



FRENCH MAGIC

UNCLE AL stayed in France a long time helping Uncle Sam win the war. While he was in Paris he learned some tricks from a real magician. When he came back he did some of them for his little niece, Alice Watson.

"How wonderful, Uncle Al. I wish I could learn some. Do you suppose I could?" asked Alice.

Now, ever since his return Uncle Al had noticed a great change in the twins, Alice and Albert. They were still polite and fairly accommodating, but it seemed to him that they did their kind deeds merely from habit, because they were scouts, or because they had to. "Anyhow, the pep has gone out of them," he said. So now he answered Alice:

"Certainly, dearie. When my locker comes I have something that will help you to work magic, only you must be careful to obey strictly."

The locker arrived next day and Uncle Al's gift to Alice was a pair of dear little French boots, khaki colored and with silk tassels in front.

"Made to order in Paris, my dear," said Uncle Al. "Pay strict attention to the initials inside. You think 'A. W.' stands for your name—Alice Watson—but don't forget these are magic boots. The letters mean Always Willing. Remember this when you wear them: miracles will happen."

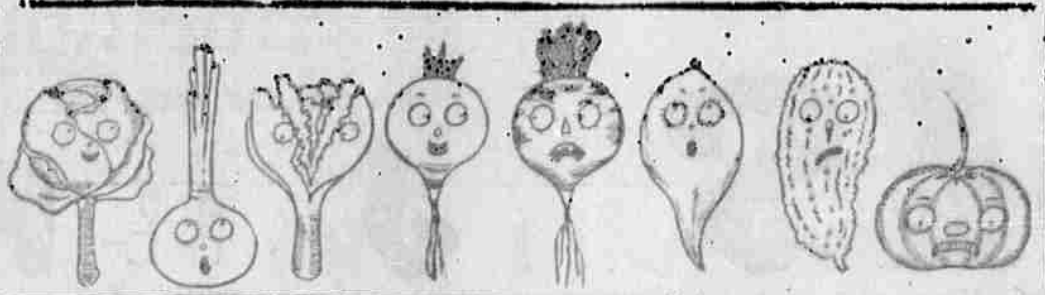
Alice put the boots at the foot of her bed that night and could hardly wait for morning to put them on. When tomorrow came it was lots of fun to lace the strings around the little metal boots just like Uncle Al's and there shone the two gold letters, A. W., that stood for Always Willing.

But as she passed mother's room she heard a little moan! She knew what that meant! Mother had a headache! O, how she wanted to get to school

very early to show the magic boots before the bell rang! Of course Daddy could fix mother's tea and toast. Then, Magic Boots made her think of their motto, Always Willing. She tiptoed in, kissed mother, went quietly downstairs, prepared and brought up a dainty tray.

But there was not much time for the schoolgirls to admire the boots before chapel!

During first period teacher asked:



What Quick-Eyed Kiddies See in the Market House

10 little vegetables standing in a line, A rabbit ate the carrot, then there were 9.
6 little vegetables, very much alive, A baby seized the radish, then there were 5.
4 little vegetables, laughing at a bee, The bee stung sweet potato, then there were 3.
9 little vegetables waiting for their fate, A worm bored through the cabbage, then there were 8.
5 little vegetables, wondering more and more, A woman bought the turnip, then there were 4.
3 little vegetables, looking somewhat blue, A man sliced the cucumber, then there were 2.
2 little vegetables, thinking they would run, The red tomato rotted, then there was 1.
1 little vegetable can't have any fun, So the pepper bursted, then there was none. —Harvey Peake.

back, going slowly over crossings. The boots were not splashed once, but at recess bad news awaited her! While she was away a real French magician had visited the school. The children had been called to chapel again to see him perform his tricks.

"He took rabbits out of his hat, borrowed our rings, fired pistols at them, handed them back with pink roses tied to them, and everything," related the happy children.

Sure enough, there were the roses pinned proudly to dress and lapel.

