

**IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY.**

One night the children of my sister's room gave a surprise party for her. When we were playing "hide-and-seek," one of the boys in his excitement, ran down-stairs. He was only half-way when he stumbled heels over head. When we came down to him and asked if he was hurt very much, he said he had only bumped his head. We began to play again, but he did not go near the stairs until he went home. He said, "I will never again be in too much of a hurry when I am going down the stairs." I believe he never was, either.

A Sixth Grade, —Henry Hertenberg,  
Jackson School. 1422 Fourth St. S.

**A WASTEFUL HASTE.**

"H—, will you please get me that bottle of ink up-irs?" asked H—'s mother. "Yes," said H—, and she asked up-stairs very slowly. "Do hurry!" called her mother, "I must write this letter so that the postman will mail it." H— found the ink after a good deal of hunting and started down-stairs again, but alas! her high heels caught and down she went. Poor H—'s dress was a sight, but not much worse than the carpet. As H— always was very slow it became a family joke that she had never hurried so much in her life as this day she went down the steps.

—Louise Kelso,  
B Seventh Grade, 2424 Nicollet Ave.  
Whittier School.

**SUCH CAUSELESS THRILLS.**

It was about 5 o'clock one rainy day a few years ago that mother went into a neighbor's for a few moments leaving me alone. I bravely locked all the doors and ascended to a room where I could obtain a good view of the surrounding territory. Of course, I was not frightened. I merely wanted to be sure, that was all. I had heard dire tales of robbers, hobgoblins and ghosts that beset children alone in houses and nerved myself for some thrilling episode. I was slightly disappointed when ten minutes passed uneventfully. Still my expectations were not daunted and I was ready for any emergency. With a toy pistol in one hand and a vicious-looking Indian club in the other, I felt fully prepared. At the end of ten minutes more I was about ready to put away my weapons when I saw a queer-looking man ride along. Although the rain was pouring down he had no umbrella and rode calmly on. "He is a robber," I thought. I flew to take my position at the head of the stairs leading to the back door. With anxiously strained ears I heard the crunch of wheels stop in front of the house. "That is his 'rebel band' following in a carriage!" I said to myself. A short pause was followed by a thundering knock at the door. I had decided to rush down the steps, brandish my pistol in his face and demand his errand. However, as it is a woman's prerogative to change her mind I exercised that privilege and stayed at the top. The awe-inspiring knock was repeated twice, but each time I changed my mind, at the critical moment. Finally, the knocks ceased and, gathering all the courage in my make-up, I plunged wildly down the steps and dragged the door open. A few innocent looking groceries adorned the porch!

—Fannie Filbourne,  
A Tenth Grade, 1106 Chestnut Ave.  
Central High School.

**WHEN HE IS SILENT.**

Out in the vicinity of Minnehaha creek, there is a tower or tank containing water for Washburn Home. It is about seventy-five feet high, and about fifteen feet in diameter. There are steps running up it spirally. They are the kind that have rods of iron running lengthways of them, and they are very hard to walk on without slipping. Last summer I was up on the tower and when I started down, I slipped, way up at the very top, too. I could not stop and the speed that I went down those steps was something terrific. Ever since then, I keep silent when anyone uses the words, "Down the steps."

—Barton King,  
A Sixth Grade, 3240 Elliot Ave. S.  
Horace Mann School.

**THE "ONE TOO MANY."**

One winter when I was visiting my cousin in the south, we had an accident on the steps. Cousin Marie and I arose one morning to find the steps and sidewalks covered with ice. Marie took her sled and we went out to slide down the steps. We had been sliding quite awhile, when I said, "Let's go in and play dolls," but Marie said, "Let's take one more big slide and then I will go in." I did not care for another slide, but we started off together. Just as we got down the steps she fell off and the sled went over her foot, with me still hanging on with all my might. Her foot was severely hurt and when she was taken into the house, she said, "I wish we had not slid down the steps."

—Hazel Kirkpatrick,  
A Fifth Grade, 2213 Portland Ave. SE.  
Garfield School.

**THE FEARSOME DARK.**

When I was about 6 years old, I was afraid of the dark. Once when I was teasing my father for a nickel he said I could have it if I would go down cellar, shut the door and take an apple out of the barrel. I wanted the nickel so I started. I shut the door and went slowly down step by step, feeling my way. It seemed as if I never would reach the bottom, but finally I did. I was confused in the dark so I had to hunt quite awhile before I found the apples, but finally bumped into the barrel. I took one and quickly ran up-stairs where they were waiting. I thought that my nickel was hard earned money.

—Warren Mulle,  
B Seventh Grade, 4846 Drew Ave. S.  
Lake Harriet School.

**A PAUSE IN THE GAME.**

A girl whom I know has a little dog that is almost white. He has only a spot or two of black. One day when I was at her house we went up-stairs to play. We began to chase the little dog around and then we got him to chase us. He was about nine inches long and five inches high then. Once when we were running past the stairs the little dog lost his balance and fell down the steps. This made a funny sight; a little white bunch tumbling heels over head down a long flight of stairs. He soon reached the bottom and after rolling and tumbling around, he scrambled to his feet and with ears slightly tipped back gazed up the steps with an expression of mingled surprise and disgust. Then like a flash he darted up the steps once more. We ran away as fast as we could and the game went on.

