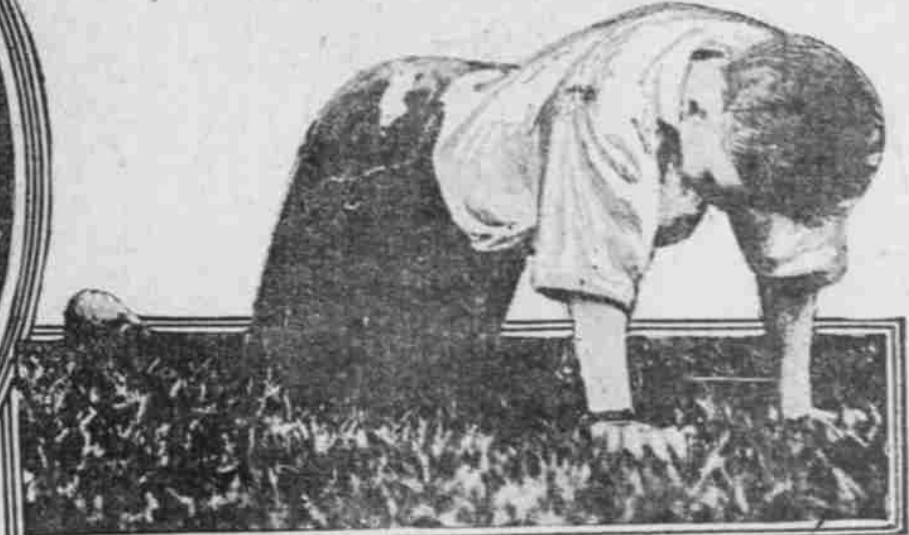


KIDS IN THE COUNTRY

"Fifty yards and long jump finish and Bill bit off the end of his tongue when he lit and lost the race—by gum, it's tough luck."



"The champion hurdle racer and the best Bombay player as ever was in these parts."



"Stand still, Pup—that's what ma gives us ev'ry Saturday night."

Photographed by Harry F. Blanchard.

"Goosey-Goosey Gander. Where'did you wander?"
"Just been far across the ocean teaching Fritz and Lena the goose step."



"Hey, Pop—C'mon! Let's have some fun."



"Wish I was Bryan and had a parrot like that."



"You've already had most of it Pup—go away and let me get a little bit."



"Last night I fell down with a basketful and Old Entity Hen felt sorry and laid a lot more."



"Buttermilk and baked potatoes make rosy cheeks and bright eyes—and, O, my sister's fresh butter and Grandma's hot biscuits."



"Let's play goin' to the station to meet Papa—Riggs on drivin' first!"



"Don't eat my hat, Major, dese ca' the grass, an' I'll get some more."

IT MAY be all right to think of grown-ups in the city in the summer-time, but when one gets to thinking of a hot, midsummer city and tries to fit the kiddies into the picture and make them seem like they belonged—it can't be done. The city in Summer can hold, with some appropriateness, men with their casts off, sweltering in offices, and stretch of half-moisten asphalt pavement. And so one thinks of the children of Portland this Summer, in their proper element, down at the seashore, out in the parks or back on the farm, where grandmas and uncles or aunts can entertain them and where they can grow, like sunflowers, out in the open air. There will be no fresh-air excursions for the poor children of the city this year, owing to the financial stress in which the Associated Charities finds itself; but, in spite of this, there will be many small parties of the kiddies sent to the country by individual enterprise and benevolence. For these little ones the trip into the open country is a journey back to the land of fairies and wonders once more. Everything is new to them and strange to them, and there is the irresistible stimulus of the country atmosphere that sets the springs of life bubbling within them until they can run and play as they have never done before, and every stick and stone is the instrument for the invention of a new game, and every turn of the country highway or footpath passes through a mystic gateway into a new realm of adventure and interest. The child in the city comes more in touch with the artificial side of life than with the deep warm springs of the universal life. He is too intimate with things of wheels and sprockets. Things that can be turned on and off and taken to pieces with a screwdriver, and form very intimate comradeship stand with living things, aside from his human companions. Here is where the country has a liberal education in store for him. For the emphasis in the country is upon things that grow in the sunshine and things that are created in wonderful living organisms that cannot be subjected to the direct and simple analysis of a screwdriver, but must be lived with and loved before one can understand them.