



FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON

Bedpost Kingdom

"Oh, dear!" sighed Edith. "I do wish some one would talk to me."

"What do you want to talk about?" asked an important little voice.

The little girl sat up in bed with a start and looked carefully all around. No, sir! There was not a soul in sight. She sank rather breathlessly back among her pillows.

"Perhaps I dreamed it," thought Edith. But no—there it was again.

"If you want to talk to me you'll have to say something," said the voice sharply. "I'm not going to do it all."

"But where are you?" asked Edith, bouncing upright again.

"That's right—knock me over—this is nice, I must say!" The voice seemed to come from her lap and Edith gave a little scream of surprise, for climbing out of a crack in the bedclothes was a little white man—no taller than her littlest finger.

"Are you going to stare all day?" snapped the little man, sitting down on a convenient hump in the covers. He took out a pocket handkerchief, no larger than a fly's wing and fanned himself crossly.

"I'm sorry I upset you," apologized Edith, "and, please, won't you tell me who you are?"

"You're encroaching on our rights as it is—what are you in for, anyway?" "Tonsillitis," answered Edith meekly.

"And," she gave a little indignant, "this is my bed!"

"Hear the girl, will you!" laughed the little man derisively.

"Listen to that, brothers!" Edith stared in real earnest now and saw whole companies of little men exactly like the one who was addressing her. Men and women and children and dogs, and houses, as white as snow, covered completely her pretty white spread.

The people were funny little peaked hats and looked exactly as if they had been made out of sugar.

"She's a big nuisance!" declared the little man, waving his hand at Edith.

"Don't you know you're not supposed to go to bed in the day time?" asked a tiny little woman coming up to sit beside the tiny man.

"She knows positively nothing!" explained the little fellow. "Why, didn't she just ask me who I was?"

"Well, who are you?" cried Edith. "I needn't be afraid of them, she thought to herself, for I could tumble them on the floor in a second."

"We're the Bed Fellows!" piped up an old, old gentleman midget leaning on his white cane.

"And you've interrupted our haying!" "Haying!" gasped the little girl.

"That's what I said," repeated the old man testily. And Edith, taking a good look, saw that all the little men were raking perfectly white hay in the perfectly white fields.

"You're entitled to a place here at night," spoke up a fat little Bed Fellow, who seemed to be a person of authority.

"But if you stay here another minute I'll report you to the king!"

"What's all this? What's all this?" From a stunning white castle in the center of the bad a fat little king looked anxiously.

"The kingdom has been invaded for the second time this week, your majesty!" called the first little Bed Fellow, jerking his thumb at Edith.

"What excuse have you?" The king made a trumpet of his hands and called to her.

"I'm sick in bed and I can't help it!" explained Edith, trying not to laugh at funny little king.

"Wait!" he shouted sternly. "I'll come town!"

Edith waited impatiently and in a few seconds the king stepped out of the door of his palace into a little white chariot. The Bed Fellows scattered right and left as the tiny horses came plunging towards Edith's bed.

So steep that his majesty almost overturned. But at last the chariot made it and the little king smiled pleasantly at Edith.

Welcome to the Bedpost Kingdom, my dear!" he said, taking off his crown politely.

"I thought I was to be thrown out," said the little girl, rather surprised at the king's speech.

"Oh, no; you are part owner. Don't mind these little people. They mean well, but are rather sharp-tongued—not polite like our royal selves."

The king smiled out his chest and Edith was tempted to pick him up. But just then there came a step on the stair.

"Here is a nice plate of ice cream, dear!" called Edith's mother. Edith saw at the first word—houses, little white people and fences and everything melted straight into the spread. And, though she tried and tried, Edith was never able to catch a glimpse of them again.

Frivolity

Mr. Tea Bun cast his eyes. O'er the pastries, cakes and pies. "Life is short and I will wed. Before I'm eaten up," he said.

"I will wed before I'm stale." First he eyed a cream puff pale. Then he stroked his sugar hair And considered Miss E. Clair.

