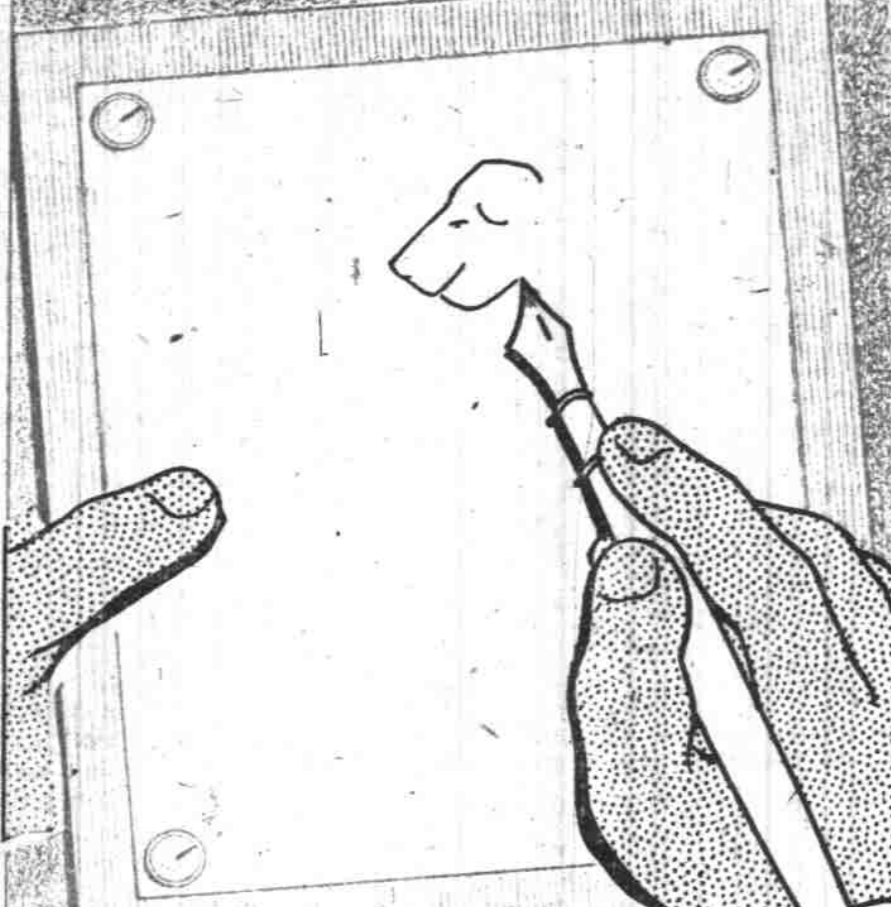
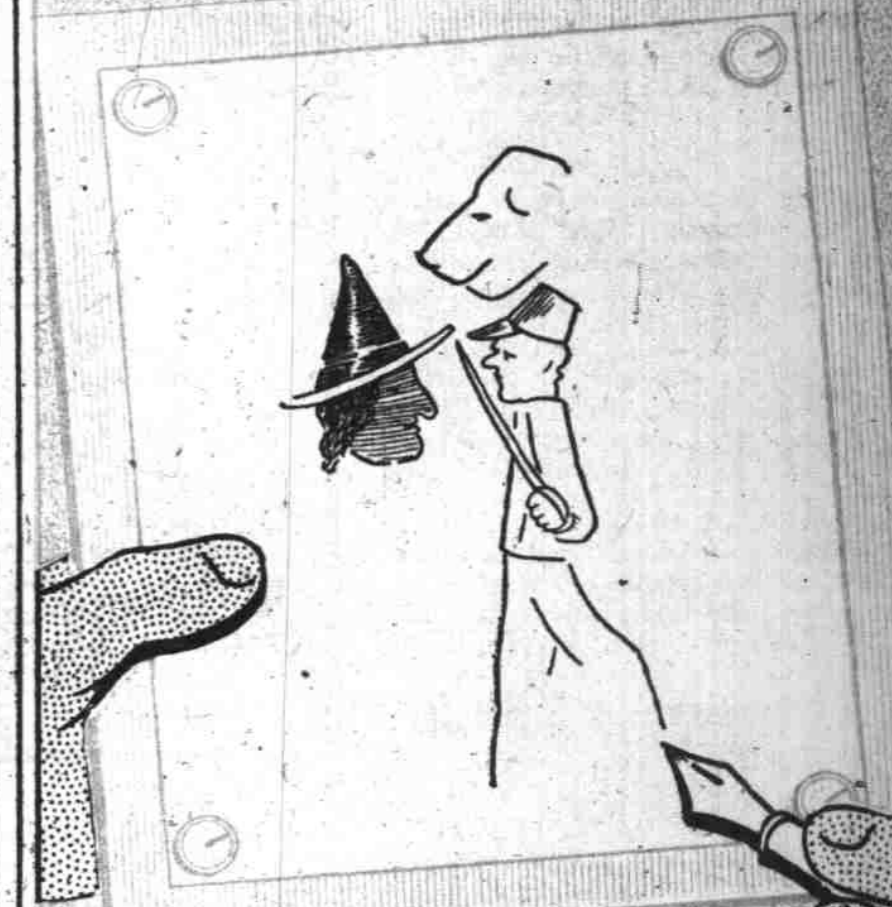
