do not like that. But somehow, I never happened to know of that kind of a grandmother. Perhaps, after all, those are only story book grandmas. All the grandmas I ever knew usually wore a pretty plaid shawl over their shoulders and were always ready either with a smile, a story, a sugary doughnut or a plump cookie for one when he came.

One of my grandmas lived with us, and as we always had some one to do our cooking she never had any goodies to give us; but nevertheless I always liked to go to her room. It was always so cheerful and cozy and held so many curious things for me to see. There was something new every time I went there. My other grandma lived across the street from us. I liked to go there just as well, and I think any one can guess why. My, but her cupboard was big and held quantities of good things! I was pretty well supplied, having two kinds of grandmas. On the whole I think grandmas are pretty nice people to have around.

Eighth Grade, —Anne Billinghurst,
Washington School. Pierre, S. D.

A CREATURE OF THE SHADOW.

My grandma tells many stories of how she used to walk to town a mile away. One night her father sent her to the store on an errand. She had to go across the shadow of a big barn which was so big that it threw the shadow across the road. Just as she was about half way thru the shadow, she stumbled and fell on something soft and hairy. It rose with her which made her more frightened than ever, as she could not discover what it was until she was out of the shadow. It was a donkey! If it had been at any other time she would not have been afraid. She went on to the store and bought her things, but when she came back she went across the fields around the barn. That was the last time she ever went thru that shadow.

Fifth Grade. —Helen Egle,
Spring Valley, Minn.

A SOURCE OF DINNERS.

One night when we were all sitting around the stove grandmother asked us if we wanted her to tell us a story. Of course we did, so she began:

"One winter day when I was getting dinner an Indian came and asked for something to eat. I gave him something to eat and then he went away. The next day another Indian came and asked for something to eat. I gave him his dinner and then he, too, went away. The Indians came every day for a long time. I gave them something to eat until one day when grandfather was in the woods cutting wood he saw the picture of a hand pointing to the house. He wondered what it meant. The next day he stayed near the tree where the hand was. About noon he saw an Indian walk up to the tree and go right straight to the house to ask for his dinner. Then grandfather knew what it meant. The Indians never obtained any more dinners at our house." —Clarence Fish,

Fifth Grade, St. Cloud, Minn.
Washington School.

THE PERFECT CONTENT.

My grandmother died when I was about five years old. I can just remember her and the memories of her which I have are some of the sweetest of my life. She was just what a grandmother ought to be. Most of her life was spent in helping others. She lived in her neat home with her children growing up around her in perfect content and wishing nothing more than to have them grow to be good men and women.

Her children grew up, left home and came to the great west to seek their fortunes in the new country. About thirteen years ago she came west also to live with her children. She was always good and helpful. Among the things she left behind are her hymn book and Bible, which are preserved with great care.

Seventh Grade, —Roy Hall,
Lincoln School. Anoka, Minn.

AN EXTRA LARGE HAWK.

My grandmother was very jolly and pleasant, and she often told us stories of the times she had gone to husking bees and other kinds of farm parties. The barns were kept as clean as the house and in summer they had mosquito netting over the doors and windows to keep the insects out.

Grandmother once received an invitation to go to Squire Larson's husking bee and she was asked to be dressed as some bird, poet or actress, a rather queer combination. Grandmother immediately hurried to town to get the goods for the costume she intended to wear. At first she decided to represent some kind of a French lady, but she heard some one else was going to have a suit like that so she decided to represent something quite different, a large hawk.

On Thursday afternoon she was called for by a number of jolly people like herself. They started off happy and by the time they reached Squire Larson's house it was very dark. The barn was lighted inside and out with jack o' lanterns. Some had gathered there already and the strains of the farmers' violins and banjos could be heard for a long distance. About eleven o'clock it was announced that the men should find their partners for supper. It was a funny sight to see poets walking with robins and actresses with hawks. Squire Larson, representing a nobleman, took grandmother to supper. The party was altogether enjoyable, and I remember grandmother's merry laugh yet as she described it to us. —Lucy Lavallee,

A Seventh Grade, Duluth, Minn.
Franklin School.

BAKER OF BEST PIES.

To our vivid imagination grandmother is a sweet-faced woman with gray hair, who for her age is still very spry and able to make the nice things that young people so well enjoy. She is always willing to leave her knitting to play with the children or get them a large piece of the best apple pie that was ever baked. All grandmothers are not always so indulgent, as there are those who have had such a hard struggle to gain a living that most of their kindness seems gone. But it would be a hard task to find a grandmother who has not a soft spot in her heart for her grandchildren. She seems to think that her grandchildren are the very best, even better than her own children, but this must be because they have forgotten how their children behaved when they were young.

