

of fairyland, but I think its great charm was due to the fact that all the colors harmonized so beautifully with one another, and that peace and simplicity reigned supreme.
B Seventh Grade,
Bremer School.
—Mildred Chilton,
3113 Morgan Avenue N.

A PRETTY PICTURE BOOK.

Nature is like a picture book containing the most beautiful pictures. It is more beautiful than any picture artists can ever paint.

One day some friends and myself planned to go for a moonlight ride on Lake Minnetonka in my friend's small steamer. We started about nine in the evening, when the moon was first rising out of the Narrows, it seemed. We went up to Shady Island. How beautiful! The great, full moon was shining down on the silver water, and the birds chirped drowsily from the trees. Everything else was still and peaceful. This is the most beautiful place I ever saw because everything seemed so peaceful.
—Mary F. Cuzner,
B Sixth Grade,
37 Twenty-seventh Av. SE,
Sidney Pratt School.

SIX MILES OF PINES.

Altho I have seen many beautiful summer scenes, the most beautiful one I ever saw was when I was walking from Mile's Canyon to White Horse. There were six miles of huge pine forests to walk thru, and as it was about nine o'clock the sun was shining behind the trees. After I had walked a short distance the White Horse rapids came into view. I think this part of the journey was the most beautiful because on one side was Miles' Canyon with the rapids, which are the most dangerous in Alaska, and on the other side were the large pine trees. As I looked down into the canyon the foaming rapids roared so that it seemed a boat would be dashed to pieces if it went thru, altho boats can go if they are steered carefully. We reached our destination at noon, having walked for three hours. This journey was very lonely, but we felt repaid by the scenery.
—Harvey Devlin,
419 E Fourteenth Street,
B Seventh Grade,
Madison School.

MOTHER NATURE AT HOME.

Mother Nature has had her ceiling painted with a deep blue, having white clouds here and there like white spots unobserved by the painter. Her velvety green carpet has been dusted and wrapped up, but now she unrolls it and spreads it over her floor. The beautiful trees are just opening their leaves to the air and the sun in all his splendor comes up to see Mother Nature. The brook is babbling away over sticks and stones and fallen trees. Fishes leap over the waterfalls to the water above. Nature's children, with their sunbonnets of pink, white, yellow, purple and orange, nod lazily in the breeze. Who do you think these children are? They are the beautiful and differently colored flowers who have come out of their warm beds to bask in the sunshine. The trees in the distance are so thick that one would think the mass of foliage was one of earth's little hills covered with leaves. Now and then one can see the ceiling of nature's house thru the trees looking like so many lakes and rivers.
—Olaf Pedersen,
B Seventh Grade,
Bremer School.
3242 Sixth Street N.

A LONELY, RAGGED CLOUD.

Beautiful scenes—how many have I seen! Still, few were really grand. The scene which impressed me most I saw one summer while I was on a vacation at a lake. It was a lonely spot. A lonesome, ragged cloud was lost on the great expanse of blue-gray sky. There was a hill upon which the pines swayed majestically to and fro in the wind. At my feet was a pond, not the prettiest one I ever saw; it looked rather muddy and had rather an excess of reeds. I felt, as the poets say, rather than heard the croaking of the bullfrogs at my feet. The night was approaching. The stillness and solemnity of the scene reminded me of the inevitable end of life—and my vacation.
—Hugo Hartig,
B Eighth Grade,
Logan School.
914 Eighteenth Avenue N.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW.

The most beautiful summer scene I have ever seen is a view of the city of Minneapolis with its beautiful lakes and parks. I once visited Minnehaha boulevard and climbed the tower by the creek. From the top of this tower I could see all over Minneapolis. There were Lake Amelia, Lake Harriet, Lake Calhoun and Lake of the Isles spread out at my feet like a map, and in the distance I could see all of the large buildings of the city. Far away the scene faded in purple distance, while near the little Minnehaha creek wound in and out among the hills. There was also a beautiful wood near. I think this was a beautiful summer scene because I could see so far.
—Herbert Conner,
B Fifth Grade,
Lyndale Avenue.
3539 Bryant Avenue S.

MUSIC ON THE WATER.

One evening in Indian summer as we drifted along silently in a rowboat on a short New England river, I witnessed one of the most beautiful summer scenes I ever saw in my life. Our boat had just slid out from under a small bridge, where we could look upon the broadest point of the river and see the sparkling lights of Long Island sound in the distance. No one spoke; it seemed rude to disturb the intense quietness. On one side rose high bluffs which were covered with a dense growth of grand old trees. The other side was dotted with cottages, which we could tell by their lights. Quietly we rowed on; a fish near by jumped high into the air and by the light of the moon we saw its beautiful sides glistening. We heard whip-poor-will calling in the distance and strains of music came over the waters. It was a sight to be remembered, and one in which one could feel nearer to nature and everything good and beautiful.
—Mary Aurella Cone,
B Tenth Grade,
East Side High School.
701 Sixth Street SE.

