

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

by MARY GRAHAM BONNER

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BROTHER BACON'S BREAKFAST

"Grunt, grunt," said Brother Bacon. "I do enjoy my breakfast and that's the truth."

"Squeal, squeal," said Miss Ham, "I do enjoy my breakfast too and that is also the truth."

"Grunt, grunt," said Grandfather Porky Pig, "breakfast is a most delightful meal."

"Squeal, squeal," said Mrs. Pink Pig, "Squeal, squeal, I really love breakfast."

"Some creatures," said Master Pink Pig, "say that it is not right to speak of loving food, but I do not think they appreciate food when they speak that way."

"They can't if they say such things," said Pinky Pig, "for love is so beautiful a thing and so beautiful a thing should not be wasted on anything ordinary."

"Love should be given to food," "Yes," said Sir Percival Pork, "I believe in being generous in giving my love to food."

"And so do I," said Sir Benjamin Bacon.

"Ah, what a pleasant sound has the word food," said Sammy Sausage. "I can think now of all sorts of good things to eat."

"The only thing," said Miss Ham, "is that I enjoy my dinner and supper as well as my breakfast. All meals to me are wonderful."

"So they are to me, grunt, grunt," said Grandfather Porky.

"And so they are to me, squeal, squeal," said Mrs. Pink Pig. "I love all meals."

"I do, too, grunt, grunt," said Master Pink Pig.

"And I agree," said Pinky Pig.

"How nice it is that we all agree," said Sir Percival Pork.

"We agree excellently about that subject at any rate," said Sir Benjamin Bacon.

"We don't always agree about who most deserves food," said Sammy Sausage.

"Well, that is different, squeal, squeal," said Miss Ham.

"Very different, grunt, grunt," said Grandfather Porky.

"It's something else again," said Mrs. Pink Pig.

"Of course it is," said Mrs. Pinky Pig.

"To be sure," said Master Pink Pig.

"Assuredly, grunt, grunt," said Pinky Pig.

"True, true," said Sammy Sausage.

"Grunt, grunt, true, true," said Sir Benjamin Bacon. "We agree about the subject of food as being a worthy



"I Do Enjoy My Breakfast."

subject or object of our devotion but as to who deserves the most food—well, we don't agree about that."

"We shouldn't agree about that," said Sir Percival Pork. "We wouldn't be natural pigs if we did."

"And above all things we must be natural."

"Not above all things," said Grandfather Porky. "As the oldest representative of the Pig Pen I will not allow such wrong ideas to get about."

"Well, you know I didn't really mean just that," said Sir Percival Pork with a wink of the eye and a twist of his little tail.

"All right," said Grandfather Porky. "We'll forgive you this time."

"But," said Brother Bacon, "I wanted to talk about breakfast. And when I speak of my love for breakfast I do not mean that I do not care for the other meals."

"We didn't think you meant that," said Miss Ham. "For we know how you enjoy your other meals."

"I only meant," said Brother Bacon, "that breakfast would be my next meal and I always think of one meal ahead and look forward to it. I would think of the meals beyond that but I like to pretend that I will just go on having the next meal—on and on and on without any stopping."

"I suppose it is because meals do stop that I feel that way about them. But now I'm thinking of my breakfast

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OLD FAITHFUL
Once every seventy minutes

which I always enjoy so much.

"And I've made up a poem in honor of my coming breakfast."

So Brother Bacon recited his poem in his best grunting voice and it would have been longer only breakfast arrived before he had finished. This was as much as he recited:

"Breakfast is food and food is sweet. Goodness me, how I do love to eat!"

Caught Again.
Paul—Oh, say, I pulled off something big last night.
Clarence—What was it?
Paul—My shoes.

Helmet Worn by Magellan.
A brass helmet worn by Magellan, in 1521, when he was killed in the Philippines while making the first round-the-world voyage, has been discovered by Major H. D. Selton, United States army, according to advices received by the copper and brass research association.

The helmet, dented from blows received in battle, but in good condition, was purchased from a Moro chieftain, by the officer, who ascertained its history through tribal traditions.

Quite Shakespearean.
Belle—You and Jack seemed to be engaged in a sort of Romeo-and-Juliet affair when I saw you last. How did it turn out?
Betty—Much Ado About Nothing.—Boston Evening Transcript.

World's Biggest Gem.
What is held to be the largest uncut precious stone in the world is a flawless black opal discovered in this country and now said to be in the office of a government official in Washington. The gem contains approximately 21 cubic inches, weighs 2,572,332 carats, and is valued by the owners at \$250,000. The colors are translucent blues and greens with a little red. The famous Viennese opal, which was without equal until the American specimen was found, weighs 1,658,927 carats, but has a number of flaws.

