

A Picture Book Page for the Little Ones.



Game of Tag Up in the Sky

THE Wind and the Rain-Drops were playing tag together.

"Whir-r-r!" growled the Wind. "I'll catch you now!"

"No, you won't!" cried the Rain-drops. "Patter! patter! patter! Dear me! how they did fly. Straight down, sideways, here, there, and everywhere they came."

"Whir-r-r!" Master Wind shrieked down the chimney, then out about the corners of the house, caught Papa Day's umbrella and—smash! out of his hand it flew, and away up the street.

"Vee Maudie clapped her hands. 'Oh! oh! she chided, 'the wind's in an awful hurry, mamma.'"

"Bang!" It caught a blind and swung it back and forth. Then it flew to the gate and bounced that open just as Papa Day reached it. And just then, as Maudie was straining her eyes to their very widest to see what it would do next, the windiest, fiercest bit of sun peeped through a little blue in the sky.

"I guess," she cried, clapping her hands gleefully, "the sun's going to play, too."

"If he does," answered Mamma Day, "he'll win."

"Why?" asked Maudie, tilting her small head to one side and peering upward.

"Because," replied Mamma Day, "sunshine always wins, whether it's at a game of tag or a game of life."

"Whir-r-r!" With a last soft little cry the wind slunk around the corner, the Rain-Drops hid and the sun came down and touched Maudie's hair; then her face, the garden, all the land and trees, as

much as to say: "It's the only way, little lass. If you want to beat, just shine!"

CHINESE TABLE MANNERS.

In China it is considered polite to offer a meal to a guest at any time of the day that he arrives.

The Chinese meal of the wealthy class sometimes has 60 or 70 courses, and is always well cooked. It ends with soup and has many queer dishes, such as shark's fins, bird's nest soup and eggs pickled in lime until they are black with age. The meat is always cut in small pieces before it is put on the table. This is so it can be handled easily by the chopsticks. The Chinese say that foreigners make butcher-shops of their tables by putting large pieces of meat on them.

Chinese men use no napkins, table cloths, forks, spoons, dishes, plates or glassware. Instead of napkins they use small packages of fine paper, which are used and then thrown away. These packages are used for handkerchiefs, too. At each place at a Chinese dinner you would find a package of paper, a saucer, a very small cup, a salt saucer and a pair of chopsticks.

The women at apart from the men. At dinner the men all smoke, and stories of all kinds are told. The man who knows how to cook is paid special attention, and is often asked to tell how a certain dish is prepared.

Chinese who have families eat at home, but the rest eat at hotels. The ordinary Chinaman has two big meals, one in the morning and one in the late afternoon. Very often it is only the father who eats meat, while the rest have rice.

The rich people have three or four meals, which are cooked by men who receive degrees and diplomas as cooks. The food of the poor is often bought from street vendors.

The Chinamen consider the stomach the source of wisdom, and say the fattest man is the wisest. They also say that foreigners go to China to eat because they don't get enough to eat at home.

LILY and the PAPPOOSE

An Indian Story for Girls.



CAPTAIN MORTON was an officer in the United States Army and for many years had lived in the Far West—that wonderful country where the sun blazes down upon miles of barren prairie, undulating to the horizon as if it were a great heaving sea, the little hills rising like dark waves upon its surface.

Over those vast plains roved the Indians, hunting antelope, wolves, etc. At these times the "red man" looks his best; mounted on his swift pony, his gaudy blanket and bright feathers gleaming in the sunshine, his long black hair streaming in the wind, he seems truly the "noble savage."

To control these savages, soldiers were needed on the plains, to prevent war parties from jangling into little frontier villages, stealing horses and cattle, burning barns and houses and murdering the people who were trying to cultivate the prairie, to turn the great plains of dry, burnt grass into fields of wheat and beautiful green meadows.

All Indians are not wicked, but the tribe near which Captain Morton was stationed was extremely wild and cruel, and refused to live on friendly terms with white people.

All day and all night the "tom-tom"

or big drum, was being beaten by the Indians; for the time I am telling you of was just after that dreadful battle, when the great Indian chief, Sitting Bull, killed General Custer and half of his noble regiment of cavalry. This success had made all the other Indians very fierce and restless, and the small garrison of which Captain Morton had command were kept day and night ready for attack.

