

see higher peaks, some of which are snow capped. After a stay of ten days we return to Ashland by way of Rogue river.  
A Eighth Grade,  
Emerson School.  
—Claribel Smith,  
29 W Fourteenth Street.

**Rather a Long Vacation.**

As I read the topic I made up my mind that a trip around the world would make an ideal vacation. I do not think that a trip to Mars or any other planet would be necessary. First, I should take a trip across the great lakes and visit the exposition at Buffalo. From there I should visit the capitol and White House and other places of interest at Washington. Then I should go to New York and Boston, and from the latter place I should go aboard a steamer bound for England, and visit all places of interest there and in Ireland, Wales and Scotland. Then I should visit Europe, starting at the far north and visiting every country and climbing the beautiful mountains of Switzerland and Italy. From Italy I should go down to Africa, and the center of attraction of that immense continent would be Egypt. Then I should visit Asia, traveling from Arabia to China; from there I should visit Japan, the Philippines, Australia, South America, and then north, going through San Francisco and other cities and places of interest in the west, and then home. I should not wish to take this journey alone, but I should like to have a number of jolly friends with me and two or three cameras.

—Francesco L. Engstrom,  
2117 Eighteenth Av. S.  
A Eighth Grade,  
Adams School.

**In a Swiss Cottage.**

What can be more picturesque, beautiful and ideal than one of Switzerland's lakes? For the consummation of this picture, add the wonderful scenery to be found around such lake regions; masses of indescribably beautiful flowers of every hue; while here and there are small Swiss cottages, which from afar seem but white specks to the eye; and far above rise the grand, majestic mountains, wrapped in a mist of royal purple. In one of these neat dwellings, amid this verdant world of beauty, and very near to the clear, cool lake, I should indeed spend an ideal vacation. No vacation is rightly enjoyed but one amid peaceful and quiet environments, and these dear, dainty cottages are the incarnation of peace and quiet. Although in this veritable garden of Eden, I should not care to live "by my lonely," instead I prefer staying with some kind friend who has several children about my own age, all lively and charming Swiss folk. I should spend much of my time rambling hand in hand with dear Dame Nature, for here must be one of her favorite trysts. Together with my companions I should wander at random, penetrating nature's deep secrets and inmost mysteries. Our evenings should be spent mainly on the water. When not bathing or swimming we could bring out our pretty boat, The Swan, and spend several hours rowing. The air is indescribably delicious and can bring the color even to an invalid's cheek, so healthful, cool and sweet is it; only to speak of it refreshes me. Here I should care little for dress, but would leave my lawns and dainties for another time. A more blissful vacation I cannot imagine; one full of beauty, novelty and enjoyment, and undoubtedly ideal.

—Rose S. Weisman,  
Tenth Grade,  
South Side High School.  
1122 Fifth Street S.

**Satisfies All Three.**

The requisites of an ideal vacation? My body says rest; my mind says study; my heart says unconfined indulgence in hobbies. Satisfy the three and there exists content. Let dreams of European wanderings flit past; let coveted glimpses of the world bide till by and by. The world would agree with me that such things would make an ideal pleasure. But I object to the vacation part. It would be a stretch of the imagination for me to say I "enjoyed" being whirled through a bewildering maze of heat, noise and strange sights only to be whirled back again as soon as I had really begun to enjoy myself—in a time especially needed for recuperation, too!

Summing up the situation I prefer to let traveling alone in vacation, and simply find a country nook of rest. Thinking about how often I have wanted to assimilate other things when pyramids of sweeping, dusting and et cetera loomed up to hinder, my first demand would be absolute freedom from housework. That secured, I must have a solid and poetical library for summer intellectual feasts. Beyond that I need little, unless possibly a companion of an intellectual turn of mind. And I might add, also, that unless there is a lake, boat, pony and woods I cannot be held responsible for lack of exercise. And my hobbies; short lived, long lived; fallibles or ideals! Let my spare moments be filled with them, too—for filled my time must be if I do not intend to get disgusted. Then let the busy world roll on; so long as it does not intrude upon my joys and precious moments I am content, absorbed, enraptured. Meditating on profundities, conversing with sages passed away, held entranced by artless nature! O, it is bliss! What more could I want?

