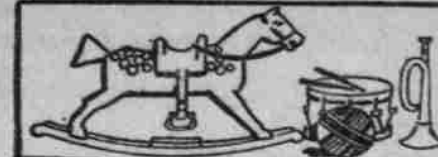




# STORIES AND PICTURES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.



## The Story of George Handel, Musician

OVER 200 years ago, in a little town in Germany, George Handel was born. He was a bright baby and was much loved by all his people. He was much like other little ones and played the same games and with the same kinds of toys. Like other children, he was attracted by sweet music. He also tried to sing and it was very sweet to hear the little voice playing baby songs.

As time went on he seemed so fond of music that his father, Dr. Handel, became alarmed. He wanted his son to be a lawyer, not a musician, and he sent all the music instruments out of the house and gave orders that George was never to be taken where he might hear music.

But George loved music so much that he could not give it up and he hid an old spinnet in the attic and there he could play and sing to his heart's content. At the Duke's palace he was a little over 6 he could play nicely on it. All this time his father thought that his commands were being obeyed.

Now, one day when Dr. Handel was going to visit a grown-up son who was servant to the Duke, the little boy wanted to go and when his father said "No" and started, the little boy ran after the coach as fast as he could. His father stopped and finally allowed George to go with him.

At the Duke's palace the lad heard some music and, hearing away, he traced the sounds to the chapel. When the music was finished and he was alone with the organ he could not resist the temptation to try the keys, so he climbed up on the seat and began to play. He played softly at first and then louder and louder, until the sounds reached the Duke's room.

The Duke sent to learn who was playing so beautifully and discovered the child. At first George was frightened, but the Duke was so kind that the boy told him all about his love for music. The Duke then advised Dr. Handel to allow his son to study music and the doctor reluctantly agreed to do so.

When they got home George began to study with Zaccan, the organist of the cathedral at Halle. He worked so well that in three years he had learned all that this master could teach him. During this time he learned to play the organ, the violin, the hautboy and the spinnet. Besides this he composed music and every week he wrote a new piece for his teacher.

Zaccan wanted the boy to go to Berlin to study and so his father sent him there. At this time he was only 11 years old. He studied hard there and learned rapidly. He had many friends and also a few enemies, who were jealous of his playing. One of these, a musician, wrote a piece of music so hard that he didn't think Handel could play it. One day when some friends were listening to George playing, this musician suddenly asked the boy to play the new music. The child played

lessons. Besides this he composed music. He began to save money and sent as much as he could to his mother. When he was 21 he had saved enough to visit Italy and there he stayed three years. He studied and heard all the great Italian musicians. From Italy he went to London and this place he liked so well that he lived there almost all the rest of his life.

One of the most beautiful oratorios of hours and days hunting for it and at last a very old man found it. It was late in the afternoon when he found it and he was too tired to carry such a heavy load, so he decided to hide it and return for it in the morning. As he looked around for a safe hiding place he saw a poplar tree, whose thick leaves and long branches, growing straight out from the tree, he thought would make a safe hiding place. So he climbed the tree and hid the gold near the middle.

Soon Iris, the rainbow goddess, missed her gold and hurried to tell Jupiter.

### CAN YOU FIND HER THREE LITTLE PLAYMATES?



Five, six, pick up sticks,  
(Brother means his blocks,  
But he is just a child, you know),  
And put them in a box.

It sound so queer to call them sticks,  
I really have to laugh,  
But then, of course, I'm nearly six,  
And he's just four and a half.

## Sibyl's City—Why Not Have One?

"WHERE'S the stick, Sibyl?" Eleanor inquired, smiling. She had just opened the top drawer in Sibyl's little chiffonier in search of a fresh ribbon for the little sister's hair.

"The stick," Sibyl repeated, lifting her eyes in a puzzled way from the tumbled mass of laces, toys, collars and dolls' belongings to big sister's face.

"Oh, I mean the stick you stirred it all up with," Eleanor answered.

"Sibyl didn't know whether to laugh or to cry, so she did neither. 'Just can't keep things in order even in this little-girl size chiffonier that mother hoped was going to make me tidy. I try and try' and it's no time before even the things I mixed up again. I won't believe that it's worth while to try to be orderly any more."

