

The old stage coach for about a mile and then we alighted near the falls. The river was far beneath us and we could look a long way. Descending to the river by a winding and rocky path we arrived in due time. Both sides of the river, and also the river bed, were walls of solid granite. The thing which interested me the most was the gorge the river had cut through the rocks. At one place the river had cut a deep but very narrow channel through the rock. In another place, where the rock seemed to be loose, the water had worn its way through, forming a small bridge of granite. After going upon a high hill, we met some Indians from the reservation who had been to town buying some dishes. The squaw who carried these wrapped up in a shawl spoke a few words to us.

I then joined my friend, we dined at the hotel and then we proceeded to hire a team to go to the next town, fifteen miles away, as we had missed the train. On the way we saw a threshing machine and outfit at work. I had never been near one to see them work before. We also saw a great hay stacker at work on a twelve-thousand acre farm. We finished work about 5 o'clock and caught the next train back to my uncle's. I was very much pleased with and interested in what I had seen that day.

—Albert Smith,  
Seventh Grade, Sumner School. 60 Royalston Avenue.

**Uncle Sam's Pocketbook.**

The most interesting sightseeing that I have ever done I did at Washington, D. C., the winter before last, when I was taken through the treasury building. I saw the money being made and the bills being stamped with the United States government stamp. When we had seen that the man took us through the different vaults where all the money was kept, and let us handle the bags of gold and silver, but he watched us pretty closely. When we had reached one of the largest vaults he told us that all through the door of the vault ran tiny electric wires, and that if anybody tried to break into it the electric wires would ring an alarm and all the policemen in town and the people in the building could be there in a short time, while in a half hour all the soldiers from Fort Myer could be on hand to catch the person that was trying to enter the vault.

—Henry D. Lyman,  
A Fifth Grade, Garfield School. 1810 Chicago Avenue.

**A Famous Bear Pit.**

When my mother, my brother and myself were traveling in Europe we went to Switzerland, and hearing a great deal about Berne, we decided to spend a few hours there on our way from Thun to Geneva. We left Thun about 9 o'clock one morning and arrived at Berne at 11.

On our arrival we took a cab and went directly to the famous bear pit, driving up one of the principal streets. There were from five to eight bears in the pit, and many people standing about throwing them carrots, which were easily obtained, as there were men, women and children with baskets full of them to sell to the many strangers who flock to Switzerland in the summer. After staying there for some time we returned to the city by way of the ancient portion in order to see the curious old clock. At the approach of each hour a troop of bears comes out and marches around a seated figure; then a cock crows and a little man comes out and strikes the hour on a metal ball. We were lucky enough to get there just before the hour, so we saw the clock perform.

The old streets are very interesting also. On each side are arcades which form a covered way for foot passengers, and just outside of the sidewalk stand many men and women by their wagons full of fruits, vegetables and even dry goods; while through the middle of the street are many curious old fountains dating from the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries. The bear is the emblem of Berne, and it may be found on all of the armor from Berne.

We then returned to the station, where we had our luncheon, and at 3 o'clock we took the train for Geneva, and we arrived there at about 6 o'clock that evening, and were very happily surprised to find some dear friends.

—S. Helen Truesdale,  
A Eighth Grade, Emerson School. 29 Tenth Street S.

**With Branching Antlers.**

I have been on a great many sightseeing tours, but the one that stands out most plainly in my memory is a trip to the public library. We arrived early and after looking at the statues and paintings, one of which I greatly admired, we entered the room where the Philippine exhibit was kept. Here we found stuffed birds and animals of different kinds, but that which I liked to look at best was a beautiful snow white deer. It was mounted in a glass case. Its horns were red and very large, though the deer itself was small, and its large brown eyes looked as though they could move. It was the most beautiful creature I ever saw.

—George Estes,  
A Sixth Grade, Camden Place.  
Hamilton School.

**Cute Little Ponies.**

I went to the state fair for sightseeing this year. Two other girls went with me. We started about 10 o'clock. We took our lunch and prepared to stay all day. We bought our tickets at Voegel's drug store and took one of the cars that went to the fair. When we arrived at the fair grounds we went to the building where all the vegetable products were kept and saw the largest potatoes, pumpkins and squashes that we had ever seen. We saw boxes in which the bees were making honey, and it was very interesting to watch the bees moving around. On one side of the building were different species of plants and flowers. In this building, also, were all kinds of jellies and canned fruits. From here we went to the creamery building. In a glass case we saw a statue of President Roosevelt on horseback, made out of butter. There were other things made out of butter, also. On one side of the building was a large counter around which was a crowd enjoying ice cream, for it was a very warm day. We went from this building to the stables where the animals were kept. There were the cutest little Shetland ponies and large horses. In fact, they had all kinds of animals there. It would take too long to tell of all the things we saw that day.

At about 7 o'clock we took the car for home. They were crowded but we managed to get seats, and arrived home about an hour afterwards, having had a delightful day at the fair.

