

VERY OWN TOWNS

Continued from the First Page.

should visit the aquarium, and see fish from all parts of the globe. The visitor is told by the keeper to step to the left, and can scarcely believe his eyes when he sees thousands upon thousands of fish, lizards and seal, leaping, crawling and playing in their separate tanks.

Another feature is the elevated railroads. At first one is dazed and thinks he is in some airship, flying through the air, but he soon becomes used to it and, venturing to look out, finds himself a great many feet above the streets.

A Seventh Grade, —Bessie Ackerman,
Jefferson School. 52 Eleventh Street N.

A Drowsy Alpine Village.

(Honorable Mention.)

How still and drowsy it was, my native town, at the foot of the Alps in Switzerland. It is situated near a beautiful lake, called Vernein, and as far as the eye can reach on the south and east extend beautiful, rolling meadows. The village was often frequented by artists who sought picturesque landscapes. It has been a long time since I left Switzerland and the people and most of the places I have almost forgotten, but I still remember the village inn, where the old Swiss shepherds smoked their pipes and told weird stories of superhuman beings seen by them when tending their flocks on the mountain side. Outside the inn was a large, gnarled apple tree in which I used to spend many happy hours. Many hunters visited the inn also, and for several weeks each fall the dense forests on the mountain side resounded with the noise of their rifles.

A Eighth Grade, —Agnes Hixon,
Adams School. 1410 Nineteenth Street S.

No Place Like Home.

(Honorable Mention.)

Minneapolis is my native town, and to me there is no place like it. When smaller I used to tease papa to move to Florida or some warm state where I could have all the fruit I wanted and where the weather never grew cold, because in cold weather I generally had a siege of illness, but now I would not exchange my native town for any warm state in the union. Not that it is better than any other place, but being my birthplace, and having lived here all my life, it has grown very dear to me. The broad Mississippi on the east of this bustling metropolis, the lakes and falls, are features that go to make a pleasant, beautiful city, of which any one might be proud.

Minneapolis, or the "Flour City" as it is called, has extensive flour mills, saw mills and manufactories. The business center of the city, though not so attractive in some ways, is interesting in others—such as its numerous large stores, theaters and hotels. Our public library, too, is a very interesting building, and there are really magnificent churches, residences and schools. This city is well governed and orderly. To my mind there is no place like Minneapolis for there are some things here that make it more homelike and pleasant than other cities.

A Sixth Grade, —Ellen Fitzgerald,
Lyndale School. 3614 Harriet Avenue.

Where Roses Blow.

(Honorable Mention.)

San Diego, California, is my native town. This little place is on the sea coast in the southern part of California. There is no winter there. It is warm all the time and a little warmer in summer.

The houses are small cottages, but around them grow fruit trees and rose bushes. It is only a mile from the place where we used to live to the coast, where there are big docks for fishing and others for the steamers. Across the bay, reached by the ferry boat, there is a large summer resort, where hundreds of people enjoy bathing. The steamers that come in here are very large, sometimes two blocks long.

The people have their washing done by Chinese, who are half the population. A certain part of town is given up to them and there they live, crowded into little houses of two and three rooms. When Easter comes they celebrate by making Chinese candy and distributing it about the town.

B Fifth Grade, —Ruth Martin,
Holmes School. 521 Fourth Street SE.

In the City of the Czar.

On the lower branch of the beautiful river Neva stands the capital of the Russian empire, St. Petersburg, my native town. St. Petersburg contains many beautiful and interesting sights. The streets themselves are a pleasure to look upon, for they are kept clean by frequent sweeping. The buildings are compactly built, and are of many colors.

The Nikolayevski bridge is a magnificent structure in gran-

Minneapolis Topics.

For Saturday, Nov. 9:

"YOUR FAVORITE FLOWER. WHY?"

Among the beautiful flowers which we find upon the earth, each one of us has his favorite. What is yours, and above all else, "why" is it your choice? If you choose a rose, tell what kind of a rose, for there are dozens of varieties of roses, and the same with many other kinds of flowers. The papers must be in the hands of the editor not later than

Monday Evening, November 4,

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, Nov. 16:

"AN IDEAL PANTRY."

So many of the Juniors said their favorite working places were in the pantry that the idea was suggested that perhaps they would be able to describe an ideal pantry. In many of the modern houses pantries have disappeared along with the old-fashioned fireplace, so that it will be good exercise for imaginations as well as for the budding architects. The papers must be in the hands of the editor not later than

Monday Evening, November 11,

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.

ite and many a time, while out with my nurse for a walk on the bridge, I would run away from her and lose myself amid the great throng of people that pass there night and day. I have visited the Hermitage many a time, and I am sure if the artists of America could see the beautiful paintings on the French and Spanish collections for which the gallery of the Hermitage is famous, they would be inspired.

