

returns to repair it. No other building recalls to my mind all the ghost stories I ever have heard as well as this one does. This building is dreaded by nearly everybody—perhaps for the terrible story connected with it, though it is doubtless more fiction than truth.
—Clara Strate,
Ninth Grade.
Moorhead, Minn.

Old and Deserted Now.
(Honorable Mention.)

Many people may not think that the building which I am going to write about is very interesting, but it is to me. It is an old log house, situated not far from my home, in which one of our neighbors used to live many years ago, when this country was still inhabited by the red men. Having been standing so many years it is getting to look quite old and deserted, yet it shows the condition in which the people used to live when the state was first settled.

I have passed this building many times and have stopped and looked at it, thinking to myself, "How cold this must have been!" But I suppose the people in those times were thankful to live in such a house. Now there are large box elder trees growing around this building, and their large branches overshadow the remains of the hut.
—Anna Frandsen,
B Eighth Grade,
Oak Grove School.
Golden Valley, Minn.

A Log Blockhouse.
(Honorable Mention.)

The building which interests me most is a blockhouse made of very thick logs. It has many marks and scars which are evidence of numerous Indian attacks. It has portholes in its sides and the windows have plates of iron over them. The chimney has two bullet holes in it, and the plates of iron are marred and cracked. The space between the logs is filled with mud and moss imbedded with stones, which are held up by wire. One place in the house is filled with bullets and shot. Along the trail made by Indians are many arrowheads and old, rusty, worm eaten guns. This blockhouse was a place where the inhabitants were wont to take refuge from the Indians. This is a very interesting building because it reminds me of the many battles which were fought between 1876 and 1880.

—Chauncey Easton,
Fifth Grade.
Warren, Minn.

Shaded by Two Large Oaks.
(Honorable Mention.)

The building which interests me very much is a very old residence on the banks of the Mississippi river. It was my first home in Anoka and has been built over forty years. It is a large, white house, surrounded by large oak and maple trees, and is built on a grassy knoll above the river. The house has sixteen rooms, many of which have windows on the south side of the house and one can see the river flowing along below. There is a large piazza which extends half way around the house on the south side; this is always shaded by the two large oak trees which grow very near it. In the shade of the trees I used to sit for hours and watch the logs go down the river, and the river drivers, dressed in red, at work upon the logs. I shall always remember just how the place looks and the many pleasant hours I spent there.
—Hattie Watson,
Sixth Grade,
Washington School.
Anoka, Minn.

A Startling Arrangement.

The building that I have the most interest in is the taxidermist's shop. With the exception of two he has a specimen of every animal native to Minnesota. He has all kinds of birds and fowls from the little baby chicken to the great eagle that sits so stately in the window. He has all sorts of animals, from baby foxes and wolves to the great black bear. He has them arranged in a very unique fashion and when a person first enters the shop he is apt to be startled. They are so arranged that they seem to be ready to dart at one and eat him on the spot.
—Pauline Day,
Fifth Grade.
Warren, Minn.

Above the Bustle and Hustle.

The most interesting building in town is the elevator. It is extremely high and contains many things of interest to me. There are so many stories in it that when I begin to climb to the top I nearly get lost. When I finally do reach the top nothing can be heard save the hustle and bustle of the town, which sounds like sweet music and it fills me with a feeling of peace and contentment. It is an awe inspiring sight to look down into

Northwestern Topics.

For Saturday, June 22:

"A MYSTERIOUS LOSS."

Inanimate things have a way of getting lost, as surely as if they had feet to crawl away upon. Not one of us can claim never to have had such a loss. Now, what is yours? Where was it? What were the circumstances? How do you account for its happening at all? What was the outcome? These are a few of the questions that naturally arise. The papers must be mailed so as to reach the office not later than

Friday Morning, June 14.

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, together with the prize preferred from the list published elsewhere in the Junior. The papers must not be rolled.

For Saturday, June 29:

"A STARTLING PERSONAL INCIDENT."

You have all either been in some danger, or have suffered from some fright, and so will find it easy to write upon this topic. If possible, choose an incident that is something more than an ordinary fright. If you have had no such experience, then tell of some special occasion upon which you were much startled. The papers must be mailed so as to reach the editor not later than

Friday Morning, June 21.

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, together with the prize preferred from the list on page 8. The papers must not be rolled.

the deep and capacious bins. Although the dust is generally an inch thick all over everything it is quite beautiful in my sight and when I finally decide that I must go, I am loath to leave it for the outside world.
—Floyd Reich,
Seventh Grade.
Renville, Minn.

Children Moved the House.

The first house that was built in Minneapolis is the most interesting to me, because when my father was a boy he lived in it for a few years. The house was built by Colonel Stevens. My father often tells me stories of things he did when he lived in that house. The school children of Minneapolis moved it to Minnehaha Park, where it now stands.