The saddest part of our life is when grandmother is gone forever and it seems as if we would never get over our grief. The griefs of childhood soon disappear, but we will always have a picture in our mind of the grandmother who was so willing to share our joys and sorrows. —Henry Nansen,

Ninth Grade. Jackson, Minn.

GUESTS IN WAR PAINT.

Long, long ago, when there were only a few white people in America, my grandfather's grandmother lived with her husband and two children in a log house about twenty miles from the place where Providence now stands. Indians were seen lurking around frequently but the people did not fear them because they had always seemed friendly. Her husband went away about three or four miles every day to work and she often sat on the porch and sewed while her children played near by. One evening about dusk she saw a band of about thirty Indians in war paint approaching the house. She knew they had come to kill her, so she picked up her two children and ran down into the cellar where there were a great many barrels. She hid behind a large barrel in one corner of the cellar with her children. She had just hidden when she heard the redskins rush into the house, and some went down into the cellar. The little baby was going to cry but she held her hand tightly over its mouth. After turning everything upside down the Indians departed to the relief of the frightened woman.

Seventh Grade. —Walter Morrison,
Two Harbors, Minn.

AN EFFECTIVE ARGUMENT.

When I was five years old we moved from Seattle. Mama had taught me that animals, birds and even insects must not be harmed by children, and with this idea I came to Minnesota.

One hot day in August I went to see grandma. I found the kitchen and sitting-room darkened, and in the bedroom I found grandma with an old apron slapping at the window as if she were angry. I said, "Grandma, what are you doing?" She turned around and said, "I am killing flies." "You naughty, wicked grandma," said I: "You are just like a Sadducee, grandma. You are a Sadducee." Grandma stopped and began to laugh and asked me what a Sadducee was, but I could not tell. All I knew was that I had heard mama use that word while reading to me.

Grandma took me on her lap and told me that flies often carried diseases and that they dodged in thru the screen and ate the cookies that she had been making for me. Then I thought it was best to kill them, and I did not think anybody would care. I enjoyed the cookies so much that I quite forgot how wicked grandma was in killing the flies.

Fifth Grade. —Harriette Smith,
Chatfield, Minn.

THE QUEER WOODEN CHEST.

Sometimes I think that grandma is the dearest soul that ever lived, except of course my parents. She is always ready to stop her knitting, or whatever she may be doing, and mend our torn clothes. All the cut fingers are brought to her and she gently binds them up for us. When a birthday or a Christmas is nearing, the dear old lady is trusted with all kinds of secrets by everybody from the youngest to the oldest. She is always full of fun and knows no end of stories. On rainy days we all flock up to grandma's room where we are entertained by her stories. In her big wooden chest she has all sorts of queer and interesting things which she has had since she was no larger than we. Sometimes we are allowed to choose something in the chest and as there are stories to nearly all of them she tells them. When we have done anything and mama thinks she ought to punish us, grandma says she must make allowances and not be too hard. Such a dear, interesting old grandma I think no one has.

Sixth Grade. —Selma Stratte,
Dawson, Minn.

AN UNSEASONABLE ROW.

When I hear the word "grandmother" I think how many stories my grandmother has told me. A grandmother always has a fresh story to tell. When a boy has not much to do and is lonesome he says, "I think I will go to see grandmother," or "grandma," as I call her. My grandmother always tells me a story when I go to see her. Among her stories is one about a river overflowing its banks.

Grandmother lived near Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. One spring the Allegheny river was very large and one night it began to overflow its banks. But the people did not think much of it. That day the water rose about two feet. The next night the river had washed out a large place in the bank. About two o'clock that night my grandmother was awakened by her brother pounding on one of the upstairs windows. She rose and looked out and saw that the water was nearly up to her window. Her brother was there with a boat after her and her family. (Her husband was in the civil war at that time.) They had all of the family out except the jolly boy who is now my father. They looked around for him and found him hidden in a corner. He said he did not like to get into the boat because he was afraid it would sink. They rowed to another house all right and stayed there until the water went down. I hear this story with interest every time grandmother tells it. —Roy Painter,

B Sixth Grade, Maple Plain, Minn.
Jackson School.

PLEASANT PICNIC PLACES.

My grandmother is one of the nicest old ladies in the world. She has white hair, and wears spectacles and the prettiest lace cap and white aprons you ever saw. Of course she always has a black silk bag and some knitting with her, as most grandmothers do.

