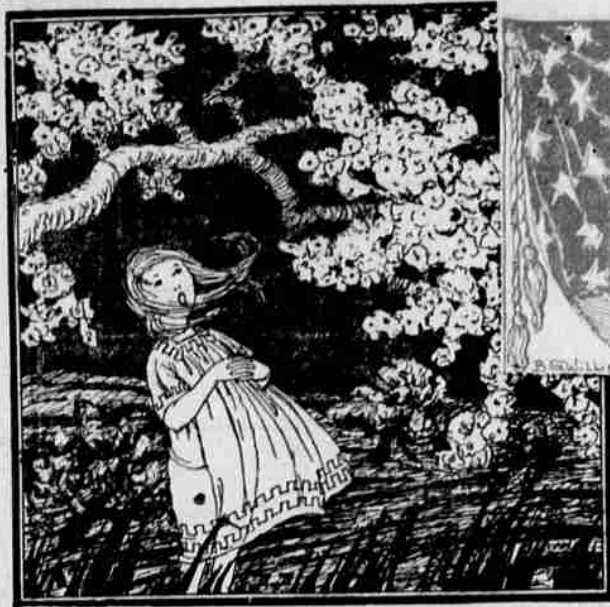


Our Boys and Girls



My Apple Tree Song

I went into the orchard bright
To see the apple trees.
They were a sight of pink and white
Shaken by every breeze.

I stood among the blossoms fair
And sang my song of praise;

The gentle breezes tossed my hair
As I did sing and gaze.

I saw the blossoms all so gay—
And thought that in the Fall—
The branches would with apples sway
Apples for one and all.

The memory of our heroes
Will be kept forever green.
Decoration Day—if children

With sweet flowers are always seen
Laying them, a lovely tribute,
Where the flags so proudly stand

Guarding well the names of soldiers
Who had guarded well our land.
—Bess Goe Willis

Why Stories

WHY THE EMPEROR CONRAD
SPARED WEINBERG.

(A German Legend.)

SEVERAL centuries ago, when there was a deadly war being carried on between the rival factions of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the Emperor Conrad besieged the castle of Weinberg in the year 1141. The castle was defended by the Guelph Count of Bavaria, but after a

long and heroic effort to resist the emperor's soldiers he was obliged to surrender to the victorious Conrad.

Conrad was much incensed at the obstinate defense of the garrison and vowed he would burn the place down and kill every one in it except the women.

The women, he announced, were to be free to leave the castle unharmed. When the wife of the Count heard this she went to the emperor and begged as a further favor to the women that they be allowed to carry away their most precious possessions. "Very well," agreed Conrad. "You



Little Birches

My mother calls me "Little Birch,"
But why I could not see;
Today I passed a little birch
That did resemble me.

It was a skinny little birch,
And shivered in the breeze.

It seems, too—birches grow more fast
Than all the other trees.

And mother says, I "shoot right up"
And I'm so tall and straight
That people think that I am ten
And I am only eight.

Out in the Storm

JOHNTIE GARRETSON lived with his grandfather and parents and little sister, 10 years old, in a yellow frame cottage on an island.

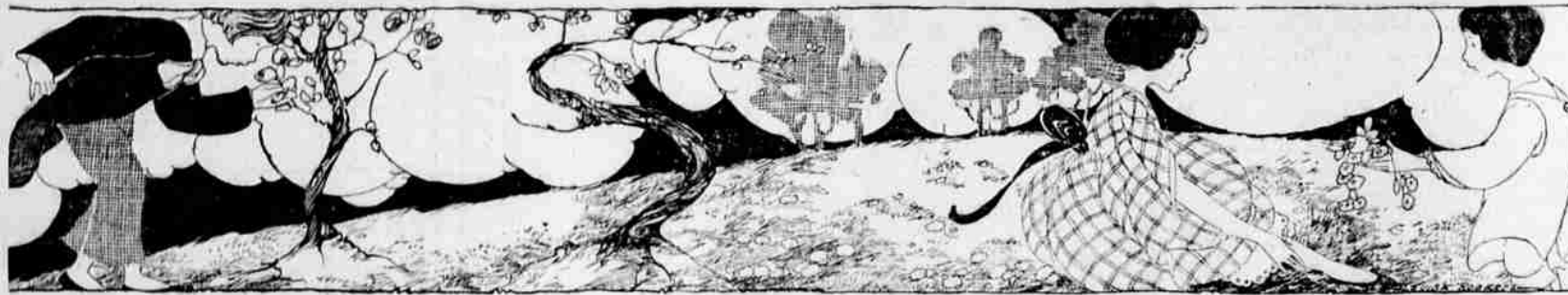
Johntie's grandfather had bought this island for a small sum of money many years ago, and he had cultivated the land and had cut down trees and had added more room to the original, tiny cabin he had first built when he and his young wife went there to live, and now there was a roomy cottage and a substantial barn.

