

have not been pruned into an artificial beauty, the flowers and shrubs, which grow as nature arranges them and the breezes which blow through forests and over fields do not carry with them the smell of smoke and other offending odors, but bring the perfume of nature with them. These things people living in the country can enjoy every day and hour, while town folk must seek them at rare intervals. The fare, even though it may be slightly coarse in comparison with what people usually eat in town, can be partaken of five times a day with relish by people who, in the city, would claim they altogether lacked an appetite. Therefore, it seems to me that people living in town who could have their choice are robbing themselves of a happier life by not enjoying country life.

—Curtis Schindeldecker,
1500 Fourth Street S.,
B Eighth Grade,
Adams School.

As Noisy as She Pleases.

I should rather live in the country than in the city. I like the country better because it is more healthful and I can have more fun. I can run, jump and scream as loudly as I want to without any one hearing me. Then I can chase rabbits and ride horse back; I can also help tend to the garden and hunt for eggs. Then, too, the country is the healthier, because the air is free from impurities. In the city there are no wild rabbits to chase and I cannot scream very loud without about a dozen people hearing me.

B Fifth Grade,
Sidney Pratt School.

It All Depends.

It depends a great deal upon one's individual aspirations as to the place he would choose to live in. A situation highly desirable and pleasing to one might be entirely unfitted to another. Therefore, it is impossible for a person to make a sweeping assertion that the city or the country is the best dwelling place for everyone. The country offers pure air, inspiring surroundings in the manifestations of nature, and a life free from turmoil. These are things certainly not to be despised. On the other hand, the city holds out greater opportunities for learning, culture and business. Its free libraries, refined society and large industries all help toward the consummation of these ends. Yet it has its disadvantages in its greater evils and temptations. Personally I prefer the city because of the opportunities I have mentioned, but there are others who, with as good reason, would prefer the country. It is simply a matter of aim and taste.

A Ninth Grade,
Central High School.
—Harold K. Chance,
418 Second Avenue S.

The City Breathing Spots.

Life in the city affords many pleasures which life in the country does not, but at the same time city life brings with it many temptations that are not encountered in the country. In the summer life in the country is far more pleasant than in a hot, crowded city. In the country a person is always surrounded by fresh, invigorating air, while in a city the parks and boulevards are the only places where real fresh air and grass and trees can be enjoyed by poor people. The city affords better schools and means of education than the country, but an education is second to a good character. Summing all things together, I should keep a child in the country until it was time for it to enter the public schools, then I should move to the city.

A Eighth Grade,
Madison School.
—Harry Butler,
628 E Nineteenth Street.

Space Is Too Limited.

Although I live in the city I prefer living in the country, because the air is much sweeter and there is more space in which to play and run around. There are also lakes in which to swim and row. In the city it is altogether different. A person has his yard, which is about the size of a hatbox, and he is supposed to stay in it and not run around in the yards of other people, which is very unpleasant. That is the chief reason why I prefer living in the country.

A Sixth Grade,
Webster School.
—Arthur Savard,
601 Third Avenue NE.

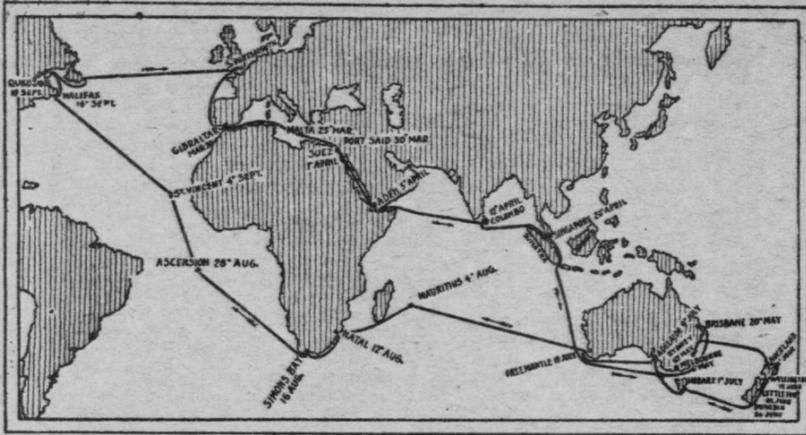
Where Muscle Is Made.