The thing that interested me most was a grand cathedral, the name of which I think is Isak. Each step is five feet wide and is one beautiful stone. The outside of this cathedral is magnificent, but words cannot describe the grandeur of the interior. The splendor is dazzling. In niches on the walls are statues of gold with diamonds for eyes, finger nails and teeth. Almost everything is of gold, diamonds and other precious jewels.

I am proud of St. Petersburg as my birthplace, because it is the capital of such a great empire as Russia, and in all of the United States there are no such beautiful sights as I have seen there.

—Sophy B. Wolk,
A Eighth Grade, 2102 Seventeenth Avenue S.
Adams School.

Made by a Poet.

My native town is Minneapolis, and therefore it is my favorite city. It is situated on both sides of the Mississippi, the



MOTHER GOOSE PUZZLE.

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Hush, baby, my doll, I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread and some milk by-and-by,
Or, perhaps, you like custard, or maybe a tart,
Then to either you are welcome, with all my heart.

FIND HER BROTHER AND SISTER.

"Father of Waters," and at the head of St. Anthony falls. The water power of this fall turns the wheels of the saw mills and flour mills which are the largest in the world. Its chief points of beauty are its lakes, parks and parkways, which furnish recreation for children and grown people also. It has grammar schools, high schools and the University of Minnesota is also located here. Then, too, it includes within its borders historic Minnehaha Falls, which Longfellow made famous in his Indian legends.

B Sixth Grade, 2603 Lyndale Avenue N.
Hawthorne School.

No Warwhoops on the Quiet.

Mankato, a pretty, rural city on the Minnesota river, situated between two long wooded hills, was my birthplace. Viewed from the eastern hill it is very pleasing as it stretches away below. The long rows of trees marking out the streets; the Minnesota winding like a blue ribbon among low hills and meadows; the sun sinking below the opposite hill and lighting up the blue evening haze, that was settling over the peaceful city, all combined to make a pleasing picture as I once saw it.

On Fifth street, running north and south, half-way up the eastern hill, are some of the largest and prettiest buildings the city contains; the normal school, of red brick; across the street the high school, of red stone; in the next block north, in solitary state, the courthouse, of yellow stone; further north the catholic school, church and convent, and still further north the hospital. Main street at the foot of the hill is the business street.

A wild plum grove south of town interested me, for it was connected with this incident of my father's boyhood: Papa's people were among the settlers who had gathered at Mankato for protection during the Sioux massacre. One day my father, uncle and companions were out hunting and had reached a plum grove in which, unknown to the lads, two women were picking plums. One boy, an escaped captive of the Indians, gave the Indian warwhoop, the others joining. The women, hearing these horrible yells, started for the city and warned the citizens that the Indians were upon them. The militia started out to meet the Indians, but met the boys instead, who explained. They were going to be arrested, but my uncle said: "Why, we wanted to know what the warwhoop was like, so we should know when the Indians were coming. You can't arrest us for that." The boys were thoroughly frightened and were then released, after promising that if they practiced the warwhoop again, they would not go to the woods to do it.

—Loretta Russell,
B Ninth Grade, 2110 Sixteenth Avenue S.
South Side High School.

On the Boundless Prairie.

I was born in the little town of Revillo, South Dakota. One street was all this little town contained. A few stores ranged opposite each other on this street, a cluster of houses and one has my native town as I see it. Boundless prairies stretch on all sides, broken only by the deep blue horizon and a ragged bush or so. No trees in the town, no trees in the country, nothing but monotonous prairies.

—James Howdeshell,
A Sixth Grade, Minnehaha Park.
Minnehaha School.

When Norway Fought.

I was born in Christiania, Norway. Christiania is a very pretty place, and it is the capital of Norway. It is about 300 years old and has over 365,000 inhabitants. It has many stores and public buildings and many manufactories. There are elec-

tric street cars and three large railway stations. The buildings are never more than five stories high. It has many large hotels and two prisons, one for men and one for women.

In the center of the city is a very large park, and in the center of the park is the palace, where King Oscar II. resides. On one side of the palace is a pond, where many beautiful white swans swim about, and the king's family watch the swans from the windows. What interested me most was a house that is about 200 years old, and is still standing. In 1814, when Norway fought against union with Sweden, they used this old house as a fort; there are large holes in the walls through which the cannon were shot at the enemy.

—Alfi Olsen,
B Sixth Grade, 671 Fifteenth Avenue NE.
Holland School.

