



The Rocking Chair's Story

"MOTHER, is dinner ready?" cried John as he came in from play.

"In a minute, dear; go and sit in the old rocking chair."

John sat in the chair and in a minute he heard a strange voice saying, "Hello, John." John looked around but as he saw no one he did not answer. "I am the rocking chair; would you like to hear my story?" "Yes," said John, who did not know before that rocking chairs could talk.

"Well," said the chair, "a long time ago my mother, who was a tall pine, lived in a forest. She was one of the family of trees called evergreen because they stay green all the year. Most trees lose their leaves in winter.

"She had many needle-shaped leaves which were arranged in clusters. She belonged to the pine family and so had five needles in each cluster. The Scotch pine has two needles in a cluster, while the pitch pine has three. These needles are from three to 15 inches long. At their base are the withered and scales. "Now all plants and trees have fruits and the fruit of the pine tree is the cone. It is made of scales.

"Under the scales are two little seeds. The squirrels and the Indians like to eat these seeds. Now pine tree seeds are very heavy and if they did not have tiny little wings they would lie where they fall. But because of these wings when the wind blows they fly to other places where they sink into the ground and grow. When they are tall trees men come and cut them. Their wood is made into ships, houses and furniture. Their juice is made into turpentine and resin."

John was about to reply when he heard his mother say, "John, wake up. I've been calling you for five minutes."

POOR LITTLE INCUBATOR CHICK.
Peep, peep, peep, peep.
Who disturbed my sleep?
In my little white house
I was still as a mouse.

When I went to stretch,
What do you think!
It felt apart as quick as a wink;
I ought to have a sweater
Or something of other—

To keep me warm
And protect me from harm.
Peep, peep, peep, peep.
I wish they'd let me sleep.

I think it's an awful mean trick
To make me a poor little incubator chick.
With no mother to nestle me under her wings
Or supply me with other necessary things.

It's an awful big world and I feel so small
To fight it alone, with no one at all
To help me peep, peep, peep.
I'd rather be in my white house
Asleep.

WORD PUZZLES.
Rehearse a synonym for:
Wide and leave a highway.
Cost and leave a food.
To instruct and leave every one.
A seat and leave an instrument of manual labor.
A round dish and leave a wise bird.
A prayer and leave to run.
A boat and leave part of the body.
Hard mass of mineral and leave a sound.

STORIES AND PICTURES FOR THE LITTLE ONES

Bed-Time Stories of Make-Believe Land



DEAR Girls and Boys:
Did you ever at bed-time open a fire and think and think of things until suddenly it seemed as if you were really in the land where all the things were which you were thinking about? Well, this story is about a little girl named Ellie, who sat one afternoon on a great Polar bear rug before the fire in her mother's room; and this is a picture of the place she was thinking about, and this is the way the story begins:

On this Autumn afternoon Ellie lay on the rug and thought about many things. She wondered how Miss Graham, her teacher at school, managed to coil her hair in a pattern like a figure 8. She wondered why a line of her addition sum would come to a different number every time she added it up. She wondered why her boot buttons came

off so frequently, and what made her hair get in tangles, and a great many other things, until at last her eye fell on a big portfolio upon an easel near the window. This portfolio contained sketches by her Uncle Tom, made while exploring in the Arctic regions. Uncle Tom had written a book, and on the cover, after his name, appeared the letters F. R. S., which Ellie knew signified something very grand, indeed. Yet this F. R. S. did not impress Ellie nearly so much as his stories about bears, and seals, and wonderful Arctic birds, and icebergs, and snow fields. The very rug on which Ellie lay was the skin of a huge Polar bear shot by Uncle Tom.

After Ellie's eyes fell on this portfolio her thoughts wandered into Greenland. Ellie closed her eyes, and saw great snow-fields spreading before her, all illuminated by the wonderful northern lights. Ice mountains plunged and sailed in a vast Arctic sea. Soft brown-eyed seals glanced from the water, while strange wide-winged birds uttered their weird cries.

"You are none of you real, you know," said Ellie, keeping her eyes fast shut that she might not lose the picture that her imagination had called up. "You are all dreams, and I could send you every one away if I liked to open my eyes."