—Julia Johnson,  
B Twelfth Grade,  
East Side High School.  
726 Huron Street SE.

**By the Camp Fire.**

In company with a few other boys I should like to camp by some lake. We should take some boats along and could race and swim all day long. Then we could sit by the campfire and tell stories while the fish we had caught that day would be baking in the fire. I should choose a place where there were no people around, so we could be alone and not be under the control of grown-up people. A gun for each of us would also be on the list and we should go hunting to see what we could hit. We should be crack shots, no doubt, when we returned to the city. We should return before the Fourth, if possible, because camping would not hinder us from celebrating. The rest of the vacation I should spend in going to picnics and visiting my uncle's farm, where I could help him, which would be fun to me.

—Richard Groetium,  
B Sixth Grade,  
Jackson School.  
2215 Sixth Street S.

**A Complete Camping Outfit.**

Nowadays there are a great many pleasant ways of spending a vacation. Upon deciding upon my location and minor details, I should hire me down to a store where camping outfits are sold, and buy a complete one, from tin plates to waterproof blankets. Another necessity is a partner, as one can

not enjoy an outing alone, at least I cannot. I should choose as the suitable place to begin operations a place far from human habitation, such as some place in the Red Lake country, on the upper St. Croix. It is no pleasure to camp and know that half an hour's ride will bring you to the city. At this retreat I should spend my entire vacation, hunting, fishing, canoeing and sleeping and imagining that I was the first white man to look upon the blue waters before me.

—George C. Cowing,  
A Ninth Grade,  
1709 Fourth Avenue S.  
Central High School.

**Twenty-five Miles of Rapids.**

My ideal vacation would be one in which I could travel to some clime where the temperature is below 80 degrees in the sultry months of July and August. I should like to go to Old Orchard, Maine, for the month of July. Among the pleasures I should enjoy while there would be surf bathing, clam bakes, sailing parties and fishing. Especially would I enjoy going to the banks with the longshoremen in their fishing smacks, and watching them draw in their nets full of fish. I should also go on long exploring expeditions in my canoe. About the end of July I should take my canoe and go by rail to the fourteenth dam on the Hudson. Reaching there I should have twenty-five miles of rapids to shoot. The two principal rapids are Horse Race and Spruce Mountain Shift. After I had shot the rapids I should go to Albany and from there up the Erie canal to Buffalo. I should stay two weeks at the Pan-American exposition and then come home by way of the great lakes.

—Merle Higley,  
1093 Twenty-first Av. N.  
A Seventh Grade,  
Logan School.

**Mosquitoes on the Outside**

If I had my say about it I should be spending my vacation camping at Minnetonka. I spent three weeks of my vacation in this most delightful fashion and it was with many a sigh and tender regret that I returned to the hot and dusty city. In my ideal camp, if the number of campers was not large, two 12x9½ tents would accommodate them, one for sleeping and the other a kitchen and storeroom for provisions. A screened in place where one could sit in the cool of evening and enjoy the lake breezes and also be free from mosquitoes, would be indispensable. There should be three rowboats so that two parties could go fishing at the same time and still leave one boat for those who did not care for fishing. All kinds of fishing tackle and bathing apparatus, including a raft with a springboard attachment would be a requisite of the camp. Swings and hammocks with books and papers galore would add their charms to this lazy but restful life. Then last, but not least, I should like to go to town once in a while and then on my return camp life would be more fascinating than ever. If I could have all this I should be infinitely happy and be content to pull up stakes in the fall and go back to school, bronzed and weather beaten, but with many pleasant memories of my ideal vacation.

—Mabelle J. Moberg,  
A Seventh Grade,  
Jackson School.  
319 Twentieth Avenue S.