She lives on a farm in Minnesota, near a large lake with little islands in it that are covered with green trees and flowers and ever so many other things that make them delightful places to have picnics. The house is a large frame, painted white and green. There is a large porch on the south side of the house with ivy and other vines growing around it, and the garden with the big trees and beautiful flowers is a pleasant place, too. Then there is the big hay barn and the woods and meadows and ever so many things that make it an ideal place to spend our holidays. When it rains grandma lets us make candy in the kitchen, or she tells us stories about herself when she was a little girl or perhaps a story about fairies and goblins. When we are tired of stories she teaches us how to play the games she used to, and sometimes she teaches us girls how to sew. —Olive Therien,

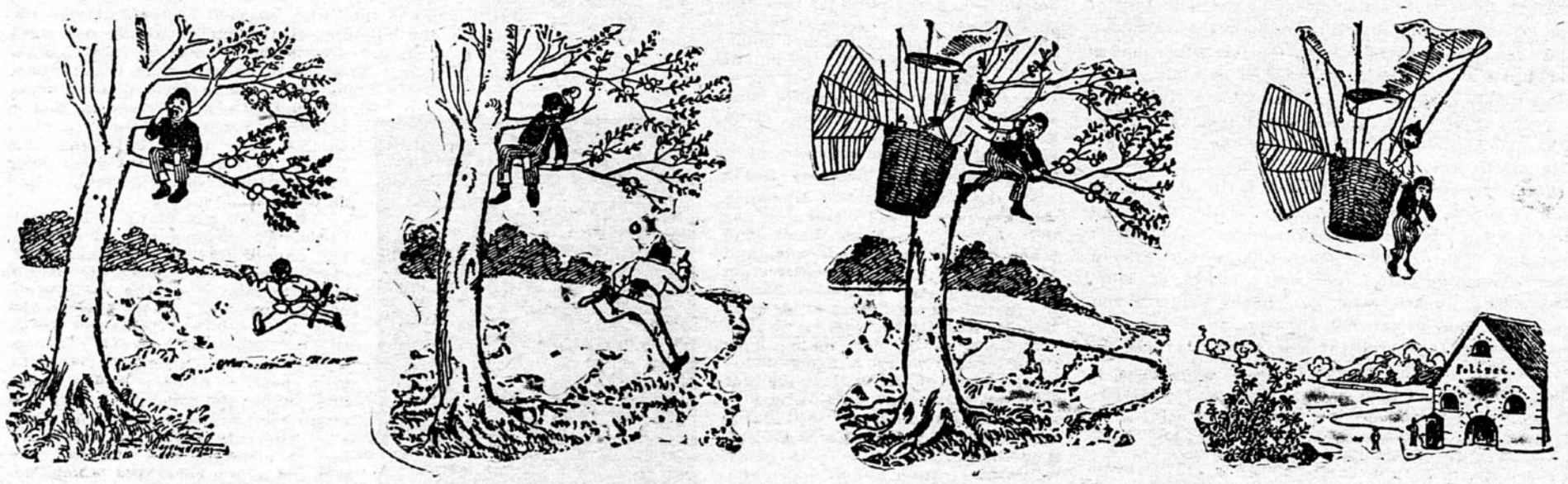
Sixth Grade. Turtle Lake, Wis.

A CALM, COOL AUNTIE.

One rainy day I climbed upon grandmother's lap and asked her to tell me a story as she had had many experiences in the far west. I chose an Indian story, so she began:

"It was in the dead of winter when my parents moved to Iowa. The Indians were very dangerous people to have around. In those days we did not have locks on our doors as we do to-day, and we buried our food in the snow so the Indians could not steal it. There were no churches so our meetings were held at some house. It was our turn to have the service so we rose early one morning to prepare. We had just heard of the terrible massacre at Spirit Lake and so the men brought with them the best firearms they had. Church was over and Sunday school was about to begin when on looking out of the windows I saw six Indians. They had already shot down our dog. We thought they were about to take our lives, but my aunt said, 'be brave.' When they came in at the door she began to sing 'When I Can Read My Title Clear to Mansions in the Skies.' The Indians stopped and listened, and as they were very superstitious, they passed thru without molesting one of us. If it had not been for the bravery of my aunt we might have been killed." —Ethelyn Williams,

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



THE BOY, THE OFFICER AND THE AIRSHIP IN THE YEAR 2000.

From Meggendorfer Blatter.