

accidents occurred to me, but this one seemed the funniest. It occurred during haying time. Uncle and the hired men were hurrying to get the hay into the barn, for the day was cloudy and rain was expected. They had three hayracks in use, but my uncle thought it would be just as well to use the old hayrack that stood near the orchard behind the house. It was rather shaky and the back wheel was apt to come off any time.

But uncle did not notice it. He hitched the horses to it, and my cousins and I having climbed in, he drove off. As soon as we came to the field we began loading the hay. When we were thru we climbed upon the load and one of the hired men drove us home. We had to cross a low, marshy place near the road. As we neared this place one of the horses became balky and started to run. The weight of the load pressed so upon the back wheel that it came off. The wagon tipped and we were thrown into the marsh. Luckily we landed on soft mud so no one was hurt. After we had laughed all we could we jumped up and helped the man unhitch the horses, for we could not go home in the condition we were in. When we reached home we had to change all our clothes for we were covered with mud. And ever after that when I think of the farm this accident always comes to my mind.

A Sixth Grade, —Marie Gau,
Jackson School. 1712 Seventh Street S.

QUITE SAFE (?) ON A CHAIR.

When I was about five years old I was very fond of bread and butter coated with a thick layer of brown sugar. So one day I went into the house to get something to eat, but we did not have a bit of brown sugar in the house, so mother put some honey on the bread instead and gave it to me. Mother told me to go out some place and eat it, but instead of going out I went upstairs and left my bread and butter on a chair. When I came down I did not know where I had left my bread and butter. I looked all around the room but did not think of looking on a chair for it. I sat down to think where I could have left it. When I arose to my great disgust the bread was stuck to my trousers, for I sat down on the chair where I had left it. When I pulled it off my trousers were so sticky that I had to go to bed while mother washed them and that was not much fun for me.

B Seventh Grade, —Frank Halfpenny,
Lowell School. 2114 James Avenue N.

THEN THE CURTAIN FELL.

Three years ago an aunt of mine came to visit us in the town of F. She was—well, rather portly, to say the least. At that time I owned a pony which was also as round as a barrel. One evening my aunt decided she would like a drive, with the aforementioned pony as the steed. I was to accompany her in the capacity of driver.

We had been out about fifteen minutes, when I became rather cramped as the cart was not very wide. So I decided to walk a short distance to stretch my legs. We were then approaching the top of a small hill which sloped down rather sharply on the other side. As the pony approached this hollow he broke into a trot. At the top he stumbled and fell, and my aunt went serenely sailing into the gloom for about ten feet, landed in a puddle and bounded (so it seemed to me), back upon the pony's head. The poor animal gave a dreadful groan, then slowly rose, shook my aunt off and trotted away with the wreck of the harness and cart, and the darkness enveloped us like a mantle.

A Eighth Grade, —Munroe F. Jones,
Emerson School. 302 Oak Grove Street.

PUZZLE—FIND THE WAY OUT.

I was but five years old when this accident happened, tho I remember it distinctly. I was playing with the diningroom chairs when I caught my head between two rounds and behold! when I tried to get it out it was fastened. Try as I would I could not get it out. I called loudly for mama. She was busy and just stopped long enough to see what the matter was, and then laughed and told me to get it out the way I put it in, and went on to her work. I turned my head right and left and got into every kind of a position. I thought it very serious at the time, but we have had many a laugh about it since.

Finally mama came to my rescue and we both pulled and tugged, but evidently I had taken the "big head" all at once, for tho I turned it every way, my head was still too big. Some men were working near our house, so I said, "Call Mr. Johnson, call Mr. Johnson; he can get my head out." So mama called Mr. Johnson. He came in with his saw and sawed a round out of the chair. My head was sore by this time. We still have the chair and every time I look at it I think of that time.

A Sixth Grade, —Jennie Joyce,
Lowell School. 2118 Crystal Lake Avenue.

MISCHIEVOUS JOSEPHINE.

It was about two years ago that I spent my summer vacation with my cousin in the country. My cousin Josephine was a very mischievous girl and always ready to play a trick on anyone. When I arrived at her home we went into the fields to play, and as I was not familiar with the country places I wished to keep my eyes open so that Josephine could not play any tricks on me.

Day after day we played outside. About a week after my arrival we were out-of-doors when an accident happened to me, an accident that seemed funny to those who saw me. We went to see the mother pig with her six little ones. Josephine asked me to go into the pen and get a little pig. Unconscious that the mother eyed me, I climbed the fence and lo! as I reached for the pig the mother caught me by the dress and threw me heels over head into her trough. I arose as quickly as possible, shook myself and ran into the house, resolving never to touch a pig in my life.

A Sixth Grade, —Ella La Belle,
Everett School. 414 Sixth Avenue NE.

