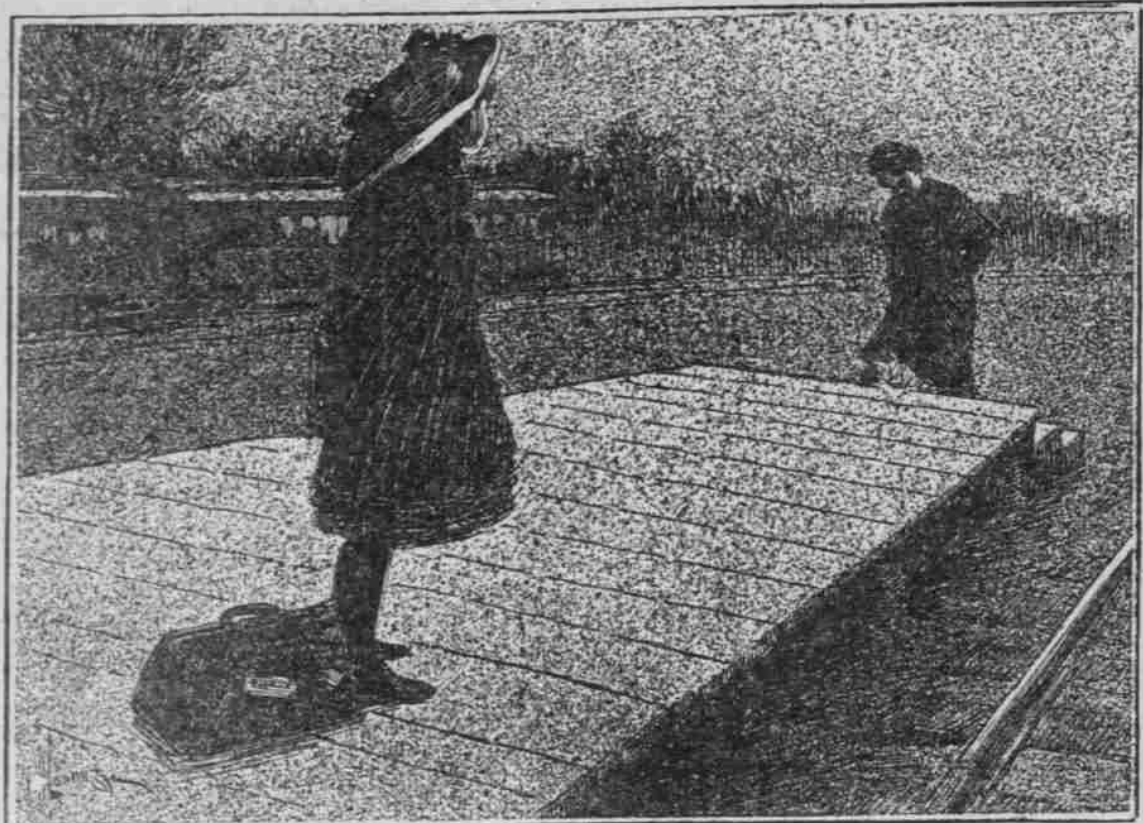


OUR BOYS and GIRLS

Little Drusilla's Third Grandmother



SAW AN OLD LADY COMING UP ON THE STATION.

“BY ALICE LATIMER.
CHANGE cars at Jackson Junction,” said the conductor.

Drusilla nodded and looked dreamily out of the window at the unfamiliar landscape, while she wondered what it really would be like at her grandmother's—her grandmother on her papa's side—to whom she was going for her Thanksgiving vacation. She had come all the way from New York to make the visit, and now the train was fast leaving Chicago behind back on the main line, from which branched out the suburban road which passed through Wallingford, the little town where her grandmother on her papa's side had lived ever since she, Drusilla, was a baby.