—Margaret Pratt,  
A Sixth Grade, 315 D St. NE.  
Tuttle School.

**AN EXCITING RIDE.**

When I was about 6 years old, I lived in a small town in Wisconsin. There was a steep hill on top of which was our house and at the foot was a creek that was about twenty-five feet wide and not very deep. One day when I was playing with a small boy friend he accidentally gave me a push and as I was sitting in my cart I went bump, bump, bump down the long wooden steps which had been built along the side of the hill down to a small foot-bridge. When I was near the bottom my cart suddenly made a sharp turn and went into the creek. Luckily the water was not very deep or I might have been drowned as I was very small. It was an exciting ride, for the hill was about a block and a half long. I jumped out as soon as my cart stopped in the creek and scampered home, but my cart was carried off by the swift current.

—James Roddy,  
A Seventh Grade, 2743 Pillsbury Ave. S.  
Whittier School.

**A FIRST LITTLE PICNIC.**

One day my friend and I were going to have a picnic for ourselves and papa near where he worked. Mama put up our lunch, but I had to take a music lesson before I could go. We went as soon as my teacher left. We arrived safely and told papa we would prepare the lunch. We started down a flight of steps which seemed at least a mile long. We were about four steps from the bottom when H— fell. She had the box of fruit and sandwiches and such a scattering of things as there was when she landed. I saw the sign, "Not allowed to trespass," so we did not dare to go and gather them up. A policeman came along and we asked him if we might get our things. He said, "Yes, of course!" Afterward papa made fun enough for us to make up for our bad luck. He said it was the finest lunch he had ever eaten (he was hungry). But whenever I see those steps I always think of my first picnic and our fine lunch.

—Ethel Robinson,  
B Seventh Grade, 2501 Pleasant Ave. S.  
Whittier School.

**THE PROPER PLACE.**



Mrs. Fly—Yes, Willie needs a pair of shoes badly.  
Mr. Fly—All right. I'll take him to the shoe-fly's tomorrow.—Judge. Copyright 1905.

**A STARTLED GRANDMA.**

My grandmother was a very fast knitter and could knit the warmest of stockings. It was her greatest delight to sit on the porch warm summer days and knit for the following winter. She put the ball of black yarn beside her chair one afternoon and as she knit, the ball of yarn would roll around very briskly. Two pairs of eyes had watched this with uneasiness for some time and soon there was a tangled bunch of kittens and yarn, and grandma's knitting was jerked out of her hands. My, such a startled old lady! Down went the kittens "bump, bump, bump," down the steps. It seemed to me after that the kittens always looked at the steps out of the corners of their eyes.

—Hazel Skinner,  
A Eighth Grade, 520 Sixth St. S.  
Washington School.

**A LITTLE BLACK STOCKING.**

"Mama, I can't find my stocking. I wish you'd look for it," I said one morning when I felt unusually cross, after my unsuccessful search for the missing article. "I'm sure I don't know where it is," mama replied, but nevertheless she started to look for it—up-stairs and down-stairs, under the bed, back of the pillows, everywhere that I was accustomed to fling my clothing when in a hurry. But no trace of the missing stocking could be found. Mama tried to persuade me to wear another pair, but I would not, and after much crying and fussing I finally had every member of the house helping my cause, but still the hunt was unsuccessful. "I am going up-stairs to have a final look," I said as I started rather sullenly and with no thought of finding it. I was about half-way up-stairs when something black caught my eye, and looking down I saw my stocking. I must have dropped it coming down the steps.

—Marion Thomas,  
B Seventh Grade, 3833 Tenth Ave. S.  
Bryant School.

**A DIFFICULT RACE.**

When I was about 9 years old, I lived in a little town called Meadow Park. The only girl of my age anywhere near, lived about a mile from us. The house that she lived in was built on the top of a very high hill and the only way to reach it was by climbing a long flight of stairs. In winter these stairs were often coated with ice. One winter morning I was given permission to play with this little girl, and off I started. We played with our dolls for awhile, but soon grew tired of them. Then we thought it would be great sport to see who could run the fastest down the long flight of wooden steps, which were coated with ice. When all was ready, we said, "One—two—three—go!" On the third step my foot slipped and down I fell the whole flight. I reached the bottom sooner than my friend, but not in quite the same way. After that I was very careful in climbing the steps, and never again tried racing down them.

—Bessie Throbeck,  
A Eighth Grade, 928 Fifteenth Ave. S.  
Adams School.

**THE STAIRS HAD GROWN.**

I was reading in the attic, when I heard mama say, "It seems strange that they haven't come yet." I

thought that she meant the groceries. Finally, I heard mama say (as she hurried down-stairs), "Here it is!" and my sister said, "Oh! Isn't he sweet?" Then my brother gave a whoop and ran down the steps. I was in the midst of a very interesting story, but—I heard a pony whinny and that was enough for me. It seemed as if there never before had been so many steps as there were then. Papa had promised us a pony and it had come. That was the reason that it seemed that I had never had to go down so many steps before.

