ideal city for girls who dislike to wash dishes. Here there were no rich or poor but all were the same, therefore all were happy and pleasant and always tried to help in case of need. The children had no school to attend to learn the occupation they desired, but each went to the shop where the work he liked was in progress and watched the people at work until he could lend a helping hand. Then he went home, made certain articles and brought them before the master of the shop. If the master approved of the work done he gave the little fellow employment. —Lizzie B. Wickstrom,

Eighth Grade, Anoka, Minn.
Irving School.

THE QUAINT FLOWER PEOPLE

Funny Little Beings Who Wear Queer Dresses and Never Speak.

(Fifth and Sixth Grade Prize.)

MY home is near an ocean. One day I chanced to stroll down to the wharf where there were many boats. Among them was a queer little steamer which I had never seen before, just about to leave port. Being of an adventurous mind I decided to board her. At four o'clock the next mornnig the steamer stopped and all the passengers prepared to get off. I decided to do likewise.

What a strange city I was in. It was not a bit like any city I had seen. I felt that I had been transported to fairyland. I could see no people, but instead I saw flowers with quaint little dresses on. I decided these were the inhabitants of the city. I stepped up to one of the little flower people, meaning to ask her where I was; but before I said a word I knew the answer tho she did not speak. "The name of this city is Cocooshia. It is the capital of this country and here the king and queen live in a palace made of pearl shells." These little people were very friendly and always greeted me with a nod. One day I saw a little lady riding in her carriage drawn by four beetles. One of them became frightened and threw her out, seriously injuring her.

After having been in Cocooshia for three weeks one afternoon I wandered along the streets and found everything strangely deserted. I wondered what it all meant. As I drew near the ocean I saw the wharf filled with the little people. I stepped up to Mrs. Pansy and asked her the meaning of the crowd. "Why," she exclaimed, without speaking as before, "don't you know? We are all going to attend the Minneapolis Journal's sweet pea show." —Lucy Gray,

Fifth Grade. Waterville, Minn.

ONE MEAL PER YEAR.

(Honorable Mention.)

Some people hail me as a great discoverer, while others call me the most foolhardy person of the age, simply because I have taken several trips to Cocooshia in an airship. But after I finish these few sketches of the things I have seen in that wonderful land, I feel confident that everybody will agree that my risks in taking such a journey were not without some results.

After traveling several days on my first trip, the airship gently dropped upon a large mound. As I stepped upon the ground I was struck dumb with surprise by seeing a world so different from the one in which we live. The vegetation consisted of long, leafless stalks; the reason for this I soon guessed was the excessive heat. After walking down the slope a large tent-like roof about a half mile distant aroused my curiosity. Upon reaching it I found it to be a large city covered by an immense roof made of milky glass and used for shading the city from the heat of the sun during the day, while at night sections of the roof worked on hinges to let in fresh air.

All the people made fun of the way I am built, but then I have my opinion of their build also. The men are mostly eight feet high, and what is more odd, they only eat once a year. Their bodies are not made of flesh, but a kind of wax, and soldiers are all covered with dents. But just at that point of my investigations I found it much more profitable to reach the airship and dear old earth again, as the honorable inhabitants of Cocooshia were preparing for their annual meal and might want something novel with which to flavor their soup. —Edw. Benson,

Tenth Grade. Prairie du Chien, Wis.

STARWARD VIA THE LADDER LINE.

(Honorable Mention.)

I reached Cocooshia about 9:30 p. m. I was astonished to see the people speeding like lightning on a bright rail with a small piece of something shiny attached to their shoes. I saw a wonderful ladder leaning against a cloud; a black dot was walking up it and nearing a group of stars. I saw people dressed in green twigs fashioned into odd clothes. They wore thick, rubber head gear and shoes of beautiful shells. They looked very queer. I stared to see a real donkey run when urged faster, and dear me! I saw people sitting on a large ball in a great river which rolled and turned very swiftly, and the people were dry. They had nothing with which to make the ball go. I watched it till it whirled out of sight. I saw houses the shape of a triangle; smoke poured out of a hole in the side of each. People sat on the tops of the houses everywhere. A long, bright green rod extended from the top of the house to a round hole on one side. I saw people slide down this rod quicker than I could wink. Cats walked on two legs and folded their other two paws. I saw—but here my visit ended. —Gladys Jones,

Seventh Grade, Grafton, N. D.
Central School.

