

# ON STEEP STAIRS

(Continued from First Page.)

back stairs, that led from the attic to the kitchen. I rummaged thru the attic and found a large cardboard advertisement. Bending up one end, I placed it on the landing and seated myself upon it. Then I took hold of the front end with one hand and used the other to start me. The stairs were quite steep and as the face of the cardboard was made of glazed paper, it slid nicely on the carpeted steps. The first trip was quite successful and I thought "If one is good, more will be better," so I decided to try again. This time I decided to go a little faster. Instead of using my foot as a brake, as I had done before, I put both feet and hands on the toboggan. Down the steps I flew, six at a time, a mile a minute. Then came an awful bump and the last I remember was mama bathing my forehead and putting me to bed. Therefore, tobogganing is not now a favorite sport of mine.

B Seventh Grade, Bryant School. 3435 Blaisdell Ave. S. —Robert Dennis.

## TO PLEASANT DREAMS.

(Honorable Mention.)

I entered the house cautiously, gazing at the retreating figures of my tormentors. I had been with some girls on the porch watching the stars blink and listening to the blood-curdling tales which they related, concerning ghosts who wandered mysteriously about with mournful, accusing eyes. The rest of the family were up-stairs and all was dark below. A careless brother had left the door leading to the cellar open and I being a very human little girl, shut my eyes tightly, grasped Arabella Jane, my doll, and began a headlong rush which was severely checked by the sharp contact of an awkward chair and my nose. The calamity occurred directly opposite the gaping cellar door and poor Arabella was thrown violently from me into the gruesome regions below. I surely could not leave my loved Arabella to such a fate. I could almost hear a second Marley, with his ominous, clanking chains slide out of the gloom and seize my poor lost one. Thinking I heard a squeak from the protesting Arabella I debated whether to go to the rescue, but the darkness enveloping those fatal stairs sternly forbade me. I placed one foot upon the top step and, gaining courage, nervously jerked the other to the next stair, the action producing a mournful creak from the boards. In the laborious descent, I felt feverishly for the unfortunate Arabella and clutched a warm, furry, live ball that spat fiercely at me and hissed angry animal ejaculations during its hasty exit. Recovering, I kept on and after being seized with trembling at sight of an innocent white pan and sticking my hand into some milk, I found the object of my search and bolted up those terrible stairs and dashed into the presence of my mother, eyed my brother suspiciously and proceeded to retire and dream of a bright, ghostless and cellarless land.

B Eighth Grade, Franklin School. —Clara M. Sandborg, 560 Seventh Ave. N.

## FIDO OFFENDED.

(Honorable Mention.)

One day about two years ago, I had a very peculiar experience. I was going up-stairs about 9 o'clock on a very rainy evening. I had forgotten that the dog had been left in the house and started up the stairs in a greater hurry than I should have done otherwise. The first thing that I knew something was rolling around underneath my feet. Then I lost my balance and when I reached the turn, the dog came down, over my head and landed below me. He stood looking at me, just as stupefied as could be. We did not stay there long, however, because I had struck on the round of a step, and away we went, "down the steps." The dog landed first, and barely got out of my way, I was so close behind him. Neither was hurt, but it was a long time before the dog would "make up" with me.

A Eighth Grade, Bryant School. —Florence Riggs, 3405 Pillsbury Ave.

## AN ALLURING BUTTON BAG.

(Honorable Mention.)

One time when I was about 3 years old, I went up-stairs to my grandma's room. In her dresser she kept several small bags of buttons. I liked to get them out and play with them, but this time I ran away with one of the bags. I started for the steps with grandma after me. I tried to run down, but I tumbled down instead. Grandma stood at the top of the stairs shaking her

## MINNEAPOLIS TOPICS

For Sunday, June 24:

### "A PICNIC."

The stories must be told in letter form. They must be strictly true and original. Recognition will go to the most "picnicy" stories.

The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

Not Later Than Saturday Evening, June 16, at 5 o'clock. They must be 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. The papers must not be rolled.

For Sunday, July 1:

### "IN A FLASH."

The topic may be used in any sense. The stories must be strictly true and original. Recognition will go to the papers that are most unusual in their use of the topic.

