

STORIES AND PICTURES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.



Jamie and the Peppermint Drops



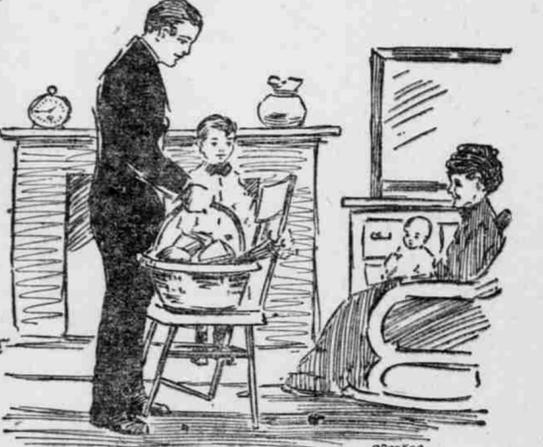
"GRANDPA," HE ASKED, "WHY IS IT THAT PEPPERMINT DROPS DO NOT MAKE ME SICK?"

"PEPPERMINTS!" cried Jamie, as he spied the yellow bag peeping out of grandpa's overcoat pocket. Jamie had a sweet tooth, like most little boys; but it was not filled very often, for he had a stomach that did not like sweets, and it ached badly every time Jamie ate candy of any kind except peppermint drops. So, of course, he jumped up and down and cried "Goody!" as grandpa handed him the bag full of peppermints.

"Grandpa," he asked, "why is it that peppermint drops do not make me sick?" He popped a round, white lozenge into his mouth and climbed up on grandpa's lap, all ready for a story. Grandpa told such nice stories, not always about fairies and witches and things that Jamie had never seen—although he could tell that kind, too—but usually about things that Jamie saw or felt or ate every day, and so, of course, asked questions about.

"Do you know where the sugar comes from? No! Well, away down South, where it is warm most of the time, there grows a plant that looks something like corn. It is called sugar cane. The little negro children down there suck this plant because the juice tastes sweet. Did you ever pull up a blade of grass and bite the tender end of it? Jamie nodded his head eagerly. "That sweet taste was the taste of the sugar sap in the grass. The flowers have it hidden away under their petals and the bees gather it to make honey of. But the sugar cane has more of this sweet juice than anything else except a big white beet, called the

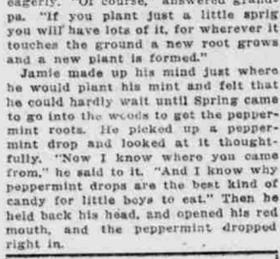
A SURPRISE FOR YOU



Oh, my, but I was s'prised last night to hear my Papa say That other folks could live upon what we just threw away: The vegetables from out the soup, the carrots and the peas, The bread that dries, and then I said, "But who would care for these?" And Papa said, "I'll take you where a family's so poor That they will thank you very much for such a treat, I'm sure. So we put on our coats and hats and filled a great big dish And took it to the queerest place, and oh, I really wish

Teacher's Pet

THE other boys in the school all called Algernon "Teacher's Pet." Instead of minding it, however, he seemed to be quite proud of it. And little Algernon never overlooked an opportunity to help teacher.



A Perilous Trip

FIGHTING in the air for half an hour, a boy 9 years old has had an experience which surely no child may have again, for people would soon have formed a society for the prevention of air accidents to children. Why the German pilot took the small boy with him on his perilous journey, who may say. There must have been a story behind it somewhere—perhaps he begged and begged to go with his father, perhaps the latter had become so used to danger that he did not realize there was any. But in a British soldier's letter it is recorded that "We fired at a German airship, but it escaped. Four days after we got 'him. A French aeroplane brought him down after half an hour's fight." And with him was this 9-year-old aviator, pretty well dazed after his fall, but unhurt.

Tale of Two Mills. Exchange. "The trust has two rolling mills—one at Pittsburg, the other at Washington." "What do they roll at the Washington mill?" "Logs."

