

STORIES AND PICTURES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.



MUSIC and the WOLVES



The following is a story which children 50 years ago were told: Near a small settlement lived a negro who played the fiddle very well. The people in the settlement often had parties at which the negro always played for the dancing.

Now one Saturday a big party was to be held and the negro had been asked to play.

He started quite early from his home as he had a long way to go through some dense woods which he did not care to travel through in the dark.

He was almost through when he heard a faint cry. He heard still another in the distance, and so he started to run. Suddenly he looked back and saw a wolf quite a ways behind him.

He ran faster and faster, but on looking round again he saw a whole pack of hungry wolves running after him like mad.

Presently he got out of the woods, but the wolves ran so quickly that they were almost up to him when, in his excitement, he dropped his violin. In dropping it something hit the strings and they made a loud noise. To his great surprise all the wolves stopped short.

Before they had time to move he picked up the fiddle and started to run in the direction of an old deserted cabin he remembered.

The wolves quickly started in to chase him again, but he got to the cabin, and running in, slammed the door.

He thought then that he was safe, but to his horror he discovered one trying to climb in the window, which was without glass. He saw others pushing behind this first wolf, so he took up his fiddle and as soon as he started to play they all fell back again.

Then he decided to find a safer place, so he climbed up on the beams. As he was climbing up there the wolves burst open the old door and those that did not get in through it climbed in through the windows.

He started to play again and once more they became quiet. But as soon as he stopped they started in their howling again.

He knew that he could not play much longer as he was very cold, so in order to be safe he climbed on the pointed roof through a small hole. There he took up his violin and played as hard as he could. Every little while he would have to stop and then the wolves would jump and yell and almost drive him crazy with fright.

In the meantime at the party everyone was getting anxious, for they knew the fiddle could always be depended on. When some little time had passed and there was no sign of him some of the men started to look for him.

When they had gone a long way they heard the sound of some music, then silence, then animals howling, then music again. They did not know what to think, but hurried on.

Soon they got to where they could see the frightened negro, almost exhausted, on top of the old shack, and all around it were hungry wolves, yelling and jumping.

The men fired their guns and killed some of the wolves and the rest ran quickly away. Then the fiddle came down to the ground and the men took him home, for it was so late there was no more party that night.

when the little kittens were two weeks old the old cat died. The little kittens had just got their eyes open and we didn't know how they could get along without their mother, and we were afraid they would die, too.

Helen's mother put warm milk in medicine droppers and would squeeze a few drops into the kittens' mouths, but this took a long time, so a kind of baby bottle was made out of a small medicine bottle.

Soon the kittens learned how to get the milk out of this bottle. After a while they learned to lie on their backs and hold the bottles with their paws.

Soon they got so big and ate so much that they had to be given away. Helen cried so that they let her keep one and she made a great pet of him. She would put him in her doll bed and cover him up. Then she would give him a bottle of milk and pretty soon he would go to sleep.

She was very fond of the kitten and it nearly broke her heart when one day he was badly hurt by a wicked dog. He was all cut and bleeding.

when he crawled to the house. He could scarcely move, but when he saw Helen he began to meow and so she took him on her lap.

She held him while her mother washed him and dressed his wounds and then he was put in his little cradle with a bottle of milk.

He fell asleep quickly and seemed to sleep so soundly that we did not disturb him and in the morning we found that instead of being asleep he was dead. He had put up a brave fight against the dog but it had taken all of his strength and when he got home safe in his little bed he went to sleep and was so tired that he forgot to wake up.

THE TORTOISE'S FALL.

There was once a boy in olden times who had a dream that he could write verses, and the dream came true, and he became a very famous writer. And the way it happened was that this boy, whose name was Aeschylus, fell asleep one day while sent to watch the grapes in a vineyard. He dreamed that Bacchus, the god of the vine, came and told him that he could write poetry. Immediately he awoke and tried, and to his delight he found out that it was true.

He kept on writing, and afterward became very famous. In those days prizes were given for the best tragedies, and at the age of 41 he won his first prize. He wrote, also, many wonderful plays, and for many years was esteemed one of the greatest of tragic poets.

When quite an old man he was sitting in a field, plunged in deep thought. An eagle, which was flying overhead, mistook his bald head for a stone and dropped a tortoise which it was carrying in its claws to break its shell. The force of the blow killed the famous poet and warrior, for he had fought in the Battle of Marathon and received great honors for his bravery as well as 12 prizes for his tragedies. He might have written a great many more if the eagle had not dropped the tortoise.

HAPPY FRENCH CHILDREN.

In France if the new baby is a girl the parents begin, at once to save a little money for her "dot," which is a sum of money every French girl has when she gets married.

