

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 10, 1906.

ON STEEP STAIRS

Ordinary Stairways Have Been the Scenes of Some Thrilling Adventures for Minneapolis Juniors.

TOPIC: "DOWN THE STEPS."



HERE seemed to be just one way that Juniors could possibly get down stairs and that was to come down, "bumpety-bumpy, bang, crash." Every Junior must have rolled downstairs unexpectedly some time in his life and "down the steps" suggested nothing else to him but that one time, so all the stories were very exciting accounts of unpremeditated descents. They seemed very unwilling to come down alone either for bottles of ink, pails of milk, jars of preserves, chairs, pillows or people

and an innumerable collection of things that were breakable were found with them at the foot of the stair, their original appearances generally a good deal changed. Juniors themselves quite frequently had some little ado trying to find out how it all happened and just where they were. Steps used for toboggan slides were sure to furnish adventuresome new surprises. They seemed to have an almost human way of avenging themselves upon boys who deliberately set out to go up or down them a new way. A Junior who attempted to give his feet a rest and walk upstairs on his hands came down again at a trying rate.

AVOIDING QUESTIONS

When Danger Was Real, Victory Lost Importance.

(Prize.)

"FORM ranks!" I shouted. My army, which consisted of my youngest brother, T-, was preparing to charge the Spaniards at San Juan hill, or the stair landing. My brother, who held it, said we were the British, but not having studied history they did not know what battle was going on. The landing was an important point as it guarded the front door and hall. The defending army, my brothers A- and R-, had put up a breast-work of chairs. I next shouted, "Charge!" Up the stairs we scrambled and shot our ammunition of pillows at the breast-works. Finally, I caught hold of R-'s pillow. He held on and was speedily reinforced by A-. Soon both sides were tugging at the pillow. We wavered when Bang! Crash! and over we went, down the stairs with the chairs beneath. Who won? No one. There was such confusion upstairs that we were glad to find that no one was injured, not even the chairs. We put the things away and went outdoors, not caring to be asked how we came "down the steps."

—Sigurd Ueland,
Calhoun Boulevard.

B Seventh Grade,
Lake Harriet School.

ON STIFF SOLES

Ever So Many New Things and Rather an Old Vanity Cause Distress.

(Prize.)

A FEW years ago when I was a little girl I received a new pair of shoes. How proud I felt as I walked up and down the room asking mama all sorts of questions about my shoes. Finally, she told me I would better take them off, because if I did not, she would not let me go to town with her the next day. I went upstairs and began to cry because I could not keep them on. "I will stay up here in my room so mama will not know that I have my shoes on," I said to myself. I was upstairs about five minutes when I heard mama call, "Kate, come down. I want you to try on your new dress. Come at once, because I am in a hurry." "What shall I do?" I thought, "I can't get my shoes off now, but I will go down anyway." As my shoes were new I could not go very fast. Along the carpeted hall it was easy, but when I came to the steps, down I went head first. "Oh, mama, come quick!" I cried. When mama came, she saw me all in a heap. After I had stopped crying, and told her how it happened all she said was, "If you had taken off your new shoes when I told you to, I don't think you would have come down the steps so fast."

A Sixth Grade,
Tuttle School.

DOES NOT LIKE TOBOGGANING.

(Honorable Mention.)

Several years ago, one rainy Saturday, I thought it would be great sport to make a toboggan slide down the

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VACATION PRIZES

During the summer vacation six prizes of \$1.25 each will be awarded weekly, as follows:

MINNEAPOLIS PRIZES

\$1.25 for the best high school paper.
\$1.25 for the best seventh or eighth grade paper.
\$1.25 for the best fifth or sixth grade paper.

NORTHWESTERN PRIZES

\$1.25 for the best high school paper.
\$1.25 for the best seventh or eighth grade paper.
\$1.25 for the best fifth or sixth grade paper.

IN A TWINKLING

An Unexpected Turn by the Weatherman, People or Things, Worked Odd Havoc Among Northwestern Juniors.

TOPIC: "A SUDDEN TURN."