A SUNLIT STREAM.

Summer scenes are plentiful, but really beautiful scenes are somewhat rare. Inhabitants of the country have better opportunities of observing these rare gems of summer beauty than city people do.
What could be more beautiful than a secluded hollow with a brook murmuring and gurgling softly over the stones of its bed, with the last golden rays of the setting sun filter-

ing thru the leaves of the trees surrounding it? These airy spaces seem like windows thru which one may catch a glimpse of the golden streets of the "celestial city." The slopes of this shaded dell were covered with the many beautiful wild flowers that in June grow so abundantly in our good country. The golden light of the sun falling on the many colored flowers beautified it still more. Such a place should fill one with a sense of awe for the mysterious power which creates such places and soothe a restless spirit, showing what a beautiful place this world of ours is.
B Eighth Grade,
Emerson School.
—Harry C. Evans,

THE HOPPERS' PLAYTHING.

It was a pleasant summer evening. The beautiful glow of the setting sun reflected on the peaceful waters of the lake, causing the dainty little ripples to turn into a thousand different hues. The black shadows of the immense, overhanging trees fell on the pure, crystal water like great, ugly giants. The fluffy white clouds made a delightful contrast with the deep blue sky, which shaded off into the fiery red of the horizon. A few lone swallows, high above the water, were winging their way across the lake. A young boy lying on the soft, cool grass near the edge of the lake was lazily angling for fish. His large Newfoundland dog was asleep under the oak tree near his master. The happy little grasshoppers seemed to think him a plaything left there for their special amusement; for every now and then old Towser awoke with a growl and made a snap at the little insects. This

water. After we had enjoyed the scene for a long time we turned the launch about and returned home.

I thought this scene was particularly pleasant because I had not seen it for several months, as I had been away from home.
—F. Cosmas Mulowney,
B Eighth Grade,
Erace Mann School.
3132 Columbus Avenue.

ON THE WAY TO THE SEA.

The most beautiful summer scene I have ever seen was on the banks of the Mississippi river just below Riverside park. I have seen it many times, but one day when I was there it seemed especially beautiful.

The sky was a deep blue with a few white clouds floating about in the distance. In the background a few houses which stood on the bank seemed to be among the clouds. The whole bank was dressed with green trees, grass and flowers. Down below, right by the water's edge, there stood a little house which could hardly be seen on account of the trees and bushes that encircled it. And last but not least the blue waters of the Mississippi went winding down their course to the great ocean.
—Elvin Allen,
A Fifth Grade,
Seward School.
2511 Thirtieth Avenue.

"GLORY IN THE FLOWER."

At this time of the year as the season progresses and nature grows more and more bountiful, we do not hesitate to call every fresh appearance beautiful. No matter how many times we have seen the new grass and the first flowers, they still possess something of interest for us and we always observe them with eager attention. I am an admirer of wild flowers and have seen them time and again; but it was just a few days ago, while I was out for a ride in the country, that I noticed what I thought a most beautiful scene. In the middle of a large plat of green grass stood about fifteen plum trees completely covered with blossoms, and I thought, "Oh, how beautiful!" for it seemed as if a fresh fall of snow had visited them. I looked at them for a long time and finally said, "Just as soon as I know how, I shall paint that beautiful scene!"
—Lillian Apelt,
1715 Elyventh Avenue S.,
A Seventh Grade,
Adams School.

UNDER THE APPLE TREES.

One day as I was out for a walk I came across a little brook winding its way thru an orchard. It looked so refreshing under the trees that I sat down to look at the beauty all around me. The apple trees were holding their green faces up to be bathed in the warm rays of the sun, robins were singing and hopping from branch to branch, and orioles flitted about in the bushes near by. It was so cool there that I stayed till the sun went down in the west. I watched the sky change color as the sun went down. After I had watched for a long time the sky turned a bright red, and as it was reflected in the brook the water looked like a sheet of garnet. At last I rose and started for home, but I shall never forget that day under the apple trees.
—Beulah Lake,
B Sixth Grade,
Lake Harriet School.
3813 W Forty-fourth Street.

THE COTTAGE IN THE HILLS.

The most beautiful summer scene I ever enjoyed I saw when I lived among the mountains in Montana. Nearly every day I went to the top of the mountain near by. Here I could see mountains for many, many miles. On one side at the foot of the mountain there was a little town, and on the other side a valley that I crossed when I went to school. One day when I was walking thru this valley I saw a little cottage. In front of it there were about three apple trees in full bloom. In the back were plum trees in bloom; these trees filled the air with perfume. Behind all rose the mountains.
—Henry Bruce,
B Sixth Grade,
Holland School.
1330 Adams Street NE.

VEGETABLE FURNACES OF THE SWAMPS.

Hardy Skunk-Cabbages Throw Off Enough Heat to Melt the Snow Around Them.

