

Signers of the Declaration of Independence in 1910

MOST INTERESTING OF ALL,
THE PACIFIC COAST

FIRST PRIZE

Dear Aunt Laurie:

"THE men who signed the Declaration of Independence!" One can hardly imagine them coming into our great country today. If they should come to visit us a little while, I think the most interesting thing to them would be the wonderful development and progress of our country. They never dreamed that the United States would some day extend across the continent.

Suppose we could be with them if they should start on a train from Portland, Maine, with the intention of touring the entire United States. Upon reaching Boston they would find quite a different city from that of their days. The great manufacturing establishments in and around Boston would make them think of how they used to manufacture. "Quite a contrast."

The busy city of New York would be too much for them, and they would seek a few days' rest at the White House in Washington. The city of Washington would also strike their fancy; the beautiful government buildings especially. The cotton of the south would be another interesting thing to them.

Traveling through the great Mississippi valley their eyes would become so dizzy gazing at the waving fields of wheat, corn and grain that they would ask for something new.

It would not be long before their request would be answered when they found themselves in the great west. The cattle ranches, the majestic Rockies with their gold and silver mines, would be only a few of the many interesting things.

But the best of all would be yet to come—the Pacific coast. Some evening as the sun was slowly sinking in the west we would find our travelers standing on the rear platform of the train peacefully gazing at the broad expanse of water which lay before them—"the great Pacific ocean." They would have traveled from ocean to ocean.

The sun would sink and as its golden rays still lingered on the ocean the moon would rise. The engine whistle would sound and our travelers would soon be on their way to the Queen City of the Angels. Your nephew,

ARTHUR NOBLES,
824 E. Twenty-seventh st., Twenty-eighth st. school, grade AS.

MISS FLUFFY WHITE OWL

MISS FLUFFY WHITE OWL was perched on a rafter in a large country barn. She felt very cross and dissatisfied. She was so tired of being idle. She wished very much to be useful.

Every evening the beautiful Morley cow came up from her green pasture and stood in the barnyard waiting patiently for Jane, the housemaid, to come out with her bright tin pail to milk her.

When Sukey would see Jane coming she would cry "Moo! Moo!" which meant "Here I am;" then she would give Jane a great bucket full of rich, foaming, creamy milk.

Sukey was a very happy cow. Why? Because she was useful.

Then there were two horses, Joe and Jim, large dapple gray patient fellows.

Near the barn dwelt the large shepherd dog in his own house; the farmer had painted it a beautiful bright green, and over the door had printed in large black letters: "In this house dwells Dog Jack, the Faithful."

Even Fanny, the goat, had her appointed work. Did she not carry on her back little Bonnybelle, the darling three-year-old daughter of the house? Every night Miss Fluffy White Owl grieved over her idle life and would hoot in mournful tones, "To-whit-to-who! To-whit-to-who!"

Then she would fly off the rafter out of the barn window, and, landing on the bough of some tall tree, would search the country round for some nice, fat mice.

One evening there was great excitement in the house. Bonnybelle, the beautiful, could not be found.

Her loving parents were nearly distracted and ran out to the barn and looked in the haymow; then suddenly they discovered that the goat was missing also.

Little Bonnybelle must have mounted on Fanny's back and ridden away. Fluffy was so sorry that she hooted "To-whit-to-who!"

The farmer's wife called: "Oh, little Fluffy White Owl, you can see in the dark. Please, please go find darling Bonnybelle!"

Then Miss Fluffy immediately flew out of the barn window and landed in a large apple tree. Her large eyes shone like diamonds and she gave long, loud hoots. Now, at last, she had a chance to be useful.

Miss Fluffy hooted and looked, but,

HISTORY CHARACTERS UP-TO-DATE

A prize of \$1 will be given for the best paper in this contest, which will be instituted for a trial of four weeks only. Subjects which concern famous historical characters will be assigned for each week.

All papers submitted must be in the form of letters of not less than 200 nor more than 300 words, and must be written in ink upon one side only of the paper.

Letters must be signed with the writer's name, grade of school and address, and the number of words should be placed below the signature.

All work submitted must be strictly original and entirely the work of the person who submits it.

Topic: "An Imaginary Visit to This Earth by Robert Fulton in the Present Year." Let your imagination have free swing and describe the emotions which would be those of this great student and inventor could he visit, say New York, Chicago, some scene in this country or France where the aviation contests are on.

Letters on this subject must be received at this office not later than Thursday, July 7, for publication July 17.

Topic: "Suggest Some Possible Consequence of a Visit from Emperor Napoleon to America Today." Papers on this subject must be received in this office not later than July 14, for publication July 24.

POSTOFFICE SERVICE GOOD

Dear Aunt Laurie:

If the men who signed the Declaration of Independence were with us now I think they would like our fine postoffice service. Our letters go so quickly and our postoffice is safe. In their day their letters had to go by stage, post rider or boat.

They would also enjoy our railroad system, as they could go from one state legislature to another with ease and in a very short time.

Our extensive telegraph and telephone systems would be of great service to them also. When they signed the Declaration of Independence they had to depend upon the post rider to deliver the messages from congress to the state legislatures, and now they could telephone them.

