

City or Country?

Continued from the First Page.

the birds have all arrived and the small dainty leaves are appearing on the trees. Everything is fresh and pleasant and yet I would prefer the city life to this attractive place. The city always offers a chance for one to improve his mind. There are the public schools, and although I do not condemn country schools, I am certain that the city schools are better. The education we receive in the city schools is more modern and more extended. We have better buildings, better books and better teachers, but the best part of the schools is that they are free and the poor have an equal chance with the rich for an education. In the city we have our public library, which is a school of learning in itself. We have theaters and other places of amusement. Although we do not see the green grass and flowers every day, many of us have small gardens near our homes and lacking this we still can go to the parks. The country is beautiful and I should enjoy visiting it for a while, but I am certain I should be so lonesome that I should hurry back to my city home.

B Eighth Grade,
Horace Mann School.

—Nellie Gleason,
2901 Elliott Avenue S.

In Field and Forest. (Honorable Mention.)

I prefer country to city life for numerous reasons. In the country the poor and the well-to-do have equal chances in the spring of watching the grass begin to grow, the trees bud and Dame Nature take on new life, while in the city the poor often live where they cannot enjoy grass, trees or flowers. Few city children know the pleasure of hunting the first spring flowers in the woods and meadows. The country affords the best opportunities to the lover of natural history, to study the different kinds of birds and insects for there are more birds to be enjoyed in the country. Their natural instinct has taught them the truth of the old saying "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," as applied to boys and their air rifles. What annual attraction of city life can be compared to a trip to the woods in autumn to gather nuts? The leaves of the trees, vines and bushes change from their green dresses to bright orange, red and brown ones. The squirrels are scolding, chattering and frisking their bushy tails as they toil, while getting their share of the nuts stored away for the winter's use. Then the great yellow pumpkins have to be gathered and so do the apples in the orchard. And then in the last part of the autumn it is great fun to ride to the stacks on the large loads of grain and back again to the field on the empty wagons. In winter, alas, there is no special reason that I can think of. It is very pleasant to sit around the fire place, while the winds are howling outside, and tell stories and eat the apples and nuts gathered in the autumn.

A Sixth Grade,
Hamilton School.

—Elora Guy,
4248 Colfax Avenue N.

Freckles and Sunburn. (Honorable Mention.)

If I were given my choice and I were rich, so that I would have nothing to do, I should prefer country life with all its natural enjoyments and picturesque scenery. The city is all right in many respects; it has its beautiful stores and houses, its good men and women, its theaters, promenades and parks, and many other things, but it is lacking in good honest hearts and lowly goodwill. There is not much of the beautiful blue sky to be seen, nor is there to be felt the fresh evening breezes of the country. In the country the boy or girl lives a happy outdoor life, learning to love and delight in nature. They grow strong and hardy, sunburned and freckled, with a merry twinkle in their bright eyes. They are fearless and bold. Their minds are pure and fresh from the works of nature. While in the city the boy or girl grows pale and sickly and their eyes are dull from so much studying. I am quite sure I should rather live in the country than in the city.

A Fifth Grade,
Lowell School.

—Mabel Rossman,
1629 Queen Avenue N.

The National Motto.

As we live at Lake Minnetonka in the summer I think I would give my vote in favor of country life as against city life, especially in hot weather. Somebody once said "God made the country but man made the town." I suppose by this remark he meant

Minneapolis Topics.

For Saturday, May 4:

"UNCLE JACK'S STORY."

There ought to be many surprises in the papers on this topic. In fact, they will be a sort of grab bag. There will be no certainty of what kind of a story will come up next. The stories must be original, first of all. They may be true or not. In case any member of the family or a friend has had an interesting experience, the incident may be told, but you must be sure that it is an actual happening. In this case, put the words "true story" on the paper. But all sorts of stories may be told in answer to the topic, and this gives a wider field than the patchwork topics. The papers must be in the hands of the editor not later than

Tuesday Evening, April 30.

At 5 o'clock. They must be strictly original, written in ink, on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length, marked with the number of words and signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

For Saturday, May 11:

"A LUDICROUS SCENE."

This topic calls for a description of a scene that was funny in itself without one's having to hear what possibly might have been said to bring it about. Naturally, this includes scenes in which animals had a part, as well as one in which human beings were the central figures. Be careful not to choose any scene which bears upon a happening caused by any physical affliction, such as blindness, lameness, etc. The papers must be in the hands of the editor not later than

Tuesday Evening, May 7.