A PATCHWORK CITY.

(Honorable Mention.)

I had been in Cocooshia two days, but I had been ill and it had rained so I had not seen much of the city. On the morning of the third day I started out to see what I could find. It was the queerest city I ever saw and I have seen many. The street which the hotel was on looked as if it had been lifted bodily out of some Moorish city like Granada, the dirt shaken off and then set down in Cocooshia. As I went down the narrow but clean street, past strange, silent buildings, I had to pinch myself to make sure I was not in some city of the Moors.

A dark-skinned servant looked out from behind a small grating in a wall, but quickly withdrew when I passed. As I saw nobody else I turned into another street. A tall stork resting on a chimney looked down as if undecided whether to stay or fly. A rosy girl came down the street, her sabots shining in the sun. In a house near a Dutch mother was sanding her floor while a plump baby pounded on the table with a spoon. As I turned in to a different street a small cart came round the corner drawn by a goat whose harness was covered with tiny bells. A small boy and girl sat in the cart. The boy was pulling hard on the reins, but the goat refused to stop and a French maid hurried after them. Much amused I went along and saw some wonderful pastry in a shop window.

I passed in to another street that looked interesting, but found myself in front of the hotel again. I have never been able to find Cocooshia since, tho I have tried and tried, for the city has vanished. —Helen Wingate,

B Eighth Grade, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 19,
Wood Lake School. Minneapolis Station F.

HAIR OF SPUN GOLD.

(Honorable Mention.)

One afternoon as I was walking thru the park I met an old woman who laid her hand upon my head. Her touch put me into a deep sleep, and I sailed away to fairyland. I soon landed safely on the bank of a beautiful river. I had noticed in my flight that I was being carried to a star. I glanced around me and saw hundreds of little people, the fairest that I have ever seen. Their hair was of finest gold, their eyes were a soft, beautiful brown, their complexion was pink and white. Both the men and women were dressed in stars. As I had stayed there for quite a while I thought it must be getting dark in the other world and wondered how I could ever get home again. I wandered around for some time when I met a woman who looked very much like the one who had put me to sleep, only she was much smaller. As soon as she saw me she touched me and I soon found myself in the park again. —Mary Dale,

Sixth Grade. Dawson, Minn.

AFRICA'S SPOTLESS TOWN.

Loanda, Africa—Dear John: I suppose that by this time you have heard of that wonderful city called Cocooshia which was discovered north of here last week. Immediately on hearing of the discovery, Will and I started for the city on a sightseeing tour, arriving there after a journey of three days. How I wish you could have been with us when, early in the morning, we stood on the summit of a towering ridge and saw below us the mystic city. What a scene it was, with the spires and roofs glistening in the pure morning air. Far above the highest towers floated beautiful airships. Now dropping swiftly to the earth—now dashing toward the clouds, they seemed more like a flock of fairy birds than inanimate objects of metal. Approaching the city our amazement grew at every step. The buildings were made of some dazzling white substance resembling marble. Not a soul was to be seen on the streets, which seemed to be paved with the same material the buildings were constructed of. Now and then an airship flashed by us, sometimes stopping at little landings on the second floor of the houses, which strange to say, had no street entrances, the only visible means of access being from the landings just spoken of.