The French fathers think that if a baby takes its first step behind a priest he will always be lucky, and never be bad, so when he is old enough to walk he is put behind the priest and if he takes even a little step his parents are very happy.

Christening is a very important event and sometimes several families will club together to have a big christening and often a dozen babies will be baptized at the one time. All the relatives go with them and there is great rejoicing.

Little girls used to be taught at home or in convents, but now there are public schools for girls, too, where they are taught, besides their lessons, sewing and dressmaking. Of course, some are sent to private schools and these study at home and only go to school to recite, perhaps twice a week.

Whenever the girls go out their mother or the governess goes with them, but boys are let go alone.

In schools most of the recitations are written and instead of gymnastics, fencing is taught. Great attention is also given to children's manners. They are taught to say kind and agreeable things. When children are 14 and 15 they receive diplomas from the French government. To get these all boys and girls have to go to Paris and be examined. Without these diplomas it is very hard to get a business position. Every Thursday afternoon is a half-holiday. The children have many long recesses, too, and sometimes the teacher takes them to one of the old palace gardens to play.

In some of the schools hot soup is served at noon, but each pupil brings his own napkin and bread. The games they play are very like ours. They play tops, marbles, ball, hide-and-seek, blindman's buff, battledore and shuttlecock and many others. They also like to practice fencing.

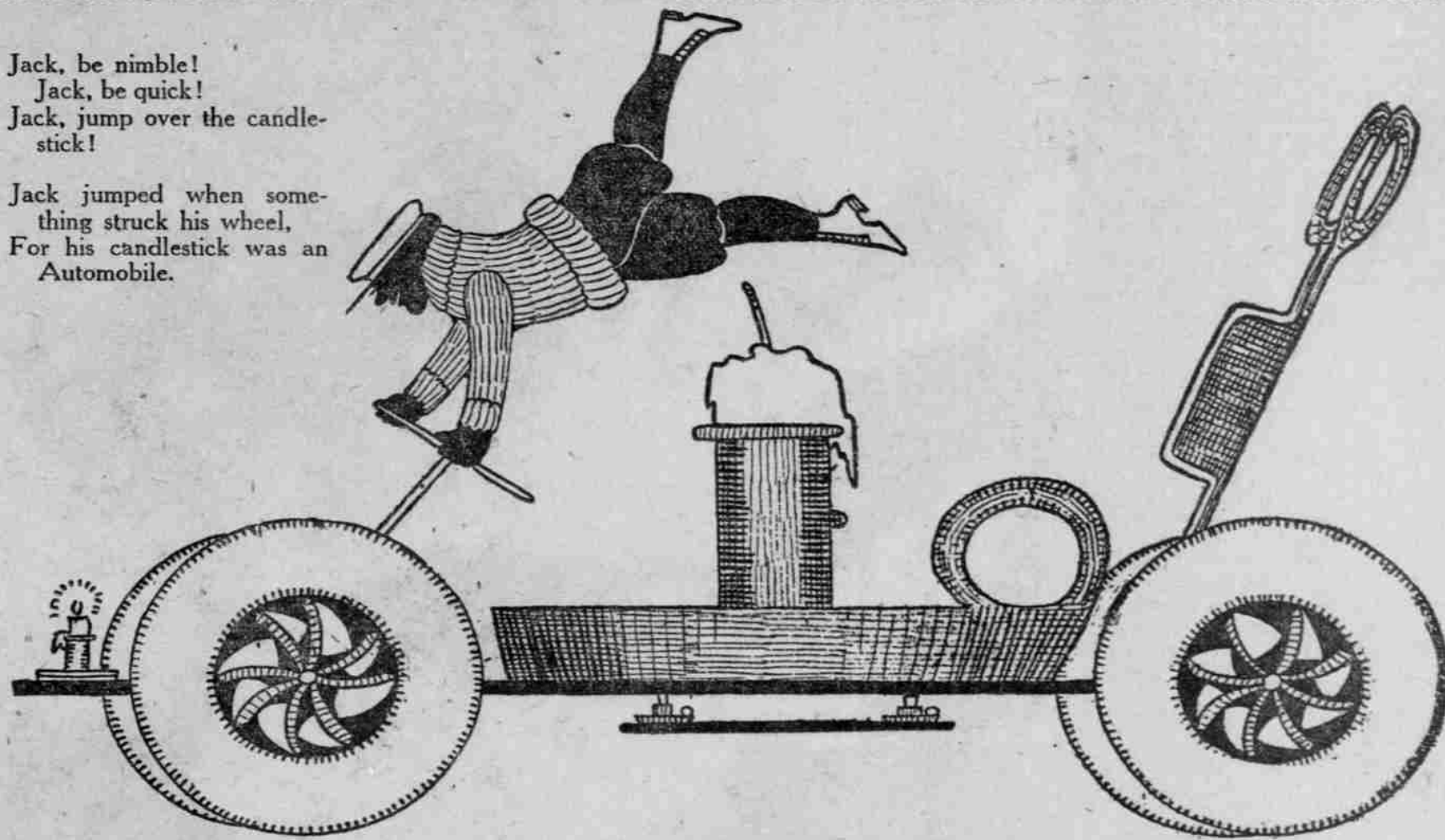
Among the French farmers the children are hard workers. The girls help tend cows and sheep, and geese and turkeys, and knitting much of the time, for even the little children can knit.

