## A Chat With Daughter On What to Read

By Jack Lait.

DEAREST LITTLE LOIS: Long before 1931, when you will be 18 and when the letters of which this is the sixth will be opened for you, your tastes in books will have developed. Into the structure of a normal girl goes a reading trait, which is integral and as indicative as a strain of character. What one reads influences in a substantial measure what one thinks, how one acts and what one does.

I do not know what books will have been written between now and that time. But there surely cannot be so many that will be so important that the vital classics for which I am to urge your predilection here will have passed beyond an appeal to

your time and patience. Among the little heritages which I shall leave will be my library, a humble and modest collection, but

which I now make mention. There are several hundred volumes now. I hope that there will know what they are?" laughed Jane. "They use them to light their nests." be several thousand by then, for are fireflies." books are like flowers, good for the atmosphere they exhale, even John. if one never looks at them. will find several of my own writing. Read them with charity-they were written with more hope than confi-

First of all, I recommend to you the greatest writer, philosopher and children crowded about to watch it. disciple of gladness that this continent has known, Mark Twain.

"Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" are primarily boys' books. In extreme youth they are entirely boys' books. But later, when deeper sight comes, they are anyone's books. They will amuse you, they will make you chuckle, they will show you a vein of life which will have passed away before your time. Please read them both.

Then you may read "A Giided Age," an exciting story around the most faithful picture of a phase of American history that I know.

This will graduate you to "Puddin'head Wilson," in my judgment the great American novel, despite all Its constructional liberties.

And last, when you have spent a few odd hours reading the other Twain books and stories, his two volumes on "Memoirs of Joan of Arc," the only human and digestible account I know of this martyred saint, the handmaiden of a miracle.

You will find my set of Balzac nearly intact. By your time this master of story will perhaps have not for girls to read. The stories which gave rise to this fantastic slander I have thrown away. They were not Balzac; they were a collection of anecdotes of his time which he compiled, and they were irreverent, indelicate and unclean. But the others are the masterpieces of the foremost creator of and romance. Read them all. It will take you a year. I almost envy you that year.

Then you may take up the slender green books in the right-hand corner of the upper shelf. They are the stories and novels of Rudyard Kipling. Read, first of all, "The Light That Failed," the finest story written in my day.

Then turn to A. Conan Doyle and walk beside the fussy, phlegmatic little Dr. Watson and see the incredible deeds of the inexhaustible, cat-lived Sherlock. He will be old enough to be new by then; he will not be musty, 1 am sure, even 15 years from now, with all the commonplaces which in 15 years become such, whereas they had been mysteries and dreams so briefly before.

Just think of Jules Verne's books. His mad flights have all come more than true. His conception of circling the world in 60 days is absurd now, when they do it in 30; his un-dersea leagues are being done by thousands of submarines.

But science itself cannot ever make Sherlock Holmes a back number. He is too wonderful, too impossible.

Three books by America's most brilliant employer of phrase and figure you will find credited to Vance Thompson, my friend, "Poets of France" will carry you away to a weird, sweet, naughty land which will not be when you shall have grown-Montmartre and the retreats of the lesser lights of that current literature which has always endured but survived in France, and which never had a parallel in America. His other two works in our pos-

session are well worth reading as supreme examples of what a genius can extract from dry and unpromis-ing subjects like diet and temperance.

\* \* \*

And now you arrive at the holiday in bookland.

Beginning from the left of the second shelf from the topmost you will see a row-not nearly long enough-of stories. Your daddy has read them each many times. Some folks have flattered him with a charge of imitating them. If he did it was because he imbibed the irresistible spirit of them, not because he sought to purloin their precious thoughts or mimic their inimitable style.

Customers

of this

department

Weirdness

We can't

think of a

name

They are the works of O. Henry, a man who died too young and left us only snatches of his soul's in-

may give spirations. Of all that the past gives to its children I can think of no one thing that is a more precious bequest than the artworks of O. Henry, the man who filched a title which had seemed secure upon the brow of De Maupasthe queer anumal to sant, gently slid it off and took it with the right him to a premature grave to crown with it an adorable memory of a man any name with a heart. The books that I recommend to they choose.

you have been among my favorites. My daughter should love them all. And if they give you half the pleasure that they have afforded me, I shall be happy. And as you read them, re-member that I loved them.

Affectionately (Copyright, 1916, by J. Keeley.)



T WAS a sultry summer upon the porch.

which have fallen down in the grass."

By GEORGENE FAULKNER.

"What do you mean, fireflies?" asked

"I will catch one and show it to you," said big brother Jim, and soon he was run- more, father.' ning about through the garden regardless

"Why, it is only a little beetle!" said by," said Jim. small John in disgust.

"Yes, but watch it. Watch it move its wings," said Jim. "See the tiny light."

"It does not look so bright here as it did down in the grass," said Jane. "No, because it is darker down there, and so the light shows more clearly," said pretty," said Jané.

"Where do the fireflies get their light?" asked John.

