

BEST BLOSSOMS

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ical sound which seemed to come from a neighboring meadow. I forgot all fears of being lost, and went to find what caused the sound. I ran on, the sound growing louder and louder, until I came to a steep bank. I looked over the edge and saw below me a little stream of water; looking up the stream I beheld some little falls about five feet in height. This made the musical sound as it fell in a feathery sheet. I was satisfied as to the sound and now looked around. The banks on either side were covered with wild rose bushes; some large ones reached over and formed an arch above the falls; further down stream the ruins of an old bridge were almost buried beneath rose bushes; and all were loaded with their pink flowers, which bobbed and danced about in the breeze as if keeping time to the music of the waterfall. Afterwards I spent many happy hours there weaving rose wreaths or wading in the cool stream. Ever since the wild, pink rose has been my favorite flower because it recalls those happy play days.

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

A Necklace of Fringed Green.

(Honorable Mention.)

There is one flower which, in my estimation, is the most noble of all the flowers of the earth. It holds its head proudly, yet it is trampled under foot and escapes the notice of all except the busy and industrious bee who scents its honey from afar. The gardener, too, is acquainted with this flower, especially when on an exceedingly warm day he is sent to the garden to tear its precious roots from old Mother Earth.

The simplicity of this flower is to be admired. Its head is of a golden hue with a necklace of fringed green. As this flower grows older its once bright golden hair changes to a beautiful gray, just as in human nature itself. The dandelion (you must have guessed the name) was a very rare flower in the city where I passed my childhood days. These are the reasons why I admire and honor the dandelion.

—Ethel Clark,
B Eighth Grade, 2201 Lyndale Avenue N.
Logan School.

A Perfect Emblem of Purity.

(Honorable Mention.)

Upon the tranquil bosom of a lake rests a large green lily pad, with a long green stem reaching far down into the water. Near it is a beautiful water lily with shining white petals and a yellow center. This is my favorite flower.

The petals are so pure and white, the center so yellow, that it seems to me this beautiful flower is a perfect emblem of purity. It is such a simple flower and is also quite common, especially to the people who live near a lake. But to me it will never grow common, and my heart will always be gladdened by a sight of this flower. I choose it principally for three reasons: First, because the water lily is the flower of July, the month in which I was born; second, because of its sweet scent, and, last but not least, because of its own pure and simple beauty.

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

Brighter Than Summer Skies.

(Honorable Mention.)

Of all the flowers that grow, the wild rose is my favorite. It grows on the hillside, in the peaceful valley, and dots the prairies in wondrous profusion. Its petals are brighter than the summer's brightest skies; its little heart furnishes the wild bee with food, nourishing its little body the whole winter long. On its velvety petals the butterfly rests in its flight. In its humble way it blooms and gives its fragrance for all as it nods and bends its head, this way and that, in the summer breeze.

—Edna Hills,
B Fifth Grade, 1813 Ninth Avenue S.
Garfield School.

Hours of Sand and Cacti.

(Honorable Mention.)

We had been riding for a day or two across the great Nevada desert. For hours we had seen nothing but sand and cacti, a most desolate sight. At last we came to one of the little towns at the edge of the desert. Near the station was a little flower garden. The first flower I caught sight of, when I looked out of the window, was a deep red rose. It looked so beautiful after so much sage brush and cacti, that ever since it has seemed to me the loveliest of all flowers.

—Newton Longfellow,
B Sixth Grade, 1806 Vine Place.
Emerson School.

In Freedom's Cause.

My favorite flower is the Alpine anemone. I have only seen it once, but that once was enough, to place it in my estimation

above all other flowers. It was at Lucerne, Switzerland, that I saw it first. One of the guides found some of the flowers on one of the mountains near Lucerne. It is so rare that the guide put the flowers in paraffine to keep them from fading. Each had a deep red center and five white petals. There is a legend about the anemone which the guide told me. When William Tell was wounded in one of the battles for Switzerland's independence and his army defeated he fled to the mountains. Everywhere he rested the anemone began to grow. The red was his blood and the white was to show him that Switzerland would yet be free.

—Clyde S. Ricker,
A Sixth Grade, 1402 Fifth Avenue S.
Madison School.

In Classic Lore.

