

STORIES AND PICTURES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.



GEORGE LEARNS A LESSON.



GEORGE was the only son of a widow, who also had two little girls. He was a good boy and tried hard to help his mother, but he was afraid of being laughed at. His mother worked in an office downtown and so George had almost complete charge of his sisters during the day. He took them to school in the morning and brought them home at night and was supposed to stay with them until their mother returned from her work.

Now, in winter this was not hard to do and it made the mother very happy to come home and find everything warm and comfortable and her three little children safe. But in summer it was very hard to have to stay in the yard and take care of girls when all the boys went fishing or off in the woods.

They would come and call to George and say, "Can the nurse leave her babies and come to play with us?" Such things as this made George feel that he was badly abused.

One day when the boys began to make fun of him he could stand it no longer and, shutting the gate, he told his sisters not to leave the yard. They started to cry, but, as the other boys began to laugh, he paid no attention to them and went off whistling loudly. He went to a pond with the boys and at any other time would have enjoyed their fun immensely, but he kept thinking of his mother and sisters and finally could stand it no longer, so he bade the boys good-by and went home. As he neared his street he saw the

fire engine dashing along and on asking the number of the alarm, was told it was the one nearest to his own house. When he heard this he felt that it was his house that was burning. He knew his sisters would be frightened. Perhaps they would be burned to death!

What would he say to his mother? She had trusted him and he had broken his word. What would he do? He seemed to hear his little sisters crying to him and he hurried faster and faster.

As he got near his home he saw great clouds of smoke, and tears blinded

his eyes so that he could not look. He heard someone call his name and when he found it was a neighbor he begged for news of his sisters.

The man began to laugh and told him that it was only a vacant barn that had set on fire.

How everything cleared than. He rushed home, grabbed his little sisters and kissed them, promising them that he would never leave them alone again.

When his mother arrived home he confessed to her what he had done. She forgave him and told him he had had such a good lesson that she felt sure he would never break his word again.

The King's White Rabbits

BY CHARLOTTE RUSH.

ONCE upon a time there was a boy King who ruled in a country far away. He had everything he wanted and his friends were always sending him presents.

One day two beautiful white rabbits were sent to him. He was very much pleased and every morning would go and feed and play with them.

One day when he went to give them their breakfast he found they were not there. He called all the people to the palace and told them he would grant any wish to the person that found his rabbits.

A little girl whose father was the King's gardener started at once to look for the rabbits. She looked at the cabbage garden and found that some of the cabbages had been nibbled.

So she followed and at last caught up to the rabbits, who were eating the young leaves as happily as could

be. The little girl had often fed them, so when she called they came up to her and she put them in her apron and carried them back to the King.

The King was happy because he had his pets back and remembered his promise, so asked the little girl what she wanted.

She said: "Please, I would like just one white rabbit for my own."

So the King said he would give her what she had asked, and now the little girl is happy with a rabbit of her own, but she doesn't forget to often feed the other rabbits which belong to the King.

TOPS IN MANY LANDS.

Boys of almost every country play with tops. The tops may be made of bone, wood, stone, horn, nuts or ice. They may be plain or gaily decorated, large or small; boys never seem to get tired of playing with them.

In Japan, top spinning is a regular profession. Boys begin training for it while very young, and some of them can do all kinds of wonderful tricks with their tops. At feasts and parties the guests are entertained by profes-

sional top-spinners, who are tireless in their efforts to please. The Emperor has a favorite top-spinner at his court, and this man is honored and envied by all others. The Japanese make many beautiful and interesting tops, among which are curious puzzles which perhaps you have tried to solve. Chinese boys are very clever at making tops do tricks. Their tops are usually made of bamboo and spun with a string.

Indian boys like best to play with tops in winter, for they like to spin them on the ice. Some of them call tops "dancers," and this seems to be a good name, for they spin merrily on the ice. Most of their tops are whipped into action. The whip used is a short stick to which is fastened a kind of brush made of long strips of buckskin. Sometimes the top is started by winding all the buckskin around the top and pulling it away quickly. Or the top is taken in the hands and whirled faster and faster until it is sent spinning to the floor. Then the whip is used to keep it spinning.

In India there is a special top spinning season. In this battles of tops are fought by young and old, and for a long time before all are busy preparing for this occasion.

THE ROMANS OF THE ROMANS.

The Romans, who were one of the greatest races that ever lived, loved games which taxed agility and strength.

Early in Rome's day her Kings built a large space for their games. It was a mile around, and there were seats enough for many people.

The games were part of their religion, and before they started statues of their gods were carried around. It was a religious duty to be a soldier, and the games were held to train men for this duty. The five tests of strength and cleverness were running, leaping, boxing, wrestling and throwing of quoits.