Drusilla herself had lived in Paris and in London and only for a year past in New York. Her grandmother on her mamma's side, with whom she lived, was fond of traveling, and that was why Drusilla, a big girl of it now, had never made her grandmother's acquaintance. She did not know much more about “Thanksgiving” than she did about Africa or her other grandmother, because she had always spent the holiday either in a hotel or in traveling, or perhaps in boarding school, and none of these places are likely to give one a very accurate idea of Thanksgiving—a real American Thanksgiving. That was one of the reasons that her grandmother Dalton was so anxious to have her pay the visit promised for so many years at the time of the Thanksgiving holidays, and so, since grandmother Dalton was the traveling one, didn't care to come so far, Drusilla was making the journey alone.

It was getting dark and the landscape was sparsely visible from the back of the car any longer, so Drusilla drew from her bag the bulky letter that she had received from her papa and mamma just before she left New York. Not every little girl has a papa who hunts orchids in equatorial swamps and a mamma who accompanies him on these perilous and interesting journeys. Whenever Drusilla received one of the wonderfully fascinating letters telling all about the adventures and the orchids she counted her blessings and felt that she was the most favored girl on earth, although there were other times when the other girls' mothers and fathers had her home with tea, for instance, when she almost wished that she had more ordinary parents instead of the orchid-hunting kind. Now, however, she was in New York, and she was reading the bulky letter as an fascinating as a fairy tale, in which her own parents figured truthfully as hero and heroine.

Perhaps that was why the time passed so quickly until the train came to a long stop and a passing employe of the road said, “Nothing but a junction here, Drusilla. Drusilla looked up startled. Everybody had left the car. She remembered what the conductor had said about the junction.

“Is this the junction?” she called after the man who had spoken to her.

But the man did not hear her, and hastily gathering up her bag, Drusilla disembarked. The train ran up on a siding and Drusilla found herself on a little platform all alone, with not a person in sight anywhere. Evidently no one had come to meet her, and there was no ticket agent in the station, which was a small one, such as are only opened at train times.

“I will wait,” said Drusilla bravely. “Surely someone will come for me.”

She waited patiently. The train man left the cars, and she saw them going away in the dusk and had an impulse to call after them, but did not do so.

Then to her relief she heard footsteps, and, looking around, saw an old lady coming up on the station. She was a thin old lady, with a sweet, sad face, and Drusilla ran toward her eagerly. “Oh,” she cried, “are you my grandma?”

“I couldn't get over just the moment the train stopped,” explained the old lady, “because you see, I was getting supper, and I was afraid the things would burn, but I knew you couldn't very well get lost in such a little place.”

She kissed Drusilla and gave her a warm welcome. Then, taking her by the hand, she led the way across a piece of waste land to a tiny little tumble-down house back some distance from the station.

It was the smallest house Drusilla had ever been in—the very smallest. There were only two rooms, and both of them had very few chairs and were not much larger than Drusilla's little hall bedroom at school. It looked as if the roof leaked, too, for in one place the rafters showed through the plaster and there were big stains on the whitewashed walls. But it was very neat and bright. The lamp burned cheerfully and an appetizing smell of fried potatoes greeted Drusilla as she entered. She felt a little surprised that her grandmother should have such a small house and she wondered if she could be so very poor, but there was no doubt that she was a very pleasant grandmother, and Drusilla was quite contented.

For supper there were apple sauce and an egg for Drusilla, besides the fried potatoes. Drusilla also had a sugar cake with a large raisin in it. She noticed that her grandmother had neither an egg nor

a raisin cake, but it never occurred to her to ask why.

After supper Drusilla felt so very tired and sleepy that she fell into a doze, while she was petting the great gray cat, which was her grandmother's, and was awakened by a pleasant voice in her ear saying that perhaps it would be better for her to go to bed and talk things over tomorrow. Drusilla had been wondering all through supper time where she was going to sleep, for she had seen only one bed in the small inner room, and that she had supposed belonged to her grandmother. They had talked very pleasantly about her journey and cat, etc., while they were at supper and her grandmother had not asked her many questions, for she saw Drusilla was a little shy, and wanted to get acquainted in her own way. Once or twice Drusilla caught her looking at her peculiarly, as if she was studying her granddaughter's appearance.