If they were here now I am sure they would want to know who this great man is of whom everyone is talking. They would think he was a king by the way he is treated. But it is little wonder that he is treated so, for he made a good president and he has made a wonderful trip in the jungles of Africa.

I am sure they would find our modern electric lights a great convenience to the old style of tallow candle that was used in their day.

There are a great many more things in which the men who signed the Declaration of Independence would be interested. But it would take too long to mention them all.

SHIRLS S. SILK,
440 North Grand avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

INVENTIONS WOULD SURPRISE

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I think that if the men who signed the Declaration of Independence were to see our country today they would be interested in the growth, both of population and area, and in the freedom of our countrymen.

When the Declaration of Independence was signed there was only a small per cent of the population that there is now. Because there has been so much immigration our population has increased to about 35,000,000.

These men never dreamed of our country ever extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Our freedom from England has let us worship as we please. In those days they had log cabins for school houses and education was not free, but now we have large cement and brick school houses and education is as free to poor children as to the rich.

There are also great colleges and universities, from which many of the great men of today have graduated.

They would find interesting our great progress in civilization, many great inventions, as the automobile, bicycle, motorcycle, sewing machine, cotton gin, phonograph, the telegraph and telephone, the laying of the Atlantic cable, railroads and city electric railways, magazines and newspapers.

Also great discoveries, such as the secret of air navigation by the Wright brothers, etc.

Your ever loving nephew,
THEODORE BRYSON COULTER,
Yuma school, Yuma, Ariz., age 10, grade 6 completed.

COULD NOT READ OR WRITE

Dear Aunt Laurie:

I don't know what the men who signed the Declaration of Independence would find most interesting could they see our country today, for there are so many things that might interest them. But among the many changes of interest I think that there is a great advance along the educational line.

At the time that the Declaration was signed there were but very few persons who could read or write. Now it is the few who cannot read and write. Every day men are looking forward for higher ideals, and are ambitious for more education and development of mind.

This is shown by the fact that yearly more colleges and educational institutions, high schools, etc., are being built.

In 1775 there were but very few colleges in the United States. Some of these were Harvard, Yale, King's, Princeton, William and Mary. None of these was much above the grade of a high school of the present day.

The grammar schools of the present day are doing as good work as any high school of that former time.

Now there is not a state in the union that does not have a state university, and many colleges besides. High schools are to be found in nearly every town; as for instance the San Fernando high school, one of the best in the county of Los Angeles, and perhaps in the state of California, and situated only in a little town of about 1200 inhabitants.

Then I may mention the material development of the country. They would find that, as well as the industrial development, very interesting. Your loving niece,

CLAUDINE PÉSQUEIRA,
San Fernando Union high school; twelfth grade.

WITH TWO WEAPONS

THE WORLD MAY BE WON

Once upon a time there lived a very old woman, who made her home in a cave by the mountain side. Her bed was only of yellow bracken, and her food the berries and nuts that she shared with the birds and squirrels, but her withered face was always glad and she had not a care in the world. When the chill north wind told her a storm was coming, the merry old body crooned a song and tucked herself up in the fragrant fern leaves until the sky was clear again. Then, when the sun streamed down again in his gayest mood, changing the heather into purple banners and turning the moss into sheets of gold, she would join the bees in their search for honey, and tell the elves of the mountains that she was the luckiest old woman in the world.

The people in the village thought her wild and foolish, but they were wrong, as the elves could have told them. One day a footsore wayfarer caught sight of her as she searched beneath the turf for the juicy roots that fed her through the winter, and he knew at once that this was the "wise woman" of whom he had heard from the ravens.

"Good dame," said he, and he doffed his cap as though she had been some great lady of the court. "I pray you to tell me how to fight the world. I go to seek my fortune, and my father says that the way is hard."

The old woman looked at him steadfastly, and he met her gaze with eyes as clear as her own. It pleased her greatly to see the fire that glowed in their somber depths, for it told her that he was no weakling, but sturdy, and brave, and true.

"I will show you two things," she cried, "by means of which you will conquer the world—two things that will win you your heart's desire."

Then she cut down for him a stout young sapling that grew by the edge of the stream, and shaped it into a stick. When she had given him this she stood on tiptoes and whispered in his ear, smiling the while so sweetly that her wrinkled face became once more beautiful, and the youth marveled.

"I thank you, good mother," he cried, as he turned to leave her, and long after his footsteps had died away she stood where he had left her.

"He will conquer the world," she muttered, "with my weapons," and the wind shook the fir trees merrily, as if it laughed at some good joke.

Long years afterward he returned. The little wise woman was bent almost double with age, but she knew him at once when he came down the winding road below her home. This time he was not on foot, but riding a satin-skinned mare. There were followers at his back, and beside him, on a snow white steed, rode a beautiful woman with shining hair and the light of love on her exquisite face.

"You were right!" he cried, as he sprang to the ground and bowed before the humble old dame as if she had been a queen. "With a stick and a smile I have conquered the world."

For a smile was the second thing that she had showed him.

PROSPEROUS PUSSY

The Woman—Why, Pussy's got a fit! She must have been eating too much meat.

The Man—If I could afford to eat too much meat I'd have a fit, too!—Puck.



Rose Williams, 310 First street, Sawtelle.