Ancient people did not play the game of quoits as we do. We aim at a certain mark, and it is as bad to throw beyond it as to fall short of hitting the mark. But in those times the players tried to see how far they could throw. The best man was the one who could throw farther than any of the others.

The young men of those old days excelled in all feats of skill and strength, but after a while they preferred to be amused by watching others fight and wrestle, and soon lost their interest in their own strength. When this happened it was an easy matter for other nations to conquer the Romans.

ORIGIN OF DECORATION DAY.

During the Civil War many of the Southern women used to lay flowers on the graves of the soldiers in loving memory of their bravery. They not only decorated the graves of their own men, but also those of the Northerners who died in the South.

In May of 1865, three years after the close of the war, General John A. Logan, who was commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, decided to set aside a day especially for straws flowers on soldiers' graves, so he sent out an order naming May 30 as that day.

Ever since then, in almost all states in the Union, May 30 has been a holiday and almost everybody decorates one or more graves with the choicest blossoms of nature.

"EVERY MAN'S A BRICK."

In olden times most of the cities were surrounded by large walls built of brick and stone. These walls were to protect the inhabitants of the city from enemies and also to prevent slaves from escaping.

One evening a Persian Ambassador with a large company of attendants

entered the City of Sparta. He was greatly surprised that there was no city wall and no towers, and there seemed to be no slaves, but every man seemed to be his own master.

He asked the ruler of Sparta where the walls of the city were. The Spartan invited him to go to the top of a high temple the next morning at sunrise and said he would be shown the city's walls.

The next morning, just as the sun was climbing up over the hills, they went to the top of the temple. Below them they saw the brave young men of the city in their bright armor. The sun shone brightly on them—every man as true as steel. The King turned proudly to the Persian and said: "See Sparta's city wall. Every man down there is a brick."

THINGS EVERY BOY WILL DO.

Instituting a comparison between boys and girls, in which it correctly states that the girl of today participates very little in household work and does practically nothing to reduce expenditure. The Minneapolis Tribune states:

"Boys have not reached that stage of civilization which afflicts girls. Boys can be set to amuse themselves just as they could in more primitive times."

Boys, indeed, offer a fixed standard of conduct, which the mutabilities of thousands of years, including divergence of race and climatic conditions, have not been able to alter. We see the same characteristics in the boy of the alums, up to a certain age, that we do in the son of the millionaire. It is only when boys grow up that they yield to environment and habit.

Here are some of the things common to every boy which civilization has not been able to affect:

Every boy will fight at the drop of the hat.

Every boy hates to be dressed up.

Every boy hates girls.

Every boy will lie to save himself from punishment.

Every boy throws stones.

Every boy says naughty words.

Every boy will associate with any other boy he likes, regardless of anything, such as money, position, etc.

When, say up to 12, a boy does not conform to these rules there is something the matter with him. Regarded from the standpoint of the other boys, he is "no good."—Life.

WONDERFUL DOG THINKS.

Masterlink, in Metropolitan Magazine.

The case of the Elberfeld horses no longer stands quite alone. There exists at Mannheim a dog of rather doubtful breed who performs almost the same feats as his equine rivals. He is less advanced than they in arithmetic, but does little additions, subtractions and multiplications of one or two figures correctly. He reads and writes by tapping with his paw in accordance with an alphabet which, it appears, he has thought out for himself, and his spelling is simplified and phoneticized to the utmost. He distinguishes the colors in a bunch of flowers, counts the money in a purse and separates the marks from the pennies. He knows how to seek and find words to define the object or the picture placed before him. You show him, for instance, a bouquet in a vase and ask him what it is.

"A glass with little flowers," he replies.

And his answers are often curiously spontaneous and original. In the course of a reading exercise in which the word *herb*, autumn, chanced to attract attention, Professor William Mackenzie asked him if he could explain what *Autumn* was.

"It is the time when there are apples," Rolf replied.

On the same occasion the same professor, without knowing what it represented, held out to him a card marked with red and blue squares.

"Blue, red, lots of cubes," replied the dog.

How Dolly Conquered Herself.



ONCE there were two little girls named Dolly and May who lived in houses next to each other and who played together all the time, from morning until night.

They had many toys and had lots of fun playing house with their dolls. Their birthdays were only a week apart, and on Dolly's birthday her mother gave her a large doll with long black curls. It was very beautiful and she was very happy with it until on May's birthday May's mother gave her little daughter a golden-haired doll.

Then Dolly began to wonder if her own doll was pretty. She wished May hadn't a new doll, and she thought so many bad things that instead of being a happy little child she was a most disagreeable girl and no one could tell what had made the change in her.

She was cross to her little playmate, and little May, who loved her dearly, was very unhappy. Although they still played together, Dolly was so unkind to May that May was miserable.

One day when they were playing at May's house May's mother sent them on an errand and they left the dolls in care of little Bob, May's brother. When they returned Bob met them at the gate with the news that the dog had run off with May's doll.

