

For the YOUNG PEOPLE

APRIL SHOWERS

It is not raining rain today. It's raining violets," quoted Barbara, not without a gleam of mischief in her eye.

Her older sister Ann sniffed. "Violets!" she exclaimed. "I always thought that was a silly poem!"

"Maybe the poet was thinking about your new hat," teased Barbara. "If it gets rained on it's going to rain violets—that is, violet dye."

"After all," Ann replied, "they're only five-and-ten-cent-store violets. But why so spiteful, Babs?"

She looked so long and steadily at the younger girl curled up on the windowseat, that Barbara squirmed.

"I ain't spiteful," she retorted. "I'm glad you have a new hat and glad mine is old, because you're as proud as a peacock and I'm not afraid of showers."

A pink scarf of her mother's and had been washed and dipped in dye. The cheap violets scattered so cleverly on the brim brought out the violet-blue of Ann's eyes and her clear healthy complexion.

The sun was breaking through the clouds and Ann put on her new hat, arranging her gold-brown curls on her shoulders. She could see Barbara in the mirror looking at her scornfully.

"You think I'm vain, Babs dear," she said, "but I know my nose is too big and so is my mouth and I don't pretend to be a beauty, but I mean to look my best this afternoon. There's a reason."

Barbara saw her take a folded piece of paper out of her top drawer and put it in her handbag, then with a cheery good-bye, out she gaily skipped.

queeze in too, promising to stop and tell her mother that she was going violet-picking with them.

Such a jolly crowd! They sped along damp sweet-smelling roads, where anemones nodded at them from the banks and new pale leaves cast pretty speckled shadows. No grouch could live long there! Barbara was forgotten almost before they started. Away they sped to a quiet spot which Alma knew and there they stopped. Between the trees a brook chattered and dear old May-apple-flowers were out already!

Just as they had found the best violet bed that ever was, Alma cried: "Goodness! A drop of rain! I felt it on my nose."

"Me too!" exclaimed her brother.

The April shower pattered gently down on them.

"Can't hurt me!" laughed Barbara, then she remembered poor Ann and her violets. "She can take it off or go on the porch," she thought.

"It won't spole! Good!" cried Barbara.

"No, indeed," answered her sister. "I saw to that. And just think, I have six orders!"

"For what?" smiled Mother, while Dad patted his daughter's hand.

"For hats!" replied Ann. "That's why I wore this today. The girls were crazy about it and it only cost let's see—"

she drew out the folded paper from her bag and read: "Hat, 10 cents; dye, 10 cents; three bunches of violets, 20 cents. Fifty cents altogether! I'm going to make the six hats for a dollar apiece. The ones who want shirring under the brim have to furnish the material, otherwise I'll paint it any color they like. Mary wants pink trimmed with pink flowers. Susie wants pale green under the brim and black and yellow flowers—oh, it'll be such fun, and I'll make three dollars right off and maybe get more orders!"

"You'll get one now!" said Dad.

"I see," Ann replied quietly in a tone which her younger sister called "pop-lopity."

"Look!" she exclaimed. "I believe I'm clearing. Now, you can wear your new hat and it's very becoming on you. I—I'm not spiteful."

"Of course not!" replied Ann. "Also I don't know why I'm so keen about wearing my new hat, do you?"

Barbara laughed.

"Funny thing!" she exclaimed. "It isn't because you know you look pretty in it—oh, no!"

Ann smiled mysteriously as she went to the closet and brought out her pretty new hat. If one had looked close one could have seen it was made of cheap "peanut straw." The beauty all lay in the clever way it had been trimmed. Under the brim Ann had shirred violet Georgee crepe that didn't look as if it had once been a

There was to be a lawn party that afternoon at Hilda Worth's and all of Ann's classmates were to be there. Barbara being in a lower grade had not been asked. She felt rather blue and for once didn't want to read. There was a little pucker between her brows.

"Ann's a dear but she annoys me sometimes," she thought, getting up. "I'll go over to the Hydes."

She slammed her plain brown sailor hat on her bobbed head with an angry gesture and bounced out of the house, feeling somehow shamed though she didn't know how or by whom.

"I've got a horrid disposition," she said to herself.

It was bright and sunny when she reached the Hydes and the whole family, with, of course, her special friend Alma Hyde, were just starting out in their car. They made Barbara



"You Think I'm Vain, Babs Dear," She Said

The shower lasted only a little while and out came the sun before it was quite over. Everything was damp and sweet.

It was a very happy Barbara who came home with a bunch of wild flowers for the table. She kept out a sprig for Ann just to show she hadn't meant to be cross.

But when Ann came in her radiant face showed a perfectly contented heart. The family was star struck down to wonder when she skipped in with her booty. Not an

"I order one for Babs."

