

A Picture Book Page for the Little Ones.



Where People Must Live on Chestnuts

THE peasants in the Apennine Mountains find it very hard to get enough to grow in the soil to provide food for their families and the higher up the mountains the scarcer the vegetation gets until up at about 2600 feet chestnut trees are almost the only things that will grow. No potatoes or wheat will thrive up at this distance, so the people have to depend almost entirely on the chestnuts for food.

The trees are planted evenly a certain distance apart and are kept well pruned down, although they never grow to be very tall. The only underground is hatching for anything else would take the nourishment from the trees, besides interfering with the gathering of the nuts.

Most of the chestnut farms belong to the better class of people, who live in town and rent their places on the half-share principle, but some of the peasant own their own farms. The peasants who rent the farms take care of the trees, gather the nuts and divide the harvest.

Between the farms there are no fences or other division lines, but each peasant depends on his neighbor's honesty, and not one of them would pick up a chestnut under his neighbor's tree. As each one is allowed to claim what he finds on his own place, there is much work trying to prevent the nuts from rolling down hill. Anything which happens to fall into a public road belongs to the public and very few of the men take any of the nuts which do stray away. The poor people are allowed the privilege of gleaning and turn out with baskets, especially after a rain, to hunt for chestnuts which have rolled away.

The nuts are picked early in November and there is a general merrymaking at this time, in which old and young join.

In each peasant's house, over the kitchen, there is a loft whose floor is of close slats. On this floor the fresh nuts are piled and a fire is built in the middle of the stone floor underneath. All doors and windows are closed tight and the chestnuts are soon dried by the heat and smoke which rises between the slats.

After the nuts are dried and hulled they are sent to the mill, where they are ground into a kind of heavy, sweet, gray flour.

Enough chestnut flour for the year is obtained at one time and is kept in a chest which is made of chestnut wood and is kept in the kitchen.

Chestnut flour is prepared in differ-

PICTURE JINGLES CAN YOU MAKE THEM RHYME?

HERE IS A _____	HERE IS A _____
HERE IS A _____	and HERE IS A _____
HERE IS A _____	HERE IS A _____
HERE IS A _____	and HERE IS A _____

School in India Is Unique

"TAMIL" one of the very oldest languages in the world, is spoken in the school that I am going to tell you about. The word means "sweetness" and the language is full of many pretty sounds. It is pleasant to the ear when it is correctly spoken, but when uneducated people use it it sounds hard and harsh.

In this school, which is in far-off India, the children wear very little. The floor of the schoolhouse is covered with mats or mats or mats. The books are made of palmyra leaves. A sharp-pointed stick or knife is used to scratch the letters on these and then ink or some other soft black stuff is put on the scratches. When these dry the letters are plainly seen. Besides reading and writing and a little arithmetic, the children are taught many proverbs are taught. The children learn to speak these like parrots and say them so fast that it is almost impossible to understand them. The children all study at the top of their voices, and when the teacher has to go a short distance away and leave them he is sure they are behaving as long as he can hear their voices.

The teacher has to go and get the children that don't come to school on time. This he does morning and afternoon before school begins. He has to love someone (usually his wife) with those that are prompt.

When an important visitor is expected at the school it is very funny to see the way in which the children dress up. They beg and borrow any clothing they can and come all fixed up in coats and skirts, dragging on the ground, besides wearing all the jewelry their mothers will let them.

There is no holiday on Saturday, but a half holiday is given each week, so that the pupils may take an oil bath. This is taken by all who can afford it. First a hot water bath is taken and then the oil bath. The oil is rubbed into the skin by a friend and the whole body is rubbed again and again. The bathers rest for several hours after the bath and do not go out of the house until they begin to feel strengthened by the oil.

It is hard to get children to stay all day long in school, for the parents usually need them to help at home. The boys herd the cattle, and the girls carry water or take care of the babies. There are no dishes for them to wash, for, instead of dishes, these people use leaves, which are thrown away as soon as used.

In some parts the people are so poor that they have only one meal a day. Here the children are so hungry that they can't go to school until they have their dinner, so they study only half a day. When the parents are so poor and almost starve they don't care so much about educating their children.

The teachers are paid very little, about \$3 or \$4 a month. They have a hard time collecting even that sometimes.

Many people in India are very proud and think they are better people. They talk about being high caste and look down on those they call low caste. They will not touch or help low caste people, no matter if they are in great need, for fear the touch will make them unclean. In the schools the high caste children sit on one side and the low caste on the other. The teach-



GOLDENROD
 Fairly plume,
 Golden bloom,
 Waving in the shining sun;
 Glorious yellow,
 Soft and mellow,
 Tell of Autumn days to come.
 WILLIAM A. ROBERTS.

eat all in one feeding ground they start out for another.
 The whole family goes on these journeys. They travel in large bands, sometimes a thousand of them going at the same time. They travel mostly

that the only thing to do to rescue his family was to dip all the water out of the ocean, so he started right in. He had no dipper so he had to use his tail as one. He dipped it into the water and then shook his tail on the



This little sailor boy is gazing out to sea in search of his lost sail boat. See if you can find it by cutting out the black spots and putting them together.