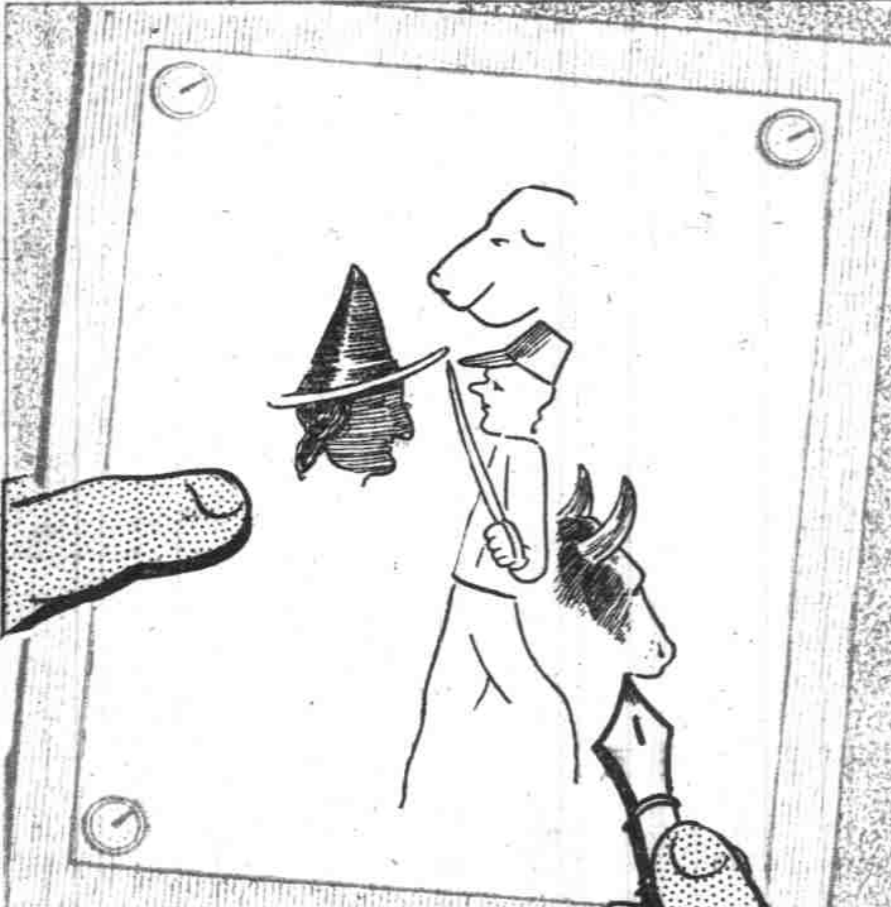