THE sudden turn was in most cases a topple from a delightful state of things into something rather much the opposite and thru all the papers rang a charming Junior way of meeting the unpleasant consequences. It was quite a common thing to have the climax taper off like this: "Then my friend and I had a hearty laugh," and started off to straighten matters out again. There was always a companion or two around, for "the more the merrier" seems to be a very active principle in both Junior fortunes and misfortunes. If the sudden turn had been almost serious, they were sympathetic, but they were sure to point out the grain of humor in it sooner or later. When grown-ups about us take happenings that are very disagreeable with a hearty laugh, or in a manner that is almost the same thing, we hear it talked of as "indomitable American pluck." These little tragedies of Juniors, tho they are very minor in comparison, still serve to show that the big folks by no means have a monopoly of the cheery spirit. If Juniors keep on being so sensible, weeping and wailing soon will be one of the well-lost arts.

THE THIRD HILL

There Were "Bumpety" Joys on the Winding Course.

(Prize.)

ONE sunny morning I decided to go to see my chum that afternoon on my bicycle. After dinner I washed up the dishes and made ready for my ride. When I came out, mama asked me where I was going. I told her, and she said, "All right, but be careful when you ride down hill." I then started up the hill and when I reached the road I mounted my wheel and started at great speed. The first hill was but a short one, so I rode down it without trouble, the next was short also and I rode down that. But, alas! the next, tho short, was winding. After I had started a little way I heard the noise of a wagon, but I thought it was on a different road. The sound came nearer and nearer, but I rode on thinking what a good time my chum and I would have. As I neared the end of the hill I saw the wagon turn another curve, which was but a few rods from me. I was going at very high speed and could not stop. I did not think of the brakes, so the only thing to do was to turn into the ditch. As I did so, the front wheel struck a stump and off I went, turning a somersault over the wheel. I bumped my head and, oh, dear!—the wagon had gone by and the occupants were laughing and hooting at me. I suppose I was a very funny sight. My face and hands were covered with clay, but I did not see anything to laugh at. I have never ridden down hills since and have always tried to avoid any more handspings, somersaults or sudden turns.

A Seventh Grade.
—Mabelle E. McElroy,
Ortonville, Minn.

A SKITTISH DOBBIN

The One Time When It Was Best That the Horse Was Too Frightened to Move.

(Prize.)