In some parts the boys pack sardines

Motor Goose Rhymes

Jack, be nimble!
Jack, be quick!
Jack, jump over the candlestick!

Jack jumped when something struck his wheel,
For his candlestick was an Automobile.



In this new age the motor rage is spreading near and far. So Mother Goose said, "What's the use? I've got to have a car!" If here you seek each coming week, you'll learn a thing or two, and read a verse, however terse, on what Mother Goose can do.

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THE story of the Crazy Mountain School is one for the little boy or girl who has to be urged and driven to go to school in a fine big schoolhouse, to read and ponder over.

The Crazy Mountain School has perhaps the poorest schoolhouse in the United States. It is a mere shack 10 by 12 feet, abandoned by a homesteader in Park County, Montana, but it was the only building available for teaching the children of adjacent homesteaders, who had not yet proven up on their Government claims and were unable to provide anything better. Into this school last year came Miss Angeline Barker as teacher, and nine pupils.

The building was lighted by three tiny windows. The stovepipe hole in the roof was so large that rain put the fire out and the floor had cracks half an inch wide, the desks were procured from a neighboring school which had thrown them away as useless, the seats were planks held up by sticks of wood and empty boxes. Miss Barker's desk was a plank nailed to two sticks and set against the wall. Most of the

The CRAZY MOUNTAIN SCHOOL



Teacher and Pupils at the Crazy Mountain Schoolhouse, Park County, Montana.



The Crazy Mountain Schoolhouse

pupils had no books. But they all went to work to do the best they could.

One day a premium list of the Montana State Fair, which is held at Helena each year, came to this little school. Both teacher and pupils began to read to see what there was they could do. "Best kindergarten work"; they knew they could not do that, while a third said the heaviest thing he could find was the large "bucket" in which his father carried the feed to the pigs. The girls resorted to just as

ingenious expedients, utilizing trunks, bureaus and even the leg of a bed in which adults were sleeping, in order that the necessary amount of pressure might be obtained.

Finally the best specimens were selected and the entire collection of 65 wild flowers was sent to the State Department of Education, to be entered at the fair. When the judges gave their decision it was found that the Crazy Mountain School had won the first prize, the blue ribbon and the \$5, for the best collection of wild flowers from any school in the state.

On the day of the prize award the rural inspector stood in the little booth and called the attention of the bankers and business men to the splendid exhibit and to the pictures of the little

and in grape sections all help with the grape gathering. All boys, when they grow up, have to serve three years in the French army.

The first communion is the big event of the child's life. For many days before the children gather flowers to make wreaths. They trim the houses with white and the church with flowers. On that day the children ask forgiveness for everything wrong they have ever done. The girls are dressed in white and have long veils; the boys have white ribbons tied around their arms and all march through the streets to the church.

The French have many holidays and parties. They celebrate all birthdays and church events and have many military parades. They celebrate historic events, and Christmas, and at New Year's give many gifts.

In some parts of France "Mother Goose Day" is observed on the day after New Year's. You know Mother Goose was a real woman, who lived in the eighth century. Some other time I will tell you about her. M. D. T.

THE HUMMING BIRD'S COAT.

A long time ago there lived a little humming bird. It was not a pretty bird, for its feathers were dark brown, but it was a happy bird.

It had a kind heart and was happy when it was in the garden among the flowers. Sometimes it wished it was beautiful, but it would think how happy it was and forget all about its looks.

It would fly around the garden and think how fortunate it was. It would say: "I am happy in the sunshine and among the flowers. At night the stars shine down at me, the wind talks to me and I sleep in this beautiful garden. The rose whispers sweet dreams to me and in the morning I wake up to a pleasant day."

But soon the Winter came—the flowers died, the sun shone seldom, the rain came and it was very cold. Then the little bird didn't know where to go.

Now Fairyland was under that garden, but this the bird didn't know. There it was always Summer and flowers bloomed continually.

One day a little fairy came up to see what this world is like and was walking through the grass, when he met a large black spider. Now fairies are much afraid of spiders, for fairies can resist the fairies' power. The poor little fairy could not move as the horrible thing drew nearer and nearer and no help was at hand. Suddenly there was a whirr-r-r of brown wings and a long bill pecked the insect until it was dead.