—Nettle Glen,
B Sixth Grade,
Oak Grove School.
Golden Valley, Minn.

In the Pioneer Days.

In the year 1879 papa brought his family to Minnesota. He drove over the prairies with oxen, for horses were costly and there were no railroads. When he reached the place which is now the city of Warren it was night. They made a fire on the ground, prepared supper and then rested for the night. The next day papa built a log house. He worked all alone, for my brothers were small and there was not another man or woman within thirty or forty miles. Papa and mama and the boys lived

**The Way
to
Success**

Gov. B. B. Odell

In April Success

WHATEVER the world has chosen for you, perform your part in it like a man. The most absurd theory that men and women can take to heart is the one that the world owes them a living, and that it should be forced to pay it. The world needs the assistance of mankind, but only in order that it may bestow in return its many good things.

By hard work, the exercise of mental faculties, strictly obeying the rules of honor, daring to do right, and observing kindness and gentleness, success will come to any man.

in the log house for five years. Then, as the boys were older and could help, papa built a new house and a sawmill. The old loghouse still stands and I am proud of it. It is getting so old that in the summer time moss grows on its roof. Papa will not let us go inside of it because he is afraid that it will fall down.
—Lydia Carlton,
Warren, Minn.

A Fifth Grade.

Popular With More Than One.

The building that interests me most is quite small. It is not because of any historic points about it, nor is it the beauty of the place that so interests me. It is what it contains—candy, fruit, soda water and ice cream. Yes—it is a candy store. Not a building in town, however large, can compare with this little store in regard to the interest it attracts. So this is my choice, because it is pleasant to go in after school and get refreshments before walking home.
—Clara Driscoll,
Eighth Grade.
Grafton, N. D.

Man's Hand Not Necessary.

It had long been rumored that Fowler's shanty was going to be torn down. This caused great excitement among the boys and girls of the village. The days went by but no one came to remove the old building and it was soon known that no one dared venture to do the work for the house was haunted. Many times the boys had waited till dark and then tried to enter, but were driven away by invisible people. At midnight these strange beings lurked around the house and sometimes they even wandered in the streets. These tales were told by the village folks and often had a good effect upon the children, for they frightened them so that they were willing to stay indoors during late hours. I never had believed in ghosts but these stories did not make me feel any too comfortable, for I was afraid of the dark, and, to tell the truth, I am yet.

One morning two weeks afterward, the people were startled by hearing that the old shanty had blown down in the storm. I wondered if the ghosts perished with it, but I doubt whether there were any. This happened a year ago, and the place is now deserted. No children play near it, so it remains alone, with only those imaginary ghosts and invisible people lurking around it. Still, the place is interesting even though the house is gone. Why it was called Fowler's shanty I never knew, but folks say the name of the owner was Fowler, and so they called it thus.

—Mary Olson,
Ninth Grade.
Moorhead, Minn.

Quiet When the Janitor Appeared.

The building that is the most interesting to me is the Ricket block, because papa's office used to be in that block and because we had so much fun there. If we happened to be down town when it was cold we would go up there and play in the halls. The janitor did not like to have us play there, so when he appeared we always stopped playing and were quiet until he went away.

—Anna Watts,
B Sixth Grade,
Central School.
Crookston, Minn.

The First Schoolhouse.

The most interesting building in this village is the old town hall. When my mother was a little girl it was there that she received her first schooling. It was then the only schoolhouse that the small town of Renville boasted of and it was sometimes used as a church. My mother has often told us about times when she found her lessons hard to get and it always makes us want to study harder, for we have everything so much easier now than she had when she was a little girl.

—Mabel Filbert,
Seventh Grade.
Renville, Minn.

First Thing in the Morning.

I live across the street from the mill, which to me is the most interesting building in town. It is very pleasant to watch the machinery in the engine room. One evening when the mill was going to run all night, I went over and the miller showed me the grain when it was just part way ground and then again when it was nearly ground into flour. There are elevators that take the flour up to the top of the mill, but I never have been up there. When one goes through the mill he has to be careful and not get caught in the machinery. One time a friend and myself went through the back part of the mill where they were filling sacks, which were packed into cars. I enjoy hearing the

mill go and it does not bother me, though it is so near. Most always the first thing that I hear in the morning is the mill. And at night its rumble seems to put me to sleep.

—Henrietta Shirk,
B Seventh Grade.
Redfield, S. D.

No Place Like Home.

