



FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON

The Paws and Claws Club

THE Mad March Hare's wife has stopped housecleaning and he has stopped being mad for another 11 months.

The Easter Bunny is head over heels in work and, although the fairies have volunteered to help, dear knows when she will be finished.

Who says being a watchman is an easy job? Take the brave howlow I read of not long ago. Hearing foot-steps in the dining room, he crept quietly to investigate and was just on the point of sounding his bark burlar alarm when one of the burglars caught hold of him, bound a wet handkerchief over his nose and bundled him unceremoniously into the sideboard.

And there the poor fellow was found, unconscious, by his mistress the next morning, chloroformed by the rogues, mind you. He is gradually recovering from the experience, but a few more drops and it would have been a hero's grave for him.

I heard another dog story the other day, too. A very fine and blue ribbon Skye terrier disappeared and, although his frantic owners advertised and searched everywhere for him, he could not be found. Two years passed and the little fellow had almost been forgotten, when a friend of the family passing through one of the poorest sections of the city saw Jimmie having a high time with a bunch of rough little youngsters. He whistled and some chortle in the little howlow stirred, and he came trotting over. Away he was whisked by the gentleman and returned in triumph to his family.

Now I'm wondering whether Jimmie was lost or whether he ran away, and how, after his two glorious years of vagabonding, he will take to his silk cushion and dog show existence. When I saw him lying under the table in one of the city's tea rooms he had a speculative look in his bright little eyes and, although he was very polite and well-mannered, I'll bet he was thinking of the hot dog wagon in the slums, where he had received many a free lunch, and of his dirty, loving little sealawag comrades who teased and adored him to their heart's content.

"Much too fat," I heard his mistress say to one of her friends, "Can't show him this spring, he'll soon be in shape again." Now, I'll wager dog biscuits to lamb chops that Jimmie never will be the same again, and some fine day, when the breath of wanderlust gets into his nostrils, there'll be an empty cushion in Walnut street and a happy little tramp dog in Conover's alley.

These are wonderful days for the woods. Have you found your first violets yet and seen the funny little elf tents that bob up this time o' year to shelter the fairy folk when it rains?

Daffodils and hyacinths.

In their lovely springtime frocks dance in merry rows!

Wireless Telephone Installed in House

Washington, March 27.—(U. S. S.)—A wireless telephone connecting the war department and the military affairs committee room in the house office building at the capitol building is being installed today. It is the first experiment with wireless telephone to be tried out between the executive and legislative branches of the government.

NOW! ALL THIS WEEK



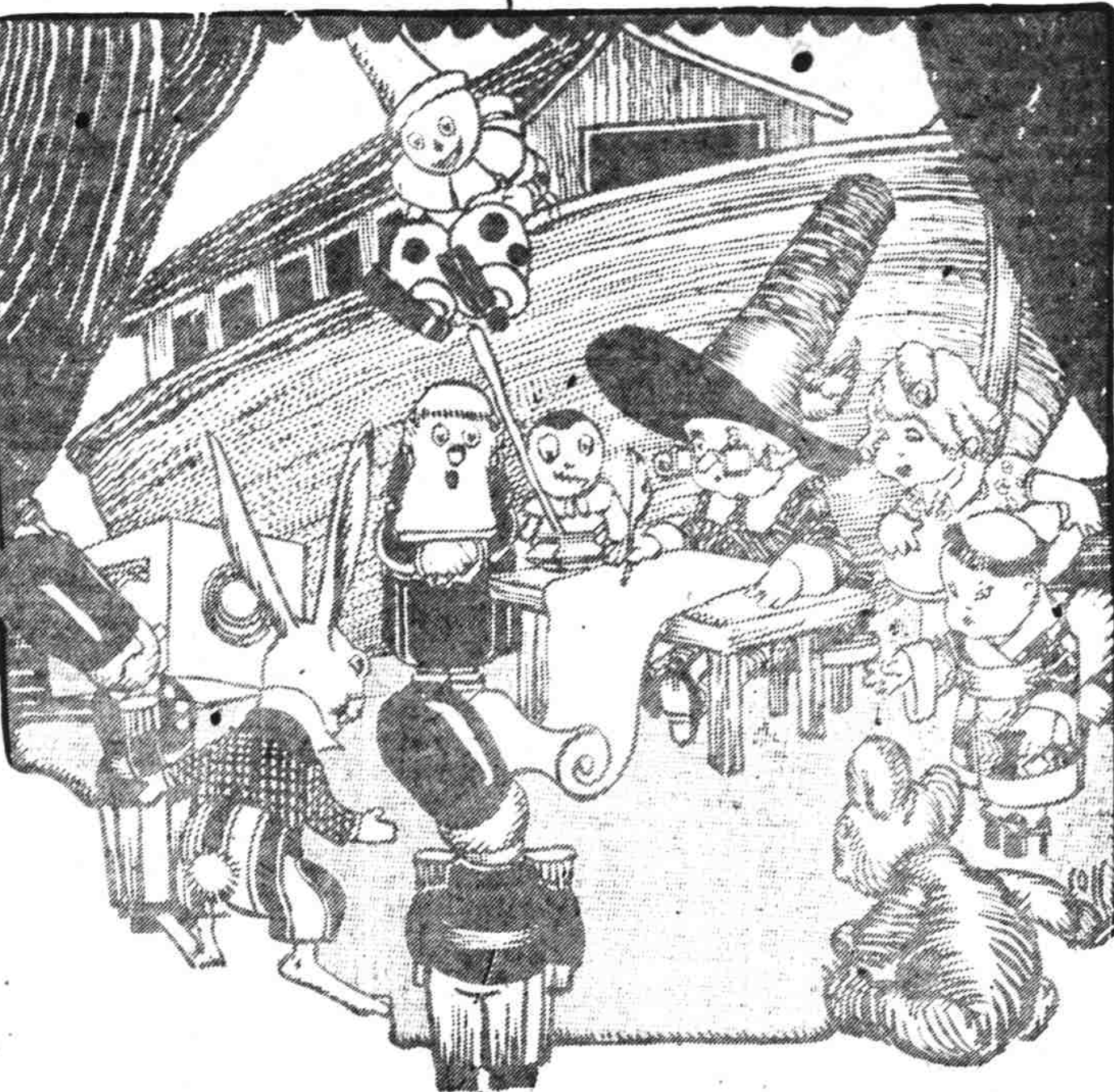
WONDERFUL! MIGHTY!