New Australian Capital.
Canberra, in New South Wales, was chosen some time ago to be the federal capital of the commonwealth of Australia, and authority for the same was granted to the Australian parliament, but at present Melbourne, capital of the state of Victoria, is the seat of government and temporary capital. The construction of the federal capitol at Canberra is proceeding apace, and as soon as it is completed that place will become the permanent capital.

Successful Miniature Engine.
A miniature engine, whose power was generated by the rays of the sun, was successfully demonstrated in an Eastern college recently. A parabolic copper mirror focused the rays upon a test tube of water, the heat caused the steam which in turn operated the tiny motor at a high rate of speed.

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THE RIDE

A little girl named Melly was taken for a long automobile ride.

They started early, early in the morning, and the dew was then covering everything. Oh, how fresh and lovely the country did look.

It seemed so rich, and the trees looked their very best. There were many birds to be seen, and the very first one of all she saw was an indigo bird.

Melly loved the pretty old houses they went by.

They went along roads through some mountains. On either side of them and all about it seemed as though there were great mountains and hills.

They seemed to be peeping above each other as though to say: "I can see farther than you."

And then another still higher mountain would be seen, and it seemed to be saying: "I'm closer to Mr. Sky than any of you are. Yes, I'm a tall mountain. You'd never call me a little thing!"

The mountain ridges, the deep gorges, the lovely country itself—oh, how beautiful it all was. What a wonderful mother was Mother Nature.

She knew how to dress her children so that they wore the most becoming costumes.

Sometimes the mountains drew about themselves the loveliest of misty capes and shawls. Oh, how pretty they were.

And before long Mr. Sun came out and shone so that the dew left saying, "We'll have to go now. But we'll be back again."

Melly saw pretty waterfalls and quiet green pools. And there were blue iris flowers which grew in ponds.

She saw cows who lazily ate grass and some of them walked through fields of buttercups as though to say, "Although we don't shout with delight we enjoy these buttercup walks of ours!"

One cow lazily flicked a fly off her ear and looked so very, very lazy as though she would admire the beauty about her but it really was too much trouble.

Melly saw horses with coverings on their ears to keep off the flies.

Some of the mountains she passed now looked almost like pictures of mountains rather than real ones!

They were blue and purple and misty while some seemed aglow with dazzling sunlight, while others had such lovely shadows over them.

Melly saw a thrasher bird and then a big meadow lark, and many baby chickens were to be seen in the barn-

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of each week
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yards they passed by.

Melly saw a lady looking after her garden and it seemed as though she must have asked the earth to be particularly helpful, for such lovely flowers were growing in this garden.

And when Melly saw the lady digging around a plant it seemed to her that the earth and the lady were in partnership to make beautiful flowers.

She patted the earth as though she were fond of it for being so good to her flowers.

They passed sheep and in a field they went by was a white horse. The horse seemed to be enjoying the air from the way he sniffed at it with such pleasure.

There were pink and purple and red and white columbines growing along railway tracks and they seemed to say, "It's not very pretty along here so we thought we would try to improve the looks of this part of the country!"

And indeed they did!

There were cowslips and all kinds of flowers, and butterflies flew happily about.

Birds twittered and chattered and sang.

Melly wondered if some of the birds didn't think it was curious that people didn't stop to hear their songs instead of tooting and honking their horns and going straight along the road!

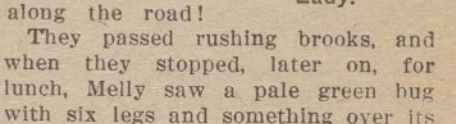
They passed rushing brooks, and when they stopped, later on, for lunch, Melly saw a pale green bug with six legs and something over its back which looked like a little green cape.

It crawled over Melly's lap as though to see if there was anything about for it, and then it went to a branch of a nearby shrub and later jumped down again to Melly's lap.

And oh, what a beautiful ride it was! Yes, Melly said to herself, Mother Nature certainly knew how to look after her children.

Cattle Raising in Africa.

Southeast Africa, that part included in the British possessions, is reported to be as rich in natural grasses as any choice part of the world. It is too valuable for the rearing of cattle for slaughter; but it is predicted that in the next generation Africa will be the greatest cattle-producing country in the British dominions and in 50 years one of the greatest in the world.



"Melly Saw a Lady."