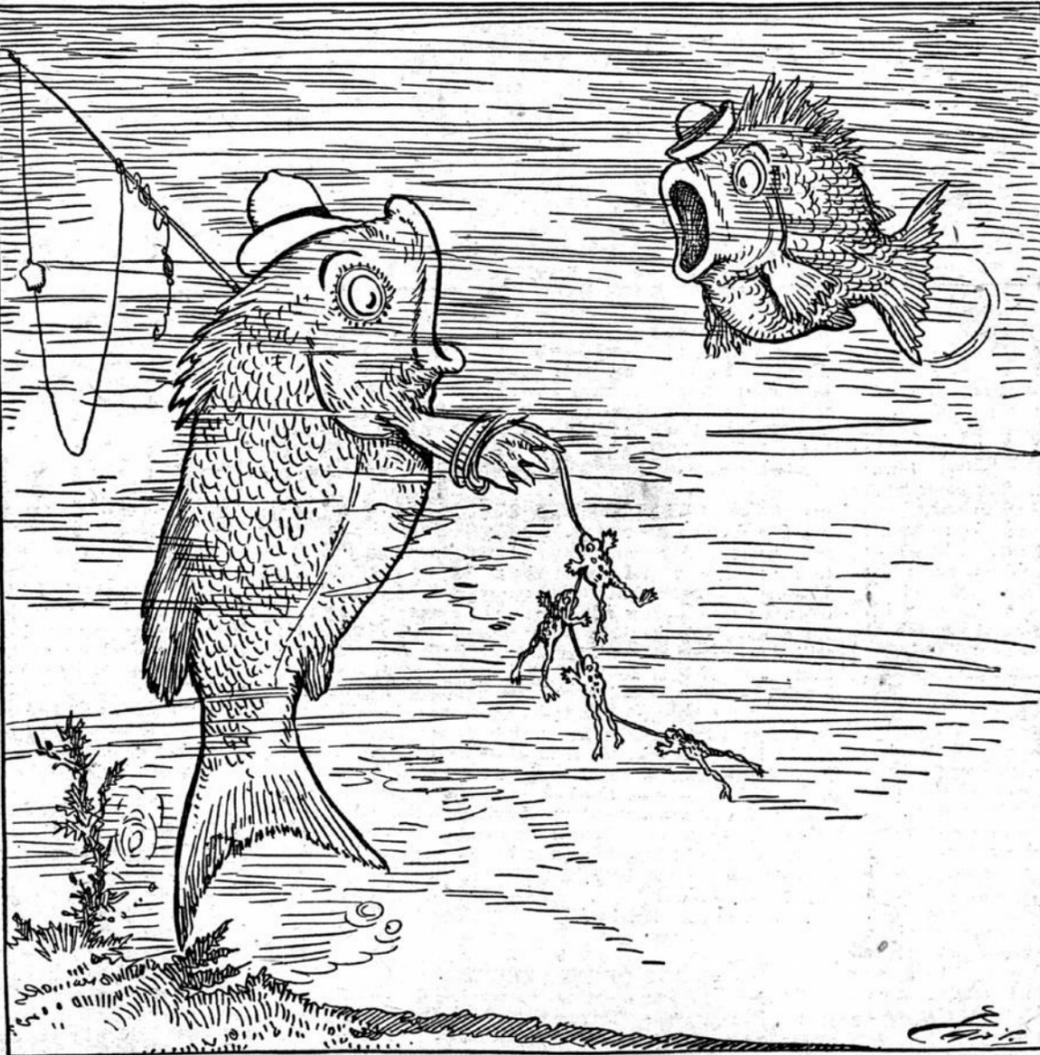
WHEN I was 4 or 5 years old, we lived in the country and one day papa decided to take us to town. Our horse was not used to automobiles, but we reached town safely. We ate dinner at grandma's and after buying some things, started home. There was a bridge to cross. It was the hunting season and there was shooting going on. Near the bridge, the horse reared at the first shot but did no harm. We soon came to a turn and just then we met an automobile. The horse jumped, turned the corner like a flash and tipped us out. It surprised the horse so that it stood stock still and we got in again and rode home. When we arrived we told about the sudden turn of the horse and our sudden turn out.

A Fifth Grade.
—Sybil Baker,
Devils Lake, N. D.

THE SKY WAS GREY.

(High School Credit.)

My friend and I were tramping thru the wood one windy May day, on our way to Carlton Lake. No sunlight danced and flashed among the leaves. Everything seemed waiting for the coming shower. Clusters of violets and phlox brightened the rich green of vines and leaves. Here and there a solemn Jack-in-the-pulpit, sw,



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

The Sun Fish—Gee, what a string!
The Bass—You ought to see what got away.

THE WEEK'S ROLL OF HONOR

MINNEAPOLIS PRIZE WINNERS.

Sigurd Ueland, B Seventh Grade, Lake Harriet School, Calhoun Boulevard.

Katie Flavin, A Sixth Grade, Tuttle School, 1415 Talmadge Street SE.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Robert Dennis, B Seventh Grade, Bryant School, 3435 Blaisdell Avenue.

Clara M. Sandborg, B Eighth Grade, Franklin School, 500 Seventh Avenue N.

Florence Riggs, A Eighth Grade, Bryant School, 3405 Pillsbury Avenue.

Bernadette O'Meara, B Sixth Grade, Horace Mann School, 2922 Park Avenue.

Harold Moeschler, B Sixth Grade, Grant School, 900 Girard Avenue N.

Katherine Baker, B Sixth Grade, Motley School, 406 Seventh Avenue SE.

NORTHWESTERN PRIZE WINNERS.

Mabelle E. McElroy, A Seventh Grade, Ortonville, Minn.

Sybil Baker, A Fifth Grade, Devils Lake, N. D.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Harry Haskins, Seventh Grade, Grand Meadow, Minn.

Lena Thompson, Eighth Grade, Central School, Grafton, N. D.

Elmer Eklof, Sixth Grade, Cannon Falls, Minn.

Kenneth Ferguson, Fifth Grade, Chatfield, Minn.

Howard McIlroy, Fifth Grade, Minnehaha School, Two Harbors, Minn.

HIGH SCHOOL CREDIT.

Mildred Bentley, Tenth Grade, Montevideo, Minn.