

the schoolhouse. Our teacher chose three girls to go, Ruth, Mabel and me. We started about 11 o'clock that morning, carrying a lunch with us. When we were about half-way the basket which I was carrying broke and the lunch fell out on the sand, so we had to go hungry until we returned home. No more accidents happened until we had almost all the branches we wanted. Then Mabel saw a pretty branch of red maple leaves. She said we must have them, but they were too high for us to reach. There was an old gate near the tree and she climbed up on that. Just as she reached the branch, the gate gave way and she fell and broke her wrist. It was three very sad girls who returned home. —Eleanor J. McIvor, Eighth Grade.

**PLUMS ON LEAFY BEDS.**

It was the most beautiful autumn day I have ever spent. For a long time mama had promised Irene and me that she would take us out into the real wild woods and show us how beautiful all the lovely leaves were. At last the day came and we were so happy. Mama invited two lady friends and papa asked a gentleman to go with us. We started about 8 o'clock with a quiet team. After driving around a while we came to a beautiful place for camping. We tied our team and papa and his friend went out to get some prairie chickens for our dinner. The plums lay so thick in the autumn leaves that we only thought of picking plums. We had brought our little sand pails and shovels with us, but we forgot all about digging in the sand. Finally, the table-cloth was spread and the table decorated with the foliage of beautiful autumn leaves. Then came the prairie-chickens, which papa shot. I shall never forget how beautifully the table looked and what good things we had to eat. After dinner we spent our time gathering plums to take home. Sixth Grade. —Agnes Melgaard, Argyle, Minn.

**GOOD FOR ONE GAME.**

A little way from our house six tall maples stand in a row. When it is autumn, the trees are covered with yellow and red leaves of the loveliest hue. One afternoon just before dusk, several of my friends who were over, asked me to go to the maple grove, as we called it, and play hide-and-seek. In autumn we enjoyed this game immensely, because it was easy to hide among the brightly colored leaves. The largest tree was our goal and my friend E. was "it." She leaned her head against the tree and counted to one hundred. I ran as fast as I could and had nearly reached my hiding place, when down, down, I went! When I stopped falling I looked around. I had fallen into a pit at the foot of a tree. The pit was full of leaves, and as I looked up I saw the maple leaves floating down toward the ground. I had a fine hiding place and they searched for me for about an hour. Tired and discouraged, they were about to return home when I jumped up and ran to the goal. E. ran, too, but I reached it first. After I had told them where my hiding place was, we returned home. Ninth Grade. —Ella Person, Dassel, Minn.

**UNDER THE WAGON BOX.**

A happy group of us girls and boys planned to pick butternuts. We were to start in the morning about 10 o'clock. The girls were to furnish the lunch, and the boys the wagon and horses. The morning of the appointed day was bright and warm. I prepared my part of the lunch, and at 9:45 they called for me. I was full of joy, thinking of the happy day before me in a wood six and a half miles away. We soon spied some trees that were loaded. The boys climbed several and began to shake the nuts down upon us. Feeling as if I were being beaten to death, I ran from under the trees and was soon followed by the rest. The boys then came down and we began to pick up the nuts. We had at least four sacks full when, to our surprise, it commenced to rain. "Where can we go?" was the cry from each and all. At last Mary said, "Let us all sit under the wagon box." "Capital!" was the reply, and the rush began. We took the seats from the wagon and set them under it, and found a board for a table on which I spread the cloth and put the contents of the baskets. Oh, such a hungry and happy group as we were. It did not stop raining, so we decided to start home. We did not mind the rain at all, for we were laughing and talking all the time. When we neared town we all said that we had never spent a more pleasant autumn day, even if it had rained. Ninth Grade. —Martha A. Schumm, Arlington, Minn.

**PRICKLY HAIL.**

There is nothing more beautiful, fresh and invigorating than a clear, cool morning in early fall. The trees, especially the maples, are a mass of rich color. The hum of the threshing machines is heard, as one passes the comfortable-looking farmhouses, and rich yellow pumpkins are to be seen scattered over the fields. It was on just such a morning that a party of young people started on a nutting trip. The time passed pleasantly until the chestnut grove was reached. Then all alighted and poles were soon cut with which to knock down the nuts. Three of the boys were sent up to whip them down, while the rest of the party busied themselves picking up those that fell like hail all about them. At noon all stopped working and lunch was eaten. Then the boys ran races and climbed trees, while the girls put away the remains of the lunch. Then they finished filling their baskets and, loading them on the wagon, started for home. The drive home was delightful. The sun was just sinking and its good-night rays fell caressingly on the distant hill-tops. The gentle tinkle of the cowbells and the birds' last twitter were wafted to them on the breeze. The boys and girls were silent, realizing the beauty of the scene and unanimously agreed when one of the girls said, "I think that the forests are most beautiful when the red is on the maples." —Olive Stone, Cokato, Minn.