I should choose country life, for there one can pick berries, climb trees and ride horseback without anybody interfering. Of course, if one lives on a farm there is a great deal of work to be done, but then such work as plowing, planting and hoeing gives one muscle and does him good. I have compared city girls with country girls and have found the latter much stronger and healthier. Besides city life is not nearly so quiet as country life, for in the city there is the noise of whistles, cars, engines, wagons and many other things too numerous to mention; the air is impure from smoke and dust, and we never have real pure air unless it is after a rainstorm.

—Anna Sall,
1318 Sixth Street NE.
A Sixth Grade,
Sheridan School.

Orchards and Cornfields.

I am very fond of both city and country life, but if I were to choose between the two I should take country life. Some people may not agree with me, but when they think of the fresh air, the beautiful forests, the orchards and the many hundreds of beautiful corn fields, I am sure that they will have some sympathy with me. There are a great many sports in which country people indulge, such as nutting, hunting, fishing, etc., which city people hardly ever can enjoy. After harvest there is the fruit to be had for the gathering, plums, crabapples, gooseberries, etc., for which city people have to pay a great price. The things that I like best in country



THE ROUTE OF THE OPHIR.
From the Little Chronicle.

Shortly before the last illness of Queen Victoria, she arranged for the Duke and Duchess of York to visit Australia and make a tour of the world, touching at all of the important British possessions. Her death delayed the trip for a time, but it was considered a wise state move for the royal couple now bearing the title of Cornwall and York to carry out the dead queen's plans in this respect. The dates of their arrival at the various ports are also given, and as the schedule is generally well carried out, it will be possible to travel with them from day to day.

life are nutting, gathering the eggs from the hay stack and the hay loft in the barn, riding horseback from one place to another and having the care of one or two pet sheep in a pasture near by. Then, as it grows colder and the ground is heaped with snow, there are sports which are still more pleasant than in summer. Boys and girls as well as grownups may go sleigh riding as often as they like, while it would not very often occur among city people.

—Viola Fickel,
A Seventh Grade,
Hamilton School.
4639 Bryant Avenue N,
Camden Place.

A Sample Might Convince.

If I were to have my choice between living in the country and the city, I most certainly should choose to live in the country. In the country it is so still and cool and I can go fishing, swimming and boat riding, while in the city it is so noisy and hot that I sit around and do nothing all day except eat my meals and complain of its being so hot and dusty. In the country there are so many things to do, such as to pick flowers, strawberries and other fruit. There is also work to do there, such as shocking wheat, cutting corn and putting it in the shock, but this is all fun for me. If all the city children could go to the country for a summer they would choose to stay all the time.

—Harold Rise,
A Sixth Grade,
Irving School.
3017 Cedar Avenue.

Either Muddy or Dusty.

If I lived in the country I should most likely have to feed cows and pigs, and when I wanted to hunt for flowers I should have gardens to weed or berries to pick. I prefer living in the city, where there are bicycle paths and paved streets to drive on, for in the country there are muddy roads when it rains and when it dries they are so dusty that the least bit of wind blows the dirt hither and thither. In the country there is no library with its art exhibitions and free books. When a person lives in the country he cannot always associate with those whom he would like, while in the city one has a chance to move when he does not like the neighborhood. Another advantage that people who live in the city have is that they can have green lawns because there is city water with which to sprinkle them. In case of sickness one can go to a telephone and call up a doctor in just a little while, but in the country one frequently has to go several miles to get one. Anyone who lives in the city can have a great many more amusements than those in the country, such as going to parties, entertainments, contests and such things. It is not easy to get a good preacher in the country, but in the city one can go to almost any church and hear some good sound preaching.

—Lora Purvis,
A Sixth Grade,
Calhoun School.
3313 Girard Avenue S.

An Enchanting Vision.

Which is my favorite, the city or country? That is a question worthy of a second thought, for though the word "country" brings up a vision of ponies, chickens, cows, a rifle, squirrels, rabbits, fish, etc. Still

even when brought face to face with all these numerous pleasures I miss the busy hum of the city, where something new and novel is always to be witnessed, either in the shop windows, streets or theaters, if a person looks for it. One who has time to enjoy life may live in the city and enjoy its life and to kill the monotony take a spin on his wheel occasionally to the suburbs and get more benefit out of a short trip of this kind than if he lived there constantly. The poor man finds that the country is the hardest place on earth to earn a living. Even if he retires at 8 o'clock he finds it no easy matter to rise at the time country chores should begin in order to get them all done. So I am one of those who will choose the city and enjoy the pleasures therein with perfect content and satisfaction, though the air be clouded with smoke and the brick walls shield the sunrise, which in the country makes such a pleasing sight.