In fact when Johntie's father had grown up and married, the island was in a very flourishing condition; when town folks would row the half mile across the river to come and visit them, and would ask them if they were not longing to come and live in the so-called town.

They always received the same answer: "No, we are not lonely here and we love our island dearly. We can raise our own vegetables, fruits and poultry, and as for fish, all we have to do is to cast either our nets or lines in the river and we can catch in a short time all we can eat, besides having plenty to bring over to the town folks to sell. We are satisfied here, and we will never need to fear poverty as long as we remain here."

Johntie had a rowboat of his own, which his father had made for him and given to him on his twelfth birthday, saying, "Now Johntie, that your arms have grown so strong, you can row this boat over to the town wharf every morning and attend school and row back to the island in the afternoon, and I won't need to stop my work any more so that you can get an education."

And Johntie learned to be very



"Come Out and Search and See and Find Flowers All Fragrant and Fair"

skillful with his neat well-built rowboat.

One very warm Saturday morning in May, Johntie was up bright and early, saying to himself: "This is my fifteenth birthday and I want to catch a lot of fish. Father told me last evening that I could have whatever money I earned for my own for a birthday present."

And he worked so diligently both with the fishing line and net that at 10 o'clock he called from the small boat landing: "Mother, I'll not wait until I've had my dinner to take the fish over to the town to sell. I'm going to start now, as I have about all I can well manage."

And then his mother came to the kitchen door, telling him he must buy a good lunch over in the town and she hoped he would have good luck selling his fish.

Johntie's little sister, Ellen, came running from the kitchen, crying: "Take me with you, brother! I'll help you call in loud tones, 'fish! fish! fish!' just from the river, for sale!" And so like the good, kind brother he was, Johntie lifted her in his rowboat and they started off in high, good humor.

Johntie was lucky that day! Every one seemed to want fish, either for the

river by that time were dashed higher and higher every moment.

And little Ellen began to cry out in terror at the vivid lightning and loud peals of thunder, and to add to Johntie's troubles, the rain began falling in such blinding sheets he couldn't tell whether he were rowing in the right or wrong direction.

And the waves were so high it was all that strong, brave Johntie could do to keep the rowboat afloat, so badly was he hampered with only one oar.

"We ought to be touching land, brother dear," cried Ellen, which John-

Over the hills and meadows wide,
Dear Spring has passed once more
Sprinkling her flowers on every side,
Oh, such a beautiful store.

Spring is an artist and paints the scene,
Colors of marvelous hue
Everywhere! Everywhere! colors gleam

Under the sky all blue,
Come out and search and see and find
Flowers all fragrant and fair.

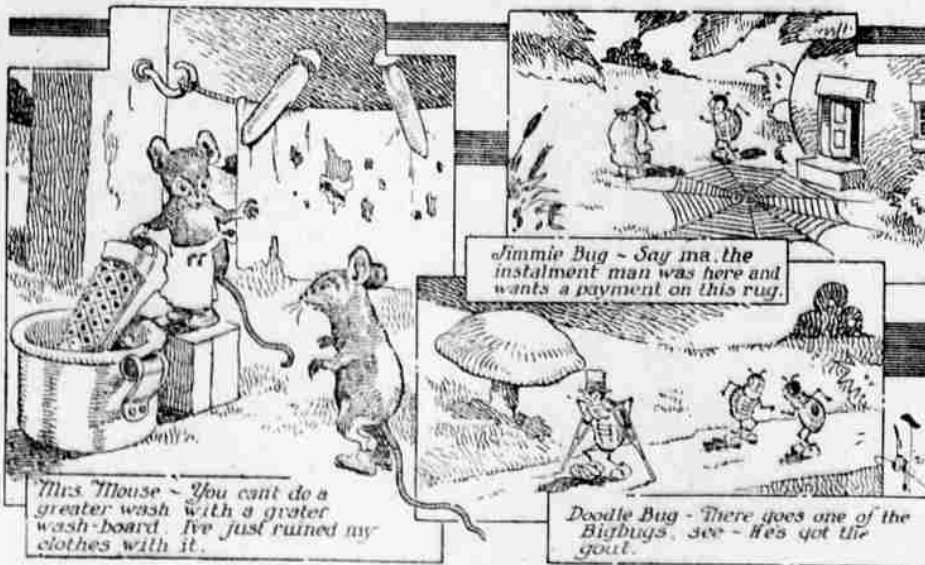
Dear Mother Earth is generous and kind,
For she's flung them everywhere.

may do so. Each woman may take away with her what she values most."