At 5 o'clock. They must be strictly original, written in ink, on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length, marked with the number of words and signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

that man could live a better life in the country, where he was surrounded by nature all the time, than in the city, built by the hands of man. I love the country for the wild flowers and the woods, but, really, I believe the chief reason why I prefer it is that there are no "keep off the grass" signs. I read a story not long ago about a man who while traveling abroad was asked what our national motto was. He replied that the only one we enforced is "Keep off the grass." I am glad this motto is not enforced at Lake Minnetonka.

A Seventh Grade,
Whittier School.

—Margaret Benton,
3008 Harriet Avenue.

Too Far From School.

I prefer the city to the country, for I do not think I could thrive in the country. I have been in the country, but I stayed there only a little while because I thought it was too lonely. In the country one can not go to any concerts or shows, nor can he go to church unless he wants to go a long ways. There are no fine parks and big stores and no nice wide streets with guide posts, nice lamps and sidewalks on both sides of them. It is many miles sometimes to a store in the country, and sometimes just as far to a school. There are not so many children to play with in the country. Then there are no electric cars to ride in to nice places, and often no fine roads to ride a bicycle on as in the city. In the city we have all these things. The churches are

Balmy and Fragrant Breezes.

I should prefer the country, first because of the fragrant and balmy air; second, the joy of being allowed to have all the fun I like without being warned every now and then about "Be careful or you will get yourself dirty," as is often heard in the city. And the country does more good because if it were not for the country where should we obtain butter, cheese and eggs.

B Sixth Grade,
Bryant School.

—Martha Goldberg,
3837 Nicollet Avenue S.

Where Nobody is Shocked.

City life has more going on, it is true, but one enjoys pleasures more if they are not too frequent. It is also true that country life is more healthful. In the city girls of fourteen or fifteen put up their hair and parade around in skirts down to their shoe tops and think of hardly anything but theaters, dress, etc. In the country it is different. Children are children till they are nearly eighteen and nobody is shocked if girls climb trees or play baseball and other games. Now, here in the city, I am told that I am too old to sit on anybody's lap or get my clothes torn climbing fences or play baseball or any other nice, harmless little game and I don't like it. One would think I was a clock, always doing exactly the same thing at exactly the same time. In the country it would be different, and nobody would think it improper to play any game known, no matter if it was not strictly the kind girls are expected to play, where they sit down and do the same thing over and over.

B Seventh Grade,
Holmes School.

—Clare Ferguson,
1202 Fourth Street SE.

Dreams of a Modern Ellen.

There was once a time when the country held undisputed sway as my ideal home. Dreams of being one with nature and innocent of the absurdities of fashion, a modern Ellen of Loch Katrine, were frequent. Aspirations of retiring into an untrod nook and there delving into the lore of ages, loomed up. But life is real. When I now come to sum up why I would live in the country, I can only, in spite of my great love for nature, find arguments for choosing the city. There is room for but few of my many reasons, hence I can only mention the most important. The city is well known as an educational center. Nowhere else, unless he be an exceptionally fortunate person, can one find equal means and opportunities for acquiring knowledge and capability. And this leads directly to my next reason. In a growing family one or all would sometime or other be attracted thither by his aspirations, and it seems a mistake that the advantages and shelter of home should not be side by side with the workshop and its influence, that it should not be woven into the daily life instead of reserved for holidays. Again, there is the broadening effect which city life has upon the character and man. As some one has said, "It is only by measuring yourself by the side of strangers that you get your true measure." This constant measuring is of infinite value to one honestly desirous of improving himself. And surely no one who is brought closely into contact with all kinds of people can resist the increased sympathy and greater forbearance which such companionship teaches. Were these arguments not convincing I have ample evidence in my own city life that it can be as pleasant as the country.

A Eleventh Grade,
East Side High School.

—Julia Johnson,
726 Huron Street SE.

Dress of Minor Importance.

If I were to have my choice between city life and country life I should choose the latter. One reason is that it is not so crowded as the city, so it is more healthful. Another, because country people do not think so much of dress as city people do. In summer one can pick flowers in the country almost anywhere without being afraid of flies. In autumn the trees are heavy with fruit and nuts, but in the city there are not very many. In spring how nice it is to hunt for the first flowers. In winter there are not so many or such nice hills to coast and slide on in the city as in the country. The country is also free from the evils of city life. In fact, there are so many good things to be said of the country that this paper will not hold them all.

A Sixth Grade,
Washington School.

—Esther Weisman,
1122 Fifth Street S.

For Believers in Woman's Rights.