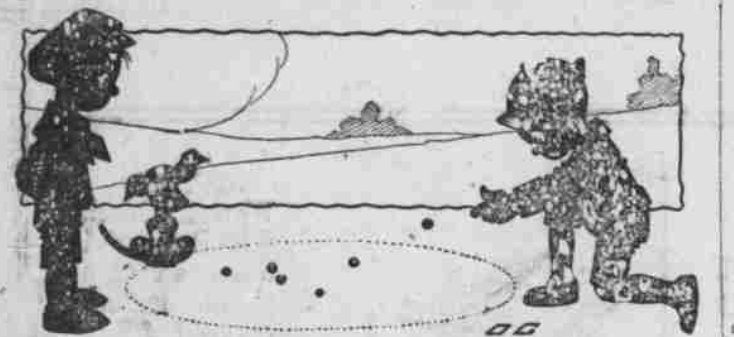
Barbara jumped up to hug her father.

"Do make mine first, clever smart Ann!" she cried. "I want blue facing and coral flowers."

"But remember, Babs," said Ann with a smile, "it won't be waterproof, and it might be raining cornflowers some day."

"I'll carry my old brown straw in a paper bag whenever I get!" Barbara retorted. "Now, Ann, don't you go and be spiteful!"

MARBLE TIME



EE, the day's a dandy, And it's feeling just like spring. What you got that's handy? We could play like anything!

Marbles? You're a daisy! Sure it's marble time, I know. Guess I must be crazy, Or my thinker's working slow!

I'll go beg some money. For the common marbles—see? You've moon-ages—funny That you have 'em, even three!

I just can't keep any. Tho' I had 'em, heaps and heaps. We won't need so many— And we mustn't play for hours!

FLUFF AND PUFF

WISH today was Saturday," said Kathleen, as they sat at breakfast, one lovely spring day. The sun was streaming in and the birds were singing merrily.

"What's that," said Daddy, looking over the top of his paper. "Wishing for Saturdays, and today only Tuesday."

"Well Daddy, it seems too nice a day to be shut up in school, and you know the last two Saturdays have been rainy, just wasted. I wish they would have school every rainy Saturday, and give us a holiday on the fine week-day."

"Uncle Bob writes," broke in Mother, who had been reading her mail. "he is sending a crate of incubator chickens, and you and Bubbles are to have one each, Kathleen."

"For my very own, how lovely,"

plied Kathleen, clapping her hands.

"That's good," said Dad. John was telling me that old Blackie is on the nest all day wanting to set. Perhaps she will mother these little stragglers, and forget her troubles."

"Will they come today, asked Kathleen, anxiously.

"Yes, by the time you are back from school."

"That will be fine, I must be off now," and with a hasty kiss she ran to school. Of course, it was dreadfully hard to keep her mind on her studies, and the day seemed endless, but at last freedom came, and she scampered home, arriving in a state of breathless excitement.

"Have they come," she cried. Jane are they here?"

"Yes, indeed, and a pretty sight they are. Your Mother is out, but says

you may take Bubbles down with you in her carriage, while I get ready to take him out, and here is some rice pudding left from lunch, that you may feed them with."

Yes, there were the little strangers, a forlorn little group, huddled up in a corner, watching out of their bright beady eyes, a big black hen who was scratching around trying to make friends. But they had been hatched in an incubator, and nursed in a foster mother, which is a sort of coop with a lamp in it, so they did not understand that Blackie wanted to make friends and were dreadfully frightened of her.

"Oh, the poor little things," cried Kathleen, throwing out a goodly supply of the soft rice. They eyed it suspiciously, then first one and then another crept over and began to peck

at them as if they were a big yellow daisy. They looked around the rice, while Blackie hovered around the outside, help's the any ones to enjoy the feast.

"I shall choose this one, and here is one for you, Bubbles," cried Kathleen, picking up two of the little mites.

"Well, call them Fluff, and yours Puff," Bubbles held out his chubby little hands, crying "Pretty birdies, Bubbles wants pretty bird."

"No dear," said Kathleen, holding



"We'll Call Mine Fluff And Yours Puff"

them at a safe distance. "If you were to squeeze them too tightly you would kill them."

Jane fortunately arrived just then, and Bubbles was wheeled away happily nibbling a cracker.

"How pretty they are, thought Kathleen. I wish—well, why not, one is mine, I will—and off she ran to the house and up to her playroom, in which was gathered all her treasures.

In one corner was a large four-roomed doll's house, completely furnished as parlor-dining room, bed room and kitchen. The front opened outward, although there was a cute little green door, too, with a shining brass knocker. Kathleen set to work, busily removing all the pretty furniture from the rooms, the tiny rugs from the floors, and the pictures from the walls.

Filled and placed in a corner a saucer of the soft rice, and one of water.

