

PATSY'S BUBBLE PARTY

EVERY once in a while a little girl came to visit at the Newtons' with her grandmother. Her name was Henrietta Esterly, and her grandmother's name was Mrs. Marmaduke. Really they weren't any relation to the Newtons, but Patsy always called her Aunt Sarah, and spoke of Henrietta as her little cousin.

Henrietta was a very pretty child about 6 years old. She had long black curls which had to be made on a stick and took three-quarters of an hour to do. They were very prim and glossy all the morning and very frizzy all the afternoon, and had to be repaired for dinner. In fact, Henrietta was prim and glossy all over, being very much scrubbed and very stiffly starched. She was the kind of a little girl who couldn't play many games for fear of getting mussed.

Patsy tried hard to be patient and to look out for Henrietta, but she did love to play "prisoner's game" and "pom pom pull away" and all the other rough games that the boys would let her into, and so often she had to tell Henrietta to sit on the front steps with her doll and watch the game, and sometimes Henrietta cried and made a nasty little fuss.

One day when she did this Patsy's meanest flash of temper got hold of her tongue and she said some of the coarsest possible things to Henrietta, and the child burst into tears and ran to her grandmother.

At first Patsy was going to go and apologize, but she wasn't really sorry, so she tossed her head in the air and ran off and had a most gorgeous afternoon playing baseball in a vacant lot with Julie Denton and the whole crowd of boys.

Coming home, however, her conscience began to hurt her a little. What would her mother say? What would Aunt Sarah say? She idolized Henrietta so that she was always cross to any one who took the least occasion to criticize her.

There was trouble, of course. Mrs. Newton gave Patsy one of her sad, disappointed tone scoldings, the kind that hurt a good deal worse than a spanking, and of course Patsy ended by sniffling and saying she was sorry she had been cross.

Her mother admitted in return that Henrietta was spoiled and had never played with other children, but that Patsy must try to teach her how.

It hurt like sixty to do it, but Patsy marched in to Aunt Sarah like a soldier



First was a prize for the biggest

She talked it over with her mother in the morning, and Mrs. Newton was very much pleased. Henrietta was quite ecstatic, and Aunt Sarah beamed generously.

Then Patsy went out and invited all the boys and girls she knew that were Henrietta's age to come to a bubble party Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Newton gave the money for the

blipes. Aunt Sarah asked to be allowed to buy the prizes, and Mrs. Newton said she would attend to the refreshments.

Jim asked to be allowed to taste the soap and water to see if it was strong enough. He said he did not see where else he came in.

Sixteen children arrived promptly at 2 o'clock. They were all as pink and clean as the bubbles they blew. Patsy had made the suds the night before with castile soap and glycerine, and they were fine. The glycerine made such beautiful colors and such big bubbles.

The children all knelt, sat or stood on chairs around the dining room table, which was covered with cloth so that they could roll their bubbles along it like balls. At first they blew just in random. Then when some of the children who hadn't done it before learned how prizes were offered.

My! but such excitement! First was a prize for each one who outblow his partner. Then came prizes for the smallest bubble, then for the one with the loveliest color, for the one which lasted longest, for the largest double bubble, and so on.

Mrs. Newton and Aunt Sarah were the judges, and so cleverly did they manage the contests that when they were over every child in the party had two prizes and was absolutely happy and content.

The prizes were such dear funny things, little dolls and dust pans and doll's furniture and whistles and tops and jack-knives—every kind of thing that girls and boys especially adore.

When the bubble blowing was done they all went into the parlors and played "Going to Jerusalem" and "London Bridge" until they were invited back into the dining room.

Such a supper as they had! Bouillon, hot in cups, and cold chicken with creamed potatoes, and the loveliest ice cream in every different kind of fruit shape—peaches and strawberries.

While they were eating there was a funny noise outside the window and when Patsy looked out she found Jim and George Martin and all the big boys pecking in to try to see some of the fun.

Mrs. Newton said there was plenty of cream left, so when the children went into the parlors again the boys were invited in and fed. Patsy told them it was a consolation prize for being too big and that it paid them back for all the things they did and wouldn't let it children into any special favors.

It was quite dark by this time, so after the boys finished their ice cream they took all the children home.

And through it all Henrietta acted like a real little lady and always acted like she was a big girl. Patsy was forced to admit it. So she always remembered to keep her temper after that and to treat Henrietta as if she was as nice to play with as Laura Martin.

pushed roughly at the tiny door, grumbling when she found it locked. It was soon opened by the sparrow himself. She crowded past him into the parlor and sat down heavily in the most comfortable chair, where she felt at home.

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After a while she began to grow impatient for her present, and, as she asked outright for it.

At this her little host left the room and returned with two baskets and set them before her. When a moment's hesitation she took the heavier one, and never saying a word of thanks, hurried home as fast as she could.