PICTURE WEARDRY
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CARTOONAGRAMS

By CHARLES A. OGDEN

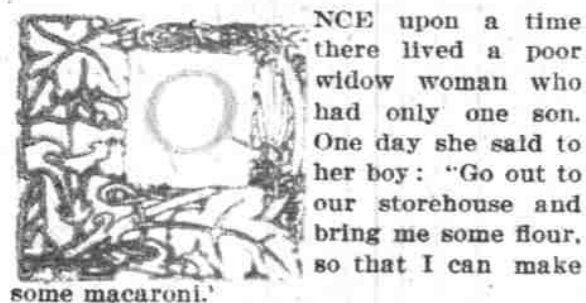
THIS HORSE HAS A LOT TO CARRY

<p>① A laughing hound's a simple thing to draw;</p>		<p>② This is the oddest witch I ever saw,</p>		<p>③ The soldier lad is marching off to war: (Boon! Boon!)</p>	
<p>④ Let's draw a cow before we go too far.</p>		<p>⑤ Connect the pictures, each one with the rest;</p>		<p>⑥ The finish surely you could not have guessed!</p>	

The Story Lady

Dear Miss Faulkner:
Will you please tell the story of the "Boy and the Wind"? I like your stories very much. Your friend,
Caroline M. Kneuz.

BY GEORGENE FAULKNER.



ONCE upon a time there lived a poor widow woman who had only one son. One day she said to her boy: "Go out to our storehouse and bring me some flour, so that I can make some macaroni."

The boy went in haste, but just as he turned the corner of the house the March Wind came rushing down from the mountains and called loudly, "Whew-ee-ee! Whew-ee-ee-ee! What fun for me!" and blew the flour all about and some of it went right into the boy's eyes, so that he could not see for a moment.

When the boy told his mother all about it she was very angry and said: "Since the Wind has played such a prank upon you, you must go to his home and tell him that we are very poor and must have that flour returned to us, or he must pay us for it."

So the boy went on a long, long journey, far up the mountainside, and at last he reached the home of the March Wind.

"Good day, signor," said the boy as he bowed politely before the cold March Wind. "You did not treat me fairly when last you called at our home. You snatched away our last measure of flour, and my mother told me to ask you to return it to me."

The Wind felt sorry for the poor boy and said: "I cannot return your flour, but I will pay you for my mad prank. Now, as you are hungry, take this magic tablecloth and when you have spread it say, 'Tablecloth, make ready!' and the tablecloth will give you a fine dinner, but do not tell anyone about it, and guard it with great care."

The boy thanked the Wind and went

down the mountainside, rejoicing in his good fortune. After he had gone a long way he was so weary that he went into an inn to rest. "You need not bring me anything to eat," he said to the landlord, "for I have enough with me. Only give me a room all alone."

The landlord, thinking this was a queer request, gave the boy a room, and then he peered through the keyhole and watched the boy. The boy spread his cloth and said, "Tablecloth, make ready!" and instantly a dainty meal was served to the hungry boy.

"That tablecloth must belong to me," muttered the wicked landlord to himself. So in the night, when the boy was sound asleep, the landlord stole the magic cloth and put in its place one very much like it.

In the morning the boy went home to his mother. "Oh, mother, just look here," he called joyously. "You never need to be hungry any more," and the boy spread the cloth and said, "Tablecloth, make ready!" But nothing happened, and the boy called again and again. "I do not understand," he said. "It gave me a good supper last night."

His mother was angry and made him go back to see March Wind.

"You have been tricked, indeed," said the Wind, "but not by me. This is not the cloth which I gave to you. However, I will help you again. Take this little ass. Say to him, 'Ass, ass, give gold!' and he will give you all the gold that you desire, but take him with you everywhere you go and do not tell anyone of his magic power."