Of course, you have guessed her plan! To bring Fluff and Puff to live in her doll's house, so that she could always play with them, even on rainy Saturdays.

She ran to fetch Fluff and Puff, would she found enjoying a dust bath with Blackie, in her favorite dust hole. With some little trouble, she caught them, and running back to the house, home. They did not seem to like it at all and peeped loudly. Mother came running in, her hat still on, to see what was the matter.

Kathleen showed her the new tenants of the doll's house, and was much surprised. When Mother took her in her arms and kissed her.

"I'm afraid it won't do, dear," she said. "You would not like to go and

YOUR GARDEN FRIENDS

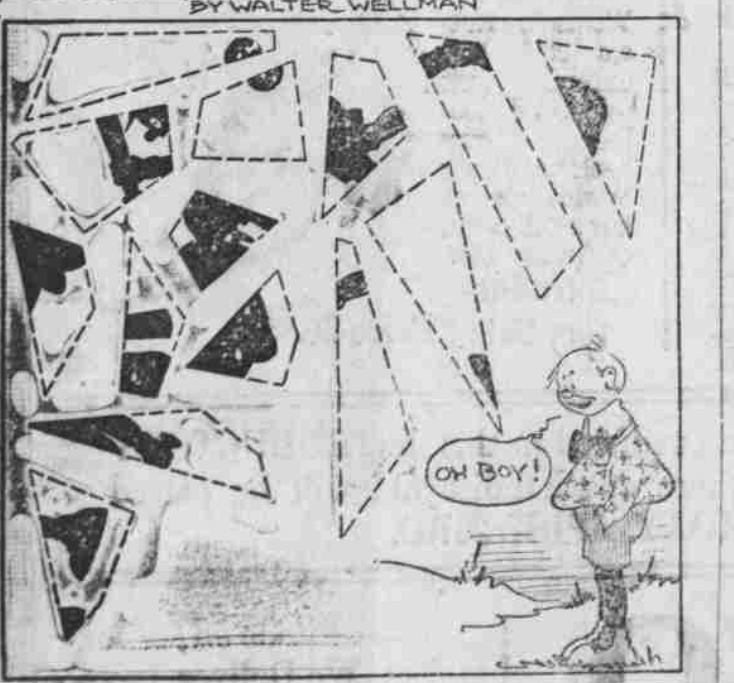


THE SPRAY

WHEN rake and hoe and delving spade Their efforts, each in turn, have made, In greatest haste you'll search around And wonder where I'm to be found. My joints are stiff, my washers dry, Neglected long, you've let me lie; But let me tell you, soon or late, The bugs will come—as sure as fate!

Our Puzzle Corner

BASEBALL CUT-OUT



Johnny wants to play a game with some of his friends. The black pieces correctly put together will show Johnny winning the contest.

HIDDEN AUTHOR

- A Roman ruler
- A Danish Prince
- An ancient postmaster
- An English tyrant
- The Moor of Venice
- A wealthy Greek
- A great hero
- A good old fisher
- The Lord Hero of King
- The famous lawyer
- The woman foil

TWO FOLK LETTER SQUARES

- My first is found in spring
- My second is a church man
- My third is in a garden
- My fourth is a little bird
- My fifth is a rolling stone
- My sixth is a man who writes
- My seventh is a famous ruler
- My eighth is an abbreviation

- ANSWERS
- HIDDEN AUTHOR: Julius Caesar, Hamlet, Columbus, A. A. Milne, King Lear, The Moor of Venice, A. A. Milne, The Lord Hero of King, The famous lawyer, The woman foil.
- TWO FOLK LETTER SQUARES: RAIN, BIRD, FISH, MAN, STONE, WRITER, KING, ABB.

A Shakespeare Birthday Game

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, BORN APRIL 23, 1564; DIED APRIL 23, 1616

Prepare a paper and pencils to your guests, then ask the following questions. The answers are the titles of Shakespeare's plays. An appropriate prize might be a small volume of Shakespeare's works.

Who were the lovers? Romeo and Juliet.

Who proposed what you see say? As You Like It.

Who was the first? Twelfth Night.

Who was the man and mad of honor? A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Who were the ushers? Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Who were the boys who the king? The Merchant of Venice.

Who gave the reception? King Lear.

In what sort of place did they live? Hamlet.

What caused their first quarrel? Much Ado About Nothing.

What was her disposition like? The Tempest.

Who was his chief occupation? The Taming of the Shrew.

What was his occupation? Love's Labor Lost.

What was his great secret? Measure for Measure.

What was his great life recreation? A Comedy of Errors.

What was his ruler's name about a reconciliation? Julius Caesar.

What did their friends say? All's Well That Ends Well.

ECONOMY

"A penny with a hole in it," My father said, "is every bit As good a coin as any. Here's one; go spend the (w)hole of it—

Yes, mind you, keep your penny!"

