

# PAGE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



**Our Fairy.**  
 Here's a fairy live with us—  
 Don't you wish you lived there, too?  
 It's always full of comfort  
 For any one that's blue.

It is so sympathetic!  
 When you almost crack your head  
 It'll take it with some sweet ointment,  
 Show it when you're in bed.

Your horrid doll old jackknives  
 Bites and nips your hair and nose off,  
 It'll bind the wounds with rags and stuff,  
 She gives candy for a cough.

Sometimes you are careless  
 And tear your bustle clothes,  
 He fairy's sorry for you,  
 And stinks her thread and sews

He holes up tight and handsome  
 "Paw any one can do it."  
 Her fairy's very pretty  
 Tho' she's very, very old.

Her eyes are bright and snappy,  
 And she's fond of every game,  
 He wears a pair of spectacles,  
 And Grandma is her name.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

## GEORGE, THE DOG TRAMP

**In Being Advised of Expected Coming of Younger Siblings, He Gives Up the Canine Ghost.**

I had always been dreadfully afraid of ramps, much to the disgust of father and so boys, who thought I was unnecessarily timid. So when I actually took one and begged that he might stay, I was, of course, well teased about it.

It was one afternoon in Spring. Father had mother had gone to town; the boys were off fishing, and I was alone on the arm. I locked all the doors and, getting a book, sat where I could see the back porch, without being seen.

I had been reading some little time, when I heard a noise and, looking up, saw that my tramp had come. He was not a starved and wretched-looking creature, however, that I felt more pity than fear. He was so small and seemed so weak that I was sure he couldn't hurt me, so I concluded to open the door and give him something to eat.

I had never seen such a forlorn object before. He was such a timid, hang-dog affair, that I could have sworn that he wouldn't taste food for three days, even were I to hear his weak, beggar's whine. Evidently he had been more used to having his requests answered by stones than bread. He was dirty and weather-beaten; his joints were stiff with rheumatism; one eye was gone, and there was a great scar on his nose.

I got some bread and meat, and he gave me a grateful look with his eye and wag his fragment of a tail from between his legs and gave it a feeble wag or two. My tramp was that most pitiful of all animals—nobody's dog. We were friends now, and he was soon understood as the dog, although father and the boys side of him.

**Speedy Improvement.**  
 It was surprising how quickly my tramp improved with kind treatment and good food. Poor fellow! He must have had a hard life; he never did get over his fear of a broom, but would run and hide at the sight of one. He was quite a jolly dog, when he got well and fat, and had so much expression in his one eye that it was almost as good as two.

I often regretted that I couldn't understand his language, as he must have had some thrilling adventures, and, judging by his scars, hairbreadth escapes. Indeed, fear he had been a sad young dog in his day, but if he went wrong in his judgment, he was most likely led astray by bad company. While he was with me he was just as good a dog as that "old dog Tray" everybody brags about.

I named him George. Fred said Mathus would suit him better, but that was under. He was a very grateful little fellow, and did all he could to help about the farm. He drove every cat off the property, and he had been there a week, and I had hard work to defend him when other found him sharing his dinner with large rat, one on each side of the plate. He followed me in all my walks about the country, and it was soon understood that if one was seen the other of us wasn't far off. If I was away for a day, George was frantic with joy at my return, and would bark himself hoarse in my honor. He gave me all his love, poor fellow, and wanted all mine in return. I didn't even like me to get the pony, so.

So when uncle wrote that he was going to send me a fine pup from the city, I was naturally anxious as to how George would feel about it. I told him of the pup the morning I went after it, and my tramp seemed to understand. There was a grateful look in his eye, and when I asked he seemed to hate to lose sight of me.

**Stoned Him Home.**  
 In fact, Fred got out of the buggy twice and threw stones at him, to drive him away. I have always regretted this, but never could get Fred to be gentle with dogs.

When I came home in the evening, George was not at the gate to meet me, whistled and called, but he did not come. I looked up and, and then went to hunt for him. He was nowhere in the yard. I went to the farm, hoping to find him there. Sure enough, there he was in the stable, stretched out, apparently fast asleep.

"Come, George, come and see Pup!" called, quite loudly, but the little brown dog did not stir. He must be getting fat, I thought.