But she did not think much about it and tumbled comfortably into the bed which her grandmother said was to be hers. “I sleep on the couch in the other room,” she explained. Still, in spite of her sleepiness, there was one thing that lurked in the back of Drusilla's mind. How different her grandmother looked from the photograph which had reached them in London three years ago. That lady had been quite imposing, with a jewel at her throat and her white hair piled high in a fashionable coiffure. This lady seemed much smaller and her soft hair was arranged most simply. Still people change very much often in three years, and evidently her grandmother had also grown poor in that time. That would account for her not looking so splendid. The Sand Man refused to wait a minute longer by the time Drusilla had considered the situation thus far, and in a moment she was sound asleep.

However, it all came back to her next morning, when her grandmother came to help her dress. Drusilla's bag had been unpacked and her toilet things were spread out on the window sill. Drusilla saw her grandmother gazing curiously at the contents of the bag.

“It doesn't seem much for a whole two

possible, but if that's your name, then I'm not your grandmother.”

“For goodness sake,” cried Drusilla, jumping out of bed and staring at her wildly. “Then, where is my grandmother?”

“And where,” said the old lady, “is my granddaughter?”

The whole situation seemed incredible. Drusilla could do nothing for a full five minutes but stare at her supposed grandmother, and that lady for the same space of time could do nothing but return the stare.

Then with Drusilla's help she began to reason it out. “My granddaughter,” she said, “started from New York on the same train as you did, and she's got off at the wrong place, while you've come on here when you should have changed at Jackson and gone on to Wallingford. I only hope that my granddaughter has found your grandmother, but it isn't likely. The only thing for us to do is to find some lady who's going to Wrightsville—that's the nearest place we can telegraph—and get them to send a telegram to your grandmother. There's no train out of here today, because it's a holiday, so you'll have to stay here until Friday. You see I'd never seen my granddaughter before, either. She's coming out to me because her parents are dead and she's going to live here with me right along. I only hope she's as sweet natured as you seem to be, my dear.” And the kind old lady beamed on Drusilla and patted her as if she really wished she were her granddaughter.

Mrs. Creighton—for that was the name of Drusilla's hostess—soon found someone who was going to Wrightsville and who would take the telegram to Drusilla's grandmother, and the station agent at Wrightsville had an answering telegram, saying that Mrs. Creighton's granddaughter was safe in the care of the station agent's wife at Jackson Junction and that she would be sent along next day. So it was not very long before their minds were relieved of anxiety.

“Perhaps,” she said, “turkeys are expensive.”

“They are, rather,” confessed Mrs. Creighton.

“Oh,” cried Drusilla, “but I have lots of money and I'm going to buy the Thanksgiving dinner.”

And this she persisted in doing in spite of all Mrs. Creighton's efforts to dissuade her. The end of the line isn't a very good place to buy provisions, especially on a holiday morning, but a personal acquaintance with the shopkeeper is of great assistance, and even pumpkin pie of the good old-fashioned brand may be bought from neighbors in an emergency.

So Drusilla had a Thanksgiving dinner such as was never surpassed even in after years in her own grandmother's stately mansion, for Mrs. Creighton was a most accomplished cook of old-fashioned dainties, and when the repast was finally ready somewhat late in the afternoon no real American need have felt ashamed to see it set before a king. Besides there was the spice of adventure attached to this Thanksgiving dinner that she herself had bought.

When Drusilla said good-by next morning, she said, “Now, I have three grandmothers,” as she gave Mrs. Creighton a parting hug. And in after years, whether she spent a holiday with her Illinois grandmother in the country or with her traveling grandmother in a great hotel, or with her parents in some interesting outpost of civilization near the crowded belt, she never forgot her third grandmother, and always sent a message and a box of gifts to remind her of what she declared was her introduction to an American Thanksgiving.

DOLLS OF ALL NATIONS

NOTHING is more fun for a little girl who has grown tired of her doll family than to make them into a family of all nations by dressing them in suitable national costumes.