"You could not," said a voice, which seemed to come directly under her. "And then, without any more warning, Ellie felt herself lifted by the rug till she had to hold fast to the fur not to fall off."

"Now, where are you?" said the same voice which had spoken before.

"I don't know," cried Ellie, holding fast to the rug, and something has lifted it up."

"You are not on a rug, and nothing has lifted it up. You are on a Polar bear's back, and he lifted himself up."

"Well," said Ellie, much mystified and a little frightened, "you never did it before, you know. I didn't think rugs could know so much."

"That's because you are not a bear, and because you are not a traveler, but only an ignorant little girl. I beg that you will not call me a rug," said the Polar bear, with much dignity. The story goes on to tell how the rug (or the "bear") if you wish to please his Bearship) takes Ellie way up to the country of the North Pole, where she is to meet all the animals at the Arctic Fox' reception—but there! I'm not going to tell you the whole story. There are lots of more lovely stories in this book, which is called *Bedtime Stories of Make-Believe-Land*.

DAVID CORY.

Courtesy the Platt & Peck Company.

SING A SONG OF COOKIES.

Sing a song of cookies
Ready now to bake;
Four and twenty raisins
In a raisin cake.

Molly, dear, and Polly,
Are the little cooks
In their linen pinafores
Reading cookery books.

When the cake was ready
They began to sing:
"Isn't this a dainty dish
To set before a King?"

Father in the library
Reading daily news,
Mother in the nursery
Fixing baby's shoes.

When they heard the laughter
Of the little cooks,
Both stood in the doorway
With inquiring looks.

Bridget in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
Ran into the kitchen
On her lippy toes;

There stood Moll and Polly
Stirring in a bowl,
Flour, eggs and butter
In a yellow roll.

"Please don't interrupt us!"
Both the "cookies" cried.
As they put the pan of dough
In the oven wide.

Bridget stood there waiting,
Speechless all the while,
While mother looked at father,
Saying, with a smile,
"When the cake is finished
All of us will sing,
"Isn't this a dainty dish
To set before a King!"

MAKING SLEIGHBELLS.

The sleighbells we see are round with an iron "jingle" in them. Now you know that this little "jingle" could not have been put through the holes of the bell, so perhaps you would like to know how the bell is made. It is made by a man called an iron-founder. First he puts the "jingle" inside a little ball of mud, which is just the shape and size of the metal ball. Then he makes a mold the shape of the outside of the ball. The ball of mud with the jingle in it is put inside the mold. Then hot metal is poured in and fills the space between the ball and the mold. But when the mold is taken off the bell will not ring. As soon as the dirt inside the mold dries, it is shaken out, but the jingle is still in the bell and will ring now. It took many years to think how to make a sleighbell.

BABY.

Baby has a little head
And a funny nose;
Hands soft and tiny,
And such cunning toes.

Ears like seashells;
Teeth like pearls;
Arms soft and dimpled;
Hair in yellow curls.

Eyes blue and shiny;
Cheeks bright and red;
Prettiest baby in the world
Everybody's said.

FACTS ABOUT OREGON.

Can you tell:
Who discovered the Columbia River?
When?
Who named Mount Hood? Why?
Who founded Astoria? When?
Who was Dr. John McLoughlin?
Who was the first Governor of Oregon?
Where was Oregon's first capital?
After whom was Baker named?
What did Ben Holladay do for Oregon?
Who was General Joseph Lane?

Grandmother Goose's Bed-Time Rhymes



Dear Children, get your Mother Goose,
And if you'll take the time,
You'll find a poem within your book
That's something like this rhyme.

The Clock

There's a neat little clock,
In the school room it stands,
And it points to the time
With its two little hands.
And if any scholar
Is found in disgrace,
This dear little clock
With its hands hides its face.

Master Sparrow's Breakfast



"O H, MY! what a snow storm!" Little Dorothy looked out of the window at the fast falling flakes, which covered up so quietly and softly the shivering brown grass on the lawn and the trembling rose bushes in the garden. "How warm they'll be," said Dorothy to herself, "with their elder-down covers."