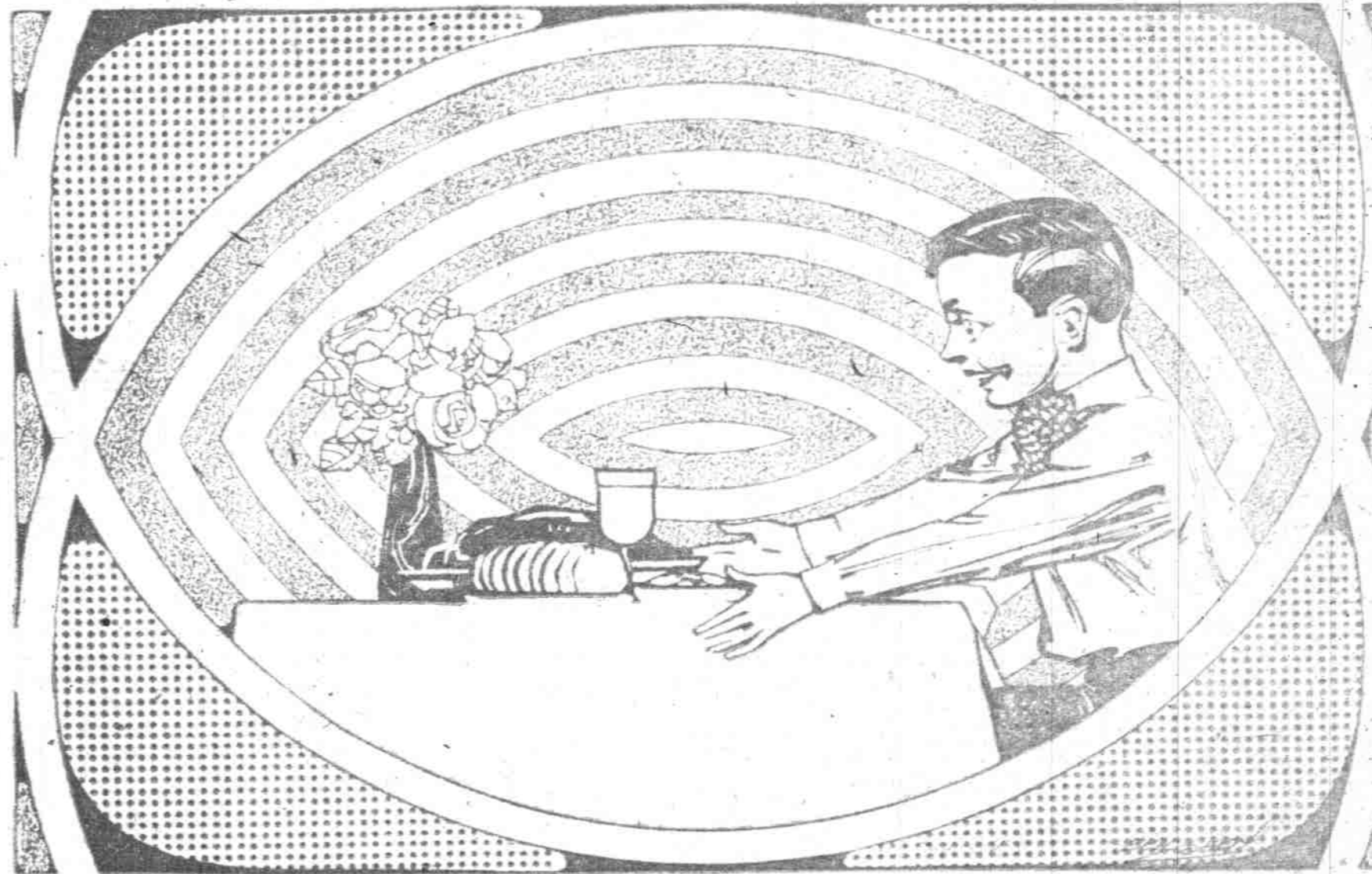
"Thank you," said the grateful boy, and he went down the mountain with his little ass.

By and by he came to the very same inn where he had stopped before, and as he was very tired he told the landlord he wanted a night's lodging. He led the ass right into the room with him.

"What!" said the landlord. "You cannot do that; that beast must go to the stable."

"It shall stay with me," answered the boy. "This ass shall not leave my side. Never fear, I will pay you well for our lodging."

