

lady. Her dress is of soft black cloth, and upon her wavy, snow-white hair rests a little black lace cap. There is a peaceful, happy expression upon her dear old face, though the look in her eyes shows that her heart still yearns for something it has long since lost. In one corner of the room are a little boy's toys. Upon these the mother gazes as she sits in the gathering twilight. She has absent-mindedly let her knitting fall to the floor, and now pusses is having a lively time rolling the ball around and around the chair.
—Mayme Miller,
Eleventh Grade.

Heroes of the Highest Type.
(High School Credit.)

If I could, I would paint a picture of the battle of Gettysburg. Some other artist may have done it before, but I think that if I were an artist I could do it better.
The union fortifications would be dimly seen through the clouds of smoke made by their own firing. Pickett's brigade would be charging up the hill, leaving behind the bodies of their dead and wounded to show the road of the heroes, for they were heroes of the highest type, even though rebels. The officers would be riding along the lines encouraging the men. All would be so vivid that one could see the determined, though excited, faces of the charging soldiers, and could imagine he heard the shouts of the officers as they commanded and cheered their men to battle. The reason I would like to paint this picture is that I consider this charge and defense the most heroic and noble of the whole civil war, and that the American people should be proud of the brave men who fought on both sides.
—Charles Driscoll,
Grafton, N. D.

Twelfth Grade.

A Kindly, Noble Face.
(Honorable Mention.)

One picture that I would wish every one to see as it is impressed upon my mind is the picture of Longfellow on his last birthday. It was suggested to me by this stanza of a beautiful poem written by J. G. Whittier:

With a glory of winter sunshine
Over his locks of gray,
In the old historic mansion
He sat on his last birthday.

In the picture as I think of it, there would be an old man seated in a beautifully carved armchair, which would be standing beside a window; the winter sunlight would be shining through the curtains upon the head of the poet, lighting up his gray hair and kind, noble face. His arms would be resting on the arms of the chair. In one hand he would be holding an open book which he had been reading. His face would be thoughtfully turned toward the window through which could be seen the bare branches of a tree. There would be a picture hanging on the wall, and further back in the room would be seen a bright fire burning in the old, open fireplace.

The picture would be painted in shades of brown, the lightest being where the sunlight fell. I would have this picture to show what a kind light could rest upon the face of one who had worked so long for the good of others.

—Fred W. Hummel,
Dundas, Minn.

Eighth Grade.

In the Deep, Green Sea.
(Honorable Mention.)

If I were an artist I should try to paint a picture of submarine life. Scientists say that there is more animal life in a square mile of sea than there is on a whole continent.

In such a picture there would be sponges, thousands of fish, sea anemones with long tentacles, beautifully colored, tiny sea shells, waving sea weeds and beautiful corals, perhaps a wreck with timbers, long rotted by the salt water, and covered with sea moss and green sea weeds, and with crawfish crawling through the rotten timbers or exploring the caved-in hold. One might also paint a grotto which the water had hollowed out in long ages and which still washes through its massive stone pillars. Such would be the picture of life in the deep, green sea, where no ships visit until wrecked, and upon which eyes except those of sea animals, seldom look.

—Thomas Shelhamer,
Central School,
Luverne, Minn.

White-Crested Waves.
(Honorable Mention.)

A picture of the sea coast at sunrise I think would make a beautiful piece of scenery, and especially so in the summer time. In the background I should paint the sun just rising and casting its early rays on the quiet scene, making the waters sparkle and the shells on the beach gleam. The water I should make look cool and shady, in some places dark blue and in others green

of a lighter tint. The white-crested little waves would come rolling in and lap the golden pebbles on the beach. Green trees and vegetation could be seen in the foreground, with gaily colored birds and insects flitting among them. To the right I should paint some dark cliffs extending out into the water, and there the waves would be high as they struck against its rugged wall. On the sand and in the shallow water a party of boys and girls, with bare feet and sleeves pushed above their elbows, would be occupied in gathering sea shells and pretty stones. A merry little group it would be with sunny faces and pretty costumes, some busily at work filling their little baskets with pretty shells, and others looking across the water at the sunrise. From the left a sailboat would be approaching with perhaps a couple of white seagulls flying about its mast.

—Emma Pederson,
Canby, Minn.

Seventh Grade.

Just Before the Battle.
(Honorable Mention.)

I should try to put down on my canvas a picture that I would call "Just before the battle at Lutzen." All the soldiers are assembled around their brave king and commander, Gustavus Adolphus, while he is sitting erect and stately on his white steed. The heads are bowed; apparently the king and his people are engaged in prayer. The sun is just rising above the horizon, shedding a warm light over the impressive scene. In the back-



OLD BUT TRUE

What profits all our learning if our characters be not correspondingly noble, all our industry without piety, all our knowing without love of our neighbor, all our wisdom without humility, all our studying if we are not kind and charitable.—Jacob Wimpfeling, 1450.

ground rise very high mountains, while in the foreground is seen a merrily babbling little brook.

I have chosen this subject for my painting because the story of it once made a very strong impression upon me.

—Eda Anderson,
Warren, Minn.

Sixth Grade.