There may be any number of dolls in the doll family—the more the merrier—and it isn't at all necessary that they should be young or fresh, or even whole, when the family is started. A one-eyed doll, or one with one leg or eye, will do very nicely for a German soldier who has seen service, or even for one of our own sailors or soldiers who has been to the sea. A battered doll, long past first youth, with scanty locks and a damaged nose, will not look out of place as an old peasant woman in the costume of one of the countries of Europe. There should be Chinese and Japanese dolls, whose costumes are not hard to make. If one has no real Oriental expression to start with it is not difficult to make it by a little attention to the eyebrows and the hair. For the eyebrows the water-color paints will be useful. There should be a black-haired Spanish lady in a mantilla and a torador; if possible, a colored “Dinah” and an Indian squaw; French, German, Austrian, Hungarian and Russian peasants; Turks, savage Africans and South Sea Islanders. All these are necessary in a very complete collection, but of course they can be collected gradually or made over from discarded dolls of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is perfectly possible to paint the white dolls black, brown, yellow or copper colored, and to dye, friz or braid their hair into suitable ways. Care must be taken, however, to see that the eyes are dark when the dark-eyed nations are to be represented.

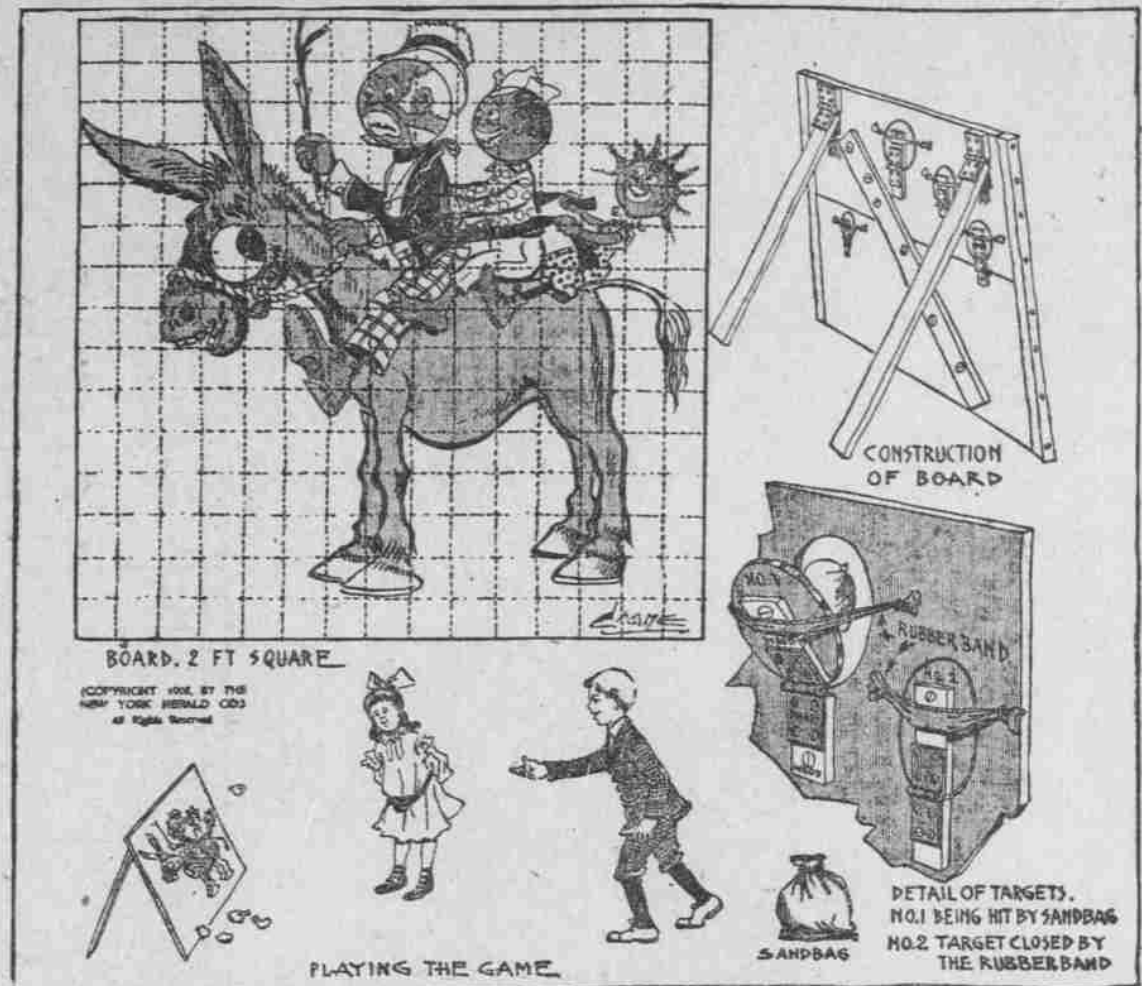
Gentleman Doll Speaks His Mind.