—Minnie Arms,  
A Eighth Grade, North Side High School. 1132 Bryant Avenue N.

**"Old Man of the Mountain."**

Last summer when I was visiting in the White Mountains a party of us took a long drive. We had a carriage with three seats and four horses and a driver that knew how to take care of the horses. First we went down the hill and crossed the railroad. Then we went along the side of some of the hills and after a while our driver said we ought to see the "Old Man of the Mountains" and the canyons, so we stayed there a while. Then we went on

till we came to the "Flume," there we left the carriage and ate our lunch, which we had brought with us. After lunch we walked up some stairs and found a stream; then we went up farther and there the stream came down over bare crags. Then we came down and entered the carriage and drove towards home. When we were about half-way there it began to rain very hard, so we put the curtains up and reached home safely.

—Gerald Hyde Beard,  
B Sixth Grade, Rosedale School. Washburn Park.

**A Fine Bit of Scenery.**

When I went to Maine three years ago I saw a great many things. On my way there I saw the Green Mountains and the White Mountains. We could see the railroad leading up one mountain, and at the top I saw a little hotel. In one place where the road turned suddenly we saw, on one side close to the track, great mountains above our heads so far we could not see the tops. On the other side of the track, down in a green valley, we saw a little farmhouse in a field. Here years ago stood the Willey house, where the people lived who were killed by a snow slide. This little house stands where the Willey house stood. Across the field were trees, hills and a brook. Behind them were the great mountains.

The scenery at Bar Harbor is grand, not like Minneapolis or any other city. Bar Harbor is a pretty little village on the shore of the Atlantic ocean. Back of it are mountains covered with large trees. In front is the beautiful shore with sand and rocks

**CAN YOU READ IT?**



**A Japanesque Verse.**

This looks like Japanese hieroglyphics but is not. Begin in upper left hand corner and see if you can make a stanza of four lines.

and seaweed, over which the great waves roll and run. When the wind blows the waves just roar and bang on the sand. Out in the harbor are canoes and boats of all kinds, and when the sun goes down it is a fine bit of scenery.

—Horace De Laittre,  
B Fifth Grade, Hawthorne School. 2647 Lyndale Avenue N.

**Through "Broadwater."**

The day of sightseeing that is impressed upon my mind the most was the time that I went to see the largest natural hot water natatorium in the world. It was when I lived in Helena, Mont., that that never-to-be-forgotten day came into my life. I had been in Helena about two weeks when my papa took me out to the "Broadwater," as it was called. We had to go on the car, as it was about three miles from the city.

The first thing I saw was the dome and roof towering over the trees. It was nearing the time for the closing of the building for the winter, and the air was quite crisp and cool outside. When I entered the building I quickly noticed the change, for inside it was uncomfortably warm. The building is about one block long and one-fourth of a block wide. There is a railing and a long walk around the water. Along the hall are set benches where visitors sit and watched the swimmers at their ease. On one end of the building is a large arch of stone. Here the scalding water dashes over the rocks into the pool below. Along one side of the arch are some steps. We ascended these and when we reached the top the air was almost suffocating. This end of the building is the hottest, the water being shallower here. At the further end the water is deeper and colder. Here are the diving plank and other contrivances for the expert swimmers.

When we had bought some warm peanuts at a small stand near by we boarded the car and sped homeward. So ended my day of sightseeing at the Broadwater.

—Ruth McNamee,  
Seventh Grade, Sheridan School. 736 Madison NE.

**A Magnetic Picture.**

The first time I ever went to a state fair I was greatly interested. It was on Saturday that we were going and papa took us over in the carriage. After we had traversed all of the smaller buildings we came to the main building. In it there was an Indian dressed like Hiawatha, and water falling over mirrors which made it look as though there was a great quantity of water. By it sat a girl dressed in an Indian costume. She represented Min-

nehaha. We were studying Hiawatha in school, and, of course, I greatly admired this scene. It was hard for me to leave that place when I had to do so. In the afternoon we saw the races, but that which I have just described I liked the best.

—Esther Clark,  
B Fifth Grade, Horace Mann School. 3342 Park Avenue.

**Assertive Appetites.**

One day, a year or two ago, we went with some friends out to Camden Place to see the sawmills and waterworks. We started about 10 o'clock and arrived there at noon. First we went to the sawmills, which greatly interested me, as I had never been inside one before, that I can remember. The noise was deafening, but afterwards I became more used to it and did not mind it so much. I watched the logs being cut into boards and planks, and the ease with which it was done, for a long time. This interested me more than anything else, and I could hardly be coaxed away from the mill to have lunch. There were also many other things to be seen in the mills, but the cutting of the logs took most of my attention.

After satisfying our appetites, which had grown pretty large during the forenoon, we went to see the waterworks. The huge furnaces and great masses of machinery attracted my attention here, also. When we had seen everything there we went through the park, sat down near the river for quite a while and then started for the car. We were a very tired party when we arrived but I was glad I had gone, for I had seen something worth seeing.