Lady fingers by the score Smiled pleasantly, but he forbore. "I fear they are too fat and fine. For simple doughy chaps like us."

He sighed. "I want a useful mate To cook and sew and share my plate." So, with a last regretful look, he Took a little raisin cookie!

"Are You Getting Real Tobacco?"

says the Good Judge

There's more good, lasting taste in a little of the Real Tobacco Chew than you get out of the ordinary kind.

You don't need a fresh chew nearly so often—that's why it costs you less to chew this class of tobacco.

Any man who uses the Real Tobacco Chew will tell you that.

Put up in two styles

RIGHT CUT is a short-cut tobacco

W-B CUT is a long fine-cut tobacco

Weyman-Britton Company, 1107 Broadway, New York City



Noah's Ark News

Well, I never realized when I asked you to think up all the animal songs you knew that there were so many. The longest list was 63 songs. Imagine! So all the members surely have enough to sing when no one is listening and I'll not be surprised at all to hear the grave old dog at the corner humming "Old Mother Hubbard" when he goes out to hunt his evening bone.

"The Owl and the Pussy Cat" and "Oh, Where, Oh, Where Has My Little Dog Gone?" seems to be favorites.

And speaking of songs reminds me of a robin who lives in a garden at the end of the street where I live. There are so many sparrows that his morning song is quite spoiled. So what does the little fellow do but wait till all the noisy little beggars are in bed, then late in the afternoon he hops into the tree outside my window and sings and sings without interruption.

In the Palm Beach Post was a story lately of two little owls who blew down from the treetops and were adopted by an artist. In the studio the baby owls, Wynken and Blynken, have many visitors and are kept supplied with grasshoppers and flies by the little boys from the hotels.

"I suppose they will be wiser than most owls, even when they grow up."

The Dolls' House Party

One day in late August a young lady doll strolled to the front veranda of a stately mansion in Toyville and sat down on the arm of a chair in which sat a refined looking old lady.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "since mamma has gone to the country I simply do not know what to do with myself!"

The old lady adjusted her glasses and said: "Why, my dear, have you forgotten that tomorrow is your friend, Betty China Doll's, birthday? Why don't you have a party for her at your house?"

"Oh, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Ethel (for that was her name), and she rushed into the house to send out invitations as fast as she could.

She wrote them on dainty blue paper with a gold monogram at the top. Her father, Mr. Robert Lewis, was a very rich man, therefore Ethel had everything she wished for. She rang for the butler to post the invitations. Then a thought rushed to her mind.

"I wonder what Betty's favorite color is?" thought she. "I believe it is blue."

The Trial of Prince Little Boy

The Nursery Kingdom was asleep. And in his white bed dreaming Lay their prince, a little boy!

When all at once there came a thump And bumping on the floor: His books came tumbling down—at first a few, then dozens more!

"Down from your shelves! Assert yourselves!" The Middle Goose Book screamed. Prince Little Boy woke with a start: At first he thought he dreamed.

His books were marching row on row, And then he ducked his head. For next they spread their backs like wings. And flew up on the bed!

"Arrest him!" cried a Fairy Book. "And let the trial proceed: For he has broken every law. 'Tis rights for books we need!"

The Jungle Book appeared as Judge. The rest sat round the bed. "First witness," called the judge. "Your honor."

After I was read "He scribbled on my pages," Sobbed a little book of rhymes. "He shall be punished," rasped the judge. "For this and other crimes."

"He borrowed me," the next one wept. "He homicked for my shelf!" "He tore my leaves out," screamed a child. "I'll never be myself!"

Again! "He left me in the rain—He left me there to drown." "He broke my back," put in a fifth. "And turned my pages down."

At this they all began to scream. They flew straight at his head. "Tear out his leaves; chew up his ears!" The Prince leaped out of bed.

But what an awful bump he got! The walls went round and round. And now the roof's so creepy still He couldn't hear a sound.

