

A Picture Book Page for the Little Ones.



In the Path of the Rainbow

THE children knelt on the cushioned seat of the bay window and watched the west wind drive the storm clouds across the sky. The rain was over and suddenly each gave a cry of delight.

"The rainbow! The rainbow! Oh, see the rainbow, mother dearie!"

Their mother was quick to look at the arch of violet, gold and rose which spanned the sky. It seemed to disappear into the woods right opposite them.

"It is a bow of promise," she said smiling. "Tomorrow will be fair!"

"Oh, mother, dearie, is it true that there's a bag of gold at the end of the rainbow?" asked Harold eagerly.

"His sisters laughed merrily. "How can you think of such a silly thing, Harold? Of course, that is only a fairy tale!"

His mother, seeing the boy's ashamed look, spoke quickly. "I am inclined to think that it is true, Harold."

"Why, mother, do you really mean it?" the older girl asked astonished.

"Why, our nurse used to tell us she had often gone to look for it, and had only succeeded in getting lost herself!"

"Perhaps she did not take the right path, daughter. The rainbow path is no common one, and it is not always an easy one to find."

"But, mother, dearie, how are we to know just which is the rainbow path?" spoke the three in one breath.

Instead of answering their question their mother sat beside them and said slowly: "Look closely at the rainbow, my dears, and tell me of what it is composed."

"I can see violet and blue, and rose and green and gold," said Eloise, who had a talent for painting.

"You are right. All those colors are there. Now, can any one of you tell me what they mean?"

No one of them could, though they thought long and hard.

"Violet stands for faith," said mother smiling, "and blue for hopefulness. The rose color is the symbol of joy, and the green of virtue. The gold stands for the most beautiful thing of all, for it is the color of the sun and means love! Now perhaps you can see why the rainbow path is not always easy to find. Faith, hope, joy, virtue and, best

PUZZLE—FIND THREE OTHER BUILDERS.



Seven, eight, lay them straight,
A red and then a blue,
There simply isn't any end
To what my blocks will do.

A castle I can build with them,
A bridge, a house, a wall,
A tower, or a flight of stairs,
Or anything at all.

Life in a Great Light House

ONCE there was a little girl who lived with her father and mother and brothers in a large lighthouse. This lighthouse was built on a big rock away out in the ocean.

Now, the little girl could not go to school and had no playmates except her two brothers, but she was never lonesome, for she loved her home, and its surroundings. She liked to look at the beautiful sky and watch the dashing waves as they splashed up on the rocks.

She was happiest in the Summer, for then she could stay all day out in the open. In the early morning she could watch the sun rise and be the first of the family to say "Good morning" to him.

She would make wreaths of flowers and chains of shells, and when she had put these on would dance and play she was a fairy. Then she liked to wade in the water, and what fun it was to run and jump about in the waves.

She would make boats and dolls out of chips and sail the tiny crafts with their passengers in the little pools of water here and there in the rocks. She also made boats out of shells, but she liked the wooden ones the best.

She did not like the Winter very much, for it was long and cold, but it had its good side, too, for she had many books and toys and she played by the big fireplace. She used to watch out the window for a chance ship, and often sea birds flew by. She used to watch her father light the big lantern way up in the tower of the lighthouse, and when she was old enough she was allowed to light it sometimes.

She was always glad when the Winter was past, and as soon as she could she planted a little garden. This she cared for faithfully and was always rewarded by a beautiful array of lovely flowers.

She had other gardens, too; little pools full of seaweeds of different kinds and many queer sea animals.

She passed a happy childhood in her lighthouse home, and when she grew up and went to live somewhere else she always remembered the wonderful ocean. She thought so much of it that she wrote many poems about it, so that others might know of its great beauties. Thus, in her lonesome home she found ample happiness for herself and an abundance which she was able to share with others.

FIND TWO PREACHERS WHO SPOKE AT THE MEETING.



Cross Patch drew the latch,
And sat by the fire to spin,
She wove a gown of somber brown,
To go to meeting in.

Why the Music Stopped

THERE was a whole family of frogs that lived in a pool by the side of the road, down among the grass and weeds, and on warm Summer nights they used to come out and sit on the bank, and play their banjos. Now, of course, they weren't real banjos, but they sounded just like them.