A MERRY GIGGLING BEE.

My uncle said he could beat us all in riding our bicycles and we said he could not. We started and he was far ahead of us racing away like a good fellow. At the foot of a hill we had to go down there was a puddle. Uncle seemed to slow up and we flew past him. My cousin reached the goal first, and as we were very tired we returned slowly.

All this time we had not seen anything of uncle. At about a block from the puddle we saw him and oh how he looked! He was mud from top to toe, carried his smashed wheel and looked very cross. We knew right away what had happened. He had fallen into the mud puddle. We began to laugh and he grew angry. Then he said he would not tell us any story that night. We all went home and uncle put clean clothes on. When he

came down and saw how sad we looked, for the promise of no story would make anyone sad, he laughed right out. Of course we laughed and there was a merry laughing bee for a long time. Then uncle said he would tell us two stories and we were happy.

—Marie Medcalf,
B Seventh Grade, 2206 Fourth street N.
Franklin School.

A MOAN AND A GROAN.

Eight o'clock found me over at E.'s house studying history, which never seemed to come to an end. "How much have you?" asked E. "Seven pages in the beginning of Victoria's reign," I answered. "I have learned about half of it." "Let us make candy now. You can study afterwards." So, suiting the action to the word, I put my history away and we began our work. After carefully mixing the ingredients, taking twice the receipt, and setting the candy on to boil, we left the room exclaiming, "Watched pot never boils."

It did not take very long for it to boil, tho we did not keep far away from the stove. At last the fudge was ready to be beaten. "Please get the vanilla bottle," said E, and I went to get it. "It is on the stove," she said when I could not find it. "I put it there in order to have it ready." Just as I reached to get it the door opened and some one uttered a low moan. I was so scared I hurried by the door and bumped into E., who was beating candy. She accidentally stepped on the cat's tail, and when it meowed, peered under the table to see who made the noise. With her came the pan of candy on top of kitty, and in her fright she sat on top of the cat and slipped in the candy. I went to rescue her and succeeded in getting brown hands and half of a brown skirt. English history was forgotten in the attempt to clean up the mess. It proved to be her brother who tried to scare her.

—Athena M. Martin,
A Eighth Grade, 3515 Tenth Avenue S.
Bryant School.

A SHOWER OF BERRIES.

One day two or three years ago a very funny accident happened. My cousin was visiting us, and at the time was trimming a hat while mother was getting supper. Mama had just come upstairs with a can of rasp-

ASTIDIOUS.



Mr. Hippo—Not very short, please; and could you impart a little curl to it?
—Chums,

berries in her hand. She was in a hurry and as she passed my cousin she dropped the fruit. Of course the can broke and the fruit went up to the ceiling and then it rained berries for about half a minute. Altho the wall was very much spattered and our hair and clothes were covered, we could not help laughing.

B Sixth Grade, —Daynee Mulligan,
Van Cleve School. 2322 Jackson Street NE.

NOTHING BUT A MASS.

"Now, Roy, I want you to go to the store and get some eggs and a pound of butter," said mother one winter day. The sidewalks were very slippery with ice and one had to be careful. I went to the store and when I started home I put the cake of butter in the same bag with the eggs. Just as I stepped out of the store I met one of my companions. We were talking very interestedly when my companion's foot slipped from under him and I tripped over it. I paid no attention to the eggs, and walked on toward home. Mother brought a pan for me to put the eggs in. I put my hand into the bag and lo and behold I put my hand into a soft mass of eggs and butter. Mother looked on in amazement, and besides having to pay for the eggs and butter I received a punishment. This may seem funny to you but the whipping did not feel good to me.

A Seventh Grade, —Roy Milton,
Lake Harriet School. 4000 Sheridan Avenue S.

COMPLACENT MISS BABY.

One winter about two years ago some friends were staying with us all winter. One day mama was left alone with the baby. She was playing with some corn meal, and mama was making pies in the pantry. When mama had everything ready but the pies, Lorene wanted some dough and mama gave it to her. She put it in a pan and wanted to bake it, but before mama could finish her pies and do as the baby wanted, Lorene had closed the pantry door and locked it. Mama told her how to turn the key, but she gave up trying and said, "I guess you'll just have to stay in, I can't let you out." And she went to playing again. After awhile my brother came in and mama called to him to let her out. We had a late supper that night.

—Eunice McBride,
A Fifth Grade, 3528 Nicollet Avenue.
Bryant School.

IN THE RAIN BARREL.

"Here I come. Are you ready?"
"N-o," and before I knew it I had tumbled down

from the barn loft into a rain barrel half full of water.

"What is that?" Ellen ran to the door but could see nobody. However she heard me screaming. "Are you ready?" she called. No answer but screams. "What is the matter?"

"Come to the rain barrel."