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S "MALE and FEMALE"

Founded on J. M. Barrie's Famous Play "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON"

Star

THE LITTLE HOUSE—WITH THE BIG SHOWS—



The Trial of Jonathan Bunny

A Little Play for the Easter Holidays

THE costumes can be copied straight from the toys. A large hat box slipped over the head and held in place by shoulder straps will make a fine block. Paint big letters on each side. A rag doll with a broom enters from one side and Miss China Doll from the opposite.

Rag Doll (with a wave of her broom)—There he is, there he is, Miss China, the very same persnickety beast!

China Doll (advances stiffly to stage center and bends over White Rabbit)—He must have run down the rude creature! Let's call the guard!

Cloven (comes somersaulting on from the left) sing—

There was a rabbit came to town

And turned the nursery upside down.

Why, there he is now! Good evening, ladies. (Bows to the two dolls.) And here comes the grand army. (With another bow.)

(The two toy soldiers enter.)

First Soldier—The mayor will be here in a few moments. Meanwhile, we shall take the prisoner into custody. (Pokes the rabbit with his wooden gun.) Here, wake up!

Rabbit (sleepily opens one eye)—What's all the excitement?

Second Soldier—You are under arrest. You have broken the Toytown laws in four places.

China Doll (excitedly)—Here comes his honor!

Cloven—The mayor may or not acquit the prisoner as he sees fit.

(Enter Mayor with Teddy Bear, followed by Toy Block and the Japanese Doll. Mayor seats himself at table and toys stand behind him.)

Rabbit (sits up)—Good gracious, they ARE alive! I thought I was dreaming.

Mayor (sternly)—Bring forth the prisoner!

(Soldiers take rabbit, one on each side, and stand him up, while toys whisper excitedly together.)

Mayor (puts on a big pair of specs)—How dare you invade this village of peaceable toys? What are you and why are you?

Rabbit (apologetically)—I am an Easter present, and I was brought here in a basket.

Mayor (writes this in a book which he has opened before him)—Where is your key, and how often are you yowled up?

Rabbit (indignantly)—I'm alive. Who ever heard of such nonsense? Here, feel me. I'm real, not stuffed with sawdust like you.

Toys (all together)—Alive!

First Soldier—How dare he be alive?

Second Soldier—He's broken another law; did you hear that?

Two Dolls—Put him out! Treason! Treason!

(All rush at rabbit and begin to pinch and push him.)

Mayor (thumps on the table)—Silence! Order! Am I the mayor or am I not?

Cloven (inside)—He is the mayornd.

(Toys fall back sulkily.)

Mayor—First witness!

(China Doll steps out.)

Mayor—With what do you charge the prisoner?

Doll (tearfully producing old hat)—He ate the flowers off my Easter hat, the cannibal!