The papers must be in the hands of the editor of The Journal Junior

Not Later Than Saturday Evening, June 23, at 5 o'clock. They must be 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. The papers must not be rolled.

cane in the air and telling me to bring back her buttons. Sister picked me up and carried me to mama. I played with the buttons awhile, then mama told me I would better take them back to grandma. When I took them back grandma gave me a nickel for some candy because I had fallen down the steps. —Bernadette O'Meara, B Sixth Grade, 2922 Park Ave. Horace Mann School.

## ANOTHER JACK HORNER.

(Honorable Mention.)

One day in October, my mother was putting up some fruit. She had just finished a one-gallon jar of currants. They were still very warm when she said, "Harold, take this jar down cellar. Don't be gay with it, for it is very hot and take a cloth so that you will not burn your hands." I did so, but when I was about half-way down the steps, I stuck my finger in to see how it tasted. I had forgotten that mother said it was hot and my finger came out much faster than I had put it in. It hurt me so badly that I had to let the jar fall. Down the steps it went with a bang and a crash. I ran to my mother and told her what I had done and how it all happened. I expected a whipping, but mother said, "I would have given you a hard whipping if you had not told me the truth because I was watching you all the time." Now, when I take things that are hot or cold, I never put my finger in to find out how they taste.

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

## PICTURE PUZZLE.



A Knight of the Round Table signalling to the castle. Do you see the owner of the castle?

## LEFT THE PICNIC EARLY.

(Honorable Mention.)

When I came home from a picnic I said, "Where is Aunt May? Has she come home yet?" I heard no answer so I went up-stairs. I looked all over, but could see no one. Then I went down-stairs to the kitchen where I found mama and asked where Aunt May was. "Why! Have you come home so soon? She hasn't been home since you left." I then went out in the hall and could hardly keep back the tears, for I thought "Now I have come home too early and Aunt May will think I am lost. She will go all around looking for me and be worried on account of me." I sat there about half an hour and then who should come in but Aunt May! She came over to me and said, "What's the matter, girlie? Why did you come home so early?" I then said, "I—don't—know—w—w." "Never mind," Aunt May said, "I asked the park policeman about you and he said he saw you about one-half an hour before I asked him. It's all right, dear. Stop crying now and come up-stairs." When I came down-stairs, I was smiling for I had received something nice.

B Sixth Grade, Motley School. —Katherine Baker, 406 Seventeenth Ave. SE.

## TOO FAT TO HURT.

When I was about 7 years of age, my father brought home a little black dog. I was very happy to have him and named him Jack. I had never had a dog before, so I was very frightened for fear he would run away or be hurt. The cellar door was near where he had his basket. Every time the door was opened he would run to it as fast as he could. One day we were all eating dinner when we heard a loud noise in the kitchen. We ran out and saw that Jack had pushed open the door with his nose. He had gone too far and had fallen down the steps. I began to cry for I thought the fall would kill him. Mother and I ran down, but he was walking around the cellar. He was so fat that he had rolled down and it had not hurt him at all.

A Sixth Grade, Horace Mann School. —Hazel Bliss, 2918 Chicago Ave.

## A SAILOR'S LADDER.

Last year when I was in the country, the boys around our house made tents and little houses to camp in. About a quarter of a mile away lived an old sailor. One day as we were sitting around a hole with a small fire in it, we heard a rustling behind us and turned to see the old sailor hobbling toward us. We jumped up and asked him to come over and sit down. When we were all seated again, we asked him if he had ever done this when he was a boy. He said, "Yes, many times. When I was a boy, we had many caves and tents." We asked him to show us how to make a cave. With his cane he pointed

out a good place for one. We began to work as fast as we could. The old sailor said to me, "Go home an' git a long rope." Out of the rope he began to make a ladder. We worked a long time digging the cave out. It was in a steep bank. When it was done we all climbed the rope ladder. We pulled it up after us so that no one would know anything about it. We had a great time. The cave was cool and the day was fine. Every time we go to the country that boy and I enjoy going up and down the steps of the rope ladder.

A Fifth Grade, Garfield School. —Herbert Clark, 2219 Chicago Ave.