But Lily, Captain Morton's little daughter, did not trouble herself about danger. She was not allowed to go out of the garrison inclosure, but she played with her chickens and her little pony, which her father had bought and trained for her. Its name was Tecumseh Sherman, after the General of the Army, but Lily called it Tic for short. It soon followed her in and out of the log house and wherever she went, and showed a most decided liking for anything of a red color. When Lily wore a red dress, Tic would take a fold in his mouth and pull her about, and even knock her down in his play, for he never meant to hurt her. In the evening Lily's little sidesaddle was put on Tic, and she would gallop over the prairie with her father.

One morning Lily rushed into the house calling out:

"Mama, mama, here's a circus! Come and see! It's right outside the door!"

Sure enough, just outside the garrison was a great crowd of gayly dressed people, and near the front were six girls mounted on ponies, their saddles beautifully embroidered with beads, and fine large umbrellas over their heads made of red, white and blue cloth. These were princesses, daughters of the great chief of the tribe, Lily ever after talked of them as the "six Sachemdaughters."

"This is 'Annuity day,' said her father. 'Get your hat and we will go and see the Indians get their clothes and provisions for the next year.'

"What is 'Annuity?'" asked Lily. "Is it Indian birthday?"

"Well, yes, it is a sort of birthday, for the United States Government gives a good many presents that day to the Indians—food and clothes for the men, women and children for a whole year."

"Well, let's go," said Lily, "and I'll just touch one of those papooses with my own hand if I get near enough. I think they are just dolls. No real, live baby would stay quiet tied on a board and fastened up all in a bunch to its mother's back. They do wink their eyes, that's certain; but I can make them wink her eyes, too, only I have to pull a wire to get her to shut 'em."

So off started Lily with her papa, and soon they came to an open space, in the center of which was a great pile of blankets, clothing, bacon, flour, corn, coffee, sugar, tobacco and many other things which good Uncle Sam gives once a year to his "wards," the Indians. Around this pile of things sat a large circle of Indians, men, women and children. The men were, as a general rule, well dressed in tight leggings, with strips of gay beady embroidery down the sides; deer skins or calico shirts fringed with tiny bells and tassels or colored worsted locks. The women wore flannel pataoons and a single calico slip and a blanket drawn over their heads.

First White Child.

Many of these wild people had never seen a little white girl before. They gazed at Lily's fair skin and long bright hair with great interest. One old man wrapped in a buffalo robe advanced, waving his covering like some immense bird flapping its wings. When he got near Lily he stood still, saying:

"Washta papoose! washta papoose! (Pretty child! pretty child!) and held out his hand, saying: 'Howe-howe!' (How do you do?)"

And now Lily found a good oppor-

tunity to decide whether the funny little objects on the Indian women's backs were dolls or "really babies."

While the Indian agent and his clerks were busy distributing the "annuities," giving to the chief of each band the allowance for himself and his family, Lily went up very close to the squaw who had a black-eyed bundle tied upon her back, and stood for several minutes absorbed in contemplation.

"Is that a real, live baby, mam, or a doll you keep for your little girl?" asked Lily, very politely.

The squaw, of course, did not understand a word she said, and only responded: "Ugh! How! Washta papoose!" as a general expression of her good will. So Lily, presently, put out her hand very softly and touched the bundle.

What a scream! Even the dignified chiefs turned their plumed heads to find out what the cause of the noise could be.

There was the papoose shrieking on its mother's back, proving most positively its claim to be considered a "real, live baby," and there was a drop of bright red blood on its little brown arm. Lily had stuck a pin in the Indian baby just to find out if it was alive or not.

Poor little girl! She stood frightened and trembling, crimson blushes on her cheeks, and two great tears just brimming over her eyes. Not until she had made a peace-offering of candy to the baby and let it contentedly sucking away at a peppermint stick, could she be consoled and interested once more in the strange scenes around her.

Finery for Dolly

A FEATHER fan for a doll is not hard to make and very pretty when finished. The white, fluffy part of the chicken feathers will do, but the more fanciful the feathers, provided they are all alike, the prettier the fan will be. Cut a round piece of cardboard about as big as the end of a spoon, and sew the feathers on in a circle, the quill end in, of course. Cut two other round pieces of cardboard with handles, just alike, cover them with gold or silver or ivory-white paper, according to your taste, and put them under a weight to dry. When they are dry slip the fan between the two circles and fasten them together with paste, glue or sealing wax. To make it very pretty you can sew colored beads around the edge, or a bright spangle in the middle of each side, sewing right through the three thicknesses of cardboard. Punch a hole in the end of the handle with a darning needle and run a ribbon, silk cord or bit of gold thread around to hang the fan over the doll's arm.

To make a fan chain take small beads of two or three colors to match the fan, or of gilt or silver and one other color, and string them until the chain is long enough to go round the doll's neck and hang below her waist. The prettiest way is to follow a regular pattern, five gilt, one pearl, three gilt, three pearls, three gilt, one pearl, five gilt, and so on.