"They all played except grandpa, who was too old, and baby, who could only say 'Peep, peep!'" just like the little chickens.

One night they were having a fine time—twang, twang, twang, till all the katydids and crickets stopped to listen to the music. All of a sudden a big stone came—Kerplash! right in among them; then another. They were dreadfully frightened, and grandpa said, "Hush! Keep quiet or they may throw more stones!" "What for?" said Polly Wog.

Then they all listened, while grandpa told how there were people who cared more for eating than most anything, and would cut off the frogs' legs and cook and eat them. "How dreadful!" said Polly. "Yes," said grandpa, "and they kill our cousins, the pretty birds, just to get the feathers to wear in their hats."

Polly felt her little green legs and was so glad they were there, and they all wondered how anybody could be so cruel. Don't you?

IN SLEEPY LAND.

When Ma was all fixed for the party,
And we were tucked into bed,
She bent and kissed me and my Dolly,
And this is just what she said:

"If you are a good little lassie,
And shut your eyes when I say 'Good night',
The wonderful King of Sleepy-land
Will stay with you until light."

So I shut 'em as tight as could be,
And what do you ever think?
A little old man stood there waiting,
Before I could even wink.

He held out his hand, and we traveled
Way down through the long, dark
hall;
Out onto the street, along the road,
'Till we reached the Fancy Ball.

Such beautiful, beautiful dresses,
All shining and soft, and red,
And blue, and green, and yellow,And purple, and pink, and white.

this path, shall we find the bag of gold, really, truly, at its end, mother, dearie?"

"Have we not already seen that gold stands for love, Harold? And who can doubt if he have faith, hope, joy, vir-

could have been granted if he had gone with the travelers, and his third wish—well, he could keep on trying, and he picked up his violin and went home.

WHEN I'M A MAN.
My mother says when I'm a man
A hero I shall be,
And serve my country best I can
And march from sea to sea.

I thought maybe I'd go to war,
And rout the foreign foe,
Or maybe I'd be President
And to the White House go.

But after all I think the best
A little boy can be
Is like old Chris Columbus,
Who found our great country.

I'd like to sail upon the deep,
In good old Saint Marie,
And order 'bout my trusty men
And keep down mullin'.

And when I'd come to foreign shores
Like Christopher of old,
I'd plant my country's banner
For nations to behold.

Oh, yes; I'm sure Columbus
Is the man I'd like to be,
He's a hero of our country
And the only one for me.

WISDOM AND HEROISM.
There is a good story told of a slight-of-hand performer who died some years ago. He toured around the world, and on one occasion was in



Altho' I'm not a stylish girl -
Quite common -
Truth to tell -
Thanksgiving Dinner makes me feel -
I am an awful swell!

- HOLD-ONS.
1. Hold on to your hand when you are about to do an unkind act.
 2. Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to speak harshly.
 3. Hold on to your heart when evil persons invite you to join their ranks.
 4. Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you in all times and places.
 5. Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of forsaking the right.
 6. Hold on to the truth for it will serve you well and do you good throughout eternity.
 7. Hold on to your temper when you are excited, or angry, or others are angry with you.
 8. Hold on to your good character, for it is and ever will be your best wealth.

THAT NAUGHTY BURR.
You never know where nuts are hid,
Unless you hunt around,
Sometimes they're stickin' on 'e trees,
Sometimes they're on 'e ground.

But there's one thing very certain,
If you falls down, oh, deary me!
You always find a chestnut burr,
A-stickin' to your knee.

ROSE POTTER.

far-away New Zealand. It was arranged that he should give an exhibition of mind-reading before the King of the Maories.

After some parleying, it was decided that the King should himself conceal an article which the magician was to discover.

The mind-reader left the room and after a time was brought back, blind-folded. After some thinking, he de-



of all, love, are the sign-posts which point the way to the rainbow path. And so you see, unless one is armed with these treasures, one is in great danger of getting completely lost. That is just why so many who start out to search for the bag of gold miss their way, for few if any think of being faithful, and hopeful, and joyous, and virtuous, and loving enough to keep on the rainbow path!"