Amanda is the Paris doll. Belinda came from Berlin; Amanda's locks are straight and black, Belinda's brown and curling. Amanda wears the smartest frocks, Belinda's are too rummy; Amanda's always smartly gowned, Belinda's always mussy. Amanda has vivacious ways, Belinda's so retiring. And yet I like Belinda best. Her gaze is so admiring.

A Busy Little Chap.

It has been ascertained that the mouse, THE mouse exports of Japan have increased in quantity five times in one year.

A Game That Will Interest You



BY UNCLE DICK.

THE woodshed was a mighty pleasant place when Uncle Dick arrived on Saturday morning. It was a raw November day, but Tommy had a nice warm fire in the stove, beside which the old gentleman was soon seated.

“Does it occur to you that Christmas will soon be here?” he asked Tommy.

“Well, I guess yes. I dreamed about Santa Claus last night. I met the old gentleman on the street and he asked me to help him check up a lot of toys. Goodness gracious! I worked so hard on the job that I woke up this morning with a headache.”

“I guess that mince pie you ate for dinner last night put you on that job,” laughed Uncle Dick. “Now, I think it's high time you started a little Santa Claus factory of your own. Of course, you recall those Nelson boys you met at the farm during vacation. Don't you remember? They took you fishing with them, showed you how to trap bobolinks and all that sort of thing.”

“Indeed I do,” replied Tommy. “And you bet I'm going to send them a nice Christmas present.”

“Well,” said Uncle Dick, “here's a drawing of a game that will tickle them to death. It hasn't got any name that I ever heard of, but it's a whole lot of fun. Bill Smith invented it and we boys such had one at home. First you want to get a smooth board, one-half an inch thick and, say, 13 inches wide. By nailing strips on the ends you make a board two feet square. Paint the face white and draw the lines on with a lead pencil, making one and a half inch squares. Use this picture to make your drawing. Use

that he could hit the donkey's eye right in the center every time at a distance of 20 feet. Well, the following Fall we all went as usual to the county fair. Among the catchpenny games to separate the farmers from their money was a cane ringing outfit. Of course the canes that were easy to ring were worth about 2 cents a dozen. But as a bait the man had a half dozen or so silk umbrellas, the handles being of a size that made it next to impossible to throw a ring over them. While we were looking on, a boy, by the merest luck, threw a ring over the best one of the lot. Although the man running the game had been doing a land-office business all day, getting about a dollar apiece for penny canes, he refused to give the boy the umbrella, making the ridiculous claim that he had leaned over too far when he threw the ring. This made us all mad, and Bill

Smith thought of a scheme to get even with the man. Bill's father was one of the directors of the fair and we hunted him up. Bill told him about the swindler and also his plan to get square. This is how we did it. First Deacon Smith sauntered up and made himself known to the faker, and while they were talking up stepped Louie Boggs and bought six rings for cents. He made the man show him just where he could stand and got him to say that any article he threw a ring over he could have. Then Mr. Louie calmly proceeded to ring five silk umbrellas out of the six rings, one just missing by a hair. My! You should have heard that faker go on! But it was no use. Deacon Smith stood right there and told him if he didn't give up the umbrella he would have him put off the grounds. So we all went home with a silk umbrella, including the boy who was cheated, as Louie gave one to him.”

STORY OF LIGHTHOUSE TOM

AT a certain spot on the New England coast there is a spit or point of land making out from the mainland for half a mile, and at the end of this point there is a lighthouse. It is what is known as a shore light. Fifteen miles away, on either side, are other lighthouses, and, being built on islands four or five miles from the beach, they are known as rock lighthouses. Under the rules of the Government, only men can be employed to care for either rock lighthouses or lightships. As for shore lights, women can and do attend them.