But scattered everywhere were books—Prince Little Boy just stared. And if you've been like him, well, say, You'd better be prepared!

Instead of ringing for her maid, as was her custom, she ran downstairs to pour her plans out to her dear grandmother. She whispered them in her grandmother's ear. "I think I will have—"

Then she whispered lower and I could not hear any more.

I was bubbling over with curiosity, but I did not ask any questions. Acceptances came pouring in as rapidly as Ethel had sent the invitations out.

When the next evening arrived no one was allowed to go into the dining room. The guests all assembled in the parlor, and that is where they played their games.

When the time came for the doors to be opened an exclamation broke from the lips of every doll present, for the long table that stood in the middle of the room had large blue candles at each end and a small blue one at each plate.

A large cake stood in the middle of the table and had 18 blue candles on it. For Betty was 18 years old. At each place stood a lollypop doll, dressed in a blue crepe dress, her favors. The ice cream was white and was served in blue dishes. At each plate lay a bluebird with the person's name on, directing them where to sit.

When they were all through eating they all wished Betty many more happy birthdays. Then they left, but Betty never got through thanking Ethel.

EDITH KOOKER

Waldemar Young, who wrote the screen adaptation of Mary Pickford's recently completed production, "Suds," has been engaged by Miss Pickford to provide the continuity for her next picture, which will be made upon the star's return from Europe.

Ruby, July's Birthstone

The ruby is the birthstone of July. It was associated in ancient times with many queer superstitions. How these old fancies originated or how they could have been palmed off on the public, it is difficult to imagine. The fact that the common people had implicit faith in them proves how very much more credulous the world once was than it is today.

For instance, the ancients believed that if a ruby were worn about the neck, it conferred the power of seeing in the dark. One wonders what monumental fakes started this absurd conceit and for what purpose. It was generally believed, however, possibly because rubies were costly and the common people could not test the matter for themselves.

The ruby also was supposed to be a talisman against evil spirits, the plague and poison. By the deepening of its color it forewarned its wearer against ill fate, and which their sons, their followers, and their followers' sons have handed down through our form of representative government.

Americans are appropriating funds to be used in plans for the commemoration. One plan is to erect, overlooking Plymouth harbor, a colossal statue of Massachusetts, the Indian chief who befriended the Puritan pioneer. Another is to set the Plymouth Rock, which in 1741 was flung above the tide, in its original position.

Seventy American cities, including New York, Chicago and Boston, have started plans for their celebrations of the tercentenary. The State of New York has the American Mayflower council have been active in coordinating these plans.

Interior Decoration

New Course Being Offered Marines

The Doll's Column

The Sewing Class

Clagissa Arabella China Doll has formed a sewing class of young girls to make clothes for the wooden and rag doll families of Nurseryville. Their dolls are really in a dreadful dirty state, and they need everything from the skin out.

Doll Shoes

Doll shoes should be round or square toed. Don't allow the dolls to wear pointed toes—they are ruinous to the feet and disposition.

A Calamity

Ethel left her very best china doll out under the trees this afternoon. She had on a very chic costume and a large picture hat with a most fetching feather. A little sparrows, seeing a beautiful lining for her nest, flew down on the doll's hat, and she tugged and pulled—and pulled and tugged. And when Elizabeth came out for her doll she didn't have any charming feather. So you'd better sew your doll's trimmings on tight.

Girls! Your hair needs a little "Danderine"—that's all! When it becomes lifeless, thin or loses its lustre; when ugly dandruff appears, or your hair falls out, a 35-cent bottle of delightful, dependable "Danderine" from any store, will save your hair, also double its beauty. Try "Danderine" and see!

'MAYFLOWER' TO CROSS ATLANTIC THE SECOND TIME

This Year United States, Great Britain and Holland Plan to Celebrate Pilgrims' Voyage.

On November 11, 1620, in the cabin of the Mayflower, a tiny bark lying off the Massachusetts coast, a little band of liberty-loving men from "Britania," entered into what history has styled the Mayflower compact.