"And I would have enjoyed him more than anybody," sighed Alice.

After school she loitered home.



NOT AFRAID OF 'EM.

Mother's shutters were closed—she still had her headache. It would be a dreary house.

But at the front door stood Uncle Al. Smiling and taking her books he asked: "Have you heard the good news? Mother is better, she is only resting now, for we are to have a guest for supper—a French magician, my friend from Paris. He stopped over to see me. I hear he visited your school this morning, but he will perform for us again tonight."

"Always Willing does work miracles," said happy Alice that night, pinning to Uncle Al's lapel the pink rosebud the magician had tied to her ring.



WHAT MARTHA DID

MARTHA was 2 and Felix was 4. Martha was not very certain on her feet and would wobble a great deal, so that Felix often had his hands full when he walked with her down to the gate. Some times he was cross about it and told her that she should not cling to his hand.

One day Felix was in a better mood than usual and took her for a long walk, and they went into a little park and sat down. Felix stood on top of the seat and jumped down, and if Martha could have climbed up on the seat she would have jumped down, for she always wanted to do whatever Felix did. While she was wondering if she could do it Felix came down with a thump and, losing his balance, fell sprawling. It hurt, but he laughed, and then he found that he could not get up. His ankle was hurt and he could not stand on it.

"This is a pretty fix," he said. "I guess my ankle is sprained, and how shall I get home? I can't walk and you can't find your way home to tell them."

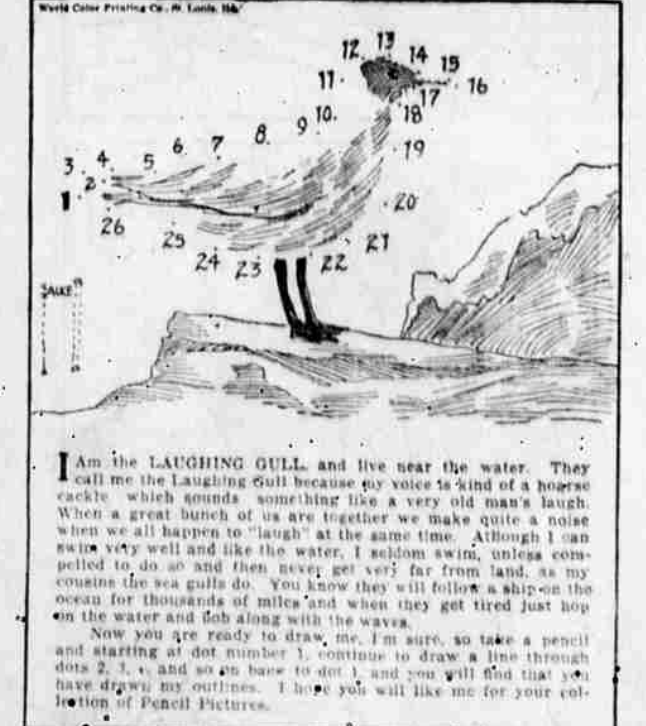
"Yes, I go," said Martha.

"Come back," he cried to her; "you don't know the way, and you will get lost." But Martha was hurrying, falling down and getting up and hurrying as long as she was in sight. Felix began to cry, for the pain and the fear that Martha was lost were too much for him. It seemed hours while he waited, and no one came to that part of the park. Then, when he had decided in his own mind that no one would ever find him and that Martha was lost, he saw his mother with poor, tired little Martha in her arms, and then things happened. His mother left Martha with him and hurried in the direction in which she had seen some park men, and presently Felix was in a taxi and on the way to the doctor's, while Martha lay fast asleep beside him in her mother's arms, and she was telling Felix how Martha made them understand that brother was hurt. Her dress was torn and dirty, and so was her face, but Felix did not care as he bent to kiss the brave, tired little girl.