Sister Eleanor laughed pleasantly. "How do you suppose that dainty Sally Sunday Ribbon likes to be jostled by Rubber Ball, just in from a roll on the garden walk?" she asked.

"Sally Sunday Ribbon," Sibyl questioned, parrot fashion. "Is it another pretend game, sister? I want to know how to play it right straight off."

Eleanor lifted out the top drawer from the little chiffonier and set it down on the bed. Then she drew up two chairs within easy reach.

"We might call it that," she began. "I have an idea that Sally Sunday and Patty Party Ribbon would like to live together in this nice little box house next door to Emily Everyday and Molly Morning." And she smoothed out the pretty blue ribbon that matched Sibyl's Sunday dress and laid it carefully beside the pink bow which had been bought for Cousin Doris' birthday party. Then she separated Emily Everyday and Molly Morning, two dark ribbons, from a tangle of gloves and handkerchiefs and placed them in another box close by.

"Rubber Ball is such a romping fellow," she went on, "he will feel more at home outside of Chiffonier City altogether. There are polly playmates for him over yonder in Play Room Park, and plenty of room, too, in Toy Box House."

Sibyl clapped her hands. "What a nice day!" she cried, and, lifting out a dainty but tumbled bit of lace, she suggested: "Wouldn't Miss Best Collar like a cosy home all by herself?"

"I'm sure that she would," Eleanor agreed; "and now I must leave the affairs of Chiffonier City in your hands for a while. I'm sure you will manage very nicely."

Almost before Sibyl knew it the streets were cleared of their disorderly crowd and Chiffonier City was set in perfect order from the Handkerchief Family's square, sweet grass cottage to the Kid Gloves' long and narrow pastaboard bungalow. Betsy Belt, Susie Sash and their aunts and cousins and friends were no longer loitering about the houses, because they had gone to tidy little houses of their own.

"The only trouble with this game," Sibyl remarked to Eleanor, when she came back, "is that it doesn't last long enough. Chiffonier City and Play Room Park as as spick and span as I can possibly make them."

"But why not make it last all the time?" Sister Eleanor suggested.

Sibyl thought that a good idea and now when she takes off her hair ribbon, instead of tossing it carelessly into the upper drawer, she says as she smooths out the wrinkles and lays it in its special box:

"Good night, Emily Everyday, pleasant dreams to you in your little house."

Of course once in a while Betsy Belt or Susie Sash do not go straight home, but on the whole the people of Chiffonier City and Play Room Park behave very well.

Sibyl says "Playing Chiffonier City is one of the nicest games that sister ever made up, and now I never have a bit of trouble in keeping by things in order."

REBECCA DEMING MOORE.

## Story of the Brown Bird and Red Bird

ONE day Paul and John were playing out in the yard, when John heard such a pretty song he told Paul to listen. There in the very treetop of the old apple tree in their orchard was a beautiful dark blue bird, singing as loudly as he possibly could, and Paul said: "Oh, John, wouldn't you like to be a bird, and fly 'way up in the air, and you could fly over cities, and over

The Governor thought they ought to invite the Indians who had been so good to them, so an invitation was sent to the Redskins.

At the appointed time the visitors

## Story of the Brown Bird and Red Bird

grabbed up a broom and chased them away. Paul was badly frightened and flew off and up into a tree. John came flying after him, and no sooner had they settled themselves in the tree than some other birds came along, and, seeing the bright feathers of John and Paul, were angry because they considered John and Paul dressed and they all got together and pecked poor Paul and John until they flew away, trying to find a safer place in which to rest.

John, who was really as tired as Paul, but wouldn't say so, finally flew upon the railing of a porch, and it was followed, for, besides being tired, poor Paul was dreadfully hungry and disappointed.

After sitting on the rail awhile and talking to themselves, John noticed a piece of cake lying on one of the chairs, and hopped down, and it was long before both Paul and John were pecking away as hard as they could at it. Finally, the cake gone and the birds rested, John said: "Where shall we spend the rest of the night?"

"Oh, can't we stay here until morning?" and Paul shook his feathers, preparing to stay before John answered: "Well, I suppose we might as well stay here as anywhere, but I suppose someone will come out of the house and chase us before long."