The children were much impressed by their mother's words and thought them wonderful. Harold spoke slowly: "But if we are good enough to find

An Old World Tale

LONG, long ago there was born on a fine Sunday morning a little boy named Nils. Now, because he was a Sunday child his mother told him that the fairies would watch over him, and if he were good and tried to do right he would see the Nixie sometime. She told him that the Nixie would grant him three wishes.

Of course, he wanted to see the Nixie, so he was a good, kind little boy. He was never rough or cross, and he helped his mother all he could. Sometimes when his work was done he would sit by the water where the Nixie lived and try to hear her music. Several times he thought he heard it, but he never could see her to tell her his wishes.

He had decided what he would do when he saw her. First, he wanted to know a great deal and be wise; second, he wanted to become famous, and, lastly, he wished for a violin and to be able to play the Nixie's sweet music.

He told his school teacher about his wishes and begged to borrow the old man's violin. The old man lent it to him and taught the boy how to play on it, but Nils could not play the Nixie's music, although he knew just how it sounded.

When the old man died he left the violin to Nils and Nils treasured it highly. Every minute he could spare from his work he spent with his music. Soon people came from everywhere to hear Nils play, and no feast or gathering was complete without him and his music. People said he could play the Nixie's music, but he knew he could not.

As he grew old he, still tried to be good and kind and gentle to all. He was ready to help anyone in trouble and give advice to all who asked for it. For this he got the name "Wise Nils."

Some travelers passing through his country once tried to coax him to go with them and play in different lands, but he refused to leave his people. After the travelers had left they sent Nils a beautiful violin.

With this new violin Nils thought he could surely play the Nixie's music, so he ran down to the water. As he listened he heard soft, sweet music, but when he tried to play it he could not.

He was so discouraged that he put his violin down. Then he began to think of his three wishes. His first wish had been granted, for he was called "Wise Nils"; his second wish



STARTLING INFORMATION.



clared that the missing article was in the King's mouth. The King's mouth was in the negative.

The magician insisted upon his point and demanded that the King's mouth be opened wide. The King refused. The magician still insisted, until the King reluctantly opened his jaws.

The article was not there! The next instant, however, he was taken with a violent fit of coughing. He tried to swallow the concealed article, a button, but could not, and was compelled to cough it up.

Fashionable Swedish Dinner

THREE o'clock is the proper time for a fashionable dinner in Sweden. The guests are received very graciously in the drawing-room by the hostess. When all the visitors arrive the hostess invites them into the dining-room.

In this room at one side there is a small table laden with all kinds of Swedish dainties, such as a slice of fresh raw salmon, smoked reindeer, eggs hard-boiled, cucumbers, smoked goose breast, herring salad (made of very fat pickled herring, potatoes, cooked meat, boiled eggs, beets and onions and seasoned with oil, pepper and vinegar), rye bread and old cheese. The things are arranged nicely on a clean white cloth, on which there are also plates of plates, forks and knives.

Each guest helps himself and butters a piece of bread; then he takes whatever else he wants from the table and goes wherever he wants to eat it. Each person eats standing up and, while eating, walks around visiting with the hostess and other guests.

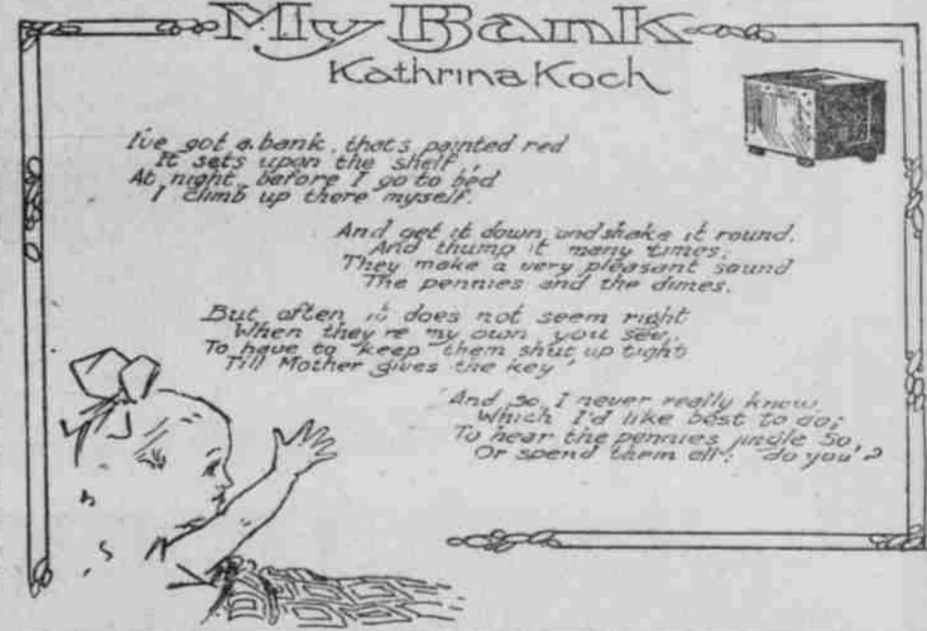
After this the guests are invited to the dinner table, where all sit down and a dinner served in courses much like ours is enjoyed.

