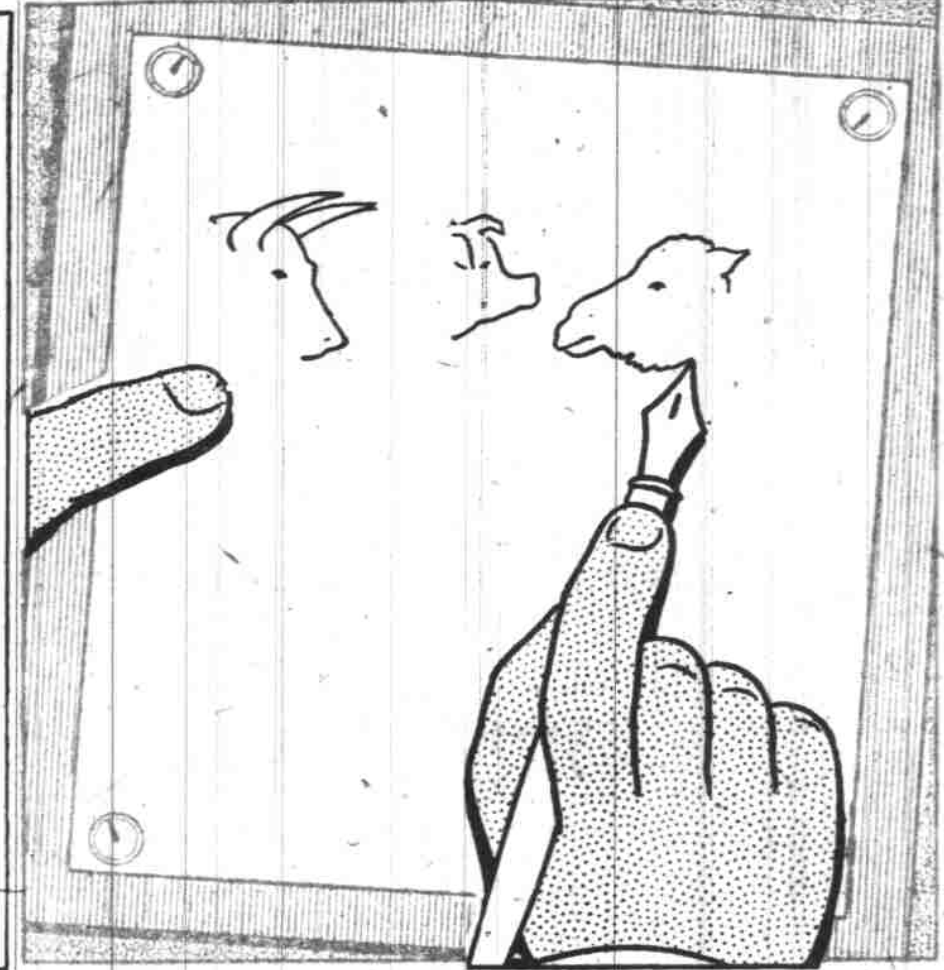
