

what can be so inviting as a long level road past beautiful green fields—that is, if one happens to be the happy possessor of a wheel, and the wind is at his back. Then he can experience true pleasure in riding a wheel. Our prairies are beautiful, too. They are prettiest when the grain is ripening and the fields are of a golden brown. The wind blowing over them and bending the tall wheat, making it nod and wave in every direction, is indeed a pretty sight. I could go on forever telling about our prairies; indeed, any one who took time and had that remarkable quality, patience, could find enough beauty in the prairie to fill a book. I suppose a long time ago the Indians used to kill buffalo just where our best and most cultivated farms lie. But those days are gone; so are Indians and buffalo. Instead of a wild, uncultivated country we have our beautiful rolling prairies with their fields of grain and green meadows.
—Augusta Newlander,
Tenth Grade.

A Pleasing Picture.

On a summer day it is very pleasant to take a stroll in the cool shady woods. The passing breezes gently sigh through the green foliage, while the song of birds and the drowsy hum of bees blend in harmony. As I stand on a green carpet, spotted here and there by a cluster of white or purple violets, enjoying the peaceful scene, my attention is attracted by two saucy squirrels which are chattering and running about overhead in a giant oak. Wild morning glories turn their faces to the sun, while scattered around me are numerous woodbines and bushes laden with bright colored berries. A rabbit darts from under a clump of bushes and beautifully tinted humming birds fit among the flowers. This is one of the many pleasing pictures to be enjoyed in the woods. In no other place can one rest as peacefully and be entertained so thoroughly.
—Eva Yates,
Osakis, Minn.
Sixth Grade.

Prairies as a Substitute

There is an indescribable something in nature. Its mountains, so grand and majestic; its woods, so solemn and hushed; its waters, so merry and musical; its prairies, so wild and free; how strongly they appeal to me. Yet the one dearest to me is the water. There is something magical in it, and as my thoughts turn to it I see before me a vast expanse of blue water glittering in the sun like shimmering gold; or perhaps I see the full moon casting its silvery rays over the dancing ripples. It recalls childish recollections of building sand-houses on the shore, wading and rowing excursions and other little incidents, trifling in themselves, yet never to be forgotten. Water seems to speak to me when I am near it. What is sweeter music than the bell-like tinkle and ripple of a merry little brook as it dances on over the pebbles, never tiring, never resting?
The mountains in a glorious sunset are grand and impressive, yet they seem so distant and silent that a strange feeling creeps over me. The woods, with their green foliage, are indeed pleasant to haunt. The prairies, so wild, so free and expansive, give me a feeling of liberty. It is there that I first went when I longed for Lake Michigan, for the vast areas of blossoming flax, rolling and swelling with the wind, appeared like a blue sea. I have not quite overcome that strange, longing feeling as yet, when I think of the water, but I am beginning to like the prairies next best as they somewhat resemble it and are therefore taken as substitutes.
—Emma Kuhfeld,
Ninth Grade.
Moorhead, Minn.

Nature the Builder.

I like the woods the best of the four for many reasons. I can always find a nice shady, grassy place to sit in and there are quantities of flowers and berries around. One place that I have often played in is a nice grassy spot with bushes everywhere and grape vines covering the tops of the bushes forming a roof. My sister and I often have taken our dolls and a lunch and played there for hours. The woods which I have mentioned are not large enough to have any wild beasts in; so we are safe. Since there is so much pleasure to be found in the small, quiet woods around us, how much freer and happier it would be in the woods of Brazil, listening to the chatter of the monkeys and parrots, looking at the beautiful plumage of the birds, picking and eating the fine large nuts and resting under the great leafy trees.
—Minerva S. Glenn,
A Sixth Grade,
Central School.
Crookston, Minn.

Attractions of a Hermit's Life.