A Typical Dakota Harvest.
(Honorable Mention.)

If I were an artist, I should paint a picture of a large wheat farm in North Dakota during the time of harvest. First there would be a long row of reapers cutting a large field of waving wheat. A short distance from the wheat, there would be a threshing machine, an engine, and some wagons for hauling the grain to the granaries. On the other side of the field there would be a large farm house, two large granaries in which to store the grain for the winter; one large barn for the horses and cows, a dairy and a large chicken house.

—Roy Cadden,
Jefferson School,
Cloquet, Minn.

A Fifth Grade.

The Sweet Sleep of Babyhood.

So many and beautiful things are seen in our daily life, that if I had but the power to paint them, I should have a large and most beautiful collection. Only last summer I saw a picture so beautiful that it seemed hardly possible for it to be real. A sleeping baby was lying in its little crib, taking its afternoon nap. As the day was hot, the child was clothed in a thin, white dress, showing the fat, little neck and plump arms which were thrown out on the snow white covering. The soft, golden curls were pushed back from the round face. A faint tint of pink colored the cheeks and the long, dark eyelashes rested peacefully upon them. The red lips scarcely touched each other. An expression of calmness and peace was spread over the whole face as the child was lying in sweet sleep. The easy position, the gentle breathing, and the flush of health upon the cheeks, showed that no sorrow was then present. For this reason would I paint the picture; there was none of the pain or trouble which we see so often in our daily life.

—Clara Strate,
Moorhead, Minn.

Tenth Grade,
Central School.

Plenty of Rosy Apples.

If I were an artist and had the ability to paint anything I wanted to, I should paint a picture of a large apple tree and our favorite pony with two of my friends on its back. One would be ready to snatch an apple as the pony went under a bough. The pony would look gentle and easy to ride. One of the girls would be clutching the pony's mane, and the other, laughing, reaching for the apples. The tree would have large boughs, rather low, so that the pony could go under easily without brushing the girls off. The tree would have plenty of rosy apples on it.

—Alice Robertson,
Jackson, Minn.

Seventh Grade.

Along Picturesque Superior.

Sitting in my studio with everything complete but a subject, my thoughts wander back to my earlier days, most of which were spent along the shores of Lake Superior. At once a scene comes to my memory, that of a beautiful sunset on the lake.

Taking my brush I start with a rough, rocky shore on the northeastern side. The rocks are from fifty to one hundred feet high. About twenty feet above the water a locomotive bounds from out a tunnel down a steep grade like a runaway horse. Looking southwest as far as the eye can see is the great expanse of the lake. The water is very rough; the white caps are distinctly seen, and the reflection of the sun on the water gives it a golden tint. At the farthest point the sun is losing itself in the waters. The heavens are aglow with brightness and beauty. There are many large, light clouds around the sun. Some are a deep yellow blending into a pink; others are a light red. One very large one, directly above the sun, is snow-white on the upper side and on the lower it blends into a delicate pink. On the rolling waters we see here and there a fisherman's sailing boat tossed about like a feather. On the shore we see two little children and their mother watching and waiting anxiously for their father's return.

—C. P. Brownlee,
St. Thomas, N. D.

Ninth Grade.

A Boat Among the Lilies.

If I were to paint the picture I have in my mind it would have a blue sky, a few white clouds, and a grove of tall trees in the background; at the left a low, white house, having at the side two windows and a door, with a large flat stone for a doorstep. At the end there would be a window and a door and a long porch. At the right there would be a barnyard with a beautiful white horse standing at a trough drinking, with water dripping from his mouth. Outside of the fence there would be a public road and beyond the road a green meadow sloping down

to a stream that rippled over stepping stones. Lower down the stream there would be a man sitting on a large rock fishing. Two little girls would stand by his side, one holding a string of fish and the other with one hand on a shepherd dog's head. On the other side of the water I should have a rowboat fastened among the water lilies.
—Edna Henderson,
Sixth Grade.

—Ocheyedan, Iowa.

Niagara by Moonlight.

If I were an artist I would choose for my subject an evening view of Niagara Falls. The moon would be shining brightly over the glistening water as it dashed over the falls. Then I would paint the sky a pale blue, dotted here and there with bright, shining stars. The water would be tinged with gold to indicate the bright rays of the moon shining upon it. Near the top of the falls, the water would be quite smooth, but farther down I would paint it very rough and foamy to show at what great and powerful speed it flowed.

—Maude Silvester,
Willow City, N. D.

Ninth Grade.

A Flaming Sunset.

O! how often I have wished I were a great painter when I have watched the beautiful sun as it sank, like a ball of fire, out of sight.

With my canvas on my easel before me and my paints in hand, I would paint the sun as it slowly sank to rest, throwing its rosy tints on the clouds around until the sky near the western horizon looked like a fire, slowly changing in color from a deep, rosy red to a pink, and at last fading into a pale blue. I think if such a scene could be painted in nature's own, true colors, people who live in large cities who have never had the pleasure of seeing one of nature's most lovely scenes, a glorious sunset, would appreciate such a beautiful painting and would be anxious to own it. You may travel all around the world and view nature in all its grandeur from the lofty mountains with their snowy peaks to plains and forests, with their quiet solitude, but to my mind there is no scene so beautiful as a sunset when there are a few clouds in the sky along the western horizon.

