BEYOND THE DOOR

(Continued from First Page.)

"Don't cry; I will bandage it." Just then aunt came home, and that saved me the trouble of wrapping it up. She hoped it would teach me a lesson of not leaving the house when I should not. —Beatta Knutson,
B Fifth Grade, 2536 Fourteenth Avenue S.
Greeley School.

A BOAT WITH A "HANT."

(Honorable Mention.)

A few blocks from our neighborhood, on the shores of Lake of the Isles, stands a dilapidated, decaying dredging boat. Often on its elevated platform we have found a fort, the "Whites" bravely defending it against the "Reds;" or again it was the lofty home of the "cliff-dwellers." But never had we ventured inside the box-like structure where the rusty machinery is kept until last year. One day a boy "dared" some girls to enter. D. declared herself too large in circumference to pass thru the broken aperture. B. excused herself by saying her new dress must not be soiled, while L. frankly confessed fear. It came to me; I was not too corpulent, wore no new dress and—well, I was afraid, but also dared not confess it. So the boy squeezed in, and after taking a long breath, I followed.

I entered—and a gasping, groaning, crunching, clanking sound arose, and horrors! Shades of Banquo! A tall, quivering, white figure festooned with chains arose before me. With a wild howl I dived thru the opening and gasping, "A ghost!" to the waiting girls, sprang off the boat. D., L. and B. followed. We ran a block, then stopped, for the boy was not with us! B. rushed for help, D., L. and myself started back. We came upon him shaking with laughter. It seems he was meddling with a lever and happened to push a whitewashed post which lay across a rod connected with the lever. So when the rod was raised that stick became an animated ghost.
B Ninth Grade, —Audrey Homan,
Central High School. 2724 Humboldt Avenue S.

SOME BOTTLED "THINGS."

(Honorable Mention.)

It was football day. Betty and I were told that we were too young to go alone and that our fathers were too busy to take us. We sat disconsolately on our steps watching the gay crowds coming from all directions. It seemed quite heartless of them to be going so joyously to the game.

"Come," I said suddenly, and started on a run across the yard. A possibility of seeing the game of youth or business had suggested itself to me. Away we flew, down the street and across the campus, tumbling quite breathless upon the steps of a building near the ball grounds. "See those windows?" said I, pointing to the rows which overlooked the crowd assembling at the game.

"We can see the game from them if we can get into one of those rooms." We entered the building, which seemed very dark and chilly after the light and warmth of the sun. After many retreats we cautiously tried a door. It opened at our touch and we stepped rather quietly but determinedly inside. As we entered we looked about us and stood transfixed with terror, but only for a moment, then we turned and fled. Down the stairs we ran, almost threw ourselves, in our haste to get away from that room. Once safely outside in the light of familiar surroundings we gasped, "What was it?" "What were they?" All we knew was that on shelves along the sides of the room were arranged in glass bottles things whose presence banished our desire to see the game from there. They might have been devil fish, serpents, eels, great hideous creatures of any kind if our impressions could be trusted. What they actually were we are waiting for university knowledge to disclose. —Ruth Fuller,
B Tenth Grade, 729 Tenth Avenue SE.
East Side High School.

THE ROOM OF SAGES.

(Honorable Mention.)

"Ruth, will you please take this note to the A room?" "Yes," I answered, so surprised by the request that I forgot my manners and indeed I did not regain my usual composure until the door of my room was closed and I stopped to see if it was really I who was sent on this important errand. Hurrying along the hall with thoughts of what I should be able to tell the girls at recess about this awe-inspiring room, I arrived at the wonderful door long before I had expected or was prepared to enter into this room of sages.

I stood there for a moment wondering just how I ought to do it, and my inward confusion was not lessened by the din from within; but giving my hair a last pat, I softly and slowly opened the door. Were they spelling down? Were they playing games? I asked myself, for the studious A room was in a hubbub! The way papers pencils were flying I thought a sham battle was in progress, but being very careful that I did not make any noise I tip-toed up to the desk. Without raising my head I said timidly, "Miss C., here is a note for you." A roar of laughter and shouts arose around me. I looked up frightened to find—no Miss C. there. I dropped the note and ran and ran until I was safe at home in my mother's arms. There were many notes before it was all cleared up, and every time since that I have opened the A room door I have remembered the first time I entered there.
B Eleventh Grade, —Ruth Ridges,
North Side High School. 1644 A Hennepin Av.

ON INITIATION NIGHT.

(Honorable Mention.)

