TOLD OF DOORS

(Continued From First Page.)

was drawing me toward it while I fought against it with all my might. Then a guilty conscience made itself felt and had papa only appeared from that room of doom I should have turned "state's evidence." I stared sullenly at the barrier 'twixt sister and me and listened closely; all was quiet, and then—I heard convulsive sobs and the door opened to admit me.

B Tenth Grade, —Tillie Will,
South Side High School. 1517 Chicago Avenue.

A ROMANTIC EPISODE.

(Honorable Mention.)

The most romantic door I know of is the door to my own room. It was one day last fall that I wanted to go hunting very badly, but my father did not want me to go. I was determined to go with a friend, however, and we did go, but I did not feel so pleasant nor happy as I should have done if my father had allowed me to go. I knew I had disobeyed him and would be punished for it. When I came home my father said, "You may go up to your room and stay there till I tell you that you may leave it." I went up and not long afterward I heard the key turn in the door and I knew that he had locked me in.

After I had been there awhile I began to feel the pangs of hunger, as I had had nothing to eat since morning. I was determined to have something to eat, door or no door. I softly opened the back window and climbed out on the large branch of a maple tree, and on down till I came to the ground. I felt like a nobleman escaping from a prison in the times of the French revolution, except that there were no thick walls to break, nor moats to cross, nor anything difficult to do. I found something to eat and went back the same way. The rest of the evening I meditated on my past wrong doing and listened patiently for approaching footsteps and the welcome click of the key in the outside of the door. —David Smith,

A Eighth Grade, 2005 Fifteenth Avenue S.
Adams School.

ALL SAFE IN A SAFE.

(Honorable Mention.)

About four years ago my father was manager of a large store which had as usual a safe large enough for a boy or girl to enter. One day my father was absent from the store, and I asked my father's chief clerk to open the safe for me. As there was no money in it he did so. I went in and amused myself by turning a small knob. After a while I thought I would go out, but to my surprise the door was locked. I pushed, but all in vain; it would not move. Then I heard some voices and one I recognized as father's. The other as one of his customers. I heard father talk of business affairs. He talked of money that was due to him from this man. The man paid him and I heard footsteps advancing toward the safe. Then the door opened. I expected a scolding, but when father saw me he only burst into a hearty laugh. Every time I see a safe it always reminds me of my funny experience.

A Fifth Grade, —Moses Nathanson,
Sumner School. 631 Seventh Avenue N.

COMFORT NEAR, YET—SO FAR.

(Honorable Mention.)

One day a long time ago when my sister and I were in our first and second years at school, my aunt went visiting, and when we went home she had not yet returned. We looked for the key in the place where she usually kept it and there it was. We felt very important because we were left alone after school to take care of ourselves and the house. But alas, "Pride goeth before a fall." We put the key into the lock, but we could not turn it. There we were in the cold, while the other side of the door offered warmth and comfort. We did not know what to do, but at last we decided to go over to our next door neighbor's.

We had never been very neighborly with this family, and so when my aunt came home and found that she could not get in, as we had the key, she was very much frightened. She went to all the neighbors, except the right one and found we were not at any of their homes. She could not get in thru the window because the storm windows were on. She pounded and pounded and called, but of course received no answer. Then she thought that maybe gas had escaped from the stove and smothered us. So frightened was she that finally she went to our next door neighbors' to see if they had a key that would fit our sidedoor, and there, the other side of the door, she found us sitting on the floor looking at pictures. —Meta L. Wiberg,

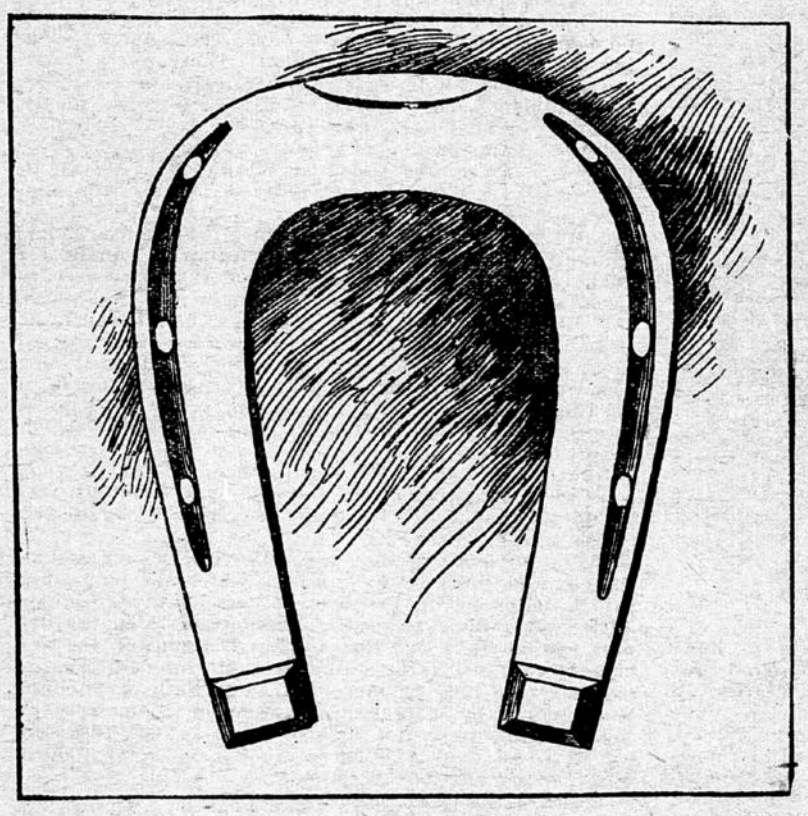
A Seventh Grade, 2617 First Avenue S.
Whittier School.