When dinner is over coffee is served in the drawing-room, and unless the guest is invited especially for the evening, he leaves after a short conversation. When he leaves he shakes hands with both host and hostess and thanks them for their kindness. They in turn are very polite and hope the dinner has done him good.

Swedish people are very hospitable and both in receiving and bidding a great goodbye they are gracious and polite and do all that is possible to make him feel at ease.

A FEW PUZZLES TO SOLVE.

1. What country expresses an appetite?
 2. What one would a hungry man relish?
 3. What one would an infant like to be in?
 4. What one does the miser hoard?
 5. What one expresses sorrow?
 6. What one does the housewife take pride in?
- In the 14 sentences following 16 animals are hidden.
1. I went only by the naval orders.
 2. Good Dr. Ambrose allowed me to go out.
 3. Arthur, at what time will you meet me tomorrow?
 4. The stone exploded, and the sauceman therefore was badly broken.
 5. Jack, all children should obey their parents.
 6. Let us play hide and seek, as tag is so tiresome.
 7. Oh, Leo! pardon that poor man for my sake.
 8. Rebecca, take this present from me to John.
 9. There is that bad German lad who stole my book.
 10. I saw strange men in the wood, chuckling and laughing as I went by.
 11. That squalling babe arrived yesterday.
 12. Charles asked me if oxen ever were in deer parks.
 13. After getting on the steamcar I bought some candy and a magazine.
 14. Is Douglass able-bodied and healthy?
- Fill out each blank with the name



Where flapping round a scarecrow
(8).....
The crows rehearse their trouble.

But come within my (9).... bright,
Whose fire of (10).... (11).... rosy;
We'll (12).... a (13).... and then to-
night
May (14).... content and cozy.

And Getting Them.
Why is a violinist like a pickpocket?
Because he is always fingering for notes.



"If I were a Gardener said Nobby - I'd grow Nothing but Christmas Trees And they should bear plenty of Candy and Cake And all little Girls could give them a Shake - And just help themselves as they please!"

Just like the one that my mother wore
When she stood beside my bed.

And oceans of candy, cream and cake;
And lots of music beside;
And a snow-white horse, with silver mane,
For the boys and girls to ride.

But just as I got upon his back,
And started to prance about,
Somebody, right close up beside me,
Gave a long, tremendous shout.

I jumped and tumbled straight to the ground.
The little man flew away.
I opened my eyes and on the floor
My Dolly and I both lay.

And mother stood laughing beside us;
The sun was bright as could be.
"What a nice old man he is!" she cried,
And picked up Dolly and me.

—L. D. Stearns.

FIVE LITTLE FOXES.
Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—Bye and Bye.
Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—Right Away.

Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox—I Can't.

Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I Can.

No Use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low, and drive him high,
With this good hunter, named—I'll Try

Among the vines in my small lot,
Creeps in the young fox—I Forgot.

Then hunt him out and to his pen
With—I Will Not Forget Again.

A little fox is hidden there
Among my vines, named—I Don't Care.

Then let 'em Sorry—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vine and new.

—Union Gospel News.

FISTICAL CULTURE.
Small Eloise came home from her first day at school eager to show her mother the physical exercises she had learned.

"It's called fistical culture, mamma," she explained, "because you do nearly all of it with your fists."

Why did the fly fly? Because the spider spied her.
Why did the Western prairie go flat? Because the sun sets on them.