I called still louder, but he did not move,

So I went up to him, slowly, half fearing I would find him as I did, dead. Father and the boys say he died of old age; I know his heart was broken.

L. E. C.

## CUTE SAYINGS OF CHILDREN

**Funny Ideas That Bob Up in Heads of Boys and Girls.**  
 Good Man—Do you know where little boys go that throw stones at birds?  
 The Bad Boy—Cert! They go where there is birds. Didn't think they went down in a well, did yer?—Boston Traveler.

Father—Now, Fred and Harry, I want to see which of you will put it to the best account in a week.  
 Father (following Saturday)—Well, Fred, what have you done with your money?  
 Fred—I have doubled it.  
 Father—That is good and promises well, and Harry, how have you done?  
 Harry—I have lost mine. I tossed with Fred and he won.—Pearson's Weekly.

Johnny—My book says the wild hog is one of the most pugnacious animals in the world.  
 Tommy—I don't care what your book says. Mine says the Bengal tiger is more pugnacious.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Little Willie—Paw, is ma a microbe?  
 Mr. Henpeck—Why, no, Willie. What makes you ask such a question?  
 Little Willie—Well, the teacher told us that haidness was caused by a microbe.—Baltimore American.

A little girl who had been tearing her doll to pieces during the week attended Sunday School on the following Sabbath and was asked what Adam was made of.  
 "Dad," she replied.  
 "And what was Eve made of?" asked the teacher.  
 "Sawdust," promptly answered the little miss.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

In the crude language of childhood ideas are often expressed which in more mature phraseology lose often a great part of their force and clearness. This is illustrated by Tommy's composition on the "Cat Boat".  
 "The cat boat is called one because it is like cats.  
 "Firstly, the cat boat is very common.  
 "So cats.  
 "Secondly, the cat boat is small.  
 "So is cats.  
 "Thirdly, the cat boat is cheap.  
 "So is cats."  
 —Buffalo Inquirer.

**Teacher to new pupil!—What is your last name, my little man?**  
 New pupil—Tommy.  
 "What is your grand name?"  
 "Tommy Tompkins."  
 "Then Tompkins is your last name."  
 "No, it isn't. When I was born my name was Tompkins, and they didn't give me the other one for a month afterward."  
 —Collier's Weekly.

"This won't do," exclaimed Mrs. Box, excitedly, "there's it at the table."  
 "Never mind, ma," shouted little Johnny, "I kin eat for two."  
 —Boston Herald.

## BABY TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

**Can Talk Over the Wire as Well as Any Man.**  
 Hollis B. Thomas, aged 4 1/2 years, is said to be the youngest telegraph operator in the world. He is the son of W. S. Thomas, the joint agent of the Grand Island, the Chicago Great Western and the Santa Fe Railways at Bee Creek Junction, seven miles southeast of St. Joseph, Mo. When the little fellow was a mere baby he began to make trips to the station where his father worked. He was carried there by his mother, who would wait in the evening and go home with her husband.

From the beginning the baby manip-

ulating trains. He has developed the faculty of receiving a message by ear, and immediately transmitting it on another wire to a distant point without the necessity of reducing the message into writing.

Hollis is a bright-faced little fellow and is the wonder of Bee Creek, where many of the country folk gather to see him working with the instruments. He can send and receive messages as well as men who have been operators for 10 years.

## DICKENS AND THE DOLLS

**How the Famous Novelist Dried a Little Maid's Tears.**  
 Charles Dickens, the novelist, was very fond of children. One day he was walking in the neighborhood of Gad's Hill, near London, not long after he had acquired his property there, when he suddenly ran into a little girl wheeling a doll's perambulator. In an instant the tiny vehicle was upset, the dolls being thrown out. It was a bad accident as far as they were concerned, for wax heads and limbs are not calculated to stand much hard-

## EDUCATIONAL PRODUCTS



SAGEBRUSH BABIES, IN PENDLETON'S CARNIVAL PARADE.

Here we all are, and we're not the least bit afraid—  
 load of plump babies, in the floral parade.  
 With our touselled gold locks and our merry blue eyes,  
 Don't you think that we're worth a fine carnival prize?

usage. The little maid turned to tears, and, much to the novelist's sorrow, refused to be comforted.