Legend of the Chipmunk

Once, away off in India, there lived a chipmunk who had no stripes on his back and who was all gray. He lived with his wife and two tiny babies in a nest in a tall palm tree. He was very good to his family and tried to give them plenty to eat, but sometimes this was hard for he had to go a long way before he could find any nuts.

One day when he was away there was a terrible storm and the wind and water beat around the palm tree so hard that it fell into the ocean and the top where the chipmunk's home was, struck away out among some rocks in the sea.

When father chipmunk got back he felt very badly, but he started right in to see what he could do. After that a healthy woman like you boards thinking for a little while he decided

shore so that the water would fall in sight. They always go in one direction and nothing turns them out of the way. If they come to a stream they all swim across it. If a hill or mountain is in their path they go right up over it. Many of them are eaten by birds and animals and numbers of them are killed or die of hunger, but the rest keep right on until they get to the ocean. Then they all jump in and swim straight ahead until they drown.

It is not known why they always head for the sea, but the Norwegian people are very glad that the little animals are drowned, for if they were not Norway would be overrun with the pests.

"A fine-looking and fashionably-dressed woman had just alighted from her limousine at the hotel entrance and was suddenly approached by this shabbily dressed man, who requested a dime.

"No, I have no money to spare for you. I do not see why an able-bodied man like you should go about begging."

"I'm poor, madam," replied the lazy tramp. "It's fer about the same reason that a healthy woman like you boards at a hotel instead of keepin' house."

How Birds Eat the Pests

BIRDS are very useful to us because their daily food consists of things we do not care to eat or things which are a trouble to us.

They like mice and ground squirrels, which destroy our grain. They also eat worms and insects and weeds, which are injurious to our crops.

A bird eats more than its own weight every day and wants to eat all the time. It starts to eat long before we get up and eats all day long, if food is to be had.

Each bird has a different place to work. The catbird selects the fruit trees and eats the insects on them, occasionally eating a little of the fruit. The robin eats worms which destroy apples and corn. The bluebird eats insects which harm the grass, such as grasshoppers or crickets.

Woodpeckers cut holes in trees and drag out grubs which are working inside. Orioles eat insects under the leaves on fruit trees and also kill the caterpillars. Swallows catch mosquitoes and little flies. The smaller birds work on the tops of trees where they can hardly be seen. Other birds help to remove dead animals. Among these birds we find the turkey buzzard, who does a great deal of good. Hawks are fond of ground mice or squirrels. They help the farmer greatly by destroying these tiny animals. The owls are also fond of the same little pests.

The finch family likes seeds as well as insects and seem to like best the seeds of unpleasant weeds. Birds that eat seeds find them in both Summer and Winter, the dead weeds with their seeds are seldom covered with snow.

Many birds prepare for the Winter by gathering their food in the Autumn and putting it away in a safe hiding place until they need it. Among these are the bluejays, who gather acorns and nuts, and the woodpecker, who hides acorns away.

October's Interesting Dates.

- October 2, 1656—Death of Miles Standish.
- October 4, 1832—President Hayes born.
- October 5, 1815—Battle of the Thames.
- October 5, 1830—President Arthur born.
- October 6, 1821—Jenny Lind born.
- October 7, 1682—William Penn landed.
- October 8 to 11, 1871—Great fire of Chicago.
- October 9, 1547—Cervantes born.
- October 10, 1912—Battle of Podgarnitz fought.
- October 12, 1492—Columbus discovered America.
- October 14, 1644—William Penn born.
- October 16, 1912—General Diaz seized Vera Cruz.
- October 17, 1777—Burgoyne surrendered Saratoga.
- October 18, 1831—Helen Hunt Jackson born.
- October 19, 1781—Cornwallis surrendered Yorktown.
- October 21, 1805—Battle of Trafalgar.
- October 25, 1415—Battle of Agincourt.
- October 27, 1858—Theodore Roosevelt born.
- October 28, 1776—Battle White Plains.
- October 29, 1794—John Keats born.
- October 30, 1776—John Adams born.
- October 31—Hallow'e'en.

Some Chinese Customs.

The roof of a Chinese house has points on it which stick out in all directions, so that any evil spirit that



I've Dusted out the Fire-Place—And rubbed the Brasses bright—To make it neat for Santa Claus when he comes down tonight!

happens to be flying about may be hurt if he happens to come too near the house.

Chinese actors wear many expensive and beautiful costumes during a play. Some of these dresses represent the work of from six to 12 women, working on the one piece for five years.

If a man who owes money runs away without paying it, any one of his family may be punished for the debt. A caller never asks after his host's wife and she is kept out of sight when a stranger is in the house.

When a Chinaman is sick he sends to the priest for a charm of paper with queer writing on it. He burns the paper, swallows the ashes and gets better very quickly.