Thanking him fervently for this added merciful concession the countess hastened back to her friends, telling them how the Emperor had pledged his word of honor that they should not be molested nor hindered.

At daybreak the castle gates were opened for the women to rally forth, while the emperor at the head of his army stood grimly watching.

As the countess, who was the first to step forth from the conquered cas-



Mrs. Mouse - You can't do a greater wash with a grater wash-board. I've just ruined my clothes with it.

Jimmie Bug - Say ma, the installment man was here and wants a payment on this rug.

Doodle Bug - There goes one of the Bigbugs. See - he's got the gout.

Bugville Nostalgias

tic knew only too well.

But he was far down the river by that time, several miles from the island.

At last, much to his relief, he felt the boat touching solid ground; but when he helped his sister out of the boat, keeping her warm and dry all the time with his oilskin coat, he discovered they had landed on some high rocks, without food or shelter.

But, much to his relief, just as the town clock struck six the rain stopped falling, and the sun came out of the dark clouds for a few moments. There was a loud calling: "Ho! Johntie, are you on the rocks?" "Ho! Johntie, are you on the rocks?" And how glad he and Ellen were to be rescued by their father and rowed home to the dear island and a loving mother and a royal good supper.

"I'll never forget that anxious hour," he told his mother the next day. "I was so fearful that little Ellen would be forced to remain without any food all night."

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a tree
And sang the very sweetest
Melodies to me.
He seemed to chant of Summertime
And warbling birds and flowers,
Of babbling brooks and shady nooks
And Summer's sunny hours
Of new-mown hay, of picnics gay
And rambling o'er the lea;
Oh, everything just seemed so real
It cheered the heart of me.
So, little Robin Redbreast,
Come soon again and sing,
For what a sense of pleasure
Your joyous lay doth bring.
—W. H. Dressing

THE TEMPEST.

The wild winds roared, and lightning flashed
Then quiet after branches lashed,
And now I saw on earth's green floor
A cross that was not there before.

tle appeared, it was seen that she was carrying her husband upon her back.

The emperor looked in amazement as every married woman came forth carrying her husband and children, and every unmarried one her nearest and dearest of kin.

In spite of the anger the emperor felt against the men who had so stoutly resisted him, he was deeply touched at this instance of wifely or womanly devotion and ingenuity.

"These are our dearest and most precious possessions," explained the countess, "that we are taking away with us."

The emperor was as good as his word. Life and liberty were given to the Guelphs and it is recorded that the countess and her husband and the emperor became the best of friends.

It is also recorded that the town of which the castle had been the defender was ever after known as "Welfen-stadt," which means "The Abode of Woman's Fidelity."

Mollie and Her Dolly

MOLLIE'S dolls were most aggravating that day and she spanked two or three of them

and put them to bed and then sat down and looked mournfully at the rain that had come down in such pitiless gusts all day and wondered if it was going to rain like that all night long and all the next day.

She was so sorry for herself when "mother came in" "All alone, dear," she said. "Have you had a good time today while I have been gone?" "No, indeed," said Mollie. "It was the worst day I ever saw. It rained all day and Mary would not let me play on the porch or go outdoors at all."

"Well, we can play out now," her mother said. "Suppose you go upstairs and put on your bathing suit and your little bathing shoes and we will have the time of our lives."

When Mollie came downstairs her mother was standing bareheaded, in the hall with a raincoat on. She took Mollie by the hand and they ran as

fast as they could in the pouring rain to the front gate and back again. Then they played "tag" under the trees, mother hiding and Mollie catching her, and Mollie hiding and mother doing the catching. It was the greatest fun and Mollie ran until she was warm and covered with perspiration, and her mother was breathing hard. Then they both ran to the house.

"Now, dear," said mother, "rush into the bathroom as fast as you can and Mary will have a tub of warm water ready for you and help you take your bath. Then lie down until it is time to get ready for dinner, and I hope you will sleep a little bit."

Mollie took her bath and lay down and thought what a beautiful world it is when it rains, for she never felt so happy in her life. She drifted off into dreamland a little bit and then Mary came to help her dress, and they chatted together, and Mollie put on one of her prettiest dresses.

"Such a dull day for little daughter," father said when he came in, but Mollie declared that she had never had such a lovely time as she had this afternoon, and she told father all about the game in the rain.