—Susie Van Fossen,  
B Sixth Grade, 2115 Blaisdell Ave.  
Emerson School.

**HARDLY GOOD FOR THIRST.**

Papa and uncle were sitting at the foot of the back stairs, one summer evening. Uncle was very thirsty, and papa bade me run up-stairs for the pail of ice water. I ran up the stairs in a hurry, for I was playing "hide-and-seek" with my friends and did not want to be caught. I had just come out the door with the pail when one of the girls caught sight of me and started for the goal. And what do you suppose happened? I dropped my pail of water, and both the pail and its contents went tumbling down the steps. Uncle heard the rattling of the tin pail and looked around, but the stream of water reached the step where he was sitting, quicker than he could move, and his coat was wet.

—Lillie Walbom,  
A Eighth Grade, 816 Thirteenth Ave. S.  
Washington School.

**A RAINY RESCUE.**

One rainy day a boy and I made a comfortable seat under the back steps of our house. We thought it was great fun to sit there where it was dry and watch our other playmates scurrying back and forth in the rain, looking enviously at us as we sat on our perch talking and laughing. As we were busily engaged trying to catch a beetle on the wall, we heard a slipping noise and then, suddenly, it increased to a series of bumps which came swiftly down the steps above us. I jumped up and ran around to the foot of the stairs just in time to see the finishing flourish of a little 3-year-old boy as he came bumping down the last step. A pitiable object he was, indeed, soaked to the skin, a large bump on his head and a frightened look on his face. He was too dazed to cry, so I gathered him up and carried him home next door and returned to my cosy corner under the steps.

—Dick Welch,  
A Seventh Grade, 95 W Twenty-eighth St.,  
Whittier School. Blaisdell Ave.

**AN APOLOGY SUGGESTED.**

When I was about 3 years old, my mother bought me toys of all kinds. One day she went down town, and left me with my aunt. I did not like it at all, but she went just the same. I caused my aunt a great deal of trouble, but she was very good to me. My mother had been gone a long time, when I heard the doorbell. My aunt carried me to the door with her and when she opened it, mother walked in with a large box. We all went up-stairs together. My mother gave me the box and said, "It is your birthday present." I opened it and found a train of cars. I played with them for a few days and then my cousin came to see me. I took my cars out on the steps to play. My cousin grew angry with me and threw one of them down the steps where it broke in several pieces. I began to cry, but my mother said she would buy me a new one. My cousin came over in a few days, and mother was talking about the cars. My cousin said, "Do not talk about that any more." Mother laughed and so did my aunt. I knew then that he was sorry about it, so we played together until he went home.

—Milo Wetherby,  
A Fifth Grade, 2820 Harriet Ave.  
Whittier School.

**PLACING THE BLAME.**

"I'll tell mama, if you don't let me carry the vase down the steps. She's sitting on the porch and it will be a nice time to give it to her," said my little sister pouting. "You may carry it, but if you fall it will not be my fault." "Yes, it will, too," answered my sister and as she turned she tripped on a long skirt in which she had been playing house. I screamed and mother ran into the house to find her at the bottom of the steps among bits of broken glass. Mother picked her up gently and as she did so my sister said, "Now it wasn't my fault, was it? My naughty skirt tripped me." Mother did not answer her, but when she bound up the hurts, she said, "Don't you think it was a little your fault?" "Why, mama?" asked my little sister, who expected nothing but sympathy. "Don't you remember, you teased your sister to let you carry the vase down?" "Yes," answered my little sister, slowly, "but it was nobody's fault. It was just because it was your birthday." "Perhaps," answered mother, smiling as she kissed her.

—Edith Wells,  
B Sixth Grade, 3101 Park Ave.  
Horace Mann School.

**THEIR MISSING MASCOT**

**Pussy Spent Ten Days in An Odd Prison, but Strength Came With Freedom.**

Just after their ship had been snugly berthed at a riverside quay, where a cargo was awaiting her, the crew of the schooner Six Brothers discovered that their cat was missing, and the animal being a rare favorite with all the men a thoro search was made. But "pussy" was not to be found on deck, in cabin, fore-castle, or hold. From time to time the captain and his men declared they heard a faint "mew" somewhere in the ship, and naturally this fact made them all the keener in their quest. Ten days ensued, however, and the ship was ready to leave port for the sea by the next tide, when a low sound of misery was heard once more on board.

"Now then, my men," the captain cried, excitedly, "I'm certain that the cat is here, and she's alive, and shall be found before we put to sea. All hands make search at once. Stay!" he exclaimed, in a sharp tone, as if a sudden light had dawned upon the mystery, "she surely can't be bound up in the sail there near the skylight, can she?"

Quick fingers loosened all the fastening and unfurled the heavy canvas, in the midst of which lay "pussy," too weak to stand, but living yet.

The joy of the captain and his crew was almost past description; they appeared as if they could not do enough. A veterinary surgeon was called in to see the patient, which, to everyone's delight, gained strength with marvelous rapidity.

Readers may like to know that this incident is absolutely true.