Naughty Dolly's heart gave a glad little jump and she gave a little cry of delight. Now May wouldn't have any new doll and her doll would be the prettiest. She seemed so happy you would have thought something pleasant had happened.

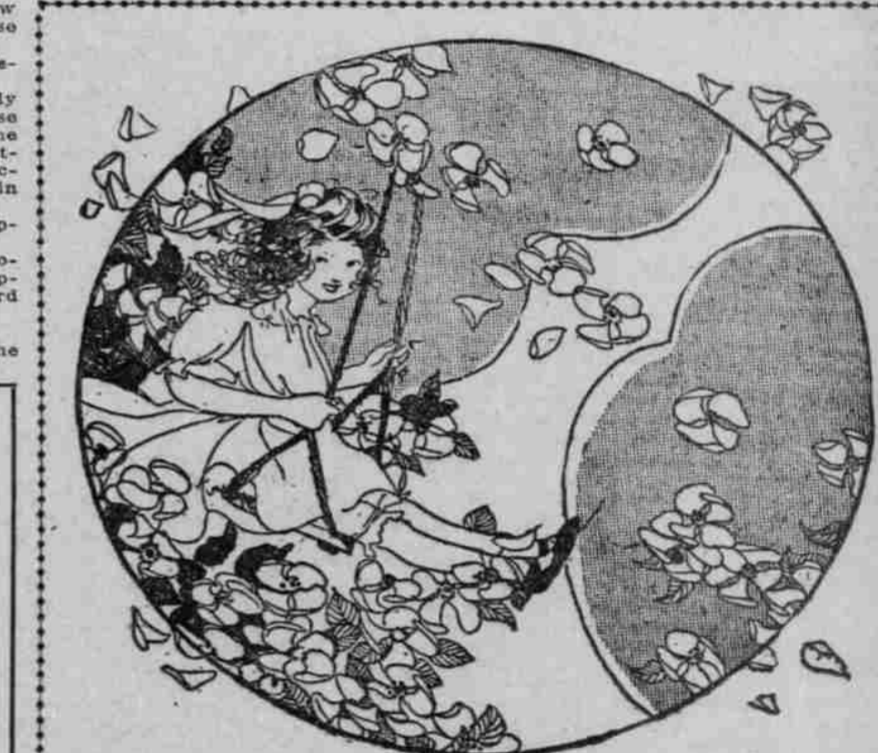
May said nothing, but ran quickly to the porch, where she found that, instead of her doll, it was Dolly's doll that had been carried off. When Dolly heard this she began to cry and would not be comforted.

May did her best and offered her any of her toys, even her new doll, if she would stop crying. When Dolly saw how unselfish May was she grew ashamed and told May the mean things she had thought about her. She begged May's forgiveness and May kissed her and they made up.

In a few minutes back came the dog with the doll in his mouth, and when they took it away from him they found that the only damage done was a small tear in the dress. This was soon mended and the two little girls were soon playing happily together again.

They were playmates and friends for many years, but Dolly never forgot the unselfishness of May in offering her her new doll when the dog ran away with hers.

Swinging—A Springtime Rhyme



Swing high, swing low!
Up in the apple tree we go,
Among the blossoms, fair and sweet,
Where honey bees are having a treat.
(They fly away their food to store,
But soon return to gather more.)

You've guarded your home and secured well—
We found you out, but we'll never tell.

Swing low, swing high!
Feeling as if we really could fly,
We peep in the shy little robin's nest,
Busy mother bird is so distressed,
Feed your babies, never fear,
We'll not hurt them, mother dear.

Swing high, swing low!
Backward and forward, up we go,
Swinging so merrily, happy and free,
Who in the world is as happy as we?
Sheltered so well from the glaring sun,
Ready to rest when the day is done.
—Clara E. Detweiler.