Suddenly, as we were hoping to see some of the inhabitants of this strange city, we were seized from behind and blindfolded. When we came to our senses we were on the very hill from which we had first seen the city, while in the air above us floated one of the airships! Clearly we were not welcome visitors. And so, altho our curiosity was far from satisfied, we remembered that discretion was the better part of valor and turned toward home, while the airship which had brought us slowly sailed back toward Cocooshia.

—Harlan R. Fancher,

Twelfth Grade. Devils Lake, N. D.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

I arrived in Cocooshia last evening. It is located in a beautiful spot on the bottom of the Pacific ocean. The inhabitants are mermaids and mermen. Everywhere are great forests of seaweed, thru which dart the many colored fish. There are gardens of sea flowers and beautiful pebbles and shells. The king's chariot is drawn by two enormous sea horses. He lives in a palace made of clam shells and has hundreds of servants, it being the desire of all the people to serve the king.

The houses are built of millions of white shells upon the coral reefs. The streets are paved with snail shells and lighted by a peculiar kind of fish which sheds a radiance. The mermen catch them and tie them to the posts. The stores are made of shells. Curious rings, dishes, rugs and carpets are the principal wares. Money is easily obtained from a tree which is widely cultivated. Crisp bills, dollars, nickels and dimes grow in place of leaves. A tree which bears candy (I am sure the Journal Juniors would like to live there) is grown in every dooryard.

All the people join in the swimming races which are held every day. It is indeed a very strange and wonderful city, and a very delightful one to live in, tho I prefer the United States. —Jennie E. Simmons,

A Seventh Grade, 381 Eighth Avenue S,
Hawthorne School. Fargo, N. D.

WHEN EARTH WAS YOUNG.

Long lines of shadowy trees stand whispering their secrets to the perfume laden atmosphere. Marble towers glitter in the silvery moonlight. A fountain of purest crystal water gently plays upon a mosaic basin, where gold fish languidly flap the water with their dainty fins. Here in the summer evenings of ancient days old men sat talking of the years past, while the gay and youthful generation of the present walked merrily past or rode in their rose-draped chariots. Such was Cocooshia, the city of long ago, when the old earth was young and knew nothing of her strange history to come. This city was mine, mine alone, and none save me dared cross its sacred precincts to dream of the golden ages. Thru the center of the ancient citadel runs a long road, where once busy peddlers sold their wares and chariots rumbled over the pavements.

But now all is still, only the stars and I know of our city, but what stories do we know? Over in that great, ivy-encircled tower with the window, bright eyes gazed down into a garden where strains of gentle music softly echoed thru the orange trees. What pageants has that same street seen and what deeds of vandalism has the great amphitheater witnessed. And so I wander on, stopping to look at an ancient palace of the Caesars, here the ruins of a temple dedicated to Diana towers in grand isolation toward the starlit sky, and here a long forgotten roadway leading to a city which was sunk in oblivion when Cocooshia was still fresh in the hearts of men. Would that the stars so soft and bright in the sky or the moon calmly shining, queen of them all, would tell their secrets. How many a scholar or antiquarian would be relieved of never-ceasing study, and—how many a perplexity would I be relieved, as I stand here in the ruined marble street in the land of the moonlit sky—Cocooshia.

Seventh Grade, —Marion L. Munro,
Washington School. St. Cloud, Minn.

JUST PLAIN FAIRYLAND.

One hot July afternoon after hunting in vain for a cool suot I finally stepped into my airship and started out to see if it was any cooler among the clouds. After floating idly about for some time I was seized with a sudden desire to explore the skies. Before this I had never ventured far from the well-known roads to Mars and the moon, but now I determined to find some spot no one had ever seen before.

I had not gone far when I saw a small planet before me. Reaching it, I landed under a rustic archway, upon which was carved fantastically, "Cocooshia." Groups of fairies were reveling on the soft, velvety moss, or weaving garlands from the bright-hued flowers. A mountain torrent rushed by, in which nymphs played. In the woods the fauns and pixies were dancing merrily, and from behind the trees peeped the timid dryads. From the grottoes in the mountains came the gnomes, bearing the treasures of the earth in their arms. A merry crowd of elves came rollicking thru the woods. And over all the moon shed its mellow light. Slowly I turned to leave Cocooshia or, in English, Fairyland.