I cannot imagine a more charming place than the woods. Nothing can surpass them; nothing has given me more pleasure. And the thoughts that they suggest are most tender ones. All about us there is life, one cannot feel lonesome, there are too many things to think about. Everywhere is inspiration. The birds, the flowers, the trees, all of nature's tenants here are food for thought. Everything is forgotten in the joy of the moment. What a feast for our eyes—the trees, towering above the green sward beneath, the azure sky, the murmur of the spring, the bank, the little path, almost hidden, and the flowers, peeping shyly. Do you wonder now that these things make me like the woods? Because they give me pleasure, suggest thoughts that fill me with a feeling of awe and happiness—because of these I like the woods. I could be a hermit, if only to live near the woods, picturesque, wild and free, where little friends scamper around, where the leaves whisper and where the birds sing.
—Walter Stahr,
Eighth Grade,
Hodgen School.
St. Louis, Mo.

Because He Is a Boy.

If I were to have my choice between hills, woods, prairies or water I should without hesitation choose water. For I am a boy, and where was there ever a boy who could not find perfect enjoyment on a lake, either in winter or summer? The woods also have their attractions, such as flowers, trees and different varieties of singing birds, but they do not last all the year. While on a prairie, though there may be game to hunt once in a while, the lonesomeness would be terrible enough to keep me, at least, away from such a place. But a lake—what a glorious place for fun! First in my thoughts is fishing; pole fishing and the excitement of trolling and occasionally hauling over the edge of the boat a shiny pickerel. Then how refreshing it is on a hot, sultry

day to plunge into the cool water and enjoy a good swim with a few friends. After the swim a boatride is just the thing, that is if I am allowed to do the rowing myself. Then when the short summer vacation is over and school with its trials has begun and cold weather sets in, I know of no better enjoyment, after studying is over for the day, than to go skimming over the smooth surface of the ice on a good pair of skates. What more fun one might wish for I cannot say, but I am content as long as I can indulge in the sports mentioned.
B Ninth Grade,
Cleveland School.

—Reynold Ostergren,
P. O. Box 466, St. Paul, Minn.

Better Than a Ball Game.

Of all places I prefer the woods. To row about on the water is delightful, but it will not do for any great length of time, and one will get tired of the monotony of the never-changing surface, which does not present anything new to the eye except when a wind ruffles it, at which times it is sometimes quite interesting on account of the wild appearance. Woods, on the contrary, are ever changeable, and no matter how long a person may roam he is always sure of discovering something new and interesting that he has not perceived before.

Many, many days have I spent in the woods, with and without companions, and unless I have had the misfortune to get lost I never have failed to enjoy the day quite as much as if I had been the partaker of a well contested game of ball. Besides all this may be mentioned the pure air, perfumed by dozens of sweet smelling plants, and the delightful shade, in which one is tempted to take a rest though he is as spry as the squirrel in the tree near by.
—Mark Oseth,
Warren, Minn.
Eighth Grade.

In Gold and Scarlet.

I like the woods very much, especially in summer, when the trees are covered with green leaves and beautiful flowers and ferns grow in almost every place so that one can hardly walk without stepping on the pretty plants. Birds, too, are always to be found there and I like to listen to their merry chirping. It is always cool and quiet in the woods, making one feel as if he should like to sit down and listen to the pretty little song birds and look at the bright green leaves. In the autumn the woods look very pretty with their golden and scarlet leaves. But when winter comes and the trees are stripped of their foliage they are not so pretty to be sure, but if one likes the woods they will still seem so mighty and great that one
—Anna Lomen,
Spring Valley, Minn.

Objects of Interest.

Although I like all of the natural features, I prefer the woods. I do not know the reason for this unless it is because I have always lived near woods of some kind and been in the habit of spending a great deal of my time in them, both in the summer and winter. There are more interesting things to be found in the woods, about which one can study, than in any other natural feature. There are animals and their different homes; trees, birds, different kinds of nuts, flowers and a great many other things. Although there are many interesting things to be found in a lake or an ocean, on the prairie or on the hills, the woods still seem the most interesting to me.
—Bernal Morrison,
Pleasant Grove School.
Mankato, Minn.