The blue, blue ocean bids us come, Just hear him prance and roar
He sings a song, his merry hum Is heard along the shore
He seems to say: "Come in and splash! And swim in best of form!
Come on, dear kiddies, make a dash, The water's nice and warm.
Along my beach there's lots of sand For kiddies woe to play.
Come on and make a city grand

BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES



I Am the LAUGHING GULL, and live near the water. They call me the Laughing Gull because my voice is kind of a hoarse cackle which sounds something like a very old man's laugh. When a great bunch of us are together we make quite a noise when we all happen to "laugh" at the same time. Although I can swim very well and like the water, I seldom swim, unless compelled to do so and then never get very far from land, as my cousins the sea gulls do. You know they will follow a ship on the ocean for thousands of miles and when they get tired just hop on the water and float along with the waves.

Now you are ready to draw, me, I'm sure, so take a pencil and starting at dot number 1, continue to draw a line through dots 2, 3, 4, and so on down to dot 1, and you will find that you have drawn my outline. I hope you will like me for your collection of Pencil Pictures.



POLLY PESSIMIST.
But Polly is a pessimist.
Or one who's always blue:
She sees the darker side of things,
The sadder point of view.
She always thinks that it will rain
When she goes out to ride,
For goodness sake, don't be like her,
Look on the brighter side.
—Harvey Peake.

Why Stories

WHY THE WIFE SPOKE FIRST.
(A Venetian Legend.)
ONCE in the very long ago a husband and wife lived in Venice and both, as it chanced, were very obstinate.

Said Beppo one day to his wife: "Let us have some fritters to eat."

"What shall we do for a frying-pan?" asked Rosa.

"Borrow one from my godmother," replied Beppo.

"I'll go for the pan, but you must carry it back," said Rosa.

"We'll see about that," said Beppo, "when we have eaten our fritters."

The pan was borrowed, the fritters cooked and eaten and said Beppo: "Let us make a bargain that whoever speaks first shall carry the pan back to my godmother."

"Very well," said Rosa, "I'll agree to that."

"We will go on with our usual work," said Beppo.

"That will be all right," said Rosa; "I'll spin and you make the shoes."

Beppo was a shoemaker—so down he sat and began to draw his thread, saying nothing but "Lenlero, lenlero," as he drew the thread back and forth.

Rosa sat at her wheel spinning away and murmuring as she did so in a kind of cry, "Picci, picci, picci."

So they sat hour after hour, he with his "Lenlero" and she with her "Picci," but not a word would they say to one another.

In the course of the day came a soldier and said to Beppo: "Cut me a stout leather girth for my horse!"

Beppo never even looked at him,

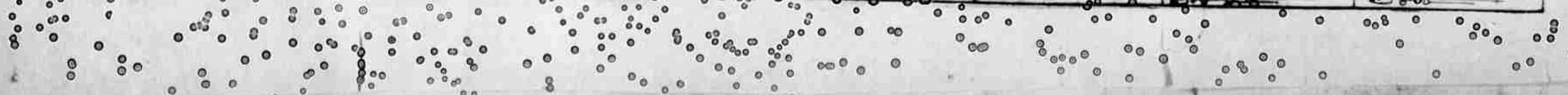


OLLIE OPTIMIST.
An optimist is one who smiles
No matter what occurs,
From getting clean clothes muddled up,
To seats on cockle burs.
And this boy never fails to smile,
His temper is sublime—
Do you not wish that you were like
This Ollie all the time?
—Harvey Peake.

HIDDEN SKETCHES



WHO IS THIS GREAT AMERICAN?
You will find it a jolly lot of fun to take a pencil and fill in the spaces that have a dot in them. The first thing you know the picture of a great American will appear!



OH-BEE-DEE-ENTS
MOVIE OF MAGGY
MAGGY YES PAW PAW
HAND ME MY PIPE YES PAW PAW
HURRY YES PAW PAW
COME ON WITH THE PIPE YES PAW PAW
HEY, DID YOU LOSE YER LEGS YES PAW PAW
WHAT I MEAN NO PAW PAW
THEN GIMME MY PIPE YES PAW PAW
YES PAW PAW