The shore light, of which I am going to tell you, we will call Pleasant Point and one was living on shore all the time and exposed to no danger from the sea.

Half the men in the village, who were all fishermen, had made application for the place, and among some of them felt that it should go to the widow whose husband had held it so long, all were disappointed at not getting it for themselves.

There were two children—Tom and Mary. Tom was 15 and his sister two years younger. The family had removed to the lighthouse as soon as the mother had been in charge and though Tom had become a fisherman, he and Mary attended school in the village a share of the time. Mary was the favorite of her father, they were favorites with all, as they deserved to be. After the mother's appointment to the lighthouse the feeling toward them changed. Men and women treated them coldly, and other children flouted them.

Point Pleasant was too far from a railroad to be a Summer resort, but a few persons in search of a quiet spot to spend a month or two always found their way there. For two seasons Tom had made considerable money by taking these strangers out in his boat to sail or fish. He had the best boat in the harbor, and there was jealousy also over this. In Summer time, before the mother had been appointed to the lighthouse, the mother alone, gathered shells along the beach and always found buyers for them. Other girls could have done the same, but, though only fishermen's daughters and in some cases very poor, they said they were too proud to do it. More than once they had called Mary a “beach-scraper,” and she had come home to cry about it, but her mother and Tom had always said:

“Never mind what they say. We know what all this means and we afford to pass their words by. If we don't call names in return they will by, and by become ashamed of themselves.”

One afternoon in July, when Mary had been up to the village inn with some shells for a man from Boston, she returned home to report that the children had been unusual rude, and that among them was a lad of 15 who was stopping at one of the cottages with his mother. He had purposely run against her and scattered her shells, and that among the four of them under his feet. The mother was indignant, but had begun to soothe the daughter, when Tom spoke up and said:

“This has gone far enough. I have borne too much. I'd like to be friends with all the boys and girls, and I've tried their words by. If we don't call names in return they will by, and by become ashamed of themselves.”

“But you'll get into trouble,” warned the mother. “I believe there are folks in the village who'd like to see you in jail.”

“Then perhaps they'll see me there. I won't stand it any longer.”

“Perhaps a dozen boys in the town, with the strange boy added, were expecting Tom, and perhaps they had gathered on a vacant lot, and that by accident, but at any rate they were there, and as soon as he made his appearance all set up a yell of derision. They expected him to pass on, as he had always done before, but to their surprise he walked right into their midst and stood looking from one to the other. The boys of the town ceased to grin, for every one of them knew that Tom Deering was a tad of pluck, but the strange boy wanted to show off before them, and he came forward and impudently said:

“What are you doing here, youngster? I didn't hear anybody ask you to stop.”