At Sunrise and Sunset.

Mountainous scenery is the most beautiful, especially if some of the peaks are snow capped. At sunrise the rays of the sun strike these peaks first, making the otherwise solemn looking summit appear like a mound of fire. This is repeated at sunset. Sometimes when a cloud comes up and strikes against the side of the cold range, almost immediately small brooks and streams begin running down its side and, like the soldiers of General Sherman's army, march to the sea, while on the other side there may be sunshine and pleasant weather. Some places are covered with trees and bushes; at other spots the bare rocks, glittering stones, crags and knolls are seen, and if it stands on the shores of a lake or other body of water it casts a picturesque shadow. As Scott says in the "Lady of the Lake,"
Down on the lake in masses threw
Craggs, knolls and mounds confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world.

—Jense Johnson,
Lake Crystal, Minn.
Eighth Grade.

Suitable for All Ages.

I like the woods best of all. In the summer time the trees and grass are green, the wild flowers are in bloom and berries and such things are ripe. Then they are a nice place for picnics, and the trees afford fine places to hang swings and hammocks, while the smooth grass makes a table. There are cosy nooks to go off by myself to read or sew. Then there are long walks or rambling paths, through which to go picking flowers and berries. One is always shaded from the hot sun by the thick foliage above and it is very nice to play house in the woods when the trees grow close together. So, altogether, woods have many pleasures hidden away in them, both for children and older people.
—Florence Watson,
Sixth Grade,
Sauk Rapids, Minn.

Winter and Summer.

I should choose water because I can go bathing, fishing, rowing and sail my little toy boat. I can play in the sand and hunt shells along the bank. In the afternoon when it is warm I can take a book and when I become tired of reading I can go fishing and after sunset I can go in bathing. When it is cold and the snow is on the ground and the water is frozen I can skate in the bright moonlight.
—Roy Purcell,
Sixth Grade,
Hills, Minn.

Provisions for Winter.

I prefer the beautiful woods. In the spring time, when the trees are dressed in a mantle of leaves and their graceful limbs spread out in every direction, as if entreating the weary traveler to come and rest in their ever welcome shade, then may be seen flocks of merry birds making their way to these trees to make

a cheery little home amid green bowers and blooming flowers. Soon these merry birds give vent to their happy spirits by making the green woods resound with gay songs. The woods also afford a home for many little animals, such as squirrels that, at the approach of winter, gather bountiful stores of nuts, which the angry wind has shaken from the trees. The woods are also very beautiful to look upon in the autumn on account of their beautiful many colored foliage.
—Minnie E. Sycks,
Eighth Grade,
Osakis, Minn.

SOME ODD MEXICAN GAMES

Children of the Tropical Republic Have a Great Variety, and All Are Different from the Games of Northern Children.

MEXICAN children have a great variety of games, some of the best of which are presented below. Most of them will prove new, and also interesting, to the children of the north. Taco de queso (half-penny worth of cheese): Two persons only play. One sets a stick up in the middle of the street; the second throws a stone at it, trying to dislodge it and make it fly as far as possible. The one who set the stick at once runs to it, places it upon the top of his right foot, and must so carry it, without dropping it, back to where he had set it up. Until he gets it there the other player has been running backward as fast and as far as he can, stopping as soon as the other has done his task. The first must then carry the second on his back as far as the latter has been able to run. So long as a thrower can succeed in hitting the stick he continues to throw; when he fails the other takes his turn.

Gato y raton (cat and rat): Boys form a ring with joined hands. One called a rat stands within the ring, another called a cat stands without. The cat tries to catch the rat, while those forming the ring try to prevent. The rat may run outside the ring and the cat may run in, but for the former the ring readily breaks, while for the latter it does not.

El gran chino (the grand Chinaman): One player sits in a chair, while the rest form a circle about him on the floor. Each takes the name of a country or town, announcing it that all may hear. The one in the chair knots a handkerchief into a ball and says: "I am the grand Chinaman of Valencia, who has the idea of entering the city of —." Naming one of the cities or lands he throws the handkerchief to the person bearing that name. This one at once responds: "Don't enter here; enter —" throwing the handkerchief immediately to the one named. To forget the name of the one to whom one throws counts as a loss. Three losses put a player out of the game.