This agreement bound the 41 adult males in the ship's company into a civil body politic for the better ordering, preserving, and furthering of their mutual ends. And it provided for such just and equal laws and offices as should be necessary for the general good of the colony.

Ten days later, so records Dr. Charles W. Eliot's inscription on the Pilgrim Memorial monument at Provincetown, Mass., "The Mayflower, carrying 102 passengers, men and women and children, cast anchor in this harbor 67 days from Plymouth, England."

JAMESTOWN SETTLEMENT

"This body politic, established and maintained on this bleak and barren edge of a vast wilderness, a state without a king or a noble, a church without a bishop or a priest, a democratic commonwealth, the members of which were strictly tied to all care of each other's good, and of the whole by every one."

"With long-suffering devotion and sober resolution they illustrated for the first time in history the principles of civil and religious liberty and the practice of a genuine democracy."

Meantime, uninformed of the Pilgrims, fellow-colonists of Captain John Smith had met at "James City" (Jamestown), Va., for the first American Legislative Assembly. On August 16, 1619, they had thus broken ground for the foundation of the present democratic form of government in the United States.

SECOND MAYFLOWER

This year, 1920, these events are being commemorated in the United States, in England and in Holland. In August, the origin of the Pilgrim movement will be celebrated in England. And early in September, festivities will be held in Holland in memory of the Pilgrims' sojourn in that country.

In September, a "second Mayflower" will sail from Southampton, Eng., to follow to the American shore the path taken by the original Mayflower. But this second Mayflower will be modern, and therefore much more seaworthy than her smaller predecessor.

This boat, carrying many prominent people of England, Holland and the United States, will anchor in Provincetown harbor in late September. Its arrival will perhaps mark the crowning dramatic episode of the entire tercentenary celebrations.

SEVENTH CITIES PREPARING

These events will not be celebrated in the United States by the citizens of Massachusetts and Virginia alone. Communities throughout America are planning to take this opportunity to review the "foundation upon which the United States rests," and to reemphasize those principles which these ancestors established—and which their sons, their followers, and their followers' sons have handed down through our form of representative government.

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THIS attractive and unusual costume was exhibited at the recent fur fashion show in New York. The costume, of tailored ermine, is designed for beach use after midday has taken a dip in the briny. It is valued at \$25,000.



\$25,000 fur bathing costume

Mail Delivery Is Of Ancient Origin

Did it ever occur to you that your city letter carrier, your village postmaster, or your rural route carrier has a past?

He is the agent by which the long arm of Uncle Sam taps your shoulder once, two, maybe three times a day, yet he is so unobtrusive that you probably do not know him half so well as the policeman or the school teacher. Recently, however, he has been in the public eye by the presentation of his need for increased pay.

The history of the postal service and its employees extends to the days of the Romans when the earliest known means of transmitting a message was by courier.

Today a bulletin from the Washington, D. C., headquarters of the National Geographic society. "These admirable organizers, the Romans, marked by a post the place in the road where the relay of one runner by another was effected; thus they named our system long before it was born."

The first letter post seems to have existed in the Hanse towns in the thirteenth century in order to facilitate relations between the merchants of the various members of the Hanseatic league.

The British postoffice had its beginning in the sixteenth century, and our own colonial methods of handling mail were inherited from our British forefathers. Long before the people had any means of exchanging either personal or official letters, the king had established a system for conveying his personal messages and official documents by royal messengers.

In the reign of King John this petulant monarch paid out a large sum for a postal service and charged it to the household and wardrobe accounts. Messengers who were thus entrusted with matters of state had to be above suspicion. They went the whole distance, and were paid according to the length and danger of their journeys.