Just then a little sparrow flew down on the walk and looked up at the window. "Hello!" said Dorothy, "what do you want?" The little bird turned his head first to one side and then the other, as if he didn't quite hear what Dorothy was saying behind the pane of glass. "Don't you hear me?" she called out, but he turned his head, as if to say "No!" Dorothy pushed up the window and called out, "What do you want, birdie?" but he flew away just across the walk to the maple tree, where he sat looking at her with his queer little eyes. Every now and then he would turn his head this way and that way, as if, so Dorothy thought, trying to hear what she was saying. But Dorothy wasn't saying anything now. She was so disappointed that her little friend had flown off and that he should be afraid of her, just because she had opened the window, that she turned to Mother, who came into the room at that moment, and said: "Mother, just look at that cute little bird; only just a minute ago he was hopping on the walk right down here, but when I opened the window to see 'How-de-do!' he flew over to the maple tree. See him over there?"

"I think he is waiting for you to give him some crumbs for breakfast," Mother answered with a smile. Run into the dining-room and ask Mary for a piece of bread and we will see if Master Sparrow won't come back again."

"Oh, goody!" cried the little girl, and in a few minutes she was back at the window with enough crumbs for an army of sparrows.

"Open the window gently," said Mother, "and throw out some of the crumbs, and we will see what Master Sparrow will do."

Mr. Sparrow did exactly what Mother thought, and Dorothy hoped, he would do. He looked over with his little bright eyes and then turned his head first this way and then that way, and then, to Dorothy's delight, he flew right over to the crumbs and ate them up as

if he had a great, big, healthy appetite. And when all the crumbs were gone he turned his head this way and that way (and I think he winked one of his little black eyes at Dorothy, only I'm not quite sure about this) and flew away.

"Oh, Mother!" cried Dorothy, "I think that's his way of talking—winking his little head—something like the way Bijou wags his stubby tail!" And Mother said she thought so, too.

Fairy Verses

BY EDITH BURROWS.

FAIRY ARTISTS.

Once some Fairies met a Rainbow,
A sad little Rainbow, too;
And to the Rainbow said the Fairies,
"Why, what's the matter with you,
With you?"

"Why, what's the matter with you?"
"Alas!" said the Rainbow to the Fairies,
"An awful thing's happened to me.
The Rain washed my colors almost off,
And now I'm as pale as can be
Can be,
And now I'm as pale as can be."

Then the kind little Fairies got a ladder,
And painted the best they could do.
Then the Rainbow smiled, for when they had done
It looked as fine as new; as new;
It looked as fine as new.

FAIRY SPINNERS.

Here's a dainty group of Fairies
Busy spinning in the sun,
What has roused them up so early
And their work so brisk begun?
Come, let us see,
Come, let us see.

On their looms, see they are weaving
Threads from Dreamland to and fro;
And at night, when they have finished,
Down to earth will Dream-webs go.

For you and me,
For you and me.

A MOUSE TALE.

A little mouse with a short, fuzzy tail
Met a Fairy child one day.
"You cunning thing," said the Fairy,
"Please won't you come and play?"

Mousele was scared and ran away,
The Fairy in hot pursuit;
He caught Mousele's tail and held tight,
Mousele with a fright was mute.

He ran and he ran, and the Fairy, too,
Bound that his point he'd win,
Till as he pulled the tail slipped away,
But he stretched it out long and thin.

FAIRY FOOD.

I wonder did you ever think
Of what the fairies eat and drink?
Dew that is fresh on flower lips,
The dainty draught the Fairies sip.
While for his food, with the bees he shares
The pollen that lies in flower-heart snares.
These are the things, if you ever think,
You'll know the fairies eat and drink.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Little Boy Blue
Come leave your toys;
It's time to wash hands
For little boys.

Supper is ready,
You must not wait.
Tuck in your napkin
And don't tip your plate.

Oh, where is Boy Blue?
Let's all take a peep—
He's there on the sofa
Fast asleep!

WHAT TO DO AT NIGHT.

Outside my window in the tree
The owl toots on his horn—
(It will be dark until the lark
Comes singing in the dawn.)

Above the sky one little star
Looks down with friendly eye—
(There! all the night it won't be light
Until the sun's on high.)