—Rollin C. Chapin,  
B Seventh Grade, Lake Harriet School. 4224 Queen Avenue S.

**Where Goldfish Play.**

One afternoon, having nothing else to do, I thought it would be a good idea to go sightseeing. I lived in St. Paul, not very far away from the state fish hatchery. I thought it would be a good place to go, being both interesting and instructive. The things I saw first were a great many whitewashed buildings. The fish ponds were hollowed out of the ground and confined at the sides with planks. All were partially covered with boards to keep the sun off the fish. I visited the breeding houses next. There were millions of little fish in troughs through which water was running. The troughs had more trout in them than other kinds of fish. The fish in the ponds averaged from three inches to a foot in length. They were very lively and always moving. I noticed a small pond away from the others and went to see what was in it. I was surprised to find that it contained gold fish. I have wondered to this day what the state fish hatchery does with gold fish.

I saw a house where a great many people were going in and out. I went in and saw a great many glass cases containing stuffed birds and fish. There were stuffed pelicans, ducks, snipe, geese, herons and a great many other birds. There were also sturgeon, bass and other kinds of fish. Two of the cases supported an Indian birchbark canoe, and in it were seated the images of two Indians. One grasped a fish spear and the other a paddle.

On the way home I visited Indian Mound park, and obtained a good view of the Mississippi river.

—Henry Fletcher,  
A Sixth Grade, Greeley School. 2404 Twelfth Avenue S.

**The Mild Captain of "Noah's Ark."**

I think that the fullest day of sightseeing I ever put in was when I was about six years old. I had gone to see my uncle in New York and expected to make a short visit. It happened that my uncle was a friend of the captain of the Newark, then in the harbor, who had invited him to spend a day on the battleship. My uncle promised to take me to see the ship.

The next morning at 8 o'clock we went down to the wharf. I must confess I was a little disappointed in the appearance of the ship and disrespectfully said it looked like a "Noah's Ark." A boat from the ship pulled up to the wharf and we entered it. In a few minutes we were aboard the warship and my uncle went away with the captain, leaving me to amuse myself. I was somewhat disappointed in the captain, for instead of being covered with swords and pistols he looked very peaceful. I stood for a long while admiring the big guns, and then walked aft and watched the marines drilling. Tiring of this I walked over to some sailors, who made me stay and talk with them. When I got away I was minus my watch, knife and handkerchief, having traded them off for an ivory elephant and a bandanna handkerchief. I went into the cabin for dinner and ate ravenously. In the afternoon I explored the boat from the stoke hole to the maintop. Then the sailors amused me by dancing and story-telling.

When I was about to go they loaded me with simple treasures and bade me good-by. I was scolded at home for having lost my watch, but I was happy and went to bed with a great many new ideas of a warship.

—Gordon Holbrook,  
A Eighth Grade, 111 W Grant Street.  
Emerson School.

**Pretty Glass Statues.**

When I was five years old my father took me to Hinkley at the time of the fire. There were no houses, no trees and very little grass, as a great deal had been scorched by the fire. There was a great deal of melted glass and I have to this day some of the relics that came from the Hinkley fire. There were bones, rusty knives and forks, old picture frames that the fire had not touched, old chairs and old books, but the latter were damaged by the water. There were very pretty statues that had once been glass, but which had melted and cooled in pretty forms.

—Charlotte Dorr,  
B Sixth Grade, Bremer School. 2704 Humboldt Avenue.

**In Fishdom.**

One day in August my aunt and I went sight-seeing to the fish hatchery and Indian Mounds in St. Paul. We saw many different kinds of fish, but the goldfish were the prettiest of all. We saw some that were a reddish yellow with black and white dots, and others were half red and half black, with spotted heads. They were always turned the way the water came from, so as to feel the fresh water in their faces. As we moved on we saw some trout all under a platform, and as soon as they saw us they scampered away; one would have thought there was something after them. In one of the buildings where some men were repairing something, we saw some stuffed birds, and on a large table there was a canoe with an Indian in it, representing Hiawatha. The canoe was made of birchbark. When we tired of looking at the fish we went up to the picnic ground and ate our lunch, and from there we went to the Indian Mounds, where we obtained a view of a great part of St. Paul. We stayed there for about an hour, and then started homeward.

—Mildred Miller,  
B Seventh Grade, Irving School. 3019 Bloomington Avenue.

**THE CURIOSITY OF SNAKES.**

Snakes are extremely curious in regard to certain noises and this fact fully explains the extraordinary destruction of these reptiles wrought by mowing machines in some districts in India. The snakes are apparently attracted by the rattle and whirr of the machines and do not try to get out of the way of the knives.

**FOREIGN RESIDENTS.**

Within the last twelve years the number of resident foreigners in Switzerland has increased by 155,000, the total number now being 385,000.