"Then come home with me," Dickens whispered, soothingly, "and we'll see if we can't find some grand waxen lady in silks and satins for you."

So back to the big house the two went and, sure enough, up in his children's nursery, he managed to discover a few pretty dressed dolls. With these safely tucked in her perambulator, the little girl trotted off.

But it is in the sequel that the best part

**Teddy's Tutor.**  
 Thomas Tinkler, Teddy's tutor,  
 Tried to teach Ted tactfully;  
 Tinkling Teddy thought too tiresome  
 Tutor Tinkler's tendency.

Therefore Teddy, tempting trouble,  
 Tried to thwart the tutor's tact;  
 Turned to taking truant trucks;  
 Till T. Tinkler Trucked.

Tutor threatened, truant trembled,  
 Then to tardy tasks turned they,  
 Thanks to tutelage tyrant,  
 Teddy's talents tell today.

—Home Queen.

## EPISODES IN PUPPYDOM

**Various Happenings in a Greyhound Kennel Told, in Puppy Fashion, by One of the Family.**

When I first opened my eyes to life's awakening, it was to gaze upon the face of my sweet mother, whose large brown

Uncle Tasso started off and we puppies after him, tumbling and turning summer-saults over each other, but when we arrived at the barn the rat had been caught by Uncle Sport, and a fine one he was.

Uncle Sport was all out of breath, but he managed to tell us how the rat bit him and how he came near losing it. We puppies looked at each other in amazement, for it was the first rat we had ever seen, and wondered if we could ever catch one as large as that one. One of my brothers said he wasn't afraid of it, and began to toss it up and down, thinking he was very brave.

The next day a man came and took Uncle Rover away. He and Uncle Floo were brothers and play fellows. In the afternoon we saw Uncle Floo sitting by himself, seeming very sad, indeed, for he whined and looked all around for Uncle Rover.

Some people say that dogs do not think or have sympathy for each other, but I heard of one that carried bones to another dog that had broken his leg.

One evening, just after sundown, Uncle Tasso came to our nest and said to us: "You are getting to be such big dogs that I find it uncomfortable to sleep here any longer. I have been accustomed to a bed and will sleep there hereafter."

"Oh! Uncle Tasso, please tell us a story before you go," we cried.

Uncle Tasso's Story.  
 "Well, I'll tell you a true story about a dog that saved the life of a little girl who had fallen into deep water. He brought her out safely, but left the impression of his teeth on her arm. The father of the child thought the dog vicious, and ordered him killed, but his master said, 'No, I will send him out of town,' which he did.

Some people said that a dog that had done such a good deed should be free from license the rest of his days. Now, one night, when I come again I will tell you another story."

The following evening Uncle Tasso found us waiting outside our nest in the bright moonlight, so he began the story at once.

"One very dark and stormy night we had all been in bed for hours; your mother was here at that time and you were little pups, just large enough to be full of mischief. You were all nestled around your mother, sound asleep, dreaming, no doubt, of rabbit's chipmunks, rats and so forth. Presently footsteps were heard on the piazza and some one took off a window blind, and in so doing let it fall with a loud bang.

"At once Spry, a little dog we always looked upon as worthless, barked so loudly that they all ran for their lives, tumbling over the fence, breaking the pickets and doing other damage. From that night little Spry had the respect of all the does on the place."

**The Prize-Winner.**  
 Our master missed our mother so much that he concluded to have another English greyhound and sent to a dog fancier to purchase one for him. He was willing to pay a good price, provided the animal was perfect in every way.

After a few days the man sent word that he had for sale the prize dog at the bench show, and would bring her around the next day.

We were all out in the grounds in the afternoon playing, when a man came to the big gate, bringing with him a beautiful dog. We all ran to meet her, for she was our mother, and she looked once more on the beautiful green grass and drank again from the clear running brook—Auntie Salts, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

**Find the Pole Star.**  
 Place a needle against a strong horse-shoe magnet over night. The next morning set the needle afloat in a basin of water, and if the stars are shining that evening carry your compass outdoors and the needle will point out to you the beautiful Pole star, to which mariners very often used to pray. Turn the needle as much as you please, it will ever swing to its proper position, but that position will not be just in a line with the North Pole. Why? Because the earth is itself an enormous magnet, and it influences even

within the clutches of a cat. She cast about wildly in her mind for some occupation to begin the first day. She regarded bitterly that she had not arranged some definite plan of campaign. Then her face brightened. She would find out what the children already knew. Question followed question, touching on divers subjects.