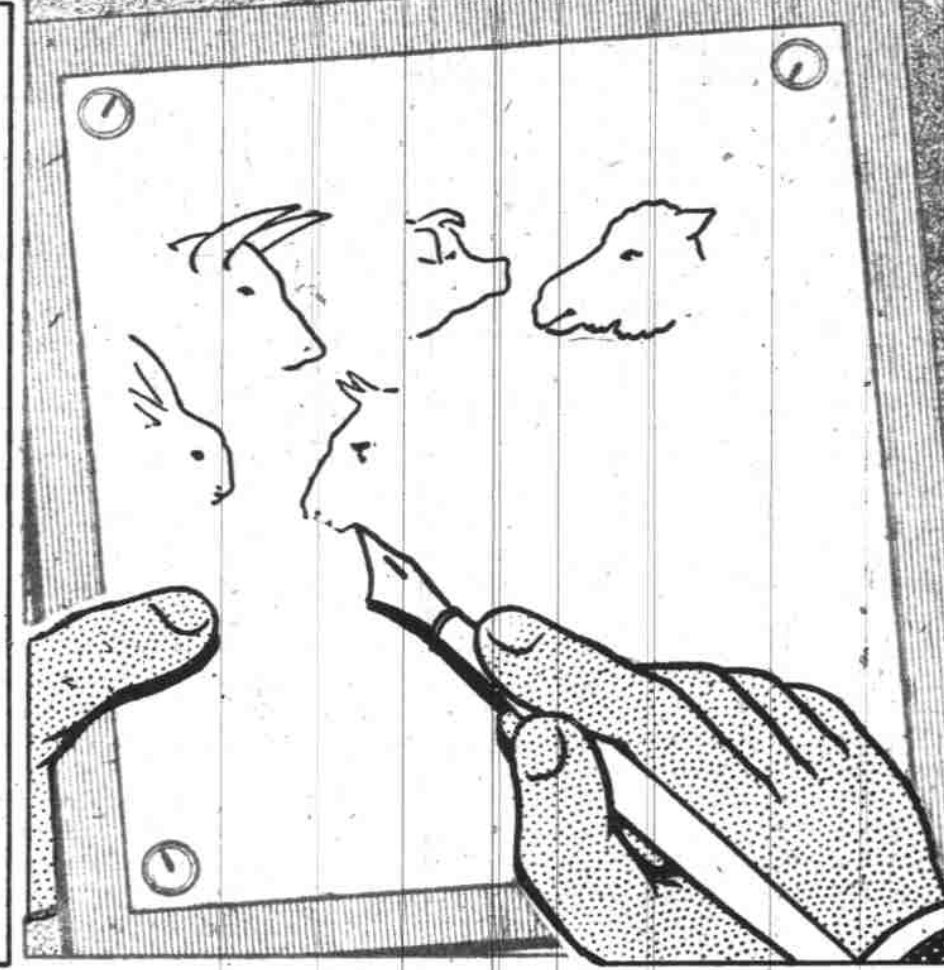