The Saving of Gwendolyn—A Children's Pet



AUNT CLAIRE CAME OUT WITH THE DOOMED GWENDOLYN AND A BUNDLE OF RAGS.

A LITTLE gray cat, a very ordinary cat, with bluish green eyes, and a noisy purr, a piercing mew, and a monstrous appetite for milk had been the very dear pet of Floyd and Thelma from the day it had wandered in at the back door of their aunt's house. At first Aunt Claire didn't want to keep the starved little beggar, but the earnest pleas of the children made her yield. And Gwendolyn—the children named it—became a member of the household and shared many happy days with Flora and Thelma at the farm house.

But one day Gwendolyn "got in bad." Aunt Claire's hobby was chickens, and she made enough money selling eggs and broilers to keep her in clothing and household furnishings. It was the Spring of the year, when she had succeeded in hatching several settings of little chicks.

One morning she announced to the children: "Six of my little chicks are gone, and I am pretty sure I know who took them. I just saw Gwendolyn coming out of the henhouse." "Oh, Gwendolyn wouldn't kill chickens," protested Flora. "It seems she has, all the same," replied her aunt. "I am going to chloroform her."

Teacher's Pet

der her. So Teacher straightway turned her attention to "Reddy" and attended to that young man thoroughly. Algernon's other "lickin'?" Oh, yes, "Reddy" saw to that outside after school that afternoon!



The Next Instant She Had Algernon Across Her Knee.

Like a flash the thoughtful Algernon realized that he hadn't time to explain to Teacher so—he grabbed the chair and pulled it out from under her and Teacher sat down—but not on the chair! She didn't remain there long, however, for the next instant she was up and had Algernon across her knee—without waiting an explanation of any sort.

Teacher's Pet

Great Hops in Farming. Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier. "I reckon," said Farmer Corntassel, "as how mebbe barbed wire ought to be counted as one of the most useful inventions of the age." "For what reason?" "When there's a lot o' work to be done barbed wire makes it impossible for a feller to sit on the fence an' look on."

Small Pitchers.

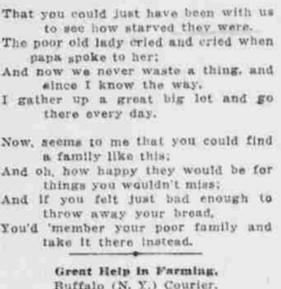
Little Willie—Mr. Simps, what nind do you play on? Sister's beau—I don't play baseball at all, Willie. Little Willie—Why, I heard Sis tell ma you were such a good catch.

Listening and Talking.

Dallas (Tex.) News. "I really dislike to talk to her; she has such a habit of finishing one's sentences for one. You know the kind?" "Yes; they listen faster than you can talk to them."

Bully Frog's Sad Lesson

WILLIAM FROG, of course, was the next instant he was terrified. For presently, of course, he began to descend. And right beneath him was not water but—the log!



"GUR-R-RUM!" SNAPPED OUT OLD GRAND-DADDY FROG. "PERHAPS YOU'LL CONDESCEND TO GIVE US AN EXHIBITION."

When the boys were in swimming, you see, there were always a dozen or so of the young frogs hiding in the soft mud of the bank, covered with rushes, watching them. Often maybe they would have but one eye far enough out of the mud to see. And Bully Frog was always among them.

"Humph!" Bully croaked. "Is that so? Well, I don't see anything hard about that! Why when it comes to diving, there isn't a boy there who's in my class!" "Gur-r-rump! Gur-r-rump!" snapped out old Grand-daddy Frog. "You certainly do hate yourself, don't you, young whippersnapper! There never has been a frog like you, has there? Well, well, youngster, we shall see. After these boys go home where they belong, perhaps you'll condescend to give us an exhibition; and particularly the back-dive, eh?"

All the frogs lying in the mud cocked an eye at Bully and waddled expectantly. "Ha! Ha!" squeaked Bully, pert as ever. "I sure will! And I'll show you such back-dives as you never even dreamed of, Grand-daddy! Back-dive! Humph! That's the best thing I do; I'm some diver, I am!"