Lovers of outdoor life have only good words for that strong-scented denizen of swamps, the skunk-cabbage. This plant, hardy, brave, undaunted in any weather, breaks the ice about it even in January, and the careful observer may find it at that unfavorable season already making its preparations for the spring. The author of "The Brook Book" says:

One cold day in early February I was prowling along the underbrush near my favorite cabbage patch, when I became aware that some one else was also crunching about in the snow there. This person, dressed like myself in short skirt and heavy boots, was intent on some odd business which I could not at first determine. She was bending down, thrusting her hand into the snow, and I could see that she held some small gleaming instrument. It proved to be a thermometer. "Good morning," said I. As she returned my greeting, she thrust the thermometer down into an opening in the snow.

"May I look?" I asked, suiting the action to the word. The opening in the snow had not been made by her hand, as I supposed. It was rounded smoothly, and down at the bottom I could see the top of a skunk-cabbage hood. How came the air-holes there? What did the thermometer mean? I looked inquiringly at my new friend. She showed me that some of the openings were small, and others as much as eight inches across. In no case was the hood of the plant on a level with the surface of the ground. In the larger ones the cavity was widest at the bottom, the snow walls forming an arch over the top.

While we were talking the thermometer had been registering the temperature of one of the plants. She gently drew it forth and read its record. This she jotted down in her notebook against the date. She then let me look at her notes. We found that the temperature of the plant was, in many cases, considerably above that of the atmosphere. The largest difference between the two was four degrees Centigrade, or seven and one-fifth degrees Fahrenheit.

"I thought, when I first noticed those holes," said she, "that the skunk-cabbage must be at work generating enough heat to melt the snow around them. Now I am sure of it. I have visited this place every day for a week, and my record shows that the plant not only keeps from freezing itself, but is able to melt out a breathing-hole besides."



"A Rare Opportunity—Present Tenant Going Abroad."—From St. Nicholas.

peaceful landscape impressed me with its beauty and freshness.
—Mollie Eleanor Larkin,
B Tenth Grade,
East Side High School.
1074 Sixteenth Avenue SE.

FOUR DOWNY REDBREASTS.

"Oh, mama, do come to the window." I called one sunny morning in May. "A pair of robins are building their nest. The father robin is singing to the mother robin while she works." Several times that day I ran to the window to see the robins. Late in the afternoon I went to look again but they were not there. They came again early the next morning. Several days after that there were four little blue eggs in the nest. One morning several weeks later I looked out of the same window and I was more delighted than before, for there sat the father and mother robin, and perching on the branch beside them were four little redbreasts, and every morning after that they awoke me with a "Chirp, chirp, chirp!"
—Alice Ingraham,
B Sixth Grade,
Holland School.
1428 Adams Street NE.

MINNEHAHA, LAUGHING WATER.

In my estimation Minnehaha Falls is a very beautiful scene when the creek is full. The water falling down the great precipice becomes a foamy torrent, and the beautiful tall trees of every shape and shade of green, help to make the place a very beautiful one. It is not only beautiful but it is also cool and refreshing to the many thousands of people who go to see and admire it. About six o'clock in the evening if you will watch the falls, you will observe that the water is of different shades. Perhaps you will wonder at this but look toward the west and you will see the setting sun casting its rays on the beautiful "Laughing Water." In my opinion Minnehaha Falls from the boulevard is one of the most beautiful pictures nature can make.
—Aurelia Staudenmayer,
A Sixth Grade,
Sheridan School.
616 Monroe Street NE.

GRAZING FLOCKS AND HERDS.

One warm summer afternoon I happened to be riding my wheel a few miles out of town, when I saw a scene which I doubt any other place could rival. There was a large green pasture with cattle and sheep feeding, the farmhouse with its barns and windmill, and the stream and wooded country beyond. On either side of the pasture were fields of golden grain nearly ripe. As I stood and watched this place, admiring the man who had brought it to its present condition, a summer shower came up. The cattle paid no attention to the rain, but just kept on feeding as if nothing was happening. For a brief time the rain continued, and then suddenly the sun burst thru the clouds, flooding everything with its light. The beautiful scene was once more revealed to me, and I took one more look and then went on my way.
—Paul V. Jones,
A Seventh Grade,
Lake Harriet School.
4440 Thomas Avenue S.

CRUISING IN A LAUNCH.

One night about five years ago the members of our family decided to take a boat ride. We were then living in a small town of not more than 300 inhabitants. It was a beautiful moonlit night and not a breeze was stirring. We entered a gasoline launch and steered for the middle of the lake. Then after cruising about, we anchored and sat still to enjoy the scenery. To our left rose a high bluff whose sides were clothed with lofty pines. At the right was a low marshy plain covered with spruce trees. The only sounds were the ripple of the water against the boat and a mighty chorus of the frogs, which rang upon the still night air. The lake lay peaceful without a breeze to stir it, while here and there a fish might be seen leaping out of the water in pursuit of a fly. From behind the bluff the moon shone in all her glory, sending occasional gleams over the