A MORAL FOR CRANKY FOLK.

I awoke very cranky that morning, and I suppose that is why it happened. It seemed to me that everything went wrong. I sat by the table, saucy and obstinate, not wanting to eat anything until I finally tipped my cup of coffee over the new tablecloth. That was not so much had I not given the cup a shove with my elbow that sent it on the floor with a bang and sprinkled the floor with hundreds of small pieces of china. However, my mother was patient; she gathered up the pieces of broken china and wiped up the coffee, while I went into the other room, looking for something else to spoil. I saw puss sleeping quietly on the sofa, so I awakened her and chased her into the closet. My mother saw that she had to do something to me, and knowing that I was afraid of the closet especially because it was so dark, she immediately hurried me off to keep company with puss.

I kicked and screamed and howled, but to no avail; mother would not let me into the bright world outside, but kept me shut in the closet. After a while I cooled down, and then, to my horror, I discovered that I was not alone in the closet. Something brushed past my legs and I set up such a shout that it resounded thru the whole house. Mother, thinking I was punished enough, opened the door and I ran into the other room, not daring to look back. After a while I was astonished to see puss walk demurely past me from the closet, then I remembered it was she that I had been so scared at. After that I was a good boy, not wanting to visit the other side of the door any more.

A Eighth Grade, —Clarence Anderson,
Adams School. 1711 Eleventh Av. S.



PICTURE PUZZLE.
(Copyrighted.)

Here is a horseshoe. Divide it with two cuts only in such a way that you get six pieces, each one containing a nail.

Answer to last week's puzzle: Rock, ostrich, skull, eggs—Rose.

A DOUBLE-EDGED SURPRISE.

"Now, isn't that too bad! Just because we are small we can't stay up and see Santa Claus. But we'll see him anyhow." So we three small children crept from bed and over to the keyhole to peep and listen at the conversation so steadily going on in the adjoining room. It was no wonder we could not stay up, for there sat my mother stuffing our stockings, while on the floor lay a bright red suit trimmed with white and also a long white beard and wig. Mother was telling my brother what a good Santa Claus he would make and that we would surely think he was an old man. Thus we heard the whole Christmas surprise. We crept back to bed, but neither of us was any the better for listening on the other side of the door.

A Eighth Grade, —Nellie Anderson,
Adams School. 701 Cedar Avenue S.

THE COUSINS FOILED.

When I was a very little tot I was very much afraid of jack-o'-lanterns. The night before Halloween I was cuddled up in a chair trying to go to sleep. I heard people talking low in the kitchen. I listened. Oh, how still I was! Some one said, "You know Alice will be very frightened, but if she is in the house she will be sure to go straight to her mama. So we will have to get her outdoors by auntie's in that vacant lot. Florence she will go with you. Helen, Elizabeth and I will be hiding. We will all have our jack-o'-lanterns and have ghost clothes on. I think we had better go outdoors now." The door closed and I knew that Florence, Elizabeth, Helen and Mabel were planning to scare me. They are my cousins and they knew how nervous I was.

On Halloween Florence asked me to go out walking and I said "Yes." She took me to the field and I saw the jack-o'-lanterns start up and run at me. I was not a bit frightened, but laughed. "Beth, Helen, Mabel, I know you." I never saw such disappointed girls. After that they never teased me, and I told them I had heard their plan while I was the other side of the door.

B Sixth Grade, —Alice Berry,
Lyndale School. 3112 Colfax Avenue S.

NOT FORGETFUL OF FUDGE.

It was a still night in early autumn. My parents had gone out for the evening, taking the front door key. This time my friend and I decided to be brave and stay alone, for at other times I had always spent the night at her home. We stayed outdoors for a time, enjoying the cool evening air. It was a perfect night; the sky was cloudless and it seemed as tho the stars had never been thicker or brighter. But we decided to make fudge, and so stepping thru the back door we locked and bolted it. The candy was progressing most beautifully, when suddenly the front doorbell rang. I stood still, my heart under my tongue. Another fearful clang at the doorbell came, and that was repeated incessantly. With frightened face, too fearful to utter a word, I faced my friend. She stood likewise, only reaching her arms toward mine.

"The house is on fire," I said, standing like a rock, "and they are warning us."

"Go to the door, then," she managed to say.

"I'm afraid," I said, "but, oh, my! hear it ring! If you'll stay here by the back door I'll run around to the front door and see who it is."

"I'm not going to stay here alone," said my friend, with terrified face.