**A PANTRY IN THE TREE.**

It was on an autumn day that we had a picnic out in the woods among the maples and oaks. We went about 11 o'clock in the morning, taking our lunch and staying until about 2 o'clock. We found some acorns and made acorn pipes, and gave some nuts to the squirrels. There was a squirrel's hole in a maple tree and we put the nuts at the foot of the tree where the squirrels would come and get them. When we went home we set to work raking the maple leaves out of the yard and then we had another picnic at home jumping in the leaves. B. Fifth Grade. —Arvin Simonson, Central School, 621 Sixth St., Red Wing, Minn.

**JUST THE THING FOR GOWNS.**

One day twelve or thirteen girls and boys went on a nutting party. It was after the first frost and so the nuts were ready to fall. They were up at 6 o'clock and about half-past seven all were ready to go. The forest was about a mile and a half from town. They were rather tired when they reached there, so they rested about half an hour and then went to the place where they found the nuts. They had hardly entered the forest when one girl cried, "Just look at that maple tree! Isn't it beautiful! I should like to have a dress just that shade of red!" "I don't think it is as pretty as that oak tree," said another girl. "The yellow would be much more becoming to you than the red." "Don't quarrel about dresses the color of those trees, for neither of you could have a dress half as beautiful," said another girl. As they were talking a shower of nuts came down upon their heads. They looked all around but could not see any one who had shaken the tree. One girl began to laugh very hard and when the rest of the party asked her why, she said that her brother was up in the tree and it was he who had shaken it. They found many nuts that day, but did not have any more words about the red on the maples or the yellow on the oaks. Seventh Grade. —Neva Thompson, Adrian, Minn.

**SUN ON THE FROST.**

Mama had given me a large wax doll, and I was very proud of it. My sister and I had many jolly times play-

wade thru leaves knee-deep. A party of girls of whom I was one, came down the street talking "like wildfire." At the big maple on the corner we stopped to gather the beautiful leaves. Presently I glanced up. "There are prettier ones in the tree," I declared. "I'm going up," and up I went. I had a beautiful bunch of leaves, when, what was that? Whirr! a flash of dull red went thru the leaves and down I went, plump! I landed on the ground. Then I looked up and saw a little red squirrel! How my friends laughed. I never have climbed a tree since. Seventh Grade. —June Wildman, Lester Prairie, Minn.

**FEATHERS AND TROUBLES.**

"We'll have to be very careful," said Father Prairie Chicken, "for the red is on the maples and you know those wicked creatures with shining guns will come after us soon. I saw one yesterday and he killed our friend Brownlegs. We will have to move the way we did last year," and Father and Mother Prairie Chicken shook their heads despondently. "I do dislike the time when Jack Frost reddens the leaves. Now we'll have to move and leave our dear little home," and Mother Prairie Chicken again shook her head. But they were a practical pair and soon began to move. It was slow work,—with twelve little ones, any one would be apt to find it hard to move. However, they were at last settled in their new home, but the next day—Bang! Bang! Bang! and three of their new friends were killed. "We must move again," said Father Prairie Chicken. "Poor friends! and Top-knot was so good and showed me such a pleasant spot for a home. Oh, dear! Why will those wicked creatures with their wicked guns kill us poor things? Oh, I hate them! And we must move again. Oh, dear!" "I wish something would happen that we would not have to move. Oh, my!" and Mother Prairie Chicken gave a deep sigh. "Well, we must make the best of it," and so Father Prairie Chicken comforted the rest and started off. It was a long way but after a while a pleasant place was found and there they lived for all the time that the red was on the maples. —Corra Jones, Breckenridge, Minn. Eighth Grade.

**Some Common Sayings.**

Examples of ideas which seem to be indigenous to all countries occur to the mind in bewildering redundancy. "One swallow does not make a spring;" we find alike in English, German and Russian. In the sunny south it takes the form, "One flower does not make a garland." In Italy we find, "He who grasps all less gets;" in France, "He who embraces too much binds badly," and in our country, "Grasp all, lose all." Our "Birds of a feather flock together," is represented by the Italian "Every like covers its like"; the Greek, "A comrade loves a comrade"; the French, "Qui se rassemble, s'assemble." Plato declared more than 2,000 years ago that "A beginning is half of all," and he has found an echo in our "What's begun is half done," and in the Italian, "Who commences well is at the half of the task." There is a true oriental ring about such proverbs as "Among the sandal trees are deadly serpents," "Rivers have lotuses, but also alligators." It is needless to suggest the western correlatives. "By a number of straws twisted together elephants can be bound," is again only the Indian form of the Scotch, "Many a little makes a mickle."