—Myrtle Abbie Stevens,
Hankinson, N. D.

Twelfth Grade.

On an Old Trail.

If I were to draw a picture I would choose a scene I saw while riding through the woods. I came upon a small opening where there stood a small cabin. A creek was near by, covered with mountain fern and brush, only to be seen where a trail crossed it that had been made many years before and had only been used by deer and wild animals ranging the forest. While I sat looking around I heard a crackling of brush before me. Looking in the direction of the noise I saw a doe and her fawn come bounding up the trail to the creek, stop, and then the fawn drank while the doe stood with her head high in the air. When the fawn was through drinking, they stood side by side with ears raised, as if waiting to hear some sound so they might bound away into the forest.

—Marion Pierstorff,
Lewis and Clark School,
Lewiston, Idaho.

B Eighth Grade.

No Playmate But Nature.

I have in my mind the picture of a little barefoot boy sitting on a pile of stones with a fish pole in one hand and a string of fish in the other. He has caught these fish out of the clear brook in front of him. The sun is in the east and has risen but a little while. Dew is on the grass and is sparkling like so many diamonds in the morning sunlight. On one bank of the brook there is a wood with many flowers growing on the edge of it. Birds are hopping about the branches of the trees. There is a grassy meadow, with several cattle grazing in it, surrounded by a fence. The little boy has a happy look upon his face though his clothes are patched. This picture shows how happy the little boy can be though he has no playmate but nature.

—Alan Dresser,
St. James, Minn.

Seventh Grade.

A Moss-grown Mill.

If I were an artist and were going to paint a picture, it would be of an old mill covered with moss. On one side would be seen a crumbling stone foundation. The water would be pouring over the old wheel and above the wheel would be the mill pond. Around the prettily wooded banks the water would be dotted with beautiful white lilies and green leaves. The dam would be made of logs, and a few stones would be jutting out of the water.

—Stella Hyde,
Fairmont, Minn.

A Sixth Grade.

A Stately Dapple Gray.

If I were an artist and had my canvas and brushes before me and did not have my mind set on any particular thing to paint, I would paint a horse—a tall, stately horse with its head high, as if seeing something to be afraid of. I would make it a dapple gray with a black mane and tail. The place on which it stood I would make green to represent grass, and the background I would make a dull, gray blue. This would be my subject, because if there is anything I enjoy it is drawing or looking at a horse.

—W. E. Ortmann,
Morris, Minn.

Seventh Grade,
Lincoln School.

Two Frisky, Furry Rabbits.

The following is a picture which I saw last evening and I should like very much to be able to paint it just as I saw it. In the foreground there was a grove of evergreen trees, covered with about two inches of snow. Below these there was thick underbrush in which two rabbits were playing. A little beyond the evergreens three tall, old, birch trees, protectingly spread their large limbs over the evergreens. Just between the snowy tops of the evergreens could be seen the setting sun, giving the clouds in the western sky a rosy tint and making the snow on the trees sparkle like diamonds. In the northern sky there was a great, dark gray cloud, traveling swiftly toward the south. I would paint this, because if I should have success with it and painted it as I saw it, I should gain renown as an artist and I should also make something for the enjoyment of others, as I am sure many boys, especially those who like hunting, would enjoy looking at those two rabbits.

—Earl Burwick,
Two Harbors, Minn.

Ninth Grade.

A Rural Postoffice.

If I were an artist I would paint a country postoffice and store. On one side of the wall I would have the boxes for mail. On the other side I would have the counter and the old postmaster standing behind it, wrapping up something for a small girl with a handkerchief on her head and a dress down to her ankles. In the middle of the floor I would have a stove with some men standing around it, some talking, some reading, and

Northwestern Topics.

For Saturday, Feb. 22:

"A FIRE. WHAT HAPPENED?"

There are all sorts of ways in which this topic may be treated. You may be merely a spectator at a fire; you may be a cause of the fire; you may be more or less a victim of it, etc. At all events, tell some special thing which happened at the fire. Do not send in any papers describing loss of life at a fire. Tell how you knew there was a fire, and try to make your description so vivid that other people will see the fire just as you did. The papers must be mailed so as to reach the office

Not Later Than Friday Morning, February 14.

They must be strictly original, written in ink on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length, nor less than 100, marked with the number of words and each signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.

For Saturday, March 1:

"A LONESOME DAY. WHY?"

Even the happiest and busiest of grownups sometimes feel "lonesome," and children are still more apt to know the meaning of this word. Books and games or other pastimes for one fail to do away with the feeling. Generally, however, there are special and unusual circumstances which bring about this state of mind. What were they? Why were they? How did you try to amuse yourself? What was the end? The papers must be mailed so as to reach the office

Not Later Than Friday Morning, February 21.

They must be strictly original, written in ink on one side only of the paper, not more than 300 words in length, nor less than 100, marked with the number of words and each signed with the grade, school, name and address of the writer. The papers must not be rolled.