Rabbit—Well, I had nothing else to eat. And they weren't very fresh at that.

Mayor—He admits it. Don't you know it is against the laws of Toytown to EAT?

Rabbit—But how does one live?

Mayor—One doesn't! And if we can get along without living you can do the same. NEXT!

Noah (steps out stiffly)—This creature knocked over two elephants, two monkeys, two giraffes, my wife, and he broke the leg of the hippopotamus. He entered my ark without a pass and went to sleep while I was trying to arrange a fine drink.

Toys (all together)—How terrible! ASLEEP! Do you hear that?

Mayor—You have broken another law. Rabbit (dismally)—Is the hippopotamus leg a law?

Mayor—It is against the laws of Toytown to sleep. He admits being asleep. Ah, this is very serious, my dear chap. I'm afraid you are done for.

Rabbit—If I can't eat or sleep, I am Mayor—Next witness!

Block—He knocked over the castle. Polly built for the Japanese doll, Japanese Doll—And ruined my par-soul. See, it will never open again.

Teddy Bear

Japanese Doll

SCENE

The Nursery at 12 o'clock

Curtain rises on the White Rabbit, who is sleeping soundly on the floor.

Rag Doll with a broom enters from one side and Miss China Doll from the opposite.

Rag Doll (with a wave of her broom)—There he is, there he is, Miss China, the very same persnickety beast!

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Roosevelt Loved Pets

I DO NOT believe any children had more interesting pets than President Roosevelt's boys and girls. And I do not believe there was ever a happier family in the White House.

And though these boys and girls are grown now, the story of their happy times—told in their father's letters to them at different times—will keep them children always. Do read "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children."

The following letter from Roosevelt to Joel Chandler Harris gives a description of some of the family pets:

Dear Mr. Harris—Your letter was a great relief to Kermit, who always becomes personally interested in his favorite author and has been much worried by your sickness. All of the younger children are at present absorbed in various pets, perhaps the foremost of which is a puppy of the most orthodox puppy type. Then there is Jack, the terrier; and Sailor Boy, the Chesapeake Bay dog; and Eli, the most gorgeous macaw, with a bill that I think could bite through boiler plate, who crawls all over Ted and whom I regard with dark suspicion; and Jonathan, the piebald rat, of most friendly and affectionate nature, who also crawls all over everybody; and the flying squirrel and two kangaroo rats, not to speak of Archie's pony, Algonquin, who is the most absolute pet of them all.

President Roosevelt himself loved all animals, and rarely returned from any of his trips without bringing home some curious little pet for his children. Turkeys, queer little lizards, badgers and birds were added from time to time to the quaint menagerie.

The Marshmallow Clown



THE Marshmallow Clown from Taffytown, Sugared from tip of toe to crown.

Was on his way to the Pepper Mint For a hundred pennies of chocolate tint.

When a regular pup—who, I'm afraid, Unnoticed to Taffytown had strayed,

He took a big sniff then gave a sneeze That blew the clown to the candy trees;

Where he hung by one leg and simply gloated "Tis a mighty good thing to be sugar coated!"

Export Measure Wins
Washington, March 27.—(U. S. S.)—Private bankers are authorized to become directors in national banks and in financial corporations organized under federal authority to finance export business by a bill favorably reported from the house banking and currency committee.

PERCY GRAINGER

Pianist—Composer

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PRICES—Floor, 25c. Balcony, 15c. 10c. 5c. Gallery, reserved, 75c. gallery, admission, 50c. Plus 10 PER CENT WAR TAX.

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It Will Hold You Breathless From Start to Finish

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M. GUTERSON CONDUCTOR

SUNDAY CONCERT at 12:30 Noon

Semiramide Rossini Pilgrims' Chorus R. Wagner
Artist Life Strauss Kamenoi Ostrow Rubinstein
Glow Worm P. Lincke

WEEK-DAY CONCERT—Twice Each Afternoon and Evening

Semiramide Rossini Glow Worm P. Lincke

Ladies! Listen to this: We are showing a PRIZMA picture this week—it is in natural colors and the title of the subject is "Gowns That Venus Would Envy"—don't miss this.

March 31st



JACQUES THIBAUD

GREATEST OF FRENCH

VIOLINISTS

Heilig Theatre

MAIL ORDERS will be filled in the order of their receipt if accompanied by check and stamped self-addressed envelope.
PRICES—Lower Floor, \$2.20; Balcony, \$2.20, \$1.65, Gallery, reserved, 85c. Admission 55c.
ADDRESS—Ellison-White Musical Bureau, 654 Everett St., Portland, Oregon.

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