when George III was king, and when Pitt, Fox, and Burke were stars in Parliament. During her long life she has never had a serious illness, and it is her proud boast that within her recollection, she has never missed a Sunday from Church. She has been a lifelong abstainer.

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Tennyson could take a worthless sheet of paper, write a poem on it, and make it worth \$65,000; that’s genius. Vanderbilt can write a few words on a sheet of paper and make it worth \$5,000,000; that’s capital. The United States can take material worth \$5 and make it into watch springs worth \$1,000; that’s skill. A merchant can take an article worth 75 cents and sell it for \$1; that’s business. A lady can purchase a 75 cent hat, but she prefers one that costs \$27; that’s foolishness. A ditch digger works ten hours a day and handles several tons of earth for \$3; that’s labor.

Friday, Apr. 30, fold to the amount of \$4,000,000 was engaged for shipment for Europe.

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Alabama spends only \$3.58 per pupil per year for education. This is smaller than the amount paid by any other state.

Sunday, May 2, snow fell in Ohio and Ind. [Indiana]

Turkish successes in Greece have enormously raised the war-like spirits of the Turks.

Eight hundred Irish girls were landed at Ellis Island, N.Y. Apr. 29.

Who says, "I will" to what is right,  
"I won't" to what is wrong  
Although a tender little child  
Is truly great and strong.

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Wit and Wisdom.

"Well, how do you like farming? Has the hog cholera got into your pigweed patch yet?" asked the [blank] from the city.

Johnson – I can tell you, farming isn't the snap folks think. There's lots of work. A couple of weeks ago I wanted to set a hen and not wanting to interrupt them, I set a rooster. I've been working with him ever since. That bird is as faithless to his vows as a summer girl. But my worst streak of luck was last week.

"What was it? Forgot to put quilts on your union bed?" "No, not that. You see, I had a colt that was rather poor flesh. One of the neighbors told me to feed it plenty of corn in the ear. I did so and I'm afraid it's going to die. The poor animal has been as deaf as a bat ever since."

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Stranger: "Can you tell me, my little man, where I can get good board around here?"

Urchin: "Yes, go down to the sawmill."

Tramp: "Kind madam, I hain't had nuthin' to eat for two weeks."

Woman at the door: "Wait till I call my husband, he's a dime museum manager, and may give you a fasting job."

Hubby – "Great scott! Have you turned the parlor into a kindly wood factory? What's up?"

Wifey – "Nothing – oh – I've been sharpening a pencil."

Tommy, to Caller – "Where did the chickie bite you?"

Caller – "Why the chicken bit me?"

"Mamma said you was a henpecked man."

If you want first class spring wagons and carriages, apply to C.W. Gray.

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An important party measure was about to be voted on by the Fifty-First Congress and the Republicans needed every vote. "Come at once," Speaker Reed telegraphed to Congressman Lansing of the Watertown (N.Y.) District. "Impossible," the Congressman wired back; "Wash out on line." Reed's reply to this was promptly wired, and was as follows: Never mind little things like that, buy another shirt and come on."

"I am sorry Johnnie, to learn that your father's house was burned down yesterday. Was nothing saved?" "Don't you waste no grief on me," replied Johnnie. "All of paw's old clothes was burnt up in that fire, and maw can't make them over for me this time. Tum-tiddle tum, whoopte-doodle do!"

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Grand Base Ball game between Ashland Red Jackets and Pheonix [Phoenix] Nine on Pheonix [Phoenix] Grounds, May 15, 1897.

A grand time guaranteed. Everybody came. The adds decorated the trees and fences all along the road a week ago.



The game was out short at the fourth inning by the Red Jackets running short of men. The field after the game presented a real spectacle. There on a sage brush hung a piece of a red jacket or a piece of blue cloth. Dewey Sacket was laying under an oak tree rubbing his leg with alcohol and two or three tears stole down his cheek. And no[w] [where] were the rest of the Red Jackets? The were laying all over the fields, some were still and motionless, and others rubbing their bodies. A pair of blue pants and an armful of Red Jackets hung on the distant fence.

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On the seat of the pants was printed D.W. and a part of an S. The Pheonix [Phoenix] nine went in a drunk with a score of 72 to 0 and this ends the Red Jackets.

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