The landlord was forced to agree to this strange arrangement. "There is something



The boy said: "Tablecloth, make ready!" and instantly a dainty meal was served.

back of all this," he said to himself. "I will watch and find out."

So the man peered again through the keyhole and watched the boy and the ass. Presently he heard the boy say, "Ass, ass, give gold!" and to his amazement he saw a shower of gold fall upon the floor.

"I must have that ass and I will never need to work another day in all my life," said the wicked man. And in the night, when the boy was fast asleep, the landlord stole the magic ass and put in its place another little ass which looked very much like it.

When the boy reached home he stood by the ass and said, "Ass, ass, give gold!" but although he repeated the words over and over the ass looked at the boy and did nothing but bray, "Hee-haw! Hee-haw!"

"You silly boy!" said the angry mother. "Your beast is mocking you! Whoever heard of a donkey giving gold? The Wind is making sport of you, but you go back and tell him that I demand my pay for that flour, and he need not play any more tricks

with you, either. Now begone and take your stupid ass with you."

So the poor boy went again to the home of the Wind, and when the Wind saw him the Wind howled at him. "Whew-ee! Whew-ee-ee-ee! Why do you come back to me?"

"I did not want to come back," said the boy, "but my mother sent me. She says that you have tricked us again, for the ass will give no gold, and she wants pay for that flour you took from me."

"That is not the ass I gave you, careless boy," roared the Wind. "You have been tricked, but not by me. I warned you to take care of the cloth and the ass, and tell no one about them, but you did not obey me."

"Indeed I did obey you!" cried the boy. "I told no one and I took each in turn alone into my room at the inn, and they each one served me, but in the morning, when I took them to my mother, neither the cloth nor the ass would do my bidding. I come back to you, sir, and you say that it is not the same cloth nor the same ass. Who, then, could have done me this wrong?"

"Well, my boy, then you are not at fault, but you must keep your eyes open," said the Wind, "and find out who is cheating you and give them a good beating." Then the Wind gave the boy a magic stick and he said, "When you wish to use it say, 'Stick, stick, beat, beat!' and the stick will keep on beating until you say to it, 'Stop!'"

"Now mind and keep your eyes open, and you may be able to get back your tablecloth and your ass from that thief of a landlord, for I am sure he has tricked you."

The boy thanked the March Wind, and with the magic stick in his hand he went down the mountainside. When he reached the inn the landlord received him most kindly, for he saw the stick in his hand and he felt sure the stick was very valuable. The boy took the stick into his room and hid it under the pillow and the landlord watched him through the keyhole.

"When he is asleep I will go into his room and take it away," said the sly old rascal. But the boy remembered the words of the

She tells of the March Wind and the Boy

Wind and he resolved to keep on the watch for the landlord. So he shut his eyes and pretended that he was asleep. When all the house was still the landlord came creeping into the room and put his hand under the bolster and felt for the stick.

Suddenly the boy called out, "Stick, stick, beat, beat!" And the stick began to beat the man across his back and legs.

"Oh, save me! Save me!" shrieked the man as he scrambled about trying to escape from the stick.

"Indeed, no!" answered the boy. "You will be punished until you give back my tablecloth and my ass."

"I will give them back! Only save me!" moaned the man. So the boy called, "Stop!" to the stick, and the stick stopped, and the man fell on the floor exhausted.

He gave to the boy his magic cloth and his magic ass, and the boy went home to his mother. He told her the whole story.

Then the boy spread the cloth and said, "Tablecloth, make ready!" and the tablecloth spread them a delightful dinner, with all manner of good things to eat.

The boy then said to his ass, "Ass, ass, give gold!" and the ass gave them a shower of gold pieces.

"Well," said the mother, "seeing is believing."

"Yes," said the boy, "and you said the Wind tricked me, when all the time it was that thief of a landlord, but, thanks to my big stick and the Wind, I was able to punish the rascal and get back my property."

So the boy and his mother lived in peace and plenty all the rest of their days, and they were always grateful to the March Wind.