The Dragon—Then and Now



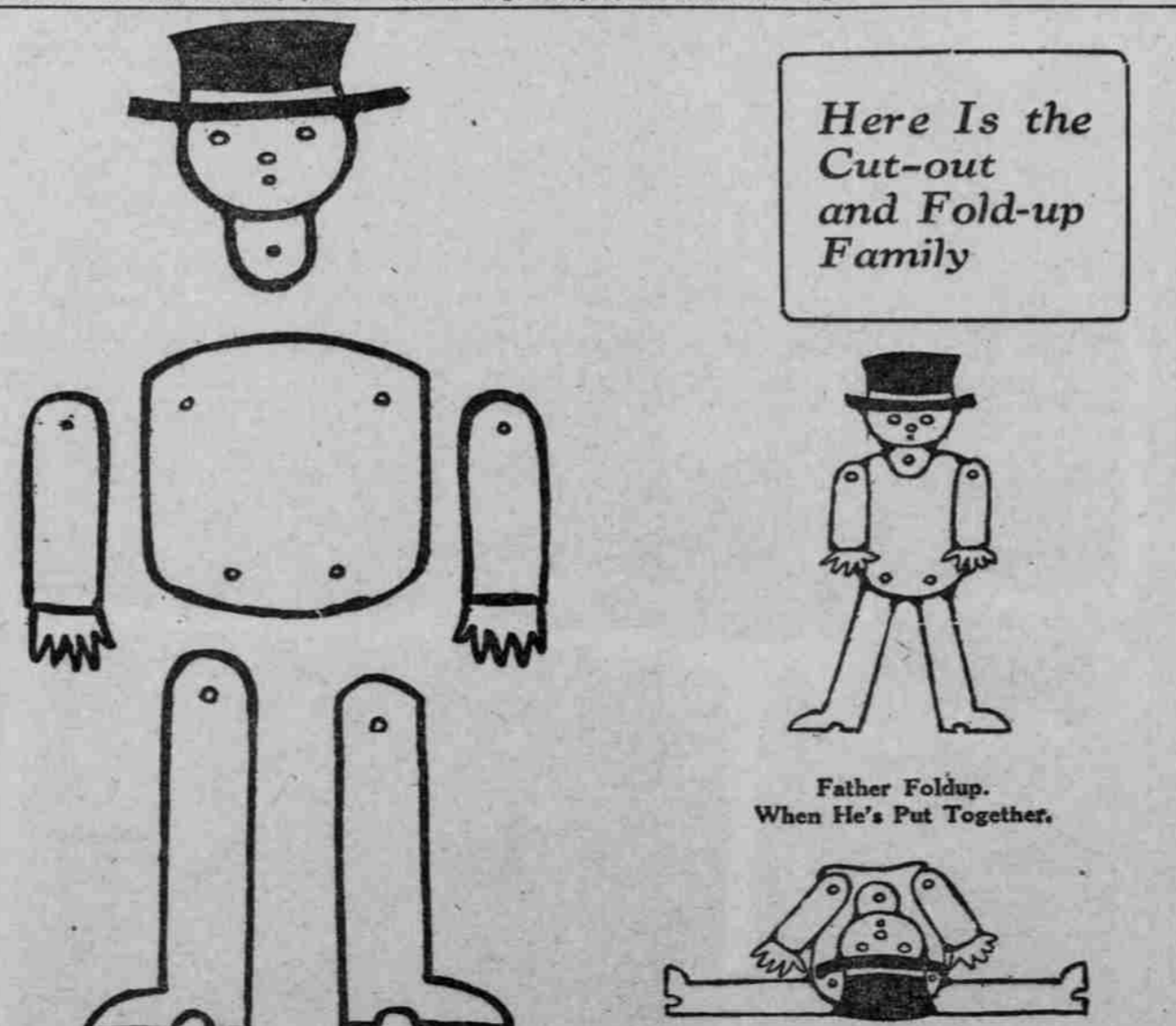
FOR some reason or other the Dragon has always stood "on the wrong side of the fire." In days gone by, no man was considered "brave and true" until he had fought and conquered the dragon. In those days it stood for all evil, and one must fight long and hard to overcome its influence. And, one must fight alone—no friendly hand could help.

But if the thoughts of the youth were good, and his spirit brave, he always won the battle.

The modern dragon still hunts round for whom he may destroy. Sometimes he's walking through the streets, sometimes in stores, or trolley cars, or even on the way to school, he lies in wait for folks afraid.

But if one's brave, he runs away—because no harm can ever come to one whose thoughts are good.

If thoughts are good, then day by day the courage grows—and one by one old faults will disappear—and by and by we see no more the dragon in the shadows by the way.



Here Is the Cut-out and Fold-up Family

Father Fold-up. When He's Put Together.

Father Fold-up. When He's Folded Up.

Dear Little Ones: Here are some new cut-outs for you—cutouts that will move their arms and legs and heads. They are called the Fold-Up Family. They are going to be printed on your page every Sunday for awhile. Today we have Father Fold-Up. First paint him, make his suit brown or gray, his shoes black, his face and hands flesh color. Then paste the pieces of Father Fold-Up on heavy paper and cut them out. Now, if you will get some older member of your family to bring you some little brass "McGill Fasteners" you can fit the pieces together where the round holes are found. Punch the holes open and put the fastener through, the little pieces bend over at the back. If you just can't get fasteners, use a pin and push it through the holes and bend it over the back.

Mother Fold-Up will be printed next Sunday. After that all the little Fold-Ups.—New York Press.



WAKING

The dear little leaves are waking
From their long, dark Winter's sleep,
The buds are alive and bursting
With secrets they cannot keep.

Let's harken awhile and listen,
And learn of the long, cold night,
When, wrapped in the snow and darkness,
They waited for Spring and light.
—I. D. Stearns.