A bandeau or argrette for the hair, to go with dolly's party gown, can be made in much the same way as the fan. Tie firmly together two or three feathers for the argrette, and sew them in the middle of a little band of cardboard covered with gold paper; sew colored beads on to hide the stitches and dot the bandeau with the beads. To hold it on use an invisible hairpin, smallest size, at each end.

MARS, GOD OF WAR.

In olden times March was the first month of the Roman year. It was

named after Mars, the God of War. Some say it was so named because it was such a loud and stormy month, and others say it was named by Romulus, a son of Mars, in honor of his father.

The Romans built many temples to Mars and worshiped him as the patron of their city and the father of Romulus, the first ruler of Rome.

He is represented as an unclothed old man armed with a helmet, a pike and a shield. He was supposed to drive a chariot drawn by two furious horses called Flight and Terror.

He was the god of gladiators, of hunting and of manly and warlike exercise.

When Mother Was a Child

BL ANNA WALL EDWARDS.

DIDN'T tell you anything about Lily, did I? Well, he was a fox terrier and he was as smart and saucy as any dog you ever saw.

One day my brother was going fishing. I went along, too, and sat on the bank beside him. Lily was with us and had a dandy time chasing in and out of the bushes for anything he might find.

On the way home, just as we were near the railroad crossing, Lily started a rat and tore after it as hard as he could. Now at railroad crossings, right next and close to the track, there is usually an extra rail. This is to prevent the track from becoming damaged by the many wagons that pass over it.

Well, when Lily started the rat it ran under this rail and lay between it and the track. My, but Lily was excited and tried as hard as he could to scare the rat from its refuge, and before we could help him we saw a train at some little distance and it was coming toward us. We yelled for Lily to come away, but he wouldn't budge.

Fred grabbed a stick and succeeded in driving him off, but he just ran around and was back at the same spot just as the train came along.

I turned my head, for I couldn't bear to see what would happen. In a moment the train had passed, and there was poor Lily rolling and crying on the ground and evidently suffering very much. For a while we were afraid to touch him, but he finally became more quiet and at last stood up and held out a paw.

The rat got away without being hurt at all, but the accident had one good effect upon Lily, for he wasn't nearly so proud as formerly. You see, he came from a very fine family, while dear old Dingo was a cosmopolitan dog and didn't have any family to boast of.

Whether Lily knew this or not, it is hard to say, but while the two dogs were pretty good friends, Lily always acted a little superior and made Dingo take second place—indeed, the poor fellow always had to take last place, but the bigger dogs were never quite so bad to him as was saucy little Lily.

What a scream! Even the dignified chiefs turned their plumed heads to find out what the cause of the noise could be.

There was the papoose shrieking on its mother's back, proving most positively its claim to be considered a "real, live baby," and there was a drop of bright red blood on its little brown arm. Lily had stuck a pin in the Indian baby just to find out if it was alive or not.

Poor little girl! She stood frightened and trembling, crimson blushes on her cheeks, and two great tears just brimming over her eyes. Not until she had made a peace-offering of candy to the baby and let it contentedly sucking away at a peppermint stick, could she be consoled and interested once more in the strange scenes around her.

What a scream! Even the dignified chiefs turned their plumed heads to find out what the cause of the noise could be.

There was the papoose shrieking on its mother's back, proving most positively its claim to be considered a "real, live baby," and there was a drop of bright red blood on its little brown arm. Lily had stuck a pin in the Indian baby just to find out if it was alive or not.

Poor little girl! She stood frightened and trembling, crimson blushes on her cheeks, and two great tears just brimming over her eyes. Not until she had made a peace-offering of candy to the baby and let it contentedly sucking away at a peppermint stick, could she be consoled and interested once more in the strange scenes around her.

Finery for Dolly

A FEATHER fan for a doll is not hard to make and very pretty when finished. The white, fluffy part of the chicken feathers will do, but the more fanciful the feathers, provided they are all alike, the prettier the fan will be. Cut a round piece of cardboard about as big as the end of a spoon, and sew the feathers on in a circle, the quill end in, of course. Cut two other round pieces of cardboard with handles, just alike, cover them with gold or silver or ivory-white paper, according to your taste, and put them under a weight to dry. When they are dry slip the fan between the two circles and fasten them together with paste, glue or sealing wax. To make it very pretty you can sew colored beads around the edge, or a bright spangle in the middle of each side, sewing right through the three thicknesses of cardboard. Punch a hole in the end of the handle with a darning needle and run a ribbon, silk cord or bit of gold thread around to hang the fan over the doll's arm.