The Greeks, wishing to cast a doubt upon a man's probity, declared him to be "A sheep, with a fox's tail," which answers to our "Wolf in sheep's clothing." There is a lengthy oriental proverb, "Let a cur's tail be warmed, pressed out straight and swathed with bandages; if released after twelve years it will nevertheless return to its natural shape." It is easy to trace the similarity to our "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." "Man proposes, God disposes" appears in the German, while in the Russian it takes the form, "God makes the crooked arrow straight." "Charity begins at home" in Russian assumes the more graphic and suggestive form, "One's shirt is nearest to one's body." We discourage "carrying coals to Newcastle," the French deprecate taking "water to the river." We "drink as we brew," or would if we could; the French "sleep on the bed as they have made it." The old Athenian was as much concerned to see a bull in the city as we are when that quadruped appears in a china shop. With us, "Still waters run deep"; in Russia they "swarm with devils," a much more vigorous figure.—The Examiner.

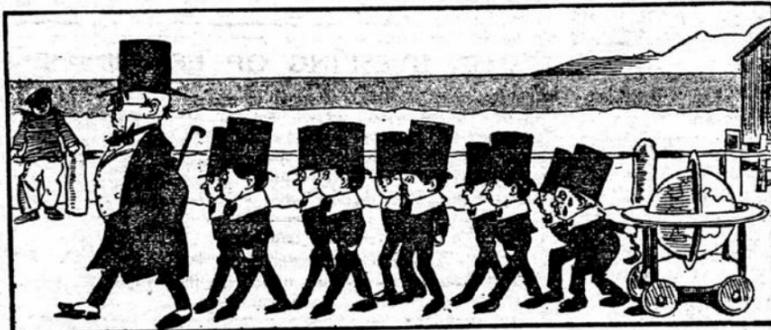
**Piercing the Heart to Save Life.**

Dr. Coakley, the noted vivisectionist, claims to have discovered a method of injecting saline solution into the heart without causing the death of the subject. He uses an instrument called an organatone, consisting of a fine, hollow needle eight inches long, with which he pierces the heart and injects the solution. When the action of the heart is dangerously weak, it is asserted that the injection will stimulate it and thus prolong and possibly save life.—London Tit-Bits.

**A Queer Cucumber.**

The department of agriculture is making experiments with many new vegetables which are expected to prove useful in this country, if the people can be persuaded to grow them. Among them, says the Saturday Evening Post, is a brand-new kind of cucumber, which is quite an oddity in its way, inasmuch as it explodes with a loud report when ripe, throwing its red seeds to a distance. Its chief use is as a medicine, but the vine on which it grows is so handsome as to be a decoration for gardens.

**A HOT WEATHER SUGGESTION.**



1. During the recent hot weather, Dr. Swiggle conducted the geography class—



2. —In the cool, delicious sea, as depicted above, with great success.—Chums.

ing house, altho we often quarreled about who should have the doll. I had it most of the time, because I had a perfect right to it, since it was mine. One day in the autumn, when the ground was covered with maple leaves, I said to my sister, "Let's play funeral." "All right," agreed my sister, "Let's bury Angelina in all these pretty red leaves." "You be the minister and I'll be Angelina's mama," I said, and imaginary tears flowed down my cheeks. Sister ran to the house and in a short time came back with mama's best black skirt and a towel. "What are you going to have that for?" I asked. "That's what the minister always wears," she answered as she fastened the skirt about her neck by means of the towel. It had been a frosty morning, the sun had come out bright and warm and the leaves were wet and, of course, mama's skirt got wet. We had just buried Angelina when mama came out. You can imagine what happened then! Ninth Grade. —Amanda Waale, Hawley, Minn.

**A SEARCH FOR A REASON.**

Once when we lived at Le Roy, mama told me that as soon as there had been a frost she would go with me to gather hazel nuts. One morning the ground was all white, so after dinner we drove to a grove on grandpa's farm and I never shall forget how pretty it looked. It was a large maple grove and all the leaves were either red or yellow. We drove into the field near the grove and tied our horse. Then we picked a whole sack full of nuts, which we took home and shelled for winter. I asked mama, "What made the leaves turn red?" She said, "It was the frost." But there must be some other reason, too, for this summer while we were on the Pacific coast, I noticed that so many of the maple leaves were either red or yellow and there had been no frost there. Perhaps it was because they have so little rain in the summer that the leaves turn early. I asked the people who lived there, but no one seemed to know. They merely said that they almost always turned red by the last of August. Seventh Grade. —Florence Wood, Spring Valley, Minn.

**VERY PRETTY FAVORS.**

One day in the early fall we went on a picnic. We made a collection of maple and other leaves, that were a beautiful red and yellow. We made strings of red leaves and they were very pretty. Then we ate our lunch under the trees. We did not have lunch tables, but put cloths on the grass and our lunch on those. After lunch we played games and told stories. Then we picked a few leaves to press and remember the day by. Each year "when the red is on the maples" we have a picnic as we did then. Sixth Grade. —Clara Warner, Pembina, N. D.

**A LAST BOYISHNESS.**

It was an autumn day just at the close of school. Lovely reds and yellows decorated the maples. One could