However, no one came and chased them and the next morning Paul was awake first, and said to John: "Where are we to fly today, and I wonder if we will get anything to eat?"

"My, is it morning already? It seems to me I have only been asleep a few minutes. I suppose we ought to fly somewhere, but I think it is just as hard to fly as it is to walk," and John shook out his feathers with a sleepy air.

"John, would you mind it very much if I flew home today? I don't think I want to be a bird any more," said Paul, looking anxiously at John.

"Well, if you want to go home, I don't mind going along with you. For my part, I prefer going about with feet, rather than with wings," said John, so the matter was settled and away they flew home.

When they arrived in the orchard they flew straight to the apple tree, and there was the blue bird, waiting for them.

"I thought you would be back this morning. There aren't so many nice things about being a bird as you thought there were, hey? So I suppose you want to be little boys again, is that it?" and looking first at John and then at Paul, the blue bird nodded his head, and going over to the boys, pecked them on the head and behold, they were little boys again.

"Thank you so much, blue bird, for letting us see what it is like to be a bird and I am sure I never will wish to be one again," said Paul, and John said: "That's the way I think about it too, blue bird."

With a laugh the blue bird flew up in the air, calling back: "Boys aren't meant to be birds, and birds aren't meant to be boys; so it's best to stay what you are."

LYDIA R. HOFFMAN.

### PUZZLE—FIND BILLY'S THREE FRIENDS.



The man in the moon  
Came down too soon,  
And landed first in Norwich;  
He took Bill Boone  
On a trip to the moon,  
And here they sit eating their porridge.

arrived with their families, all dressed in their best paint and feathers. They brought five big deer for the feast. The Indians stayed three days. Before the grand feast he worn inside. On grins gave thanks to God for his goodness to them in the new country.

This was the first Thanksgiving Day and ever since then we have observed it every year.

mountains, and see pretty things, and have people to throw crumbs to you, and go wherever you wanted to go?"

John said: "Yes, I'd love to be a bird, but I'd want to be a big bird, so that I wouldn't get tired and could fly and fly and never stop until I had seen the whole world."

Just then the blue bird hopped down from a tree, stopped singing, and, looking

## Our Neighbor's Shoes

OUR little Dutch cousins wear heavy, clumsy shoes made out of wood. These shoes are always left outside the house at the door, for they are too heavy and noisy to be worn inside. On the street the children make a lot of noise as they run in their queer shoes.

In China the better class of girls have their poor little feet bound tightly with straps, so that they will not grow. When the girls grow up one of them can walk very well and some can't walk at all. Their shoes are mostly of black, beautifully embroidered.

Indian people make moccasins of soft skin and sometimes decorate them with bright beads and gay embroidery.

The Egyptians make shoes of strips of the papyrus. These shoes are made of the strips interwoven like a mat and are strapped to the foot.

In Japan also the shoes are held up by a strap. Here, for shoes, wooden sandals are worn and the straps pass between the toes and around the ankles.

It is so cold in the North that our little Eskimo friends have shoes made of different kinds of skins and furs.

## Thoughtful Tim



It is hard lines  
to be intense—  
Said thoughtful  
little Tim  
I fell into  
Revery  
So hard I broke  
a limb!

## The Sun-Babe's Bath

Down from their home in the heavens  
Flew the Sun's wee babe one day,  
To bathe in a limpid streamlet  
That trickled on its merry way.  
Like "Will-o'-the-Wisp" they flitted  
On the breast of waters fleet.  
Then when it was time to call them  
Back to their skyland bed,  
They kissed the leaves and the stream-  
let  
Till they gleamed a rosy red.  
—CHARLOTTE PIDGEON.

## RIDDLE

Far from the light of day you find me  
hid away  
In shadows deep,  
I often bring you fear, though you may  
wish me near  
If you would sleep.

## REMARKABLE

Gried Tom—  
"It's strange I do  
declare—  
There's surely a  
mistake somewhere  
Upon the Fly-leaf—  
of this Book  
I look for Flies  
I look and look—  
I wrench and tear  
this Fly-leaf out  
I twist and turn it  
round about.  
But tho' I look  
and tho' I stare  
No Flies upon it  
anywhere!"