"Now, who knows what a skeleton is?" asked the teacher, smiling coaxingly.

The little girl wearing the pink gingham apron and occupying the back seat waved her hand wildly and worked her mouth in frantic endeavor to get "teacher" to look at her.

"Well, what is it?"

"A skeleton," said the tot, twisting her apron in her fingers, "is a man who has his insides outside and his outside off."—Denver Times.

## His Idea of It.

**Miss Buttercup's Party.**  
 One day, says a story-teller in the New York Herald, Miss Buttercup thought she would like a party, so her mother said she might give one on the lake that evening.

They sent out the invitations, written on pieces of bark, and in the evening the party arrived and formed into a procession on the lake.

First came Miss Pansy, who had for a partner Mr. Butterfly; then came Miss Clover, with Mr. Bee, and Lilles and Daisies and Hollyhocks and numerous other flowers, and insects, all sailing on water lily leaves, with here and there a

**In Too Much Hast.**  
 A Blackbird met a Squirrel one day:  
 "How do you do?" said she;  
 "But, indeed, I need not ask you that,  
 You're well, I plainly see;  
 For round as apples are your cheeks—  
 Yes, round as round can be.  
 But, pray, sir, have you lost your tongue?  
 Why don't you answer me?"  
 The Squirrel smiled a crooked smile,  
 And then essayed to speak.  
 When, lo! one fell fair nut  
 And grain from either cheek.  
 "Well, I declare!" the Blackbird cried,  
 As off she quickly flew,  
 "I will not stop a moment more  
 With such a fraud as you."  
 "Oh, ho!" the Squirrel said; "if she  
 Had made a longer stay,  
 She'd learn that squirrels carry home  
 Their marinating nut way.  
 A fraud, indeed!" And then he picked  
 Up all the nuts and grain,  
 And stuffed them in his cheeks until  
 They were quite plump again.  
 —Margaret Rylands, in New York Tribune.

## HIS EVIL CAREER ENDED

**Incident of a Famous Wolf Drive, in Which "Old Three-Toes" Parted With His Knavish Life.**

Readers of "The Boys and Girls" page of The Sunday Oregonian, who perused the story which appeared in the issue of September 18, entitled "Stupendous Wolf Drive," by "M. A. Fayorist," will be interested in the present narration of an incident of that memorable "round-up," mention of which was omitted on the Sunday in question because of lack of space.

It will be remembered that the settlers of Grand Prairie succeeded in driving the wolves and other wild animals into a small, circumscribed space for slaughter, and that few of the frightened creatures escaped. Circumstances of the story, the author says:

**Chase of Old Three-Toes.**  
 "But the most thrilling occurrence of the day and which interested and gratified all the people of the country side, was the capture of the large, old, gray wolf that had been the terror of every sheepfold and pigsty on every farm around the Grand Prairie. Everybody knew him and his track. He had been caught in a steel trap and had lost a leg, and all efforts to free him had failed. The people shouted when they saw 'Old Three-Toes' in the ring: 'He'll eat no more sheep.' But what was their disappointment when they saw him dash through the lines!"

"There, the old thief had outwitted us again," was the despairing cry.

"But no, not yet. Two brave youngsters, on fast horses, rode the wolf's arms of any kind, gave chase. On, on they sped! but as long as 'Old Three-Toes' could be seen by the multitude as he scampered over the rolling hills, he seemed to be gaining on the growing crowd."

"The old gray rascal is too long-winded for us!" shouted one of the boys in despair.

"But I shall not give him up," cried the other, in reply; "I see he begins to weaken."

"At the end of two miles the lad was close upon the wolf. Another half mile and he was running over the growing, snapping beast, for, by this time, the panting old beast had become angry and showed fight."

"Now," thought the determined youth, "he shall I capture this ferocious brute without pistol or club!"