To make a fan chain take small beads of two or three colors to match the fan, or of gilt or silver and one other color, and string them until the chain is long enough to go round the doll's neck and hang below her waist. The prettiest way is to follow a regular pattern, five gilt, one pearl, three gilt, three pearls, three gilt, one pearl, five gilt, and so on.

A bandeau or argrette for the hair, to go with dolly's party gown, can be made in much the same way as the fan. Tie firmly together two or three feathers for the argrette, and sew them in the middle of a little band of cardboard covered with gold paper; sew colored beads on to hide the stitches and dot the bandeau with the beads. To hold it on use an invisible hairpin, smallest size, at each end.

MARS, GOD OF WAR.

In olden times March was the first month of the Roman year. It was

Wakeful Geese Saved Rome

BY DAVID CORY.

THE Capitol in the City of Rome was built on a steep hill called the Tarpeian Rock. When in 390 B. C. the Gauls entered Rome, after having defeated the Roman army, most of the citizens fled to the country, except a few who had taken refuge on this steep hill, and the Roman Senators. These Senators, who were very brave, put on their long robes and sat before their houses and quietly awaited the coming of the enemy. It must have been a very wonderful sight to see these old men calmly staying in their beloved city awaiting the coming of the barbarians, who killed them all without mercy.

One very dark night the Gauls attempted to climb the steepest part of the Tarpeian Rock and capture the Capitol. The Roman sentinels were all fast asleep and the enemy had nearly reached the top when suddenly some geese kept their heads up and cackled. The noise they made awakened a Roman soldier named Marcus Manlius, who rushed out to the spot just in time to throw down the Gauls and save the Capitol.

After this the Gauls agreed to leave the city for a thousand pounds of gold, but the Romans took so long to weigh it that Camillus arrived with a big army just in time.

"Rome buys her freedom with iron!" he cried, and attacking the Gauls, drove them out in great confusion. But it hadn't been for the geese sentinels, who were wide awake and not sound asleep like the Roman sentinels, Rome would have been captured that dark night by the Gauls.

YOUNG MEN WHO WERE GREAT.

Lord Bacon graduated at Cambridge when 16 and was called to the bar at 21.

Martin Luther was largely distinguished at 24 and at 55 reached the height of his fame.

Webster was in college at 16 and at 20 was equal to the ablest man in Congress.

Napoleon at 25 commanded the army of Italy. At 39 he was one of the best generals and the greatest law-givers of the world. He saw Waterloo at 46.

The great Leo X was cardinal at 18; at 35 he was pope.

Washington was a Colonel at 22, commander of the forces at 43 and President at 57.

William Pitt entered the university at 14, was prime minister at 23, and so continued for 20 years and at 25 was the most powerful uncrowned head in Europe.

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.

SEE-SAW, SACRADOWN.

See-saw, sacradown, Which is the way to New York Town? First the Choo-choo and then the Ferry, And then the Trolley for little Jerry.

BILLY AND POLLY.

"Billy, Billy, come and play, Let us rake the new-mown hay!"

"Yes, my Polly, so I will, In the meadow near the mill!"

"Billy, Billy, have you seen Sam and Betsy on the green?"