If a Chinaman lends money he never asks for it back, but asks his friend for a "return loan."

Consideration.
 (Washington Star.)
 "Has your horse a good disposition?"
 "Yep," replied Farmer Cornstossel.
 "But he wouldn't have if I worried him as much as he does me."

THE SANDMAN STORY FOR TO-NIGHT

MRS. F. A. WALKER.

The Discontented Dewdrop.

ONE morning a little Dewdrop was resting on the petal of a wild rose that grew beside a river.

The sun shining on it made it glisten like a diamond and a woman who was passing stopped to admire its beauty. "It is the most beautiful thing in the world," she remarked; "see the colors in that tiny little drop; isn't it wonderful?"

"Wonderful!" repeated the dewdrop, when the woman had walked away. "If I were like the river I might be wonderful; it is too bad; here I am sitting here while the river can run on and on and see all the sights. It bubbles and bubbles as it goes, and that is worth while. I have never a chance to be wonderful. Oh, if I were only in the river water I might be something."

Just then a breeze passing heard the little dewdrop's wish.

"You shall have your wish, foolish Dewdrop," she said, blowing gently on the rose, which swayed, and off went the little Dewdrop into the rushing river.

"This is like something, being a part of this river," said the Dewdrop, as it mingled its tiny drop with the running river. "Now I am worth admiring and can see something of the world."

On and on it ran with the water of the river, but it was no longer a dewdrop, it was a part of the river.

"I wish I could stop for a minute so someone might admire me," said the silly little drop, for it thought it could still be seen and was making all the babbling it heard as the river ran along.

But no one admired it nor did it stop; on went the river to a larger river, and by and by it came to the bay and the Dewdrop went rolling into it with the other water.

"Surely I am greater now than ever and worth admiring," thought the drop, but it heard no sweet words such as the woman spoke of the little Dewdrop on the rose by the river.

The bay mingled at last with the ocean and little Dewdrop knew at last that it was no longer a thing to be admired for itself alone, but a part of the great ocean. It was completely lost in the vastness of the mighty waters of which it was only a drop.

The breeze went whispering over it, calling "Little Dewdrop, little Dewdrop where are you?"

But the drop answered never a word. It did not even hear the gentle voice of breeze, so loud was the roar of the ocean.

"Come away," called a loud wind to

the gentle breeze, "that is no place for you; I must blow here and make the wave high and you will never find your little Dewdrop. It has been swallowed long ago by the ocean. Go back to your river and tell the other dewdrops the fate of their companion."

The gentle breeze went away and the loud wind swept the ocean, making the waves high and the roar louder and louder. The little Dewdrop was there somewhere in a great whole, but it was lost forever in its longing to become great.

The gentle breeze went back to the river, and as she sighed around the rose, where the discontented Dewdrop had rested, she heard another drop say:

"Look at the river. Isn't it big? Here am I only a dewdrop, so small no one can see me."

"Ah, that is where you are mistaken, my dainty dewdrop," said the gentle breeze. "You can be seen now, but if you were to become a part of the river you would never be seen. You would lose your identity as soon as you mingled with the waters of the river. Be your own sweet self and be content with the part you play in this world. You are helping to make it more beautiful by your own dainty beauty. Do not wish to do a greater thing."

And then she told the fate of the discontented Dewdrop that had wished to become great and how at last it was swallowed by its own greatness, and its dainty beauty which had been so admired, no longer remained.

"Be content with the small part you play in the world," she told the drop. (Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate, New York City.)

Road-Building With Machinery.

In a 24-mile stretch of concrete road being built in Ohio between Zanesville and Hebron, the contractor, whose specialty is railroad building and who had an equipment of small engines and cars for transporting materials considerable distances, has laid a narrow-gauge railroad the full length of the road. Machinery is being used throughout the work.

At the terminals of the contractor's railroad, where connection is had with the real railroads, traveling cranes unload the cars and handle the materials. The small trains haul the supplies where needed and on the high-way steam shovels and concrete mixing machines do the work of grading and mixing the concrete.—Engineering Record.

A Good Reason



The reason why I'm in such haste it isn't hard to tell. It's cause I have no time to waste—there goes the Dinner-Bell!

Pests That End Themselves.

Lemmings are small animals something like rats, that are found in Norway. Their hair is very thick so they will be warm in Winter and they have long, sharp claws on their front feet, so that they can dig in the ground. They are brave and not afraid of other animals.

They eat grass, moss and roots. They do not provide for the Winter as many animals do, but when it is cold they dig under the snow and live on the grass, etc., they find there. As very little grows in Norway, as soon as they

CLOVER PUZZLE.



These children are hunting for four-leaf clovers. See if you can find one by cutting out the black spots and fitting them together.



My Sister is so Musical—she said that without fail—when she gets married she expects to live on a small scale—And that's not all—said Tommy—for her Husband—on his Hat—Is always going to wear a Band—What do you think of that?