One of the World's Three Views.

My native town is San Diego, California. We only left it a year ago this fall, so I remember it very well. It is a beautiful little city of about 2,500 inhabitants, situated in the most southern part of California on the coast, and about thirty miles from the mountains. It is just a few miles from the border line between Mexico and the United States, and it is about one hundred and twenty miles south of Los Angeles. San Diego has a fine harbor; on one side of the bay the Mexican point runs out into the water and separates the bay from the ocean, and on the other side there is a high, narrow strip of land that projects far out into the water, and at the end of this there is the lighthouse. Across the bay from San Diego there is a peninsula that stretches nearly across the bay; on the east is the bay and on the west the ocean. This peninsula is called Coronada, and it is a very pretty place. The view from the top of Point Loma looking toward the bay is said by some to be one of "the" three views of the world.

Around San Diego there are a great many lemon groves, besides other kinds of fruit trees, such as oranges, guavas, figs and pomegranates. In San Diego there is a small river called the San Diego river; one cannot see the river except when there are very heavy rains, because it flows underneath the surface. The thing I was most interested in about San Diego was swimming; there are so many beaches and there are a great many bath houses.

—Robina Brown,
B Seventh Grade, 2808 Stevens Avenue.
Clinton School.

"The Land of the Midnight Sun."

I was born in the "Land of the Midnight Sun," in the village of Stentjaer. It lies snugly surrounded by small mountains and large hills covered with trees and shrubs; in both summer and winter the scenery is very beautiful. My greatest delight was to sit during long summer evenings watching the midnight sun as it grew brighter and brighter, making the surroundings gleam with all shades and colors. The sports I most enjoyed were skating, sleighing and skimming across the crisp, white snow on skis.

—Hilda Jorgensen,
B Seventh Grade, 2606 E Twenty-sixth Street.
Longfellow School.

Starless Officials.

My native town is the capital city of the kingdom of Norway. It is named after a king of Denmark, and is situated in the southern part. It covers an area of about nine square miles and its population is about the same as that of our city, Minneapolis. The king lives in his palace here only about three months in a year, then he goes to his other palace in Stockholm. The streets in Christiania are laid out irregularly and are about thirty feet in width. In the last twenty-five years there has been a great improvement there; the cars at that time were run by horse power, as they were here about ten years ago, but in the last four or five years they have been run by electricity. The fire departments are almost like ours, except that they have no engines. Their water supply is good and they have manufactures of all kinds. The policemen are alike in dress, but instead of wearing stars on their coats they wear numbers on their collars. The buildings are not so very high, generally only two or three stories, and seldom over five. It has several good navy yards, a military school, naval school and an arsenal. It also has a fort to guard the city and several theaters. Christiania has several fine schools and a large university. People from all parts of Europe live there.

—John Wold,
B Eighth Grade, 1229 Eighth Street.
Washington School.

Four-Footed Playmates.

Back among the maple trees stood an old-fashioned brick house. It was my grandfather's homestead and my father's childhood home. On this rustic old farm in my native township of York I made my first appearance.

Just back of the house was a large apple orchard with delicious apples. Back of the orchard was a fruit and vegetable garden, and then a beautiful meadow. I had no brothers nor sisters at the time, so I used to play with little black and white pigs. York is twenty miles from Madison, Wis. There are no towns in this township. It is a wealthy and beautiful farming country. I left York when I was a little girl and do not remember much concerning the township. I have never been back, but once and that was this summer.

—Dorothea Douglas,
B Seventh Grade, 826 Twenty-sixth Avenue NE.
Van Cleave School.

Houses of Mud and Straw.

It is now about nine years since I lived in a small village named Hushy in Roumania. At that time it was about a block square and had only about two hundred inhabitants. On all sides of this village there were large orchards and vineyards, of which nearly every person of the village owned a part. The houses were very poorly built; some of them being of mud and straw mixed together for the walls, and for the roof, logs crossed over each other with straw piled on top. This kind of a house was very warm, but was very dirty and clumsy. Others were made of logs, the cracks being filled with mud and straw. But most were built like the former. I lived there only about five years and then our family came to Minneapolis.

—Peter Wexler,
A Sixth Grade, 871 Sixteenth Avenue S.
Adams School.

A Convenient River.

My native town is situated on the Grand river, about twenty-five miles below Lansing, Mich. It is rather a small town of one thousand inhabitants. The Grand river flows through it and on both sides of it, so it is nearly an island. There were several swimming places in the river where, in the cool, shady haunts, we could bathe at will. There was a cider mill there and fruit

Solution to Last Week's Puzzle.

"Fortune Knocks Once at Every Man's Door."