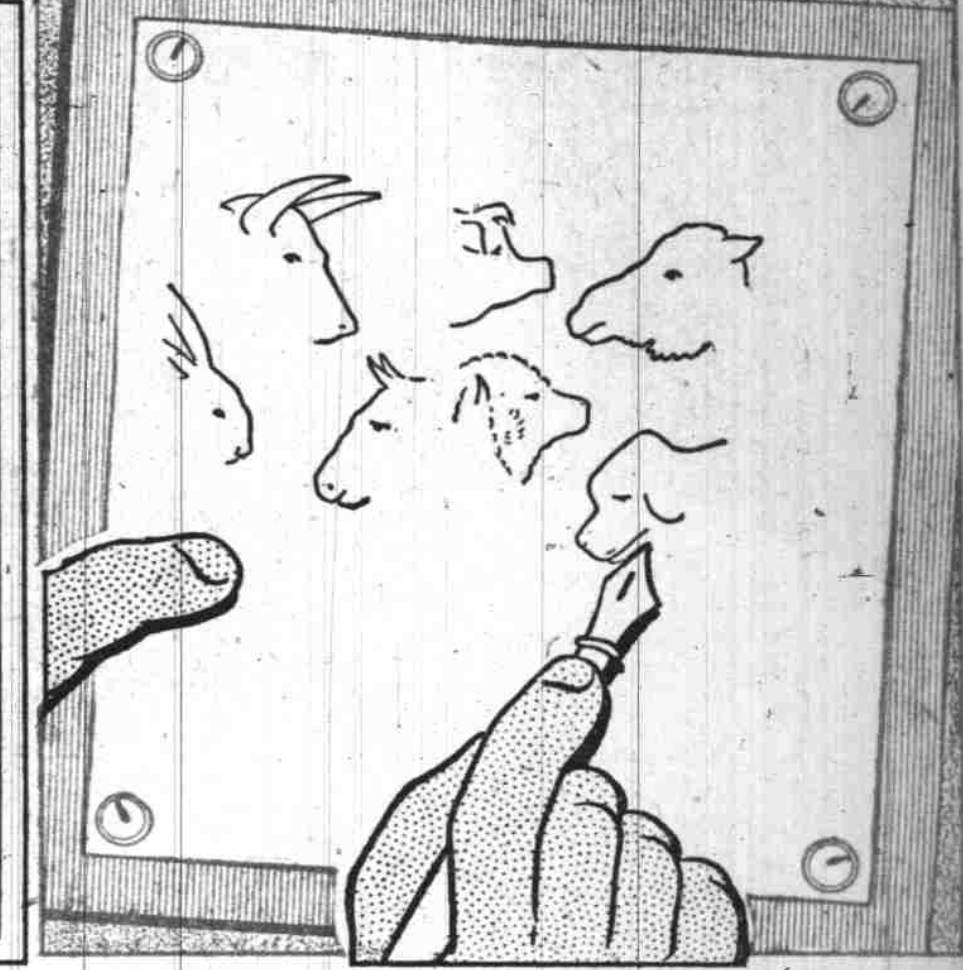
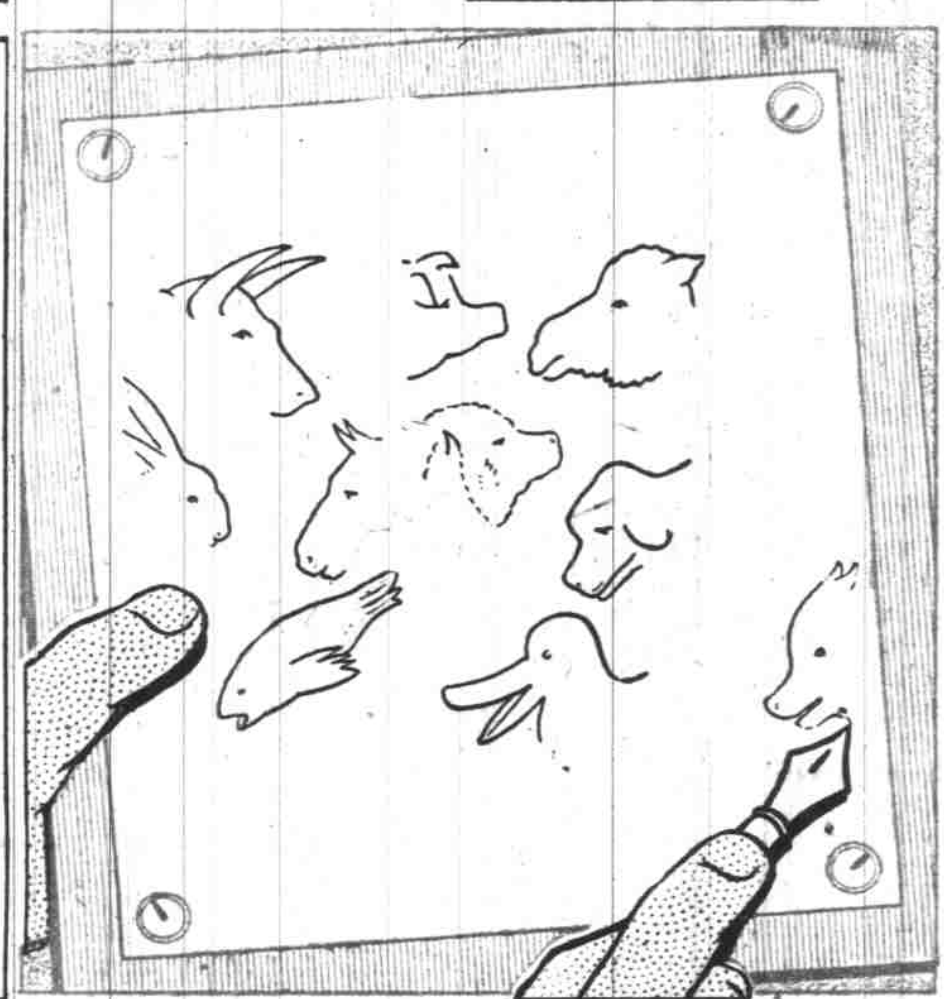