A Seventh Grade,
Washington School.
—John Whitehead,
628 Eighth Avenue S.

Parks in the Country.

City life is very disagreeable to me in most ways. The only shady places to be found are by some building or lake. The city has filled up all the creeks or ponds that make things nice. Some people like cultivated parks where there are beautiful flowers and fountains. The country is the place for me every time. I had rather bring the cows home than go walking in some park. I don't doubt that Minneapolis has fine parks, for I have visited parks in Baltimore and no park in that city is as nice as Minnehaha. Our country parks are the potato patches or corn fields. As much as I dislike pulling weeds or picking potatoes I had rather do it from 7 in the morning till 3 o'clock in the afternoon than stay in the city. I dislike the city because a fellow cannot play ball without breaking a window, or if I go on a vacant lot a half block square and get excited, as all boys do at a ball game, the police will come along and object to the noise. That is one of the things that makes the city disagreeable to me. In winter if I throw a snowball and accidentally, as it always is with boys, hit some one, I am liable to have hit the wrong one. But of course I should not have thrown it. In the country most men are good natured and will have a snowball fight any time, because they have no business to bother them as city men have. That is why I like the country and dislike a city.

—Elmer Rutledge,
A Sixth Grade,
Greeley School.
2443 Bloomington Avenue.

FLYING SQUIRRELS

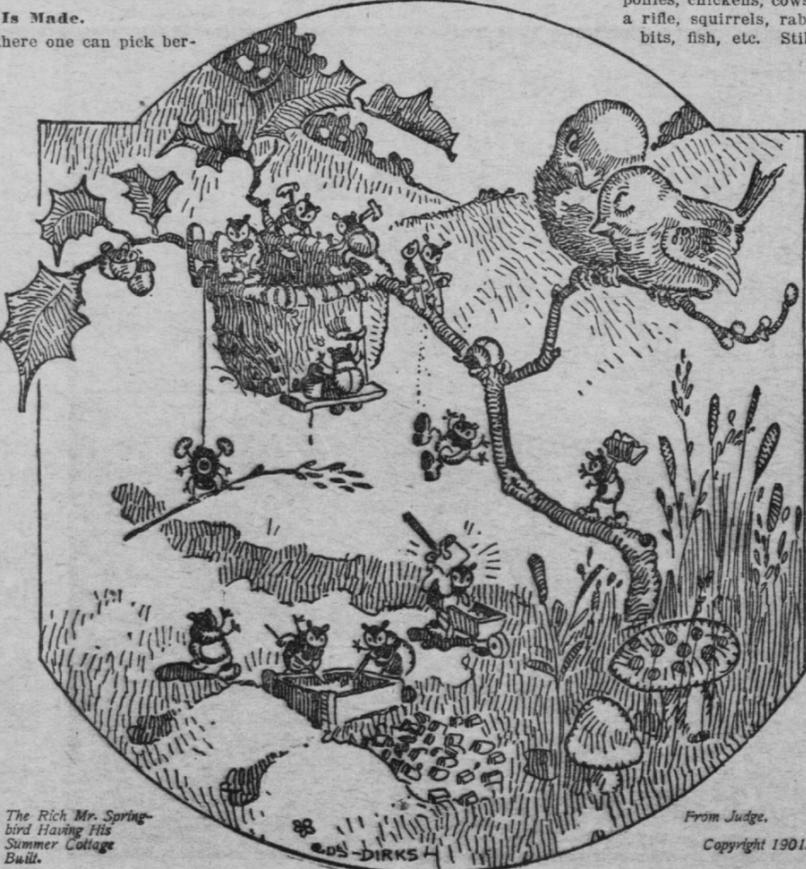
Ernest R. Ingersoll in Harper's Bazar.