—Helen M. Lawrence,

Tenth Grade. Lake City, Minn.

THE EDGE OF GRAVITY.

A shiver, a stir, a rush of moving machinery and we had started. Our great bird gave a wild leap of freedom. The people, houses, rivers and lakes, and finally the earth itself, dwindled to nothingness.

We were rushing along midway between sky and earth! The immensity, the vastness of our surroundings, thrilled us thru and thru. But our great airship, which was of the Langley type, was trustworthy and tried. Already we were several thousand miles from Mother Earth. My companions, the engineer and conductor, were serene and smiling, but I was quaking with fear. "What if we should fall out?" I asked as I peered over the edge of the car and saw the clouds far beneath us. "After a while I will show you," was the reply. When that time came the engines were stopped, but wonders of wonders—the car did not fall! Then the engineer leaped out of the car. Neither did he fall—at an angle of about forty-five degrees, with support neither above or below, he remained still. Then I learned that the gravitation was the same from both ways, and that we were halfway to Mars, our destination. Looking for the earth, at the suggestion of the conductor, I saw nothing but a large star. But that star was the earth.

Our speed was increasing and we were soon able to discern our destination. Suddenly something broke. We were flying with lightning like speed toward Mars. Nearer and nearer, swifter and swifter, we went. Finally, just as we were about to fall, there was another buzz of machinery. It was mental machinery this time—and I was at home in bed. But that is what I saw in Cocooshia.

—Blake Winburn,

Tenth Grade. Waterville, Minn.

THE CHILDREN'S DELIGHT.

One day I had been reading a book called "The Land of Pumpkin Pies," when I found myself in a strange country.

The street which was of brownish color, first attracted my attention, and on examining it I found it paved with chocolate caramels. I walked along the sidewalk, made of sticks of gum, when I came to a house that was being built. I went up to the foundation; it was made of peanut bars. All the houses were made of brightly colored taffy. The trunks of the trees were of licorice and the leaves were green, heart-shaped candies. Feeling very thirsty I went to a well and drew up what I supposed to be water, but it was clear, sparkling soda water!

I walked on and looked in at the window of a sugar house, but it was empty. In the yard a little stream was flowing, and I dipped my hand in, bringing out a handful of honey! Just then I was aroused from my reverie, and I have never found the land of candy since. —Marguerite Lewis,

A Seventh Grade, St. James, Minn.
South Side School.

"KEEP OFF THE SNOW."

Cocooshia appeared to me as a land of snow and ice.

Today and Tomorrow

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.—Emerson.

Northwestern Topics.

For Saturday, Aug. 22:

"AN IDEAL CAMPING SPOT."

Have you ever seen what you consider an ideal camping spot? If so, where is it? What makes it seem the one perfect camping place to you? If you never have camped, you may have seen a spot that seemed just the place to camp, and if even this is denied to you, your imaginations may do the work, and you may create your own ideal camping site. Be sure, however, to say something so that readers will know whether the spots are real or imaginary. The papers must be mailed so as to reach the office of The Journal Junior

Not Later Than Friday Morning, August 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 grade, school, name and address of the writer, together with the name of the prize preferred from the list printed elsewhere. The papers must not be rolled.

For Saturday, Aug. 29:

"YOUR GREATEST PUNISHMENT. WHY?"

This does not necessarily mean corporal punishment. There are other kinds of punishment which are harder to bear than corporal punishment, and it is this "other kind" to which the topic specially refers. What led up to the punishment? How did you take it? What results did it have? Were they permanent? The papers must be mailed so as to reach the office of The Journal Junior

Not Later Than Friday Morning, Aug. 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, together with the name of the prize preferred from the list printed elsewhere. The papers must not be rolled.