Thought it seemed hours to the young frogs waiting there in the mud. It was really but a few minutes before "Skeets" and the rest of the boys were out of the pond, dressed and on their way home. "Now! Now—we'll see!" croaked old Grand-daddy Frog.

Bully squeaked in derision and hopped nimbly to the end of the log while the others came out of the mud and sat on the bank the better to see the performance. Bully poised a moment on the end of the log—as he had seen "Skeets" do so often—and shouted back: "Here I go—watch me!" Then he jumped. But, alas, instead of turning over as "Skeets" always did, he seemed to go almost straight up in the air! He was even more surprised than the watchers on the bank. And ain't!

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Instantly a dozen frogs dived after him. They brought him to the surface and then to the bank where, stunned by his fall, he lay in the soft warm mud for quite a while before he so much as opened an eye.

And when he did, what do you think he said? It certainly showed how pert and impudent and cocksure a frog Bully was. He asked: "Did you see me? I'll bet that 'Skeets' boy couldn't do that!" But the rest of the frogs were not impressed at all. On the contrary, they squeaked and croaked in high glee. Moreover, they told Bully that there wasn't the slightest use in his trying to make out he had done so on purpose. And they told him how lucky he was not to have any broken bones.

And old Grand-daddy Frog put just about the finishing touches to Bully's dive to their hearts. But that was merely a beginning for "Skeets," for he would follow it with all sorts of "fancy" dives which none of the other boys would even try. And "Skeets" was particularly expert at diving backwards. He would stand on the slippery end of the board in most careless fashion and then, all of a sudden, leap over backwards into the water, "cutting it" more cleanly than the other boys could when diving head foremost.

But it seems the boys were not the only ones who envied "Skeets" as a fancy diver. Bully Frog was more envious than any of them, though he wouldn't have admitted it for anything. When the boys were in swimming, you see, there were always a dozen or so of the young frogs hiding in the soft mud of the bank, covered with rushes, watching them. Often maybe they would have but one eye far enough out of the mud to see. And Bully Frog was always among them.

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How He Did Squeal and Twist and Squirm.

conceit and bravado when he remarked in casual tone: "If that was a dive, young whippersnapper, then all I've got to say is that somebody forgot to pull the log from under you! The object of diving, my boy, is to light on the water, not on a log! Gur-r-rump! Gur-r-rump!"

Electricity and Vegetables.

Baltimore American. At the recent session of the National Electric Light Association in Philadelphia T. C. Martin gave an interesting report on the electrical stimulation and plant growth. He announced that vegetables, such as radishes and lettuce, when subjected to electrical treatment, had shown a 75 per cent increase in growth over untreated vegetables.

The Thief.

I wouldn't steal a penny, A cookie or a cake Or never, never any Such things as people take.

Strategy of the New Boy.

"What kind of work could you possibly do around an office?" "I'm a kind o' all-around handy man, mister. I kin hold a door open, light a match for ye, look out an' see if it is raining, call a taxi, drop a letter down the chute, and tell folks yer out when ye ain't!"

Our Puzzle Corner

ENIGMA. My first is in Polly but not in Nell. My second is in mountain but not in dell. My third is in short but not in long. My fourth is in right but not in wrong. My fifth is in song but not in dance. My whole is a prominent city of France.

TRANSPONITIONS. 1. Transpose a cavern occupied by wild animals and get the name of a bee. 2. Transpose the end of a bank, as of a bird, and get a receptacle for holding coal, vegetables, etc. 3. Transpose an undeveloped flower and get to confer a name or title. 4. Transpose a fish of snake-like appearance and get a prominent General in the Civil War.

Answers. Enigma: Paris. Transpositions: 1. Den-Ned; 2. Nibbin; 3. Pod-dub; 4. Eel-Lee.

SLID PUZZLE.



The coating is fine, but little Johnnie has no sled. See if you can find one by cutting out the black spots and fitting them together.