## TAKING THE "ELEVATOR."

"Now, Mary Louise, be sure and don't forget where we are to meet tomorrow morning and if I am not there by a quarter of eight, wait for me. Hear?" Yes, she heard. She wasn't deaf and I need not bother myself about giving her directions. She would be there, and so we parted. Oh, how cold it was the next morning! How I wished I had never stepped forth from the dear friendly shelter of the grade school. The hands of the clock crept slowly around to half-past seven before I gathered up what little courage I had left and walked across the threshold into a new and strange world. A world where Mary Louise already awaited my arrival. "I suppose we shall have to stand," I said ruefully, when we entered the car. It was crowded with studious-looking individuals carrying armfuls of books. With what awe we witnessed their smiling faces, listened to their brilliant conversation and wondered at their care-free air. Perhaps that imposing structure of knowledge with its army of teachers was not as awful as we had imagined. Into the great hall we were swept by this current of humanity. Where should we go next? "Poor little freshies," murmured some one sympathetically and we shrunk to half our original size. At this critical moment I caught sight of a familiar face. "A friend in need is a friend indeed," and I asked her advice. "Go up to H room. Take the elevator to the third floor. Down the steps to your right and you will find it." So down the steps we went, hunted diligently, but no elevator could we discover. A janitor was questioned, but he only smiled broadly and pointed to the stairs. No wonder we felt promptly at home when in "H" room we saw that all assembled there were frightened, don't-know-what-to-do-next expressions which exactly matched ours.

—Anna Dempsey, 2817 Columbus Ave. Ninth Grade, Central High School.

## TO BE DONE SOBERLY.

"You will have to tend to that milk, or the cat will get at it. You would better carry the cream down now," called mama from the kitchen. "Shall I carry the milk down, too?" I asked. "Yes, if you are able to lift it, but you would better wait until M—comes. She will carry it down for you," said mama. We were visiting some friends in the country and as the rest of the people were busy at something else, mama and I were putting away the milk and cream. The milk was in two large pails and after I had carried the cream and one pail of milk down cellar successfully, I decided to carry the remaining pail of milk down, whirling it all the while. I was whirling it around, gaily singing, when, lo! I found myself lying at the bottom of the steps, the pail just crashing down on my head. Mama stood on the top step laughing at me. Then one of the farm hands came in and he stood and laughed at me. "You are a fine person!" said mama. "You would better get up or you will be ill." I ran up-stairs and was soon sitting in a chair, deep in thought. I decided never again to cut any capers with a pail of milk while going down the steps.

—Hazel Ellis, 727 Ninth Ave. S. A Sixth Grade, Washington School.

## BOTH METHODS NOVEL.

"I can do something that you can't do," said one of my friends. "Maybe you can. What is it?" "Stand on my hands and walk up the steps." "I'll try it." That noon I did try it on our front steps. I tried two or three times, but I could only go up a few steps. But I had made up my mind not to let that boy get ahead of me. I tried again and succeeded in going up half-way when my arms gave out and I went "down the steps," on my head.

A Seventh Grade, Horace Mann School. —Samuel Crouch, 3424 Chicago Ave.

## A DAY OF STUMBLERS.

One day our summer school teacher took us to the courthouse. On the way we stopped at several places, one being a cooper-shop. We went thru it and when we were going down-stairs again a girl slipped and fell and a couple of girls fell on top of her. We had great fun over it because they did not hurt themselves. Finally, we reached the courthouse and nearly all the girls wanted to go up in the tower. We decided to climb the steps, but just as we were about in the middle of the stairs, I slipped and fell and those I bumped into came on top of me. We went limping home, teacher and all.

A Sixth Grade, Jackson School. —Esther Carlson, 1301 Second St. S.

## NOT ENTIRELY FUNNY.

One morning in winter, father had to go to town early. I was not dressed, so instead of going down-stairs to see him off, I watched from the window. The steps of the porch were icy and when father stepped on them he went down, "Bump, bump!" I hurried back to bed and tried to go to sleep. Father came up-stairs and I asked him if he was hurt. His only answer was that he would like to see me in the shed. I asked him why. He said, "Because you did not put ashes on the steps yesterday." When he fell down I thought it was funny, but when I came from the shed I had changed my mind. After that I always put ashes on the steps and sidewalk when they were slippery.

A Sixth Grade, Lake Harriet School. —Charles Gallaher, 4416 Upton Ave. S.