The company of a bright, care-free country lass is a treat not to be enjoyed every day. City life is all right for those who believe in woman's rights. Every day one comes in contact with refined, cultured maids who never step outside the bonds of the most austere etiquette, but a country girl knowing more about the "bread mother used to bake" than law and politics is a more pleasing companion. The invigorating early morning horse back rides (driving the cows to pasture), with no tight fitting riding habit to mar the enjoyment of the exercise, tell their tale in the rosy cheeks and bright eyes. How much more pleasing are these results of country life, than those which make the society girl with her affected airs.

B Eighth Grade,
East Side High School.

—Grace Smith,
659 Van Buren Street NE.

During All Seasons.

I like the country better than the city, because in the spring I can help plant seeds, feed the cattle, milk the cows and drive the horses. In summer I can eat musk and watermelons from the garden, fish, swim and hunt. In autumn I can gather crabapples, pick plums and cherries, sit down under shade trees and read and watch the men reap the grain. In winter I can fish through the ice, hunt rabbits, squirrels and partridges and skate on the lakes and creeks. I can haul hay and wood to market, and do work around the house.

A Fifth Grade,
Hawthorne School.

—Martin Barrett,
2405 Sixth Street N.

No Trail of the Pruning Knife.

To many people living in the country farming may seem a very laborious way of making a living, but a person who has to live by labor must work just as hard, if not harder, than the farmer. The countryman can enjoy better health than a person living in a large smoky city, and working or resting, the farmer is always near those natural attractions which many people, living in the city, can see but seldom. The woods, where the trees



PICTURE PUZZLE

This is Little Red Riding Hood. (Can you find the Wolf?)—Copyrighted.

much nearer and we have only a few blocks to go to school. We have the electric cars, fine roads, fine parks, shows and concerts. In the country there are wolves and snakes that make me afraid and in the city such animals are not found.

A Sixth Grade,
Monroe School.

—Clarence Oberg,
713 Twenty-third Avenue S.

The Clatter of the Conveniences.

There are many advantages on each side of this question. In the city are the modern conveniences, the trolley car, the great stores; but there is also the incessant noise and clatter, the pushing crowds and the lack of nature. In the country, though there are few if any of the city conveniences, life is easier in the surroundings of nature, which, besides being pleasant and beautiful, are uplifting and healthful. In the city there is dirt and noise. In the country there is cleanliness and peace. Everything in nature seems to be praising the great Creator. There you have for the roof the deep-vaulted sky, unmarred by the dirt and smoke of the city. For the floor you have the green grass and the flowers instead of the hard and clanging pavements of the city. Though you are without the latest books, the art galleries and sights of the city, you may read in the beautiful and endless book of nature; you may find the highest gems of art in the woods and fields. I prefer the country.

B Eighth Grade,
Emerson School.

—Wentworth Chapman,
209 E Sixteenth Street.

Good Times the Year Through.

I should like to live in the country, because I could have nice times all the year round. In the spring I could see and hear nature coming to life again. In the summer what more pleasant than to sit under the grand oak trees and sew or read? In the autumn comes the gathering of the rosy and mellow apples, and the bringing home of the grain and golden corn. In the winter when Jack Frost comes there is coasting down the steep hills and sleigh rides in the cold and frosty air. Altogether I think living in the country gives more pleasure than in the city.

B Seventh Grade,
Van Cleve School.

—Gertrude Blankenhorn,
2305 Madison Street NE.

Better Place for Picnics.

I prefer country life to city life because there are no fire engines, street cars, automobiles or so many trains to run over one. There are no woods in the city as there are in the country and one can pick apples right off the trees and eat them, while in the city he has to buy them and they are not always fresh. One can go into the garden and pick the berries and vegetables, while in the city there is no place for gardens. The milk, butter and cheese are always fresh, and in the city one cannot tell whether they are fresh or not. The country is also a better place to have picnics.

A Fifth Grade,
Rosedale School.

—Henry Farrington,
4220 Lyndale Avenue S.

Two Different Views.

How I should like to live in the country. There are no street cars, railroads, smoke, high buildings and unhealthy, crowded streets in the country. There I could look out the windows and see green fields and trees and everything pleasant, while in the city I can see nothing but houses and stores in nearly every direction. If I could have my way I should always live in the country.

B Sixth Grade,
Horace Mann School.

—Mary Gleason,
2901 Ninth Avenue S.

As Four Is to Ten, So—

I was born in the country and lived there about four years. I have lived in the city about ten years, and if I had my choice I would choose the country every time. People say that those who