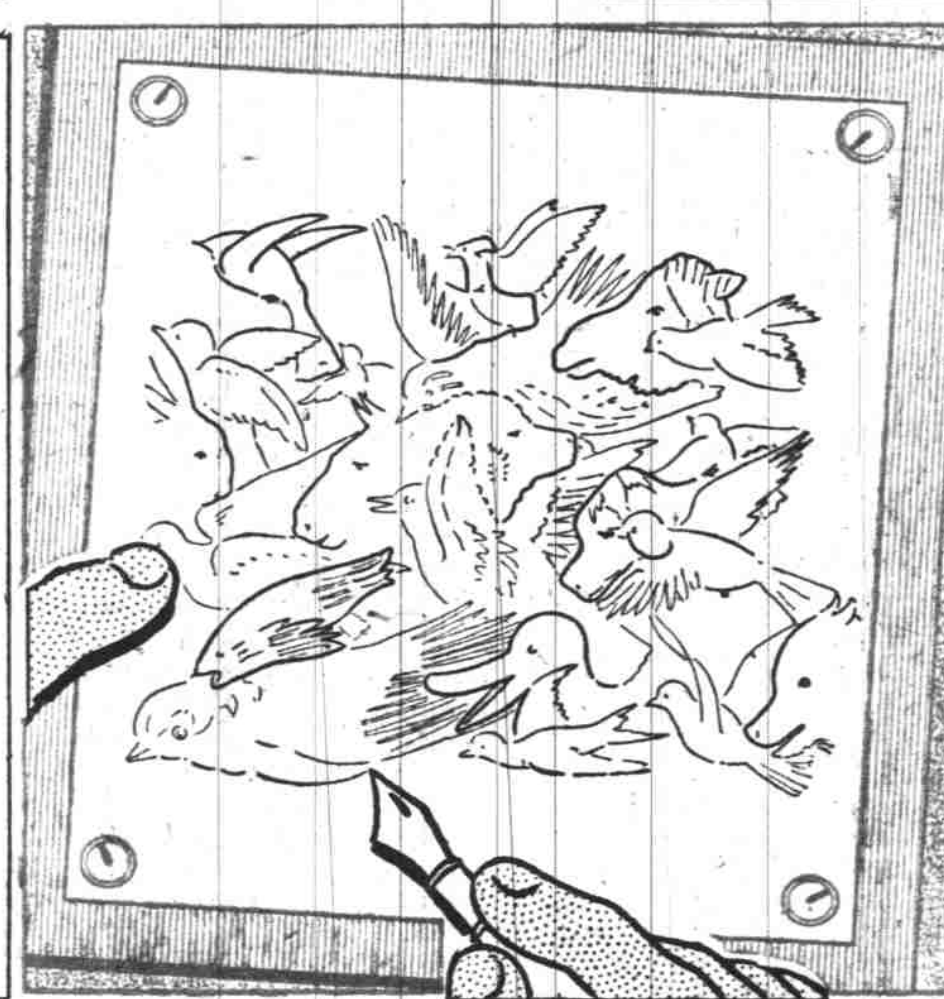