One gift for which we are all thankful, is that of flowers. We love them all, from the simple wild flower to the most expensive greenhouse blossom; yet we have favorites, mine being the violet. Shakspeare says, "The king is but a man as I am. The violet smells the same to him as it does to me." This meek

To me, the meanest flower that blows
can give thoughts that often lie too
deep for tears.—Wordsworth.

from a higher world, bringing peace and joy. This flower also appeals to one's feelings. The mute eloquence of its purity is more effective than words; it urges uplifting contemplation of nobler subjects. Such qualities as these do not appeal to me in any other flower, but the American Beauty stands for me as an emblem of purity, as the flower of chivalry, and as a charm to meditation. It seems to be set apart from, and above, all other flowers, a queen amid the aristocracy of roses.

—Caroline Engebretson,
B Twelfth Grade, 501 Fifteenth Avenue SE.
East Side High School.

Exquisite Tints and Shades.

The flower which I most admire is the pansy. It is very small, but it is exceedingly beautiful with its exquisite colors and shades. Some of these flowers are less beautiful than others, but as a whole they are, in my opinion, the most beautiful of all "God's goodness." The light purple, with a very dark purple blended in it, gives a very effective impression of velvet. The light yellow pansy with a dark colored eye in the center, makes one think of a smiling child in the sunshine. Besides its beauty there is another quality which the pansy has—that is its fragrance. This flower has not a very strong scent, but what there is is certainly very sweet.

—Oscar Roedel,
A Seventh Grade, 1722 Eleventh Avenue S.
Adams School.

Sunshine and Snow.

I make the white daisy, or marguerite, my choice. Some think the daisy a very humble flower, but I think it the queen of all. How beautifully the petals are arranged around the golden center! Its colors combine the summer's mellow sunshine and the purity of the winter's snow. Many pleasant memories are associated with this flower. I have seen a field of daisies blooming in the grass like earthly stars. I have seen a picture of the Great Reaper, and on his sheaf of grain lay one white marguerite. I once saw a daisy blooming at the foot of a tall, dark pine, like "a good deed in a naughty world."

Some may prize the blushing rose;
And many think the violet sweet;
Some seek the vale where the lily grows;
Save me, none choose the marguerite.

—Marguerite Eugenie Stephens,
A Fifth Grade, 1611 Fremont Avenue N.
Logan School.

"Blue Ran the Flash Across."

Violet! What a sweet, soft sound in itself! I am sure if I had never seen a violet the name would almost tell me how that little flower looked. Yes, dear little violet, keep on blooming and do your best to cheer the weary wanderer as he passes you in the wood. You tell of the coming spring; when the snow melts you peep out as though to say, "Good morning, dear world." I can say of you:

Such a starved bank of moss,
Till that May morn;
Blue ran the flash across—
Violets were born.

Whenever I am sick I always want a bouquet of you, little comforters, for you look so fresh and dewy that I want to hurry and arise that I may go into the woods with you. Having you near me I never feel lonesome, for you are to me as so many little friends. If I happen to become impatient or angry with someone or something, you look up at me with your cheerful and smiling face and soften my heart. Most cherished of flowers, many a lesson have you taught me.

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

A "Cheer Flower."

My favorite flower is the pansy, with its round head and beautiful blend of colors, which seem so different from the other flowers. It is not as sweet smelling as I should like, but then it is not without any fragrance. It has a very delicate stem, for if one does not cut it it withers immediately. Therefore he must be very careful. Whenever I am sorrowful and see a pansy it seems to cheer me up a little, which no other flower does. I sometimes call it the "cheer flower," and people wonder why.

—Alma Hawkinson,
2616 Twenty-seventh Avenue.
A Seventh Grade, Longfellow School.

Like Freshly-Fallen Snow.

My favorite flower among all others is the white chrysanthemum. It suggests a ball of freshly-fallen snow in its soft beauty; and yet it is not like snow, for instead of disliking to touch it because of the cold, one feels like caressing it because of its beauty and sweet odor. These beautiful flowers were at one time like the wild rose, with but few petals. In later years they have been cultivated so that they have many petals. This cultivation has added greatly to their beauty.

—John W. Baxter,
B Sixth Grade, 317 Fourteenth Avenue N.
Blaine School.

Throwing Her Own Bouquet.

Miss Pond Lily to Miss Cat Tail—You stand up there so stiff, just as if you were everybody. But listen to what someone said of me. A man and little girl were going by in a boat. The man asked the child what her favorite flower was, and she said, "Why, the water lily, of course." He then asked her why she liked me best and she replied: "Because it floats so gracefully in the water; for its beautiful petals and bright yellow center (of course she meant my hair and face), and also because it seems to live so happily and contentedly here in the pond. I think it was named lily because it looks so pure and sweet, and water, of course, because it lives in it." They then went on, and so I called right over to tell you that although you do stand up so straight and sentinel-like, you are not liked the better for it. Good-by.