"Mother is a big baby, too," father said, as he put an arm around each of them and led the way to the dining room.

KIND NURSES.

The bird's nest has stout twigs for walls
And softest grass lines all its halls
It must give birds the grandest feeling
To know their house has sky for ceiling!

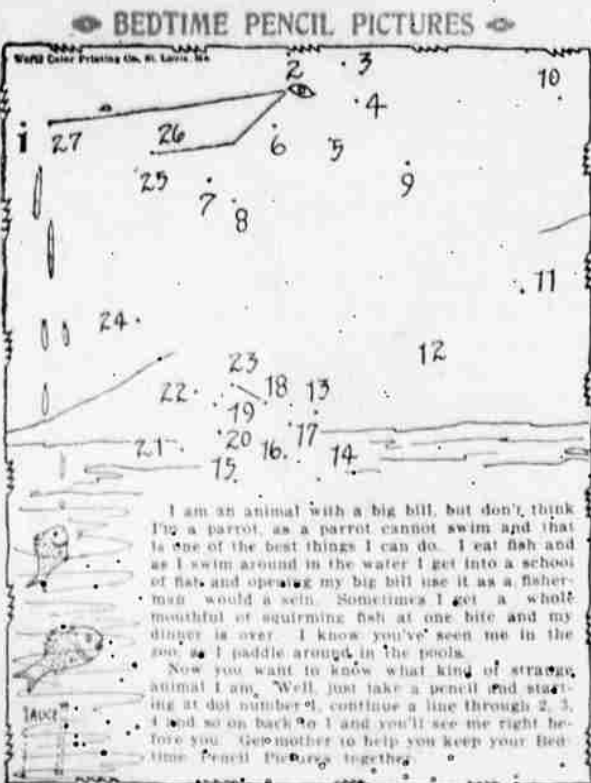
The parents leave their birdies, wee,
To nurses kind as they can be—
All bird folk recommend them best,
The swaying winds, North, South, East,
West!

HIDDEN SKETCHES

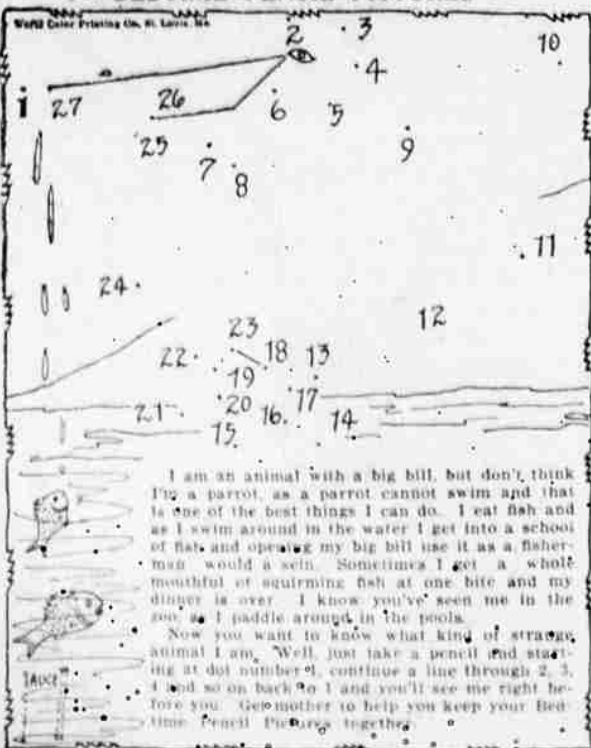
WHO IS THIS GREAT AMERICAN?



You can make a sketch of a "Great American" just take your pencil and make a sketch that has a dot in them. Friday—Abraham Lincoln.



BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES



POOR MAG.

A FAIRY TALE.
MOVIE OF JOY.

CINDERELLA'S SISTER
MAGGY IS GOING TO A
BALL AND BORROWS
CINDERELLA'S DANCING
PUMPS. AUNT SHE
HAIN'T GOT NONE
OF HER OWN.

YOU DON'T CARE
IF I WEAR EM.



CINDERELLA'S FEET
ARE BIGGER THAN
MAGGY'S. AND WHILE
MAG IS FOR TROTTER
ONE OF THE BOOTS
FLIES OFF AND HITS A
PRINCE ON THE BEAK.

PARDON ME



THE HANDSOME
PRINCE PROMISES TO
MARRY THE CHICKEN
WHO WEARS SUCH
LOVELY BIG KICKS.

THEY'RE MY
KID SISTERS.



HURRAH! THEY
FIT. YOU
SHALL BE
MINE.



MUCH
OBLIGED
PRINCE
CHICKEN.