When she reached the but it was getting late and she saw her husband's figure in the distance. Tired as she was, she hastened to open the basket before he arrived.

The instant she lifted the cover several horrible and ferocious monsters leaped out, and an enormous serpent, covered with long, red hairs, coiling itself around her, strangled her in two minutes!

When he arrived home and opened his basket he found that it was filled with treasure—gold, silver, gems, a great bag of money, a coat and hat which would make the wearer invisible, coral, crystals, books and all manner of valuables.

The old man was overcome with gratitude. But his mean old wife wanted a basket of her very own, and then till she had it she would not let him go.

So the next day she put on her straw sandals and set off for the sparrow's home. It was a long walk, and she began to grow tired and cross.

"Mr. Sparrow would better give me something good for visiting his old hen-cow," she muttered angrily. "Oh, there he is!" And at a turn in the path she came upon the little house and she

make an early start as they were going to walk across the fields. They had not gone far when a noise caused them to look back, and they saw the two small figures of their beloved pets not far behind them.

They knew it would never do to take such playmates with them, so with a

DOG that prepares hash, sharpens knives and freezes ice cream is one of the sights of the little town of Orange, Mass. He is owned by Charles W. Reed. The dog's name is Percy, but he has the steady, industrious qualities of a John, and Mr. Reed says he is worth two kitchen maids.

Mr. Reed has constructed a machine of the treadmill pattern, and into this the dog cheerfully trots as soon as things are ready for his share of the work. The machine is attached to a shaft, which can be connected by belts to a grindstone, a meat chopper and an ice cream freezer, and sometimes the animal, which is a fine St. Bernard, walks dignifiedly in this treadmill half the morning, making Hamburg steak, sharpening knives, preparing hash, chopping up onions or freezing ice cream.

He thoroughly enjoys his work, and no other dog can tempt him away with invitations to come out and fight, roam the fields in search of woodchucks or by the news that there are several cats near by to be chased. When his task is over he leaps joyfully out, barks loudly, waves his tail in the air proudly, until Mr. Reed hands him his reward, a big piece of meat and gives him a few words of praise. Then he is ready to play or drowse in the sunshine the rest of the day. His master is planning some new contrivances

whereby the dog can assist in washing the dishes and the clothes, and he says that he believes he has found a solution to the servant problem in the employment of dog labor. He intends to teach other dogs to perform light work.

"I wish I could live on the farm always, grandpa," said Maurice. "I think farm work is fun. What are you going to do today, grandpa?"

"Drop corn down in the meadow patch," "Oh, can I help you?"

"You may drop it in the small patch back of the barn. You'll be tired of it when you have got that done. Run and get one of Aunt Mary's aprons to hold the corn."

A few moments later, arrayed in a call-corn apron, Maurice appeared in the grain-house, and grandpa filled his apron with corn.

"Remember, just seven kernels in each hill, Maurice," called grandpa, as he went into the next meadow.

He counted the kernels with great care and let them drop slowly through his fingers. How pretty the yellow corn looked in the brown earth!

But soon it grew warm. He looked to see how many hills he had filled. Only two rows and a half, and there were seven more.

He decided that there was no use in really counting the kernels. It took too long and he could guess at it just as well. Soon the apron was empty, but there were still three rows.

He ran to grandpa for more corn. "More corn! Why, Maurice, how's this? I gave you enough to fill that patch. Are you sure you put only seven kernels in each hill?"

"I didn't count," faltered Maurice. Grandpa said nothing but walked through the field and looked into the hills. In one were 12, in another 16, and in a third 29 kernels.

"Why, Maurice!" he said. "I'll pick out the extra ones if you want me to," said Maurice reluctantly, for his arms were aching.

"Well, perhaps it will make you more thoughtful next time," replied grandpa. At noontime when Maurice started wearily for the house, grandpa said in merry tones, "Well, little man, have you decided that it's true?"

"What's true, grandpa?" "Oh, that's my riddle, Maurice, and the answer is a proverb. Do you know it, Maurice?"

Maurice thought, and Maurice flushed, and then Maurice looked straight at grandpa. "I'm pretty sure I do know it, now," he said.

SPOTTY'S NURSE GIRL



WHACK, CAME SPOTTY'S PAW.

SPOTTY was a barn cat and the smother of many families. Scarcely had the last children grown to be able to look out for themselves a little and to begin to take lessons in mouse-hunting when along came four blind babies, who cried a great deal and demanded Spotty's constant attention.

Now Spotty had always been a good provider; but a double task stared her in the face: How to feed the helpless newcomers and catch mice enough for herself and the half-grown kittens taxed her ingenuity to the utmost.

Starvation seemed to be staring them in the face, and poor Spotty lay awake all one night trying to hatch up ways and means for keeping the wolf from the door.