"Under their wings," answered Jane.

questioned John. "That is the wonderful thing about the firefly," said the children's father. "This to a ball?" laughed John, "but that is just small beetle is created that it can produce like the ladies; they always love jewelry." this phosphorescent light from the fatty cells in its own body, and to these cells the father. beetle can produce the light without gen- Islands." or electricity, it gives out heat, but with father. this bettle all of the energy that it uses goes to make light, and none of it is wasted in

only at intervals. He seems to store up his power and then suddenly to give it out.

"They say that in the warmer countries evening and the grass these flying beetles are much larger and was so wet after the they show a much brighter light. Travheavy rain of the after- elers tell how the tropical forest in the noon that all the chil- West Indies and South America and the Philippines are at times brightly lighted dren gathered in a group by these flashing lights. In fact, they are on the porch.

"See those bright the fireflies on to their shoes to light the well loved by me to the last leaf. lights twinkling through the garden," said way through the forest, and sometimes the You will find there all the books of small John. "They look like tiny stars natives make a paper lantern and put a number of the fireflies inside to give them "Why, you little goosey! Don't you a light. They also tell us that some birds

> "How funny!' laughed John. "Think of a bird having a firefly for the electric light in its home. Please tell us some

"Well, they say that some people use of the wet grass. At last he caught a tiny them as a light in the home, for some of his neck he wore a long rope of priceless firefly and brought it up on the porch and the natives catch a number of the fireflies pearls and his fingers were covered with turned a glass over it, while the excited and put them under glass and use them for rings.

"It must give a flickering light to read

"Do you know," said the children's mother, "I read one time that the Spanish ladies like to wrap these fireflies in gauze and fasten them in their hair, and then they would wear them as ornaments to court "I should think that would look very

'Sometimes the ladies decorate their dresses with these fireflies and wear them

in place of gleaming gems," said the mother, "and sometimes they even fasten them "Yes, but what makes it shine, father?" on their slippers to serve as bright buckles, and to sparkle as they dance to and fro." "Wouldn't it be funny to wear fireflies

"Never laugh at the ladies, John," said e father. "Some men are very fond of run many tiny tubes which carry oxygen jewels, also. Shall I tell you a story that from the outside air, which is necessary for an old sailor told me? He said that he the light. The strangest thing is that this heard it when he was over in the Philippine

"Oh, do, father; please do!" shouted all erating any heat, and that is more than we "Oh, do, father; please do!" shouted all can do, for when man produces light by gas the children, as they crowded about their

"Well, once upon a time, long, long ago, heat, so you see this little beetle can create there lived a king who had great riches. He

"But his favorite ring was a small piece of jade cut like a beetle. It had been brought to him from faraway Egypt, and Jit was called a 'sacred scarab.' They told the king that when he wore this ring he would always have good health, for it would protect him from harm. So the king loved this ring the best of all of his jewels, and he wore it all the time.

"But one day he lost his precious ring-He could not remember anything about it, but he knew that he had it on his finger just before he took his nap.

'Let me see,' he said. 'I took it from my finger because my hand was warm and tired and I went to sleep out in the garden. It might have rolled away and fallen into the lake."

" 'Very well,' said the courtiers, 'we will look in the lake,' and soon they were dragging in the seaweed in the small lake, but no ring could they find. 'Maybe a fish has swallowed it!'

moaned the king. "So they brought nets and caught all the fish in the lake, and the cook opened each fish, but no ring could they find. "The king became so worried that he

fretted himself into a fever. 'I know now Then he made a promise: 'Whoever finds took the ring from my finger just before I my sacred beetle shall have any gift that went to sleep. I thought that I put it in a outlived a popular fallacy that he is a power that man has never been able to was very fond of jewels, and all of his peo- he desires. When the courtiers heard that safe place, but where could it have gone! ple gave him presents of precious stones, they became more eager than ever. They Maybe you are right and a bird has taken "Now, watch the firely. He does not His crown was blazing with diamonds and went down on their hands and knees and it. Go search the birds' nests!" flash his light all the time as he flies, but rubies and sapphires and emeralds. Around crawled all over the garden, looking in the "Soon all the courtiers were climbing in for I sometimes get lost myself in the dark- to see somebody order me about."

they did not find the ring. "The king was left all alone, seated on moaning over his bad luck when suddenly he heard a buzzing sound.

" 'Kuzz-zz, Zumm-mm, Kuzz-zz-mm-mm,' sang a noisy little beetle as it buzzed about the king's head. 'Kuzz-zz, Zumm-mm, Zumm-mn

"The king tried to brush the beetle aside. 'Even the bugs and beetles annoy me now that I have lost my sacred stone," he cried " 'Kuzz-zumm - mm. Kuzz - zumm - mm,

Kuzz-zumm - mm - mm!' said the beetle, louder and louder, as it brushed against the "The king grew angry and slapped at Jim," said Jane.

the beetle, but it flew buzzing about his " 'Kuzz-zzumm! Kuzz-zumm-mm! zumm-mm-mm!

Come-mm! Come-mm-mm! Come-mm-mm! Oh, King! Oh, King-ng-ng! Oh, King-ng-ng! Listen to the song I sing-ng-g. Do not rage and scold and frown, But gaze upon your golden crown;

The lost beetle you will find If my song you will but mind. Kuzz-um-um-zee! Kubb-um-zee-Look and see! Look and see-ee-ee!'