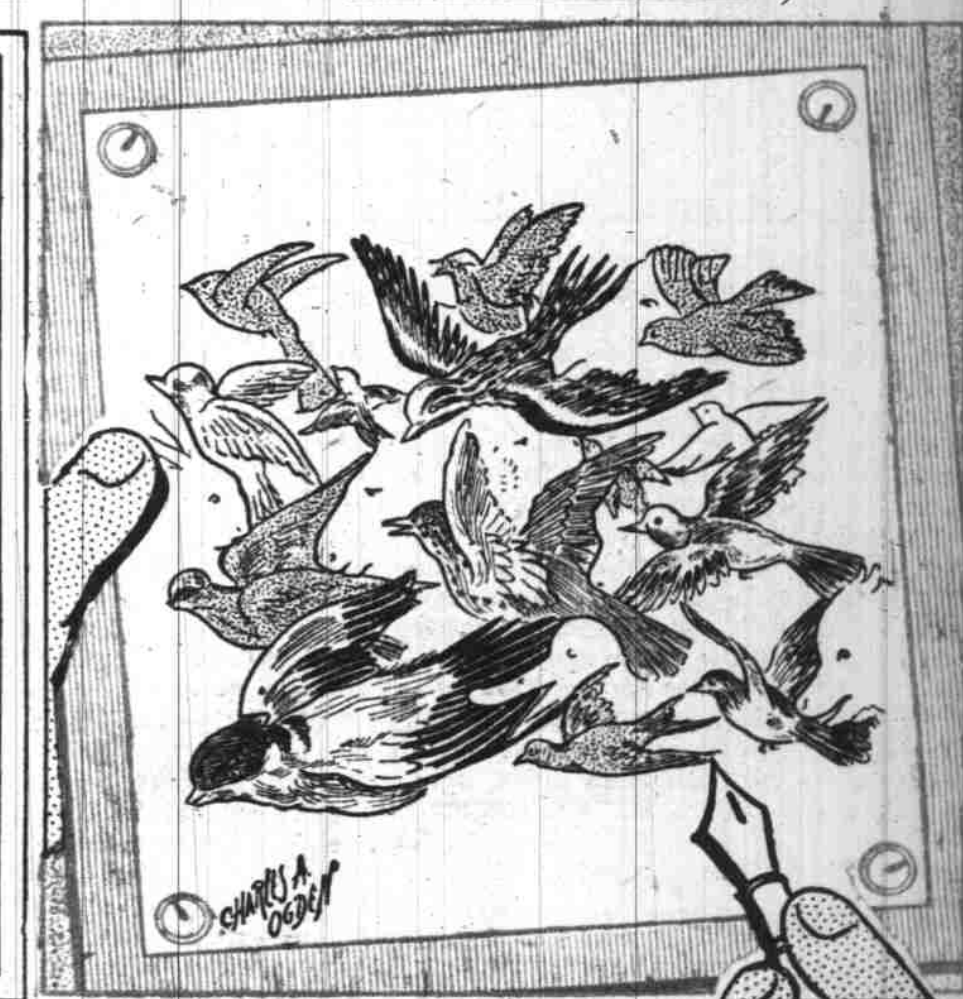