The fairy was so grateful to the bird for saving its life that it took the bird back to Fairyland to spend the Winter. In the Spring, when the bird went to the garden again, he wore a beautiful suit of silvery purple and crimson, which the fairies had made for him. Since then all humming birds have worn this kind of a suit.

THE SCOUT COMPANY.

BY DAVID CORY.

One little Boy Scout beating a tat-too;
A little comrade heard the call—then there were two.

Two little Boy Scouts clinging up a tree;
Along came another one—then there were three.

Three little Boy Scouts standing by the door;
Running out they met a Scout—then there were four.

Four little Boy Scouts in the water dive;
Another one swam up to them—then there were five.

Five little Boy Scouts doing lots of tricks;
Their captain called out "Shoulder arms!"—then there were six.

Six little Boy Scouts looking up to heaven;
An airship brought another down—then there were seven.

Seven little Boy Scouts got to school quite late;
They found a scholar in the room—then there were eight.

Eight little Boy Scouts dressed up very fine;
They caught a little ragged one—then there were nine.

Nine little Boy Scouts chased a speckled hen;
They bumped into another Scout—then there were ten.

Ten little Boy Scouts yelling "Hip, hurrah!"
This is all there is to tell—these are all there are!

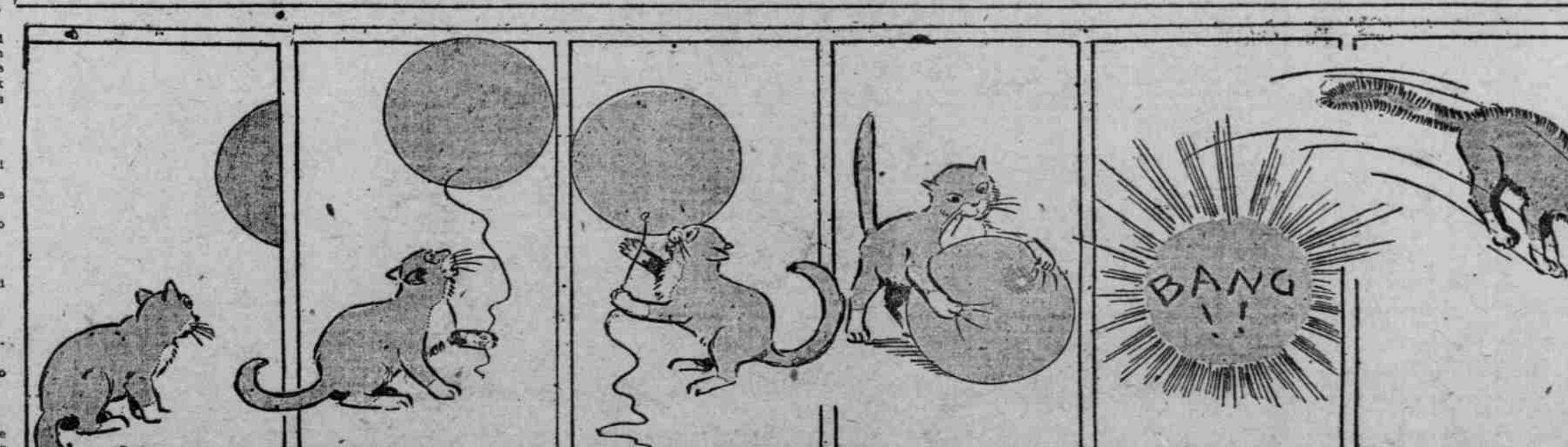
- DO YOU KNOW**
- 1—What American ship first sailed around the globe?
 - 2—What Americans first crossed the Rocky Mountains?
 - 3—Why the John Day River was so named?
 - 4—Where is Table Rock?
 - 5—Who was Jo Meek?
 - 6—What was the first paper published in Oregon?
 - 7—What countries claimed Oregon?
 - 8—After whom was Baker named?
 - 9—Where was gold discovered in Oregon?
 - 10—When were the first emigrations to Oregon? How did they come?

HELEN'S PET.

One Sunday when Helen came home from Sunday-school she found that her Maitse Cat had five little babies. She was delighted and I don't know who was prouder of the kittens, Helen or the cat.

I am sorry to have to tell you that

How the Big, Red Balloon April-Fooled the Pussy Cat



"Oh, what is that?"
Said Pussy Cat.

A funny thing
Tied to a string;

"It wants to fly
Up to the sky—

Well, I'll just seize
The thing and squeeze.

Pop! Bang! Crash! Wow!
Help, help, meow!"

Oh, isn't that
A frightened cat?

To be important is one thing; but to look important is another thing—but to feel important! There you have the fellow who enjoys his own society—March Smart Set.