## HIS IDEAS



I'm going to get  
some Hives—said Tom  
Raise Bees and  
sell the Honey—  
(For living is  
expensive—  
And I really need  
the money)  
And a great way  
to attract the Girls—  
Quoth Tommy—  
"without fail  
will be to raise  
Some Sewing-Bees—  
And offer them  
for sale!"

that has ever been written is the "Messiah," composed by Handel. It is the story of the life of Christ. The music is very beautiful and when the King and others in London first heard it they couldn't listen quietly. Handel gave the music of this to an Orphan Home and it earned over \$50,000 for the poor little children.

When Handel was about 67 he began to grow blind and though he did all that was possible, he could not ward off the affliction. He tried to work just the same and played the organ whenever any of his own music was sung.

He lived to be 74 years old and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where some of the greatest English people are buried.

## A Leaf From Nature's Book

LITTLE folks who go to the seashore are always interested in the jellyfish—those queer animals which look like animated sea water, and are so lovely as they float, on a clear day, upon the surface of the sea. So delicate and fairylike they are that it is hard to believe that they are animals. They look more like bubbles that a gentle breath would destroy. Yet animals they are, and the strangest, perhaps, of living creatures. Scores of books have been written about them by ever so many learned men, and no fairy tale was ever more wonderful.

It is easy to study jellyfish, because one can look right through them and see how their organs work; and they can be dipped out of the sea and taken home without the least trouble. It is also easy to keep them in aquariums.

It does not take much material to make a jelly fish. It is no wonder that nature can afford to fill the sea in all parts of the world with these beautiful creatures. Sea water is plentiful and jellyfish are little more than sea water inclosed in a thin covering of muscle. They are shaped like bells, bowls, saucers or umbrellas and range in size from one thing that can hardly be seen without a microscope up to a big umbrella, two yards across, with streamers 100 feet long.

The main part of the body is called the umbrella and hanging down in the middle is the stomach, a long, narrow pouch, which looks and like the handle of an umbrella, that scientists call it the manubrium, which is Latin for handle.

ter. He began to look for it and discovered that it had been taken to the woods, where the poplar tree was. He questioned all the trees and they all said "no," they didn't know anything about the gold.

The poplar tree was so sleepy that it did not answer clearly and the king ordered it to wake up—to hold its arms



You say my Dog  
is not a Hound—  
A Terrier or a  
But if you watch  
him drink his Milk  
you'll know he is  
a Lap-Dog!"

## A LAUGH OR TWO

Small Joe—Adam was a lucky man.  
Nurse—Why do you think so?  
Small Joe—He never was a kid and had a woman wash his face and neck.

Mamma—James, what made you pinch the baby? Didn't I hear you ask the Lord last night to make you a better boy?  
James (aged 5)—Yes, mamma; but I guess he was busy and didn't hear me.

"Huh!" exclaimed little Edith, after hearing the story of Adam and Eve. "That old serpent couldn't have tempted me with an apple, 'cause I don't like apples."

"But," suggested her small brother, "suppose somebody had told you not to eat apples?"—Chicago News.

Tommy—Mamma, is this hair oil in this bottle?  
Mamma—No. That's muclage.  
Tommy—I guess that's why I can't get my hat off.

## A Nursery Rhyme

Hickery, hockery, hack,  
The boy sat on the tack,  
Then up he sprang,  
And away he ran,  
Hickery, hockery, hack,  
Hickery, hockery, hack,  
The boy plucked up the tack;  
With an angry cry  
He threw it high,  
Hickery, hockery, hack,  
Hickery, hockery, hack,  
The boy stamped on the tack,  
It stuck in his heel,  
Just picture his squeal!  
Hickery, hockery, hack.

## THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

The Indians taught the Pilgrims how to plant corn; so early in the Spring the corn was put in the ground. It was tended carefully and, with the aid of the sun and rain, a large crop ripened in the Autumn.

The Pilgrims rejoiced at the bountiful supply and were happy. When the Governor suggested that they have a



I LOVE MY DOLLY BEST OF ALL  
I have a little Teddy Bear and a Bunny, too;  
But I love my Dolly best of all. Yes, indeed, I do.  
For she is very beautiful, with lovely golden curl,  
I love her best because she is so like a little girl.  
—William A. Roberts.

## WEATHER REPORT



Hammock weather.