Just at dawn a brilliant thought came to her. Some one else must look after the babies while she did the hunting for

game. She must have a nurse girl; that was plain.

"Alvira!" she called, and Alvira, spotted like her mother, stopped playing with her ball and came at her call.

"Alvira, I want you to take care of the children while I go after mice."

"Oh, mother, I want to play with my ball. Those little blind things can't get into any mischief."

"Alvira, get into the box and stay there till I get back!"

Alvira dared not disobey when mother spoke so that tone, so she climbed in, grumbling, and Spotty started for the field.

But Spotty knew too much of cat nature not to take a look after affairs, so she crept back and peeped in at the barn door. Alvira was just popping her head over the top of the box.

"Mother needn't think I'm going to spend my precious time looking after those good-for-nothing little squirming things when there's that lovely spot of sunshine creeping in at the stable window," and Alvira leaped out and began to play with her black and white ball.

Before she knew what struck her, whack! came Spotty's paw against her ear.

"Get back into that box! (Whack!) 'Now stay there and take care of those children!' (Whack!)"

And Alvira stayed; and every morning after, till the kittens had their eyes open, she tended them faithfully; and every morning on her mother's return she was rewarded with a fine fat mouse.

A Little Story for Very Little Ears.

One little pig went to market, you know. What do you suppose that the little pig thought? Why, a pig, of course, and he got a very curly one from a nice little girl, and then he bought a ring, and the foolish piggy put it into his nose instead of on his finger. So there!

The cow jumped over the moon, you know. But where in goodness did the cow jump to? Will you tell me that? I know. Why, she jumped into the milky way.

Do you know where the dish ran to when he ran away with the spoon?

They ran into the butler's pantry and formed a partnership, and the next time you eat porridge or ice cream or other nice things just you notice and you will see that the dish and the spoon are doing business together the same as ever.

And what became of the tune that the old cow died of? Why, it jinks a brass band and took lodgings in the drum. The very next time you hear a brass band, just you listen, and when you hear something deep and loud and awful go "Boom! Boom! Boom!" that's the tune the old cow died of.

And that's all!

GIFT OF THE LITTLE SPARROW

A PRETTY little sparrow made his home with an old, childless couple in the village. The man thought the world of him, but the woman was stingy and ill tempered, and grudging their guest the petting and the food.

One day when she was busy with the washing, the sparrow thoughtlessly pecked at her bowl of starch. Instantly the old nag rushed at him, seized the poor frightened creature by the neck, and cut off his wings.

Then she threw him into a washtub and screamed:

"Take a taste of that water if you are hungry, you greedy old bird!"

The sparrow fluttered from the water and flew to the woods with the blood dripping from his bill.

When the old man returned home and his wife told him what she had done, his heart was almost broken. He searched the woods, calling the sparrow, but mortis passed away and he despaired of ever seeing it again. Then one day he heard a familiar note, and there was his long-lost friend, advancing to meet him and bowing low at every hop!

The sparrow led the way to a nice little house hidden among the bushes, and took his former master into the

dearest and tiniest garden you ever saw. Soon his wife came out carrying

delicious meal was placed before the old man. The dainty little teacup seemed to hold more than his old cracked mug at home.

They begged him to stay with them a few days, and the time passed pleasantly in conversation, feasting and games.

At last he dared remain away from home no longer, and the sparrow brought in two large rattan baskets and prayed him to accept a parting gift.

He lifted first one and then the other, and finding that there was a great deal of difference in their weight, selected the lighter one, because he did not want too much.

When he arrived home and opened his basket he found that it was filled with treasure—gold, silver, gems, a great bag of money, a coat and hat which would make the wearer invisible, coral, crystals, books and all manner of valuables.

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WRECK OF THE MARY JANE

THE BOY had a boat. That is, he called it a boat. For a long time he used it as a boat. Little Sister couldn't go alone in her. Little Sister had to go and ball her out while he rowed; and she had to work pretty fast, too, because the boat leaked. 'Twasn't a little bit of a one-needle leak, either. When they pushed off from shore, little fountains shot up all along the cracks, and it was ball or sink for the Boy and Little Sister.

The Mary Jane, for so they named her, was what you might call unseaworthy, and a ship inspector would have condemned her as dangerous.

But under the circumstances she was quite safe enough. Nowhere did her regular route lie over more than two feet of water, and Little Sister had a very large dipper.

Then, too, they never went rowing without putting on their oldest clothes; and it was great fun to "skwush" their bare toes in the water while they worked at pump and engine.

Many a beautiful ride they took. Many strange countries they visited. The Mary Jane plied regularly between the Stone Dock and the Elder

Mill. The Stone Dock was the home port and the Elder was France.