**Death of the Wolf.**  
 "The lad was not of the sort, especially by the advantage he had gained, to give up the chase, and he was, moreover, like all youngsters brought up on the prairie, clever of resources. Reaching down, he seized the strap from which was suspended one of the big, heavy steel stirrups of his horse's saddle, and unhooked it. Grasping the lower end of the strap, he wound it about his hand and delivered a tremendous blow with the heavy stirrup upon the upturned head of the snarling wolf. 'Three-Toes' fell over, but, partially regaining his feet, made a fight, until again the stirrup descended upon his head, when again he went down, this time to stay, while the lad, now afoot, bore out his last seconds of life from his shaggy, bloody carcass."

"After a few moments' rest, the youngster flung the body of the wolf across his horse's withers, and remounting, rode back to the ring with his prize. There he was given a grand reception, people cheering and running up to grasp his hand and congratulate him for having so pluckily rid the community of 'Old Three-Toes' the most fierce and daring of all the wild beasts destroyed in the day's hunt."

**To Make a Doll's Bed.**  
 A pretty doll bed can be made from a grape basket. Remove the handle and replace one-third of the way from the end. Line the basket neatly with silk-line or cheese cloth, and wind the handle with a strip of the same, and again with narrow ribbon, ending in a bow at each end of the handle. Put a ruffle edged with narrow lace, around the outside of the basket.

Inclose the short end by fastening a canopy of the material used to handle and edge of the basket. Fasten lace edged curtains to the top of the handle, drawing to either side, where they may be tied with ribbon. Cover a piece of paste-board to fit the bottom of the basket, and the bed is ready for mattress, pillow, etc. It is fine enough for the queen of all the dolls.

**Enigma.**  
 My first is in drawer, but not in write;  
 My second is in quarrel, but not in fight;  
 My third is in all, but not in none;  
 My fourth is in waves, but not in one;  
 My fifth is in eat, but not in drink;  
 My sixth is in ponder, but not in think;  
 My whole is a thing to be kept in order.

eyes told me in unspeakable language of the love, pride and joy that she felt in the possession of her new puppies.

She was a beautiful English greyhound, and very much admired by persons who considered themselves good judges of dogs. I soon learned from their conversation that I was the most valuable animal, and could see that my mother felt grieved because my brothers and sisters were not fondled and petted as much as myself. (Mothers have no preferences.) We all enjoyed ourselves very much rolling and tumbling about upon our poor mother, because, nearly exhausted in trying to get us to sleep.

Every day other dogs on the place would come and look into the box we called our home, and talk about us to each other; and I overheard one dog say to our mother: "You will have to look out for that puppy (meaning me) or some one will steal it."

After he had gone I said to my mother: "I hate that dog; I wish he would never come here again."

"Hush, hush!" she said; "that is Uncle Tasso, from Bee Creek, and he is of very fine breed. Did you not notice his beautiful form and color?"

**Became Good Friends.**  
 After that we came to be very good friends, and he told us how to look for the train which brought our master from the city. So, when evening came, we all watched for him, and we would all run to the front gate to welcome him home, for he always had a kind word and caress for us all.

When we were several months old, we were out on the lawn playing, when suddenly our mother started off on a run, and we all watched and wondered where she could be going; but very soon she came back with a fat hen, telling us we would find it very good eating. We enjoyed it very much, but when our master came home he was very angry, and said, "Daisy must go." So a strange man came and took her away.

Our mother talked a long time with us the day she left us, and said: "This is the last time I shall look on you as a true story of a dog that saw some thieves stealing clothes that were left to dry on the line over night, and who drove away the thieves and took the clothes in his mouth to his kennel for safe keeping. Then he said we should keep watch of our master's property just the same as did that faithful dog."

**Sleepy and Tired.**  
 After a while we began to feel sleepy and tired, so we all huddled up around Uncle Tasso, and it was the last we knew, until morning, but as soon as we were awake and found our mother away, we felt so badly that we could not help whining and crying.