A great event in the history of the Boys' club was about to take place. It was initiation night and it was now 6 p.m.; in two hours several "green" members would be initiated. I was one of them. What course would be pursued in torturing us I did not know, therefore immediately after supper I retired to our back fence and gave myself up to gloomy thoughts. Several minutes had elapsed when I was surprised to hear a whispered, "Now." Before I could look around I was seized, my arms pinned to my sides and something was tied over my eyes.

On and on we walked, taking circuitous routes until we had traveled about a mile. Just as it was getting quite dark we entered some building and halted. Up to this time not a word had been spoken, but now the leader said, "Take his blindfold off." I saw a terrible sight. Along the wall ranged in perfect order were about a dozen ghostly figures whose terrible faces haunt me yet. All was dark save for the light shed by a single candle placed on a board. With trembling voice I said, "Let me out." No one answered as I gazed steadily at the leader's masked face. Without more ado my blind was replaced. I was led to a room whose door opened with a loud squeaking sound. As I entered some one shouted, "Fire!" Instinctively I ran forward, and I fell over something into a tub of water. Immediately I heard sounds of fleeing footsteps, suppressed laughter, and soon a gigantic hand caught my shoulder. After removing my blindfold the man, for a man it was, demanded my authority for damaging his barn. It did not take me long to reach home with my clothing frozen as stiff as a coat of mail. —J. Julian Mullowney,
B Eighth Grade, 3132 Columbus Avenue.
Horace Mann School.

PURITAN STRICTNESS.

(Picture Puzzle.)

The godly man and those with him being ready to depart, she came up to him (her eyes were dim with age) and felt of his band, and perceiving it was something stiffened with starch, she reproved him very sharply, fearing God would not prosper his journey.—William Bradford.

Discover three of his friends, concealed.

—Judge. Copyright 1903.

TWO ARTISTIC DISHPANS.

(Honorable Mention.)

"How delightful it is to have company and how good everything tastes when a crowd of fifteen sits down to a hearty meal!" Such were my thoughts on a memorable day six weeks ago. But my decision soon changed as the guests slowly finished their meal, for vague apprehensions of dishwashing dawned upon me. I strove to turn the tide of labor by merely suggesting in a side tone to my mother that we use the present dishes for dessert. I was indignantly refused. Then as a last resort I carefully related the necessity of my going to town for Mrs. B., as I had faithfully promised to do the day before. Consent was of course given and I joyfully left the meal, omitting my dessert in my anxiety to be far away when the final ordeal was to be held.

Lingering somewhat more than necessary at one of the downtown stores, I finally made my purchase of five yards of baby ribbon and then laggingly turned homeward. As I neared the house the unusual quietness startled me, and I hastened to the back door. Finding the key I entered, only to behold the remains of the feast packed artistically in two dishpans upon the table, while over it all a piece of paper gracefully fluttered bearing these cheerful words: "To the willing little shopper—Skipping off don't go; so please don your apron and do the dishes in the remembrance of a good time."
A Seventh Grade, —Marion Lewis,
Emerson School. 227 W Fifteenth Street.

WHEN LEAST EXPECTED.

I had been visiting my chum for two days and now I was going home. It was an ideal day and chum said she would go back with me, as she wanted to see mother about something. We started and our conversation was so interesting that before we knew it home was reached.

We ascended the stairs of the porch, and as there was nobody sitting outside, we opened the door. As we entered, a shout from about twenty people rose, "Surprise!" I was so overcome by this surprise that I did not know what to say or do. The house was decorated in red and white and looked festive with many gayly colored dresses of the girls and black suits of the boys. After a short time of conversation a search for peanuts took place, and a prize was given to the girl who found the most peanuts; it was a pretty box of candy. Another game followed which was called, "jack straws," and a prize was given to the winner. Games varied until lunch was served, then we danced and enjoyed it, too. As it was late then the guests said, "good night," and left, all expressing their thanks for an enjoyable time. When in bed that night, I thought how I least expected this surprise when I entered the house.
B Seventh Grade, —Marion Baernstein,
Emerson School. 106 E Sixteenth Street.

LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

The train was speeding rapidly along the marshes near Pisa. On either side were many beautiful wild flowers,—blue forget-me-nots, yellow primroses, great purple violets and other flowers that are so beautiful in the early spring, for in Italy spring comes long before it does in Minnesota, and by the first part of March many flowers have blossomed. We were enjoying the meadows and fertile valley, wondering if it were not almost time to get to Pisa, when signs of habitation soon greeted us and in a moment the train swept around a bend in the road. As we entered the city, there in the distance loomed the leaning tower that I had heard so much about and longed to see. But how different it looked from what I had expected! To be sure it leaned greatly and seemed as if it were about to fall, but instead of being the terra cotta color I had always had in mind it was white, the marble being slightly yellowed by age. I thought it stood alone in a square, but even as the train swept on to the station I had a view of a great, white marble cathedral from which the tower leaned as if to remove itself from the mass of beauty beside it that onlookers might see only its great beauty and peculiar position. But besides the cathedral I saw another building, circular in form, also of white marble. This was situated on the other side of the cathedral. I learned afterward that it was the baptistery. In grandeur and beauty the cathedral and baptistery won our hearts, but we were fascinated by the wonderful incline of the tower and surprised at the pure white of its marble. —Marion Clark,
2109 Blaisdell Avenue.
A Tenth Grade,
Central High School.

WATER UNUSUALLY WET.

One evening out at the lake as we were eating our dinner, Mr. and Mrs. E. came over to take us riding in their new launch. As my brother and I had just finished our dinner, a few minutes later we hurried to get the milk in order to be back in time. When we reached home we found that the rest were still at the table. They finished shortly after and we proceeded on our way down to the dock. Mrs. C., my brother and one of my sisters, being ahead, entered the launch first. Mother, sister and myself were just entering when suddenly without a warning was heard a splash! splash! and then another splash and much to our discomfort we found we had entered the lake instead of the launch. Unfortunately our dock had given way and we found the water very wet. In a second (or rather what seemed to me a full minute) I found myself being lifted out of the water by Mr. C., who fortunately was still on the steps when this catastrophe occurred. Mr. C. and father managed to get into the launch and there they were all laughing and talking while awaiting our return from the house. We had to put on an entire set of dry clothes before we were ready to start again.
B Sixth Grade, —Carolyn E. Dean,
Emerson School. 1339 Vine Place

AN UP-TO-DATE ATTIC.

Such a feeling of disgust swept over me as I entered! Such a sense of disappointment overwhelmed me when I glanced around the empty room! Feelings of almost every sort and beyond description rushed in a turmoil thru my brain as I gazed, stupefied, on plastered and papered walls, neat windows and woodwork, doors each with lock and key, a cedar closet and—the very idea!—registers.

All these in our attic, the abode of my childish and fanciful imaginings. True we had always had attics of various kinds, some more pleasing than others, but here I had hoped for one such as storybook folk possess. The windows in the round and square towers I imagined opened into dark voids with innumerable nooks and corners. Here spiders lived unmolested and perchance there might exist a crack in the cobwebby roof large enough to allow the snow to fly thru and pile in a picturesque drift on the floor, a pretty contrast with the general dinginess of the room and floor,—for who would think of disturbing the sacred and antique dust of my attic with a mop? Maybe—oh, how I longed for it!—the former tenants had been kind enough to leave an ancient trunk or chest or cabinet, as we unfortunate beings possessed none. To only a few of my chosen friends should this heaven be revealed and here I would spend my leisure in delightful loneliness.

But—it was all over, and farewell to all fond day dreams. "Oh, dear!" I thought as I tried the registers and fastened the curtains to the deceptive tower windows which lighted so well the ventilated, high-ceilinged, papered rooms, "What a horrible, horrible attic!"
B Ninth Grade, —Alvylda B. DeHaven,
North Side High School. 3200 Logan Avenue N.

THE TUB ON TOP.

One Monday morning, which is washday, I was playing with my cousin who had come over to play with me.

MINNEAPOLIS TOPICS

For Saturday, August 13:

"A VACATION INCIDENT—IN LETTER FORM."

Take any vacation incident that comes to mind and tell it in the form of a letter to a relative or a friend. The incidents must be real, but the prizes will be awarded for skill in telling the stories rather than because of anything unusual in the subject matter. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY EVENING, AUG. 6,

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 paper signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer, together with the name of the prize preferred from the list printed elsewhere. The papers must not be rolled.

For Saturday, August 20.

"A STREAK."

There are several kinds of streaks. There is a streak of color, for instance, or a streak of luck. One can "run like a streak," one can get a streak of paint on his clothes, etc. Out of all these possibilities a good many kinds of stories ought to come, and all of them good. The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY EVENING, AUG. 13,

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 paper signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer, together with the name of the prize preferred from the list printed elsewhere. The papers must not be rolled.