My most interesting building may seem a very uninteresting place to a great many people—it is my home. Did you ever notice that there is a freedom in thought and action there which cannot be found elsewhere, no matter how homelike another place or the people may be? Do you ever see such kind faces to welcome you as at home? And does anyone's voice sound as sweet as that of your little sister or brother? This is what makes home the most interesting building. Fine furniture, a beautiful location and large buildings are not necessary to make a home an interesting place for me.

—Mary Ballard,
Sixth Grade.
Warren, Minn.

Pears Baked in a Brick Oven.

It was while I was visiting in Boston that I became acquainted with an old lady, called by all the people "Grandma" Brown. Just before I went away I visited her. As I came within sight of her house, or rather cabin, I saw that it was rudely constructed of logs by the side of a large factory. At the gate I stopped and surveyed the surroundings, and then went up the stone walk to the cabin. Between the stones grew gray moss and a kind of stunted weed with prickly blossoms. The place wore an air of desolation. Inside the rickety fence grew a few garden herbs, and five straight stalks with ripened sunflowers at their tops. By the much worn stone slab at the front door, two burdocks spread their hardy leaves, and a few sickly vines seemed to be trying in a feeble way to reach the roof and hide the logs.

I knocked at the door and as "Grandma" Brown opened it I caught the smell of baked pears. "Come right in, dearie. You have just come in time to eat some of my fruit," she exclaimed. The interior was very neat and clean, and the old woman in her prim, black dress and white apron hurried out to the kitchen and soon returned with a large dish of baked pears, saying that she baked them in a brick oven and "I never could get along with cook stoves any way. Mine is the only brick oven left in town. Why, General Washington lived here for a week and ate pears cooked in that very oven by my grandmother." This house will always remain fresh in my memory because such an honorable man once stayed there, and to me it is the most interesting building I ever have seen.

—May O'Laughlin,
Ninth Grade.
Moorhead, Minn.

Not Pretentious Looking.

The most interesting, but about the most unpretentious, building in town is an old blacksmith shop. I always go there in the winter time when it is cold and, free of charge, make things out of old iron. I have spent many pleasant hours there and for that reason I like it better than any other building.

—Dwight Miller,
Fifth Grade.
Perham, Minn.

In Happy Days Gone By.

There is one building in town that is very interesting to me. It is not a very large structure, only four feet high; it has two little rooms and two little windows, one on the north, the other on the south. This building is a little playhouse and when I was a little girl my sister and I spent many pleasant hours within its walls. As we grew older we almost deserted our playhouse, but our little sisters play in it now and seem to enjoy themselves as much as we did. For this reason I remember and am interested in this old playhouse.

—Jennie King,
Eighth Grade.
Grafton, N. D.

The Cause of Cold Shivers.

The most interesting building in Renville is the town hall, which is used for many different purposes. Not because of this is it interesting, but because of a peculiar dread I have of passing this building after dark. What there is to fear I cannot tell, but even at dusk I hurry past it or run across the street as if someone were following me. It has stood in Renville as long as I can remember and was first used as a schoolhouse. Because it is painted white and looks so dilapidated it always presents a spectral appearance to me.

—Etta O'Connor,
Eighth Grade.
Renville, Minn.

If Machinery Could Talk.

It seems to me that of all the buildings in town the most interesting, although perhaps not the most beautiful, is the engine house. The furnishings are not beautiful in themselves, but they make one think of the noble work for which they were made. I delight in watching the engine and all the rest of the apparatus when they start out on their grand work of saving lives and property from destruction. It seems to me, when I look at them and think what they are made for, that I have a distinct affection for the huge pieces of machinery. It always seems to me as though they know their work as well as if they were told. If they could tell their history we should perhaps hear a great many thrilling stories that would deepen our affection for them.

—Maggie Woolery,
Seventh Grade.
Warren, Minn.

Bustle and Confusion.

The hotel is the nicest place in town because if I am hungry, as I am quite apt to be after driving a long distance, I can stop in and get something to eat. Perhaps it is most interesting on account of its occupants; people of all classes are coming and going all the time. How interesting it would be to know the history of each. I like to watch the bustle and confusion always going on. Many queer and amusing things happen at the hotel and though it is a very small one I am so much interested in it that I hope it will not soon be replaced by a larger one.

—Alice Hickson,
Hillside School.
Clinton, Minn.

The Haunted Mansion.

Half way down a little side street of one of our neighboring towns stands an old weather beaten edifice, which judging from its appearance has seen far better days. To every town-born child it is known by the title of the haunted mansion. Even though it is not a mansion, no one who looks at its stern countenance can think of it as being a common, everyday house. Tradition says that it was built one hundred years ago, long before any one thought of ever having a town located here. As long as the town has existed nothing but rats and mice and thousands of little birds have inhabited its gloomy walls. The tall, waving pines which surround it, always seem to moan and whine, even though the leaves on the other trees near by hardly stir. Every