"Whoever

finds my "The king snatched off his golden crown sacred beetle and, sure enough, there on the top ornament hung his precious ring. shall have

"He called all of his courtiers to him and said: 'I promised to give anything that was any gift that desired to the one who found my ring. You have failed in your search, but a tiny he desires!" beetle has helped me, and so now I must reward him, for he has found my ring. When I stretched out to take my nap I removed my crown and placed it by my side, and then I hung the ring upon it for safegrass and flowers, but no ring could they keeping. But when I awoke I put the crown upon my head and I forgot the ring. "Possibly when you went to sleep, your This tiny beetle has brighter eyes than any majesty, a bird flew down and plucked it of you and he saw my ring and buzzed the from your lap and carried it to its nest,' secret to me.'

"Then the king sat down on the bench "'Now, my little friend,' said the king that harm will come to me,' he groaned, and said: 'I laid down right here and i as he stretched forth his hand, 'what reward can I give you?'

and rested upon the scarab shaped like chant. himself. 'He was a lost beetle,' he murmured softly. 'I am sorry for lost beetles, has just been in and it tickles them to death

the trees and standing on tall ladders and ness. The gift I desire, if it please your searching in the bushes, and although they gracious majesty, is this: Will you please frightened many birds from their nests let me and all of my family carry lanterns under our wings? For sometimes when we go out after dark to visit our friends we the garden bench, and he was groaning and lose our way. You are grateful because I found your lost beetle; please help me so

that I may never be lost again.' "'Little winged one, you shall have your wish,' said the king, 'and I will give you the lanterns to carry.' Then the king waved his golden wand over the beetle three times, and he said: 'Henceforth you and all your family shall flash forth bright

lights from under your wings." "And so the people in the Philippines still tell this old tale when they see the fireflies flashing their little lights. "Oh, thank you, father," said all the

children in chorus. "Now, do let this little beetle fly home,

So Jim lifted the glass and the firefly flew back to join its friends in the garden. "It is time that my small fireflies fly up

to bed," said the mothers. "Just think, those little beetles can do something that we cannot do. They can

give light and no heat," said John.

### His Need

For three successive nights Newpop had walked the floor with the baby. On the fourth night he became desperate and bought a bottle of soothing syrup.

'Why, James," exclaimed the wife when she saw the bottle, "what did you buy that for? Don't you know it is very dangerous to give a child anything like

"Don't worry," was her husband's reply. "I'm going to take it myself."

#### As Good as New Mrs. Brindle-Now, Mary, I want you to

he careful. This is some very old table linen-been in the family for over 200 years, and-Mary-Ah, sure, ma'am, you needn't worry, I won't tell a soul, and it looks as

Funny and Satisfying

good as new, anyway.

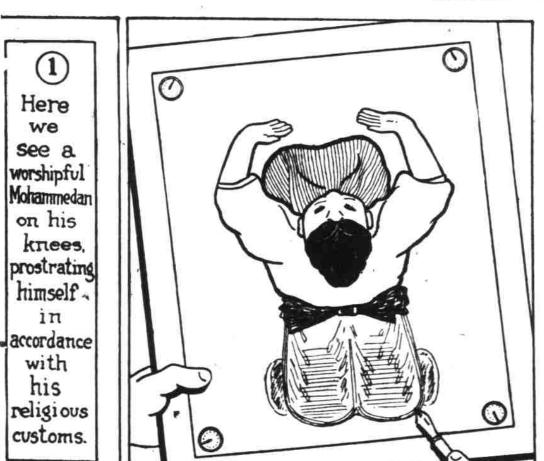
Your clerks seem to be in a good hu-"The tiny beetle alighted upon the ring mor," remarked the friend of a city mer-

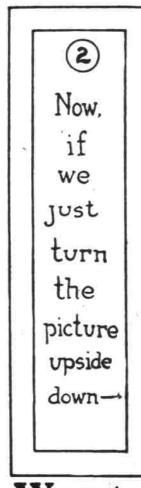
"Yes," replied the merchant. "My wife,

By CHARLES A.

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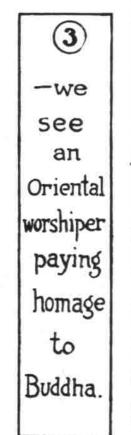
# The Mohammedan and the Buddhist

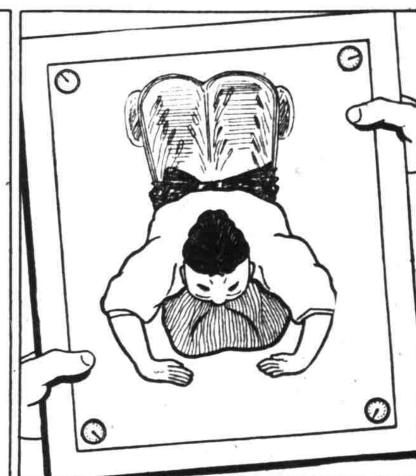






said one of the courtiers.





But Who Wants to Play With a Playful Bull?