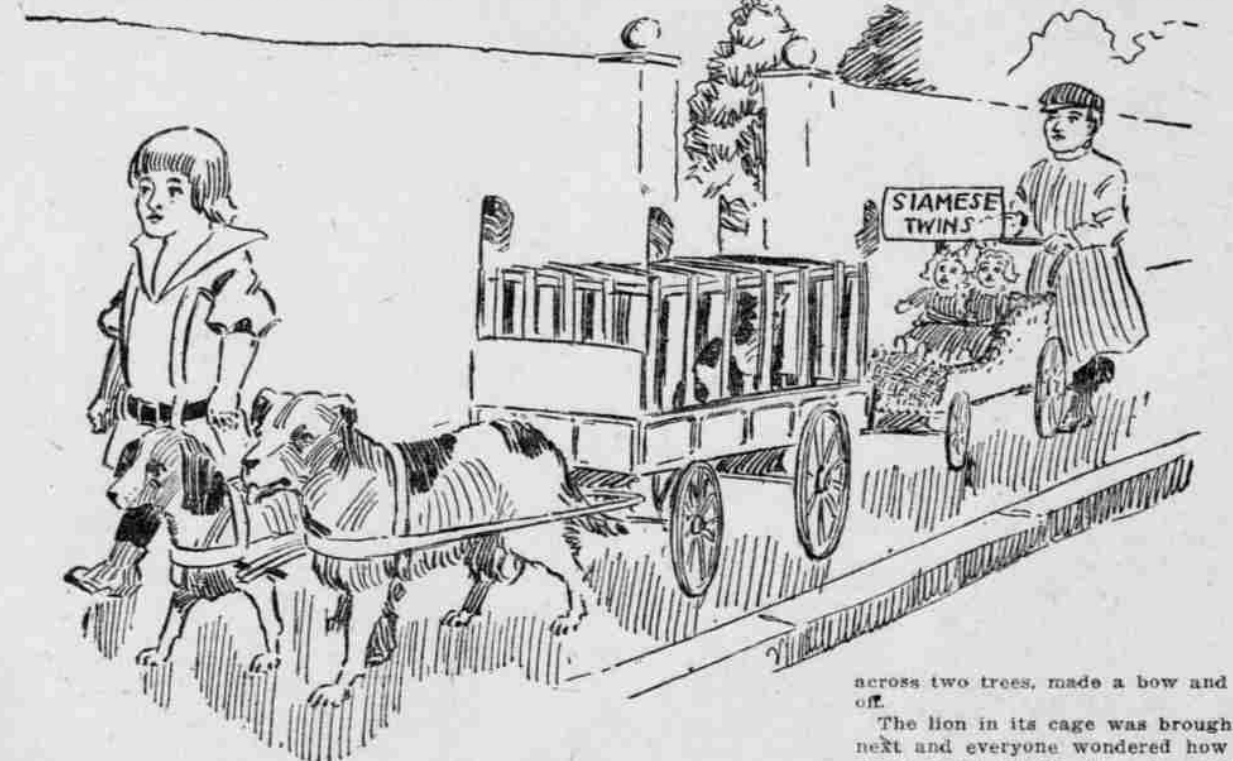
"Yes, my Polly, I saw them fly In their airship through the sky!"

"Billy, Billy, I feel blue 'Cause I have no airship, too!"

"Never mind, my Polly-o, We'll be happy here below;

You your little song can say, While I work and rake the hay!"

The JUNIOR BARNUM CIRCUS



DOWN the street came the big parade. First came Edgar carrying a long pole, at the top of which was a sign reading, "Junior Barnum—Greatest Show on Earth—Admission one flask, two bottles or a sack."

Next was the band, consisting of three boys, gaily dressed, who were playing "Yankee Doodle" on a mouth organ, a can and a drum.

The animals were represented by a goat which tried to butt into everything, a frightened little dog representing a lion and a cat in a cage, made of a wagon and mosquito netting, drawn by two dogs who were barking as hard as they could.

After this were some boys dressed in girls' clothes and at the end was a little boy pushing a doll buggy in which were two dolls tied together to represent the Siamese twins.

Amid much cheering and hand clapping the parade passed down the street, everyone wishing he could go to the show. The boys marched a long way and then a woman told them if they

would wait a minute she would give them some lemonade. They accepted it gladly as they were getting thirsty and tired and in return gave her a reserved seat ticket.

A man driving an empty hotel bus came along and offered them a ride. In they climbed, hand, wild animals and all. He drove them to the depot and they started to march bravely back. But it was a long way and the little dog who was the lion started to whine. They had to pick him up and carry him, so instead of marching to music they all started to run.

Finally they got to the circus tent, which was in the yard of a man who only slept at his home, as his family was at the beach.

Then the show began! The first number was an act by the goat, but in spite of switches and commands he would not show off.

The second act was a trapeze act, and a little boy clad in a swimming suit appeared. He looked up at the trapeze, which was lowered from a plank 30 feet from the ground and

across two trees, made a bow and ran off.

The lion in its cage was brought in next and everyone wondered how the fierce beast would act. It gave a burk jumped out of its cage and charged the cage where the cat was. The cat began to spit and all the dogs and the cat ran wildly around the ring, followed by dogs, boys and spectators.

The ring master got up and told the audience to keep quiet, as there was no danger. Then the clowns came in and cracked many funny jokes.

As the next number was being prepared the owner of the yard came in and told everybody to get out before he turned the hose on them. At this there was a general scramble to see who would get out first.

They went to the home of one of the boys and counted the bottles and sacks. After they had sold these each boy received 15 cents as his share, and they all went to spend their money, followed by a crowd begging them to treat.

Their money was soon gone, and they felt that, though they had not made a fortune, they were well on the road to fame, and each boy dreamed that night that he was performing wonderful tricks to an admiring audience.