She came running, and when she saw me she said, "Were you going to hide there?" She laughed and at the same time helped me out.

"I have no time to tell you now. I will tell you when I come back." I ran home to change my clothes. Nobody was at home. I did not feel like going back, so I did not because the children would only laugh at me. After a while I heard Ellen coming to find out what the matter was. I told her and she told the rest, and all laughed as hard as they could. I did not feel like laughing very much.

—Ella McCarthy,
A Fifth Grade, 2918 Twenty-fifth Street.
Seward School.

AN AFFECTIONATE BONNET.

With a hop, skip and a jump C. was over the fence and running toward Aunt L.'s house. He paused a moment on her doorstep as if uncertain whether to walk in or not. Evidently he decided upon the former; another hop and the screen door was caught by a chubby hand. It was a sultry day and the door stood partly open. Aunt L. was reading at the farther end of the room and C., in his eagerness to tell her of the luck he had had on a perilous fishing expedition, awkwardly stubbed his toe against the door. Woe to him! He had suddenly tempted the fates.

With a soft flutter a very, very sticky something landed on his head. Where did it come from? What was it? Yes, it was a sheet of the stickiest flypaper ever made (so C. said). It surely seemed as if it had been raining stickiness instead of the common hoed and pitchforks. The useful flypaper had calmly rested on the top of the door until a noisy boy bumped against it. It really was very funny to see C. desperately tugging at his sticky bonnet and aunt has never ceased to tease him about it. I remember distinctly of hearing C. say, "My head is kind of cold. I wish my hair would grow quicker."

—Bernice Pratt,
B Eighth Grade, 303 East Fifteenth Street.
Madison School.

A SALT SEA WAVE.

A party of fifteen people were out camping at Vashon island. Among them were several small children. We children played many different games. We had two swings, a hammock, and often swung on some boughs of a low tree. We grew tired of playing those games and were at a loss to know what to do. At last one of the girls suggested running along a tree which had fallen down. We all agreed.

We began to run along it, not noticing the incoming of the tide. It had commenced to creep up toward the roots of the tree. I had climbed upon the tree and was running down when a wave came and swept me off. I tried to scream but the salt water filled my mouth and I could not. At last the screaming of the other children brought a man to my rescue. He fished me out and took me to camp. I was certainly a sorry looking sight. It might have ended very disastrously had we children been alone, but as it was, the children had a great deal of sport over it. I have resolved never to play so near water again.

—Lucille Rich,
A Fifth Grade, 515 Third Avenue SE.
Holmes School.

JUST HIS FEELINGS HURT.

One day a very amusing thing happened as I was going down to my cousin's house. A boy was lying down in the grass crying as hard as he could. I asked him why he was crying, and he would not answer me, but kept on crying all the harder. Some people came by and looked at him and thought that he had been injured in some way. So they picked him up and took him home to his mother. His mother thought that he was about killed by the way he screamed. She asked him what the matter was, and he said, "John wouldn't let me go to the store with him."

A Fifth Grade, —Paul Sandquist,
Horace Mann School. 2940 Elliot Avenue.

A RIVAL OF SAMPSON.

It was a warm day in June, and Johnny, Lester and I were walking down the street when we met another boy friend. He asked where we were going, and I replied, "Nowhere in particular." Then he said, "Come on down to the store with me, for I have to get some flour." We all consented to this and went with him. He bought the sack of flour and was very near home when he grew tired and asked if any of us wanted to carry it. Lester promptly replied, "Yes." Lifted it over his head and said, "Here's strong man Sampson." A few minutes later he looked like a strong man; the sack came apart and he received the contents in the face. We all began to laugh and a little later when he had rubbed the flour out of his eyes he too began to laugh. It was a very funny accident.

B Eighth Grade, 112 Third Avenue NE.
Sheridan School.

Washington as an Athlete.

Mr. Evarts told Lord Coleridge, when they were at Mount Vernon, the legend of Washington throwing a silver dollar across the Rappahannock.

"But," objected Coleridge, "the Rappahannock's a broad stream."

"Yes," retorted Mr. Evarts, "but a dollar went further in those days."

At a dinner party this story was praised as Mr. Evarts' best. "Oh," said Mr. Evarts, modestly, "I don't say all the good things credited to me. Now, what I might have said was that it was not so strange George Washington threw a dollar across a river, since he threw a sovereign across the sea."

First Cossack—How came you to lose that fight? You had 'em outnumbered.

Second Cossack—That's true; but the general insisted on making a speech, and while he was saying "We conquer today, or tonight Mollyvodkarup Knoekananny-stiffski is a widow," the Japs came up and licked us.

"Well," said the camel in the circus parade, "there's some comfort for me, after all."

"What do you mean?" asked the performing elephant.

"My hump is pretty bad, but it might be worse. I don't ride a bicycle."