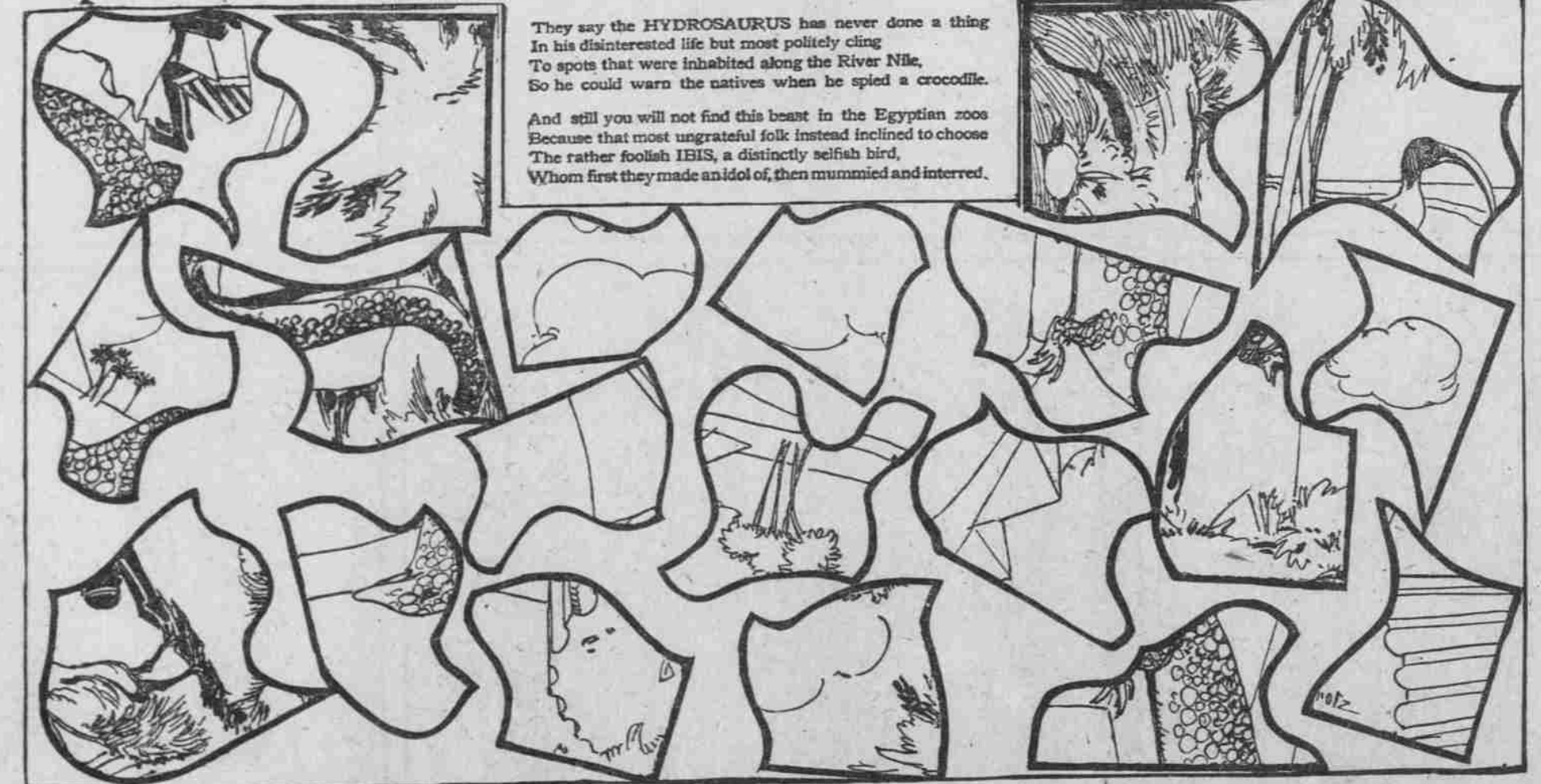
“I stopped because I felt like it,” was the reply.

“Then go on because you feel like it. This will help you.”

And the strange boy knocked Tom's cap from his head and gave him a kick besides. Next minute he was down on his back, with the lighthouse boy on top of him, and being hammered as never before. Tom Deering had woke up.

(To Be Continued.)

Alphabet Animals in Patchwork Picture Puzzles.



To find the animals which are hidden in the patchwork puzzle, proceed along the same lines as in putting together a mosaic puzzle or a jig saw puzzle, for all these puzzles are of exactly the same kind. The verse published with the puzzle tells the story which the picture that is to be made from the 20 pieces illustrates. First cut out the entire mosaic and paste it on heavy wrapping paper before cutting out the separate pieces. This is merely to make it easier to handle the pieces, and it will also make the puzzle last longer. After you have thus reinforced the mosaic, cut out the separate pieces. The white parts are to be cut away. In cutting out the parts which make up the picture be very careful to cut just within the black lines, or the pieces will not fit nicely.

weeks,” laughed Drusilla. “but my trunk is coming tomorrow. They had it expected because you see, I was getting supper, and I was afraid the things would burn, but I knew you couldn't very well get lost in such a little place.”

She kissed Drusilla and gave her a warm welcome. Then, taking her by the hand, she led the way across a piece of waste land to a tiny little tumble-down house back some distance from the station.

“I couldn't get over just the moment the train stopped,” explained the old lady, “because you see, I was getting supper, and I was afraid the things would burn, but I knew you couldn't very well get lost in such a little place.”

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