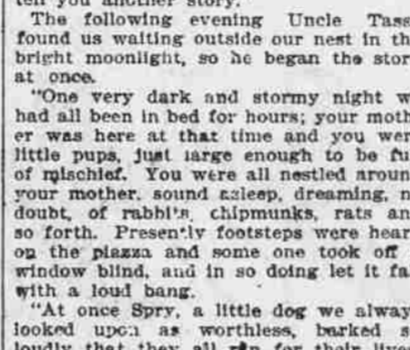
Presently one of the dogs on the place came along and said, "Rats." At that

time the Clivil War was hit by a piece of shell, which split his skull so that one side was loosened. The driver turned him loose, but when the horse saw the team he had worked with being driven back for ammunition he ran to his old place and galloped back with the rest, says "Our Dumb Animals."

When an officer pushed him aside to have another horse put in, he gazed at the new one with a most sorrowful expression in his eyes. Then he seemed to realize that the battle was no more for him, and he walked away and laid down and died. The officer declared that it was a broken heart that killed him.

## HOW THEY LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"Papa is afraid some man will marry me for my money. Do you think anyone would?"  
 "Some men will do almost anything for money."



A tiny needle, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

## She Describes It.

It was the first day at school. The bell had tapped and the little people of the secondary primary were sitting upright in their seats, hands properly folded and with round eyes fixed on the new teacher, taking a mental inventory.

She was a bit nervous. It was her first school. The children made her "fidgety"; they stared at her so hard and watched her so narrowly.

She began to feel like a mouse that is

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.



placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.



placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

## THE LITTLE FLIRT.



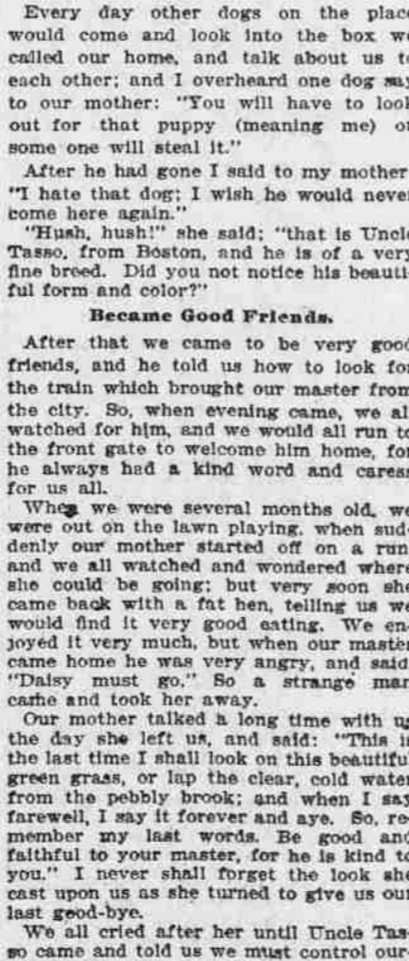
placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

## THE LITTLE FLIRT.



placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

## THE LITTLE FLIRT.



placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

## THE LITTLE FLIRT.



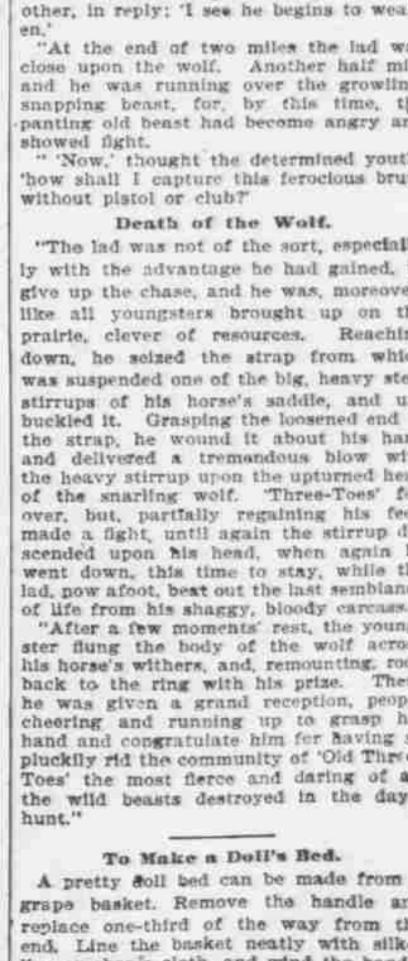
placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

## THE LITTLE FLIRT.



placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.

## THE LITTLE FLIRT.



placed on a table, turning it a trifle to the left, that is to the northwest of the star. It was the clever Chinese who discovered this simple compass.