Jicote: As many play as choose. A bouncing ball is used. It is kept bouncing by all the players, who strike it down with the palm of their hands. In case a player nearest the ball fails to strike it, or in case one is struck by it, he must stand up against a wall with his hand spread out against it; all in turn throw the ball at his hand, trying to hit it. When all have thrown the game is renewed.

Los listones (ribbons): All but three players sit down in a row. Of these three, one is the maestro (master), one diablo (devil) and one angel (angel). The maestro secretly assigns color names to all the rest, who are listones (ribbons). The angel and devil then take turns in addressing the maestro:

Angel—Rap, rap.
Maestro—Who is it?
"The angel with his cross."
"What is wanted?"
"A ribbon."
"Of what color?"
"Green (or some other)."
"Who is green?"

If there is a liston of the color selected, he joins the angel's side; if there is none, the angel has thrown away one chance. Then the devil speaks:

Diablo—Rap, rap.
Maestro—Who is it?
"The devil with his hatchet."
"What is wanted?"
"A ribbon."
"Of what color?"
"Red (or some other)," etc., etc.

When all the players belong to one side or the other, they form two parties which pull against each other.

Cascabello mudo (the silent bell): The outfit consists of a printed list of forfeits (twelve for each sex), dice and five small brass bells, one of which contains no ball. The leader goes from player to player; he puts the four sounding bells into a handkerchief. Conversing, he shows the silent bell to a player, then puts it with the rest, conceals and then displays all. If a player points out the silent bell, well; otherwise he pays a forfeit. The leader passes to the next player with the same performance. He goes thus three times around the company. Forfeits are redeemed by penalties determined from the list by dice.

Aden on the Red Sea.

Aden at the present time is a British possession, and because of that fact is said to be a bright and shining proof of the assertion that the majority of wars are caused by jealousy of commercial rights. In 1858 Aden had only 600 inhabitants, and was of no special consequence to anybody. By and by, when England came into power in Egypt and began shipping her Indian trade across Egypt by caravan to the Red sea, Aden began to pick up and regain a shadow of its ancient importance. Then one day a British ship was wrecked on the rocky point of the Aden peninsula, and the natives, Arabs, Jews and East Indians, plundered the ship and mistreated the crew and passengers. Troops had to be sent to punish these people and naturally when they were subdued Aden passed into the hands of the conquerors. Aden is in a valley, and the British have restored all the old fortifications of ages and ages ago, so that all the trade comes and goes under the guns of England. The opening of the Suez canal, the laying of the cable to Bombay and the establishment of a cable station at Aden all combined to wake things up, until to-day the former little sleepy Arabian village is a city of 50,000 inhabitants.

NUTS USED AS FOOD.

Nuts are used as food in Korea. By far the most common food nut is the chestnut, which almost takes the place with Koreans which the potato occupies with us. The chestnut is used raw, boiled, roasted, cooked with meat, made into confections, powdered and mixed with candy and dried whole, in which latter condition it becomes sweet, but is apt to be affected by worms.

A DIET OF WALL PAPER.

There is scarcely a record of any siege of importance in which the press has capitulated so long as there was a square yard of brown paper or canvas to feed it with. During the famous siege of Vicksburg in the civil war the Daily Citizen came up smiling to the very last day, when it was reduced to a diet of wall paper.

CATS LIVE IN THE CHURCHES.

In Naples there exists a race of cats which live in the churches. They are kept and fed by the authorities on purpose to catch the mice which infest all old buildings there. The animals may often be seen walking about among the congregation or sitting gravely before the altar during time of mass.



City Hunter—"Mercy, Mr. Bear! Don't you know me? I'm the fellow that used to give you peanuts when you were at the zoo."
—From Judge, copyright 1901.