—Susie G. Bailey,
2819 Stevens Avenue.
A Eighth Grade, Clinton School.

A Child-Like Frankness.

A very simple flower, and also a very beautiful one because of its innocent face, its sweet odor, and purple, velvet coat, is my favorite flower. Although it is a wild flower, it surpasses the stately flowers of any greenhouse. It grows on shaded hills and in the shady woods, and it is the third flower to come in the spring. As we pass it looks up with a child-like frankness and seems to say, "Pick me and take me out into the sun that I may see more of mother earth." Every time I see this



PROVERB PUZZLE.

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CAN YOU READ THIS PUZZLE?

little plant does not flourish the whole year around, but comes to greet the spring time. It was a classical plant and was frequently mentioned by the ancient poets. Shakspeare alludes to the old tradition which said that this flower was raised from the body of Io by the agency of Diana.

Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unspolluted flesh
May violets spring.

Ion, the Greek name for this flower, was said to have been given it because Io fed on violets when transformed by Jupiter into a heifer. Others say it was so called for some nymphs of Ionia, who first presented the flower to the father of the gods. Another author describes Venus lamenting over the bleeding body of her lover, whose memory and her own grief she resolves to perpetuate by changing his blood into a flower.

But be thy blood a flower. Has Proserpine
The power to change a nymph to mint?
Is mine inferior? Or will any envy me
For such a change?

From thence a flower alike in color, rose,
Such as those trees produce whose fruit
inclose
Within the limber rind their purple fruit.

After reading the old traditions connected with the origin of the violet, one could not help loving it. These stories are not the only things that draw me toward this flower; it is the innocent, beautiful, meek face which it has, that influences, or should influence, any one who comes in contact with it.

—Eva Mahoney,
A Eighth Grade, 418 James Avenue N.
North Side High School.

"Of Many, One."

Back of the tall pines in a sheltered, secluded, marshy spot stands majestically the flower of flowers to me. Doubtless you have seen it, the lady slipper, standing waving among the grasses of the swamp. Beautiful flower, how like a true lady's slipper you look, with your bright colors, stately poise and richness.

I know not why, but I stand silently before it, when, as I am hunting flowers in the wood, I come unexpectedly upon it. I do not push forward to break it quickly off, as I do the sweet violets, buttercups, crocuses, marguerites and other wood beauties, but reverently bear it from its woodland home. The tall dark pines in the background, the rich, waving grasses of the meadow-marsh in the foreground, and the beautiful varying pink of the lady slipper, form a never-to-be-forgotten picture in my mind; so that in the bleak, cold winter months, when the world is wrapped in whiteness, I can close my eyes and look back upon the pictures of my summer rambles in the woods. It must be the beauty of this flower that so holds me under its spell and makes me love it.

—Clara Shepley,
2607 Chicago Avenue.
B Seventh Grade, Greeley School.

A Flower of Chivalry.

Flowers, beyond everything else, are an expression of the deep love of nature, her gift to man as a partaker of his happiness and a hope inspiring messenger in his sorrow. To me, some flowers are dear from association; others from their significance. Among the latter is the American Beauty rose, which has long been cherished as my favorite. And truly was it named the American Beauty, for no other flower can claim such a deep hue of red nor such perfect elegance. Its odor is like a breath

Violet! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thoughts of other years?
Or with gladness are they full,
For the night so beautiful,
And longing for those far-off spheres?

Thy little heart, that hath with love
Grown colored like the sky above,
On which thou lookest ever,—
Can it know
All the woe
Of hope for what returneth never,
All the sorrow and the longing
To these hearts of ours belonging?
—James Russell Lowell.

Minneapolis Topics.

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.

For Saturday, Nov. 23:

"THE THANKSGIVING DINNER TABLE TALKS."

You all know the various things which go to make up the regulation Thanksgiving dinner. Now you are to make them talk and tell some story. Do not try to put everything on the table into the story; one thing is enough, though two or three may not be objectionable. For the sake of variety, let some of the eatables, or table furnishings, gossip about grownups; the story need not necessarily be only about the vegetable lives and experiences. STORIES TELLING OF THE GROWTH OF ANY OBJECT ARE NOT DESIRED. The papers must be in the hands of the editor

Not Later Than Monday Evening, November 18,

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.