With locked arms, trembling in every limb, we sought the front door, slipping and peeping around cautiously. There at the door, laughing, stood my friend's sisters, who considered it a great "joke." We did not. They could not persuade us to remain alone so hastily finishing the candy we left a brief note and departed to my chum's home, where, without any more interruptions from doorbells, we retired for the night. —Mary A. Cone,

A 10th Grade, 701 Sixth St. SE.
East Side High School.

AN EARLY MORNING CONCERT.

What beautiful strains are those which fall upon my ear? Are they the voices of angels, or the music that Apollo produces upon the sweet-toned lyre wrought by Hermes? They are as enchanting as the song of the sirens that lured the mariners to their fate. Ah, now as I wake from my semi-dreamy state, I divine the cause of the mystery. I see on the other side of the screen door that opens on the balcony an oriole with golden plumage, which has come from the adjacent forest and appropriated the railing for his rostrum, unmindful of my proximity, to offer his morning hymn to the creator.

Now his mates are approaching and the solo is lost in a score of harmonious voices. What is more lovely and entrancing than a concert of sweet and peculiar voiced orioles at dawn? The morning sun, as it casts its roseate glow over the forest, forms a suitable setting for the joyful birds and their song, producing a picture I shall not soon forget. Sing on, sweet birds, sing on; it is a joy to my soul. But too soon they return to their forest home.

A 10th Grade, —Alice E. DeKroyft,
South Side High. 2321 19th Av. S.

AN EVENING OF MISERY.

The only time I remember wanting to be the other side of the door I wanted to be there very badly. It happened when I was about eight years old. I had been invited to a friend's birthday party, but thru some mistake the invitation had been written for the 18th of the month instead of the 28th. So on the 18th I went down only to be told that I was mistaken about the date. I had to go home again and it was about half-past eight when I reached home.

Then I remembered that all the family had gone away for the evening. Both doors were locked so I brought a short ladder, but to my dismay found all the windows on the ground floor were locked and I was not large enough to handle the long ladder. Then I sat down and had a good cry. Then I tried the doorbell again, hoping that some one might have stayed at home, but I received no response.

Oh, how I wished to be on the other side of that door and in bed. It was very dark now and I was getting afraid. It was about nine o'clock when I threw myself into the hammock and cried myself to sleep. And there they found me when they came home about 11 o'clock. I will never forget the misery of that night.

A Seventh Grade, —Theodore Freeman,
Rosedale School. Washburn Park.

A BUSY, BOTHERED SPIRIT.

I was a firm believer in the personification of the Christmas spirit, namely, Santa Claus, until I peeped into the mysteries of Christmas eve. I was an inquisitive child (perhaps I am yet) but I have learned by experience that good little girls are always asleep when Kris Kringle makes his annual visit.

I had been tucked into bed on the particular Christmas eve at an especially early hour. As I lay there with wide-open eyes my thoughts naturally turned to the wonderful old creature of my dreams and imagination. Suddenly suspicious sounds incidental to opening a parcel greeted my watchful ear. With a bound I alighted on the floor and cautiously advanced toward the door. What I saw thru a very small crack is disagreeable enough to be omitted, but my conscience compels me to include the result of my observation. On the floor near the well-known Christmas tree sat my busy but perplexed father surrounded by an omnifarious assortment of bundles.

As I softly closed the door and returned to my bed I thought that the joy of Christmas time had departed. On the next morning, when I loudly mourned to the audience assembled, my father told me the story of the first beautiful Christmas, I learned that Santa Claus merely represents the generous, joyous Christmas feeling that surges thru all hearts on this holiday.

B Eleventh Grade, —Wanda I. Fraiken,
South Side High School. 3034 Sixteenth Av. S.

SOME SURE 'NOUGH GHOSTS.

One time when I was about six years old I went to

Minneapolis Topics.

For Saturday, Jan. 16:

"A LONG TO BE REMEMBERED. RIDE. WHY?"

Any kind of a ride will answer—horse, carriage, boat, train, etc., pleasant or otherwise. The "why" is half the topic and no paper which does not answer the "why" fully will be considered in the topic. Is it to be remembered because of where you went, how you went, what happened somewhere on the way, or because of the scenery, or what? Everybody has had a ride, if it is not more than one in a wheelbarrow. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior,

Not Later Than Saturday Evening, Jan. 9,

at five o'clock. They must be strictly original, 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 signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

For Saturday, Jan. 23:

"YOUR GREATEST PUNISHMENT."

Even grownups receive punishments of various sorts for things they do, which are careless or which may be done more or less deliberately, and so Juniordom need not feel any hesitation in telling the story of what they consider their greatest punishment. It need not be anything physical, nor, in a way, be anything put upon them by their elders as a punishment, for carelessness or deliberate wrong-doing have a way of just naturally bringing their own penalties. You need not write of anything which still has a sting for you, but the majority of Juniors can well remember some incident which means nothing now, but which they remember as being at the time "just the most dreadful ever." The papers must be in the hands of the editor

Not Later Than Saturday Evening, Jan. 16,

at five o'clock. They must be strictly original, 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 signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.