**With a Book and a Lunch.**

There is nothing more pleasant than the anticipation of a nice, long vacation. I know of no more beautiful place than Glenwood, Minn. There is much pleasure in taking your lunch up among the hills and trickling brooks. And old Camp Comfort is also a favorite haunt to while away an afternoon with a book and a picnic dinner. And last, but not least, would be a visit to the beautiful Lake Minnewaska, which is a most delightful spot for bathing. The scenery and sunsets at that point are grand. It is, in fact, an ideal place where I hope to spend at least part of my vacation.

—Hazel Glenn Roberts,  
B Fifth Grade,  
Horace Mann School.  
2911 Columbus Avenue S.

**White Collars Barred.**

I should leave the tumult and noise of the city behind and seek the unfrequented shores of one of the quiet lakes of Maine. I should choose three or four of my friends to be my companions. Once arrived at our destination, we should pitch our tents, and settle down for the summer. We should not have to dress up and put on white collars, like those who flock to the popular summer resorts, but we could dress just as we pleased. An outdoor life such as we should lead would be one of the most healthful that one could obtain. We should have such fun fishing, swimming and hunting. In the evenings we could build a big campfire in front of our tent, and sit around this until late in the night, telling stories. When in the fall we returned to the city to take up our school work, we should be in perfect health and would have spent an ideal vacation.

—Abbott Sheldon,  
B Eighth Grade,  
East Side High School.  
110 Malcolm Avenue SE.

**A Glimpse of Fairyland.**

"Well, I never was so sleepy in all my life, but here's this Latin lesson that must be learned—rego—regis—regit—regimus—regitis (more slowly) re—gunt" "still more slowly" I mumbled. What was that tugging at my dress?  
"It is only I," in a high, squeaky voice.  
"Who are you?" I asked.  
"I am a little fairy," in the same squeaky voice. "I heard you remark not long ago that you did wish vacation would hurry and come. What are you going to do in your vacation, pray tell?"  
"Well, I hardly know," I said.  
"What would you like to do?" asked the fairy.  
"I should like to go to fairyland," was my answer.  
"Your wish shall be granted," and with that the fairy took the Journal Junior Wishing Stone from her pocket and said: "Take Caroline to the middle of the earth and return with her by September first." Next I was buzzing downwards right through the earth. I was now in total darkness and could not see where I was till I landed on something hard. After arising I started in another direction and could now see a beautiful castle built entirely of diamonds. I entered, but found it unoccupied and so passed the night there. In the morning I left the castle and walked for quite a while, when whom should I meet but my friend Edith. How glad I was to see a familiar face! Pretty soon we came to a beautiful garden. The flowers were made of gems, but smelled as sweet as the sweetest perfume. We were gathering a large bouquet of these flowers when I heard my mother's voice, "Why, I thought you were getting your lessons." "Well, I was," I explained, "but I went to sleep instead and had a dream

that I wish would come true." I then told her my dream and said that I would like to spend my ideal vacation in fairyland.  
A Ninth Grade,  
Central High.  
—Caroline Beede,  
1704 Nicollet Avenue.

**Six Girls in a Yacht.**

The first thing on my vacation program would be a yacht. I should buy a fine boat and furnish it with everything conceivable for comfort. In fact, I should make it a floating palace. The next thing would be friends, and six of my friends would receive invitations from me. Then on the morning set, we should embark on my yacht for a grand cruise down the Mississippi to the gulf. We should take our time to enjoy the scenery and take snapshots of the best views. We should pass by the busy world without stopping, for our vacation is to be spent with nature. But when we came to some nice place where nature ruled supreme we should camp out for a while. If a place looked wild and picturesque we should explore it. In short, we should have the grandest time that six girls on a cruise down the Mississippi could have.

—Pearl Cassidy,  
A Seventh Grade,  
2904 Thirtieth Avenue S.  
Longfellow School.