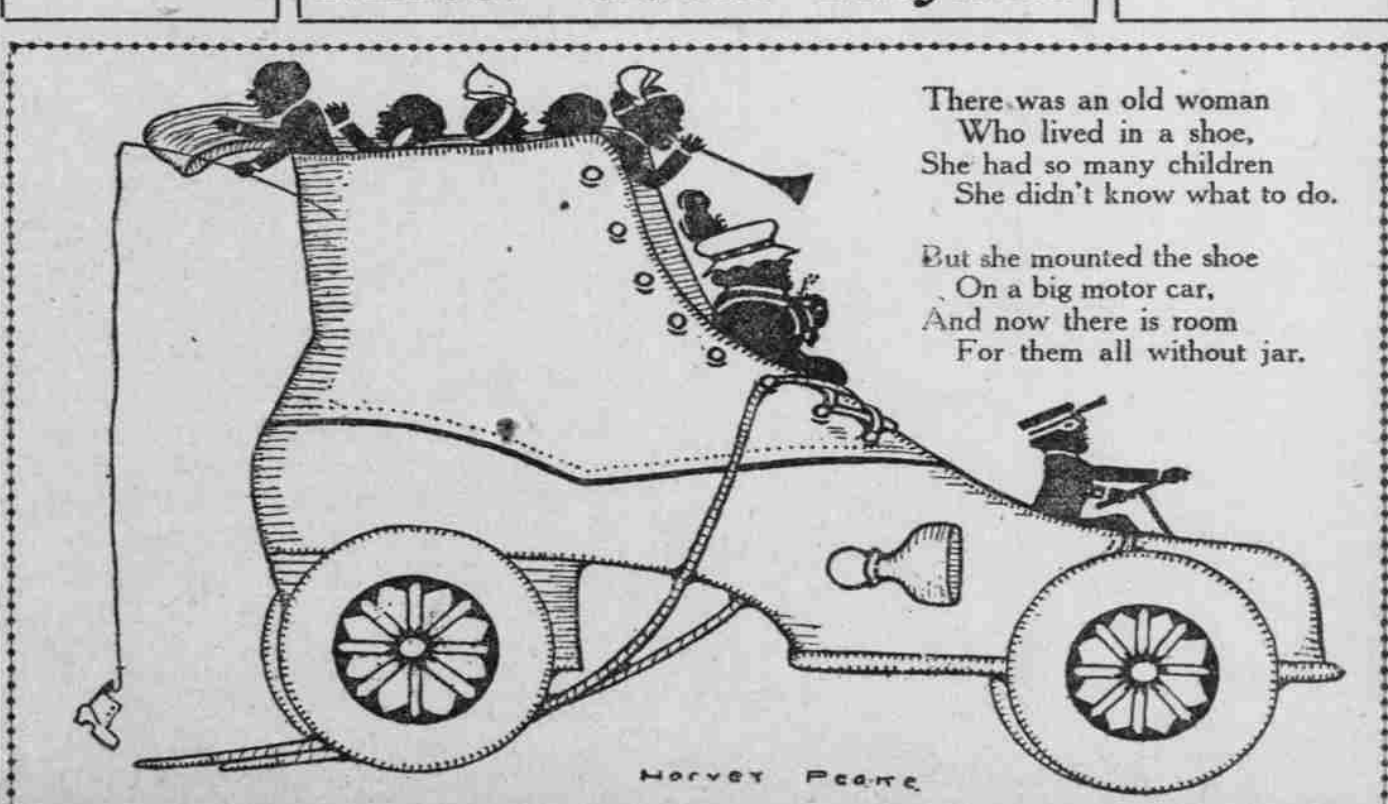
It seems so long to wait to play
I've 'most forgotten how—
I guess I'll go to sleep and dream
About the fairies now!

Children's Calendar for February

Now comes February once again
With Valentines and Birthdays three
Lincoln, Lowell, Washington.
To thee, great ones, all honor be.

SUN	1	8	15	WASHINGTON. LOWELL.
MON	2	9	16	23.
TUES	3	10	17	24
WED	4	11	18	25
THURS	5	LINCOLN	19	26
FRI	6	13	20	27
SAT	7	ST VALENTINES	21	28

Motor Goose Rhymes



There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.

But she mounted the shoe
On a big motor car,
And now there is room
For them all without jar.