Then there was the stop at the Big Leg to take on fuel, and the stop under the Aspen Tree to take on cargoes; the stop at the Sandstone Rock for provisions, and the stop at Sandy Beach to run the Mary Jane into the dry dock, or, in other words, to turn her upside down when the water got ahead of Little Sister's balling.

One morning the Mary Jane started out under a good head of steam. The Boy was more than usually vigorous, and Little Sister felt equal to balling out the ocean. The day was fine and the prospects good for a fair voyage.

As the Boy stepped in, the middle board creaked a little, so he put his feet on each side and cautioned Little Sister. "Don't step on that middle board, Mary. Wait till I ship my oars before you get in. Now I'm ready. Showe her off."

"See's stuck."

"Give her a good old shove, and I'll jerk. Now! One, two, three. Clutch on and jump in. There we go!"

Little Sister clambered all fours onto the stern seat, and the Boy gave a long pull, and a strong pull, when all of a sudden the oars broke, and the Boy heeled over backward on his head.

"Oh!" laughed Little Sister. "You caught a crab."

The boy jumped to reach the piece of oar that was floating away, and in doing so he stepped on the middle board. Crack she went, and the water gushed up in pallful.

No more could Little Sister keep the Mary Jane afloat with her trusty dipper. She deliberately settled down as if she were tired of much voyaging and longed to rest. When she struck bottom Little Sister and the Boy were up to their waists in water.

So the dear old Mary Jane was shipwrecked; but do you think that was the last of her? Not by any means.

How Tim and Zip Went.

Tim and Zip were two handsome and enterprising pet coons, the constant companions and playmates of Ruth and James Saunders.

There was not a little excitement among the children one morning, when an invitation came to Jamie and Ruth to a birthday party from their little neighbor, John Brown.

John lived on an adjoining farm about a mile distant. Tim and Zip were ready in time to



"OH! YOU CAUGHT A CRAB."



The Crocodile's Smile.

Said a merry and gay crocodile: Who lived in the world old Nile: "I oftentimes hear: People speak of my tear. But what do they think of my smile? They should mention that once in a while."

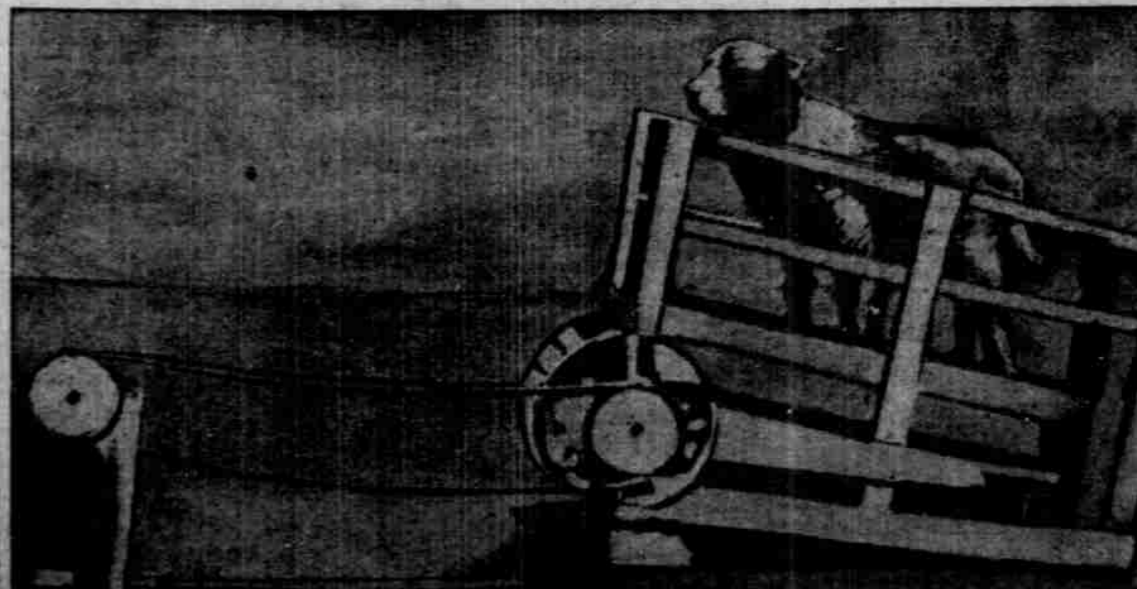
good deal of reluctance they threw some bits of sod and small sticks at the two coons, driving them back, as they thought.

The children then went their way, and in the excitement of the party forgot the animals.

By and by Mrs. Brown announced supper. A tray of delicious ice cream was brought in and distributed among the guests.

All at once the children heard peals of laughter from the outside, and ran out to see what was the matter. A strange scene met their eyes.

Sitting by the two freezers were Tim and Zip, solemnly helping themselves, dipping up the ice cream with their little black paws.



THE MORE HASTE THE LESS SPEED