PICTURE WIZARDRY  
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# CARTOONAGRAMS

By CHARLES A. OGDEN

## The Birds Soon Will Visit Their Old Friends

<p>① First we'll draw a cow, a pig and a camel.</p>		<p>② Then we'll draw a rabbit and a horse.</p>		<p>③ Next come a sheep and a hound dog.</p>	
<p>④ After that we draw a fish, an ugly duckling and a bear.</p>		<p>⑤ Then we must join the pictures together in this manner.</p>		<p>⑥ And so we have the birds flying north again. Isn't it simple?</p>	

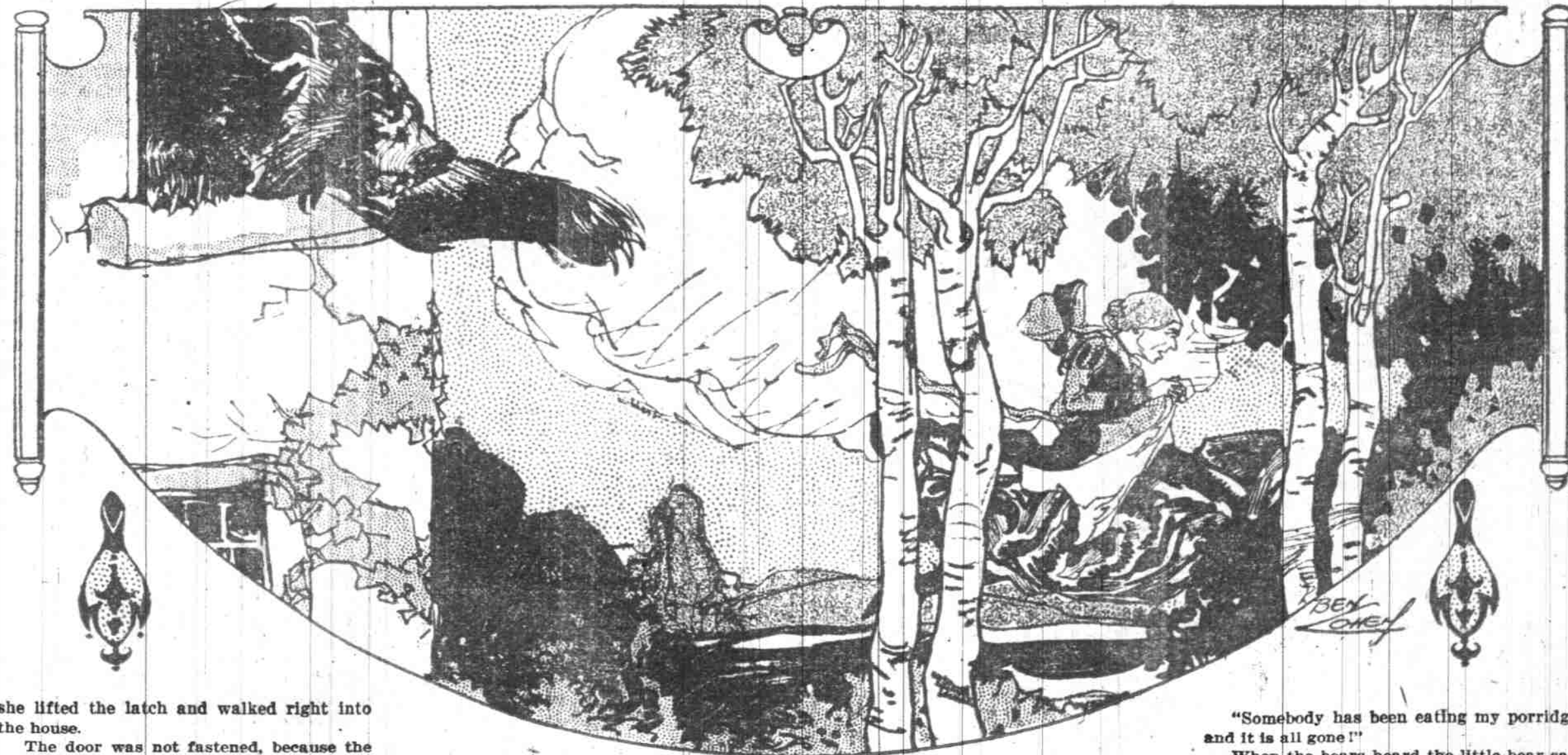
## The Story Lady

DEAR MISS FAULKNER:  
Thank you for the card you sent me. I like the story of the "Three Bears" the best. Your little friend,  
MARY LOUISE WILLARD.  
Dear Mary Louise:  
The story of the "Three Bears" has been told so often that I am sure you know all about Goldilocks, so this time I will tell it as it was originally told by Robert Spoutney many years ago in England. In this tale there is no pretty little girl with golden curls, but a meddlesome old woman, who calls on the bears. However, you will find it is almost the same story. Your  
STORY LADY.

By Georgene Faulkner.



ONCE upon a time there were Three Bears who lived in a house of their own out in the woods.  
One of them was a Great Huge Bear, and one was a Middle-Sized Bear, and the other was a Little Small Wee Bear. They each had a bowl for their porridge, a great, huge bowl for the Great Huge Bear, and a middle-sized bowl for the Middle-Sized Bear and a little, wee bowl for the Little Small Wee Bear.  
One morning, after they made their porridge for breakfast, they poured it out in their bowls to cool, and they went out in the woods to take a walk while their porridge was cooling, for they did not want to burn their mouths by eating it too soon; and while they were out walking a little old woman came to their house.  
Now, she was a very meddlesome old woman, and she came to the house and peeped all about. First she peeped in at the window and then she peeped through the keyhole, and, seeing nobody in the house,



The little old woman jumped out of the window and ran as fast as she could and the Three Bears never saw her again.