WOULD it be far wrong to call the flying squirrel the most beautiful, the most lovable of American mammals? None other seems so attractive to both the eye and the imagination, and this impression is confirmed when we come to know the little creature as a pet, for its gentleness and caressing trust in us are wholly charming. Flying squirrels are to be found all over the country, braving even a Canadian winter, yet are not commonly seen, for no animal is more strictly nocturnal among the many which go abroad after night. He who quietly wanders through our groves and forests during the warm still nights of summer, remarks an observer of these things, marks a myriad of sounds that betoken the presence and activity of animal life during the hours of darkness. The faint rustling of leaves, the pattering of light footsteps on the ground, the constant dropping of something from the trees, the sharp squeaking of unseen creatures, the lonesome note of a wakeful bird, "the bustle and chipper of something chasing something else up the trunk of a neighboring tree, the cry of distress as some bird or beast of prey seizes its unhappy victim," these and numberless other noises tell of life, active and abounding. To this confusing chorus of the night the flying squirrels contribute not a little, for from twilight until dawn they are abroad, hunting and hunted, working and playing, their big black eyes expanded to catch whatever thin rays of light illumine the leafy recesses. Quietly watching in some moonlit glade, you may perhaps see their singular and graceful movements. In these glidings they cannot change their direction to any extent, nor acquire a new impulse, nor go beyond their power to sail down an inclined plane upon the parachute formed by the loose skin of their sides, which reaches to the feet and is extended by their outstretched legs.

Some hollow of an old tree trunk gives them a home—preferably the snug chamber cut years before by a woodpecker; but sometimes they chose a cranny among rocks, or, more often nowadays, take possession of a garden birdbox or a nook beneath the eaves or inside the garret of a house. They will, indeed, make themselves exceedingly at home anywhere about the premises when encouraged, a privilege careful housekeepers are chary of granting after a little experience of the mischief their inquisitive teeth may do furniture, upholstery and hangings, not to speak of the cheerful racket they keep up when a number of them become colonized in the attic and walls, just at the time when other folks like to have the house quiet.

Flying squirrels feed mainly on thin shell nuts, acorns, seeds and small fruits, such as they can gather without leaving the tree tops, and seem to drop about three for every one they secure. Insects attract them, and, sad to say, they also eat the eggs and young of birds, for they have a liking for meat and often plague fur trappers by devouring their baits, while tame ones consume greedily any raw flesh offered them. Nuts, acorns and corn grains they store in great quantities in hollows near their winter quarters, where sometimes a dozen dwell in one hole, and they draw rations from these larders pretty regularly through the winter, except in storms and very "cold snaps," when they remain in doors, curled up and crowded together, sluggish with sleep, until the weather moderates. If you want a pet flying squirrel, it is well to get it when young, as you can usually do in May or June; but an adult will respond to gentle treatment with ready docility, never biting and becoming in a day or two perfectly tame. If you do not know where a family is living, go about tapping on the woodpecker-riddled dead stubs at the edge of the woods until a furry head pops out to investigate, and the capture is very easy. And sometimes they make a summer nest of leaves and carry the youngsters to it to grow up in cooler quarters. They are, indeed, exceedingly fond and careful of their little ones. Audubon relates that once he brought home a flying squirrel family, and, having no cage handy, put them into a bureau drawer for the night. In the morning the old one was gone, and the kindly naturalist was left to nurse the kittens as best he could. They lived and seemed to thrive, although surprisingly little of the milk he gave them was consumed, but the mystery was presently solved. "A few evenings afterward," he says, "we were surprised and delighted to see the mother glide through the open window and enter the still open drawer; in a moment she was nestled with her young. She had not forsaken them, but visited them nightly."

Nothing can be prettier as pets, when restrained from becoming a nuisance by multiplication and mischief. All day they remain quiet and usually asleep—in your pocket if you are willing. It is amusing to watch one preparing for a doze by placing its head between its forefeet, and then deliberately keeling over until its head is back between its thighs and its limbs are enveloped in cloak and tail so that it is nothing but a soft round ball of mouse colored and creamy fur. When dusk falls, however, it wakes up, and all the evening is exceedingly active and playful. Dr. Merriam tells of one which, when placed upon a table would come to the edge nearest him and cry to be taken up. "If I extended my arm and approached it, the little creature, trembling with delight, would stand on its hind legs and leap upon my hand, thence, running either up my sleeve or down my neck."



The Rich Mr. Spring-bird Having His Summer Cottage Built.

From Judge.
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