KING EDWARD'S CONTRIBUTION

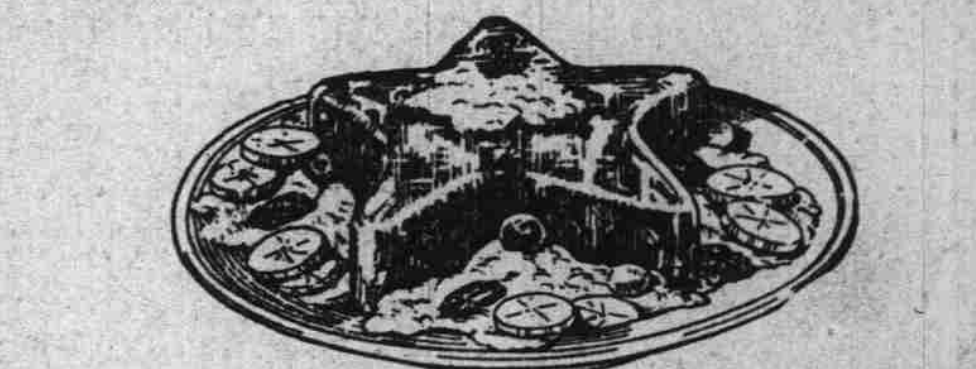
"When Edward IV found the Scots were too hot upon his trail he decided

to send a messenger to the Scots to negotiate a truce. The messenger was a knight of the realm, and he was to be paid according to the length and danger of his journey."

These riders were clad in buckskin shirts, ordinary trousers, high boots and soft slouch hat, and were armed with sheath knife and Colt's revolver and Spencer carbines. The best time they made across the trackless waste was in carrying President Lincoln's inaugural speech to San Francisco—seven days and 17 hours.

Acrosses Go Abroad

Violet Hemming, seen in Portland recently in "Three Faces East," has gone to England. Pay Bainter, star of "East Is West," has also gone to the other side for awhile. When she returns she will reopen in "East Is West" at New York, and will then go to Boston for an indefinite stay.



Star Shaped Mold—Style-H

Save Sugar

By serving Jiffy-Jell Real-Fruit Desserts

Jiffy-Jell desserts are rich in fruit. A bottle of condensed fruit juice comes in each package.

They are ready-sweetened and acidulated. You simply add boiling water, as directed on package, then the liquid fruit essence from the vial. Also mix in fresh fruit, if desired, and let cool. No sugar required.

Jiffy-Jell is economical. One package serves six.

It saves your sugar, for we put the sugar in it.

It is rich, in fruit, for the bottle of flavor is the condensed juice of much ripe fruit.

Millions have adopted Jiffy-Jell as the ideal fruit dessert.

Teaspoon Size

Wm. Rogers & Son AA

New-style dessert spoon, Wm. Rogers & Son AA silverplate, guaranteed 20 years. Contains no advertising. Send two trade-marks and 10 cents for first spoon, then we will offer you balance of the set.

Gifts to Users

Buy Jiffy-Jell from your grocer. Cut out the trade-marks in the circle on the front of Jiffy-Jell packages. Send 6 for any pint mold or the Set of Six Individual Molds. Send 2 for the Jiffy-Cup, or 2 and 10c for the Spoon.

The pint molds are as follows—all aluminum: Style-B—Pint Mold, heart shaped. Style-C—Pint Mold, fluted as above. Style-D—Pint Mold, star shaped. Style-E—Pint Mold with pinnales. Style-F—Pint Mold, star shaped. Same as illustrated at top.

Flat Molds: Style-A—Style-B—Style-C—Style-D—Style-E—Style-F—Jiffy-Cup—Jiffy-Spoon

Send 4 circles for any pint mold or the set of six. Send 1 for Jiffy-Cup and 10c for spoon.

Jiffy Dessert Co., Waukegan, Wis.

I enclose trade-marks for which mail the gifts I check at s/de.

Enclose 10c for postage and packing on the spoon alone.

that he needed a system of communication between his own headquarters and those of his fighting forces, so he had horses placed at 20 mile intervals on the road between England and Scotland. That was our present postoffice system in embryo. Finally, in 1515, Sir Brian Tuke became the first postmaster general of Britain, and