she lifted the latch and walked right into the house.  
The door was not fastened, because the bears were such good bears who never harmed anyone and, of course, they never thought that anyone would harm them.  
When the little old woman came into their house the first thing she saw was porridge cooling on the table. She was very hungry and so she was pleased to see all this good porridge, and she walked up to the table and helped herself.  
First she tasted the porridge of the Great Huge Bear and that was much too hot for her. Then she tasted the porridge of the Middle-Sized Bear and that was much too cold. Then she tasted the porridge of the Little Small Wee Bear and that was neither too hot nor too cold, but it was just right, and she liked it so well that she ate it all up.  
Then the little old woman went looking about to see what she could find. She saw the three chairs and she thought she would sit down and rest. So first she sat down in the great, huge chair belonging to the Great Huge Bear, and that was so hard that she did not like it at all. Then she sat down in

the middle-sized chair belonging to the Middle-Sized Bear, and that was much too soft for her. And then she sat down in the little, wee chair belonging to the Little Small Wee Bear, and that was neither too hard nor too soft, but it was just right, and she sat down so hard upon it that CRASH! she broke the bottom right out of the chair, and PLUMP! down she fell upon the floor.  
The little old woman then went upstairs to look about, and she went into the bears' bedroom. First she tried the great, huge bed belonging to the Great Huge Bear, but that was too high for her, and then she tried the bed of the Middle-Sized Bear, but that was too hard, and then she tried the little, wee bed belonging to the Little Small Wee Bear, and that was just right, so she covered herself over and settled down comfortably and went fast asleep.

By and by the Three Bears thought their porridge would be cool and they came home for their breakfast. They seemed to know that some one had been looking about their house. They went up to the table and at a glance they knew some one had touched their food, for the little old woman had left the spoon of the Great Huge Bear standing in his porridge.  
"Somebody Has Been Eating My Porridge!" growled the Great Huge Bear in his great, huge voice.  
The Middle-Sized Bear then saw that the spoon was standing in his bowl.  
"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN EATING MY PORRIDGE!" said the Middle-Sized Bear in his middle-sized voice.  
Then the Little Small Wee Bear looked at his bowl and found that it was quite empty, and he said in his little, wee, shrill voice:

"Somebody has been eating my porridge and it is all gone!"  
When the bears heard the little bear say that they all looked at the empty bowl and agreed that some one must have been in their home.  
Now, the little old woman had not put the hard cushion straight when she rose from the chair of the Great Huge Bear, and the bears at once knew that some one had been meddling.  
"Somebody Has Been Sitting in My Chair!" growled the Great Huge Bear in his great, huge voice.  
And the little old woman had matted down the soft cushion of the Middle-Sized Bear.  
"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN SITTING IN MY CHAIR!" said the Middle-Sized Bear in a middle-sized voice.  
And you know what the little old woman had done to the third chair!  
"Somebody has been sitting in my chair and has broken the bottom out of it," said the Little Small Wee Bear in his little, wee, shrill voice.  
Then the Three Bears went upstairs into

## she tells of the 3 bears

their bed chamber. Now, the little old woman had pulled the pillow of the Great Huge Bear out of its place.  
"Somebody Has Been Lying in My Bed!" growled the Great Huge Bear in his great, huge voice.  
And the little old woman had pulled the bolster of the Middle-Sized Bear quite out of its place.  
"SOMEBODY HAS BEEN LYING IN MY BED!" said the Middle-Sized Bear in a middle-sized voice.  
And when the Little Small Wee Bear came to look at his bed there was the bolster in place and the pillow in its place upon the bolster, and upon the pillow was the head of that meddlesome old woman, and it was not in the right place at all, for she had no business in that house. The Little Small Wee Bear was so surprised to see her there that he shrieked out in shrill voice:  
"Somebody has been lying in my bed, and here she is now!"  
The little old woman had heard the deep, gruff voice of the Great Huge Bear and it sounded to her like the faraway rumbling of thunder, but she was so fast asleep that she paid no attention to it, and she heard the middle-sized voice of the Middle-Sized Bear, but it only sounded as though it were the wind blowing through the forest, and she went on sleeping. But when she heard that little, shrill voice of the Little Small Wee Bear it was so sharp and shrill that it woke her right at once. Up she sprang in haste, and when she saw Three Bears looking at her from one side of the bed she tumbled out of the other side of the bed and ran to the window.  
Now, the Three Bears were such good, tidy bears that they always left their bedroom window open when they got up in the morning, and the little old woman jumped out of the window in a hurry and ran away through the forest as fast as she could go.  
The Three Bears never saw her again, and what became of her the tale does not tell, but let us hope that she never again went into anyone's house without being invited.