**"GENERAL GRANT"**

**Not the Hero of Appomattox, but One of His Namesakes, a Dog.**

IT IS not the hero of Appomattox of whom M. Fritz Austin writes in St. Nicholas, but of one of his namesakes, a dog. The dog was born July 15, 1885, his parents on both sides being descended from famed ancestors. That they had taken prizes at dog shows, and were peaceful, loving, and kind, enhanced the value of the gift in our eyes. The general grew by the inch, learned to "speak" if he wanted food, or the door opened, and, funniest of all, to climb trees. Our old house in the country was built years and years ago. The old trees are like the rocks among which they grow, staid and strong, and have stood the gales of nearly a century, and have given blossoms and birdings in the spring, fruit for the babies in the fall, shade and beauty at all times. Children and squirrels had climbed the stout limbs, but never a dog until Grant was a year old. Then we found him perched up in one of the trees, barking at a squirrel. This was a wonderful feat for a terrier weighing about forty-five pounds, for the lowest limbs were as high as a grown person could reach. He did his climbing quickly, and as often as the squirrels went after the apples, Grant went after the squirrels.

Everybody and everything on the place were friends of Grant; in his big heart there was love for the cow, the cats and the chickens. Still, his most intimate friend and companion in games was Ben Roe, the 2-year-old colt. Grant invented games and taught them to Ben Roe, who, in his turn, was quick to learn and of a retentive memory. Grant would take a barrel hoop or a club in his mouth, and present Ben the opposite end; then they would start off at a gentle trot, Grant all the time saying, "Grew-ow, grew-ow." Now, when they played what Grant called "grew" they never exceeded a gentle trot; but when they raced they ran side by side at a fearful rate, each panting and determined to win. This game was always brought to a close as soon as one of the family found that racing was the order of the day. We liked to see them play "grew," as we considered it an intellectual game, worthy of encouragement.

**A QUEER CUSTOM IN SERBIA.**

Marriageable women in Serbia have a queer way of announcing that they are in the matrimonial market. A dressed doll hanging in the principal window of a house, indicates that there is living there a woman who is anxious to become a bride.

**A LITTLE LATE IN ARRIVING.**

It is reported that three boxes of chocolate sent by Queen Victoria the Christmas before last for the Rhodesian forces have now arrived at Mafeking. There had been much grumbling at the non-arrival of her late majesty's gift.

**A VALUABLE WINTER FOOD.**

It is claimed that Canada thistles can be converted into a valuable winter food for sheep by cutting them when in bloom, storing them, and softening their spikes in silos.

**The Little Square Clock.**

THE china dog on the table sat,  
And the ivory elephant, round and fat,  
And the crystal cat, and the little square clock—  
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock!

Down came a fairy so dear and sweet,  
Golden-gowned to the tips of her feet;  
No taller she was than a light, soft quill,  
And she asked them to wish, as fairies will.

Loud rose the dog's beseeching wail:  
"I have lost my tail, I have lost my tail!  
O Fairy free, if thy power be true,  
Give me a new, give me a new!"

Up spake the elephant, spirit-sunk:  
"I have cracked my trunk, I have cracked my trunk!  
O Fairy free, if thy power be true,  
Give me a new, give me a new!"

Quoth the crystal cat: "I much rejoice!  
For I've lost my voice, oh, I've lost my voice!  
O Fairy free, if thy power be true,  
Give me a m-e-w, give me a m-e-w!"

The fairy's wand had a wondrous quirk;  
Each gift came forth and began its work,  
And then she saw—and she turned quite red—  
She'd forgotten the little square clock, that said:

"My corners have never a crick or crack,  
My hands are whole, and I haven't a lack.  
O Fairy free, dost bid me choose?  
Give, oh, give me something to lose!"

The crystal cat mewed a silent mew,  
The dog and the elephant wondered, too.  
The fairy nodded a nod sublime,  
And flourished her wand, and gave it time.

She gave it time, since when the grace  
Of satisfaction is on its face,  
And all day long, all night, it will sit,  
Losing and losing and losing it.  
—Agnes Lee in St. Nicholas.