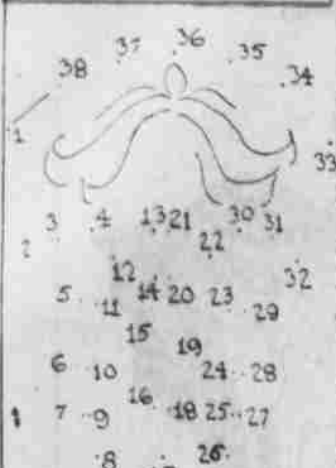




OUR KIDDIES PAGE



BEFORE PENCIL PICTURES



Yesterday I was playin' with granny's — an' I happened to bust it an' she got angry at me. So last nite I tuk sum of my savin's an' brawt her a tue one, then she forgave me. Follow th' dots an' see wot I broke.

An Enterprising Boy

I WONDER," Donald Carson said to his father's man-of-all-work, "if there isn't some way I could work for my spending money this Summer? Mother thinks I'm too young to work, but, surely, Jacob, there must be something I could do that won't be so very hard."

Jacob looked thoughtfully for a moment, and then he cried: "I've got something for you. Farmer Smith was telling me just yesterday that he wished he could get a couple of boys to work among his fruit and berries from 6 in the morning until 12; but he finds it almost impossible to get a boy to work those hours."

"I don't see why that work wouldn't be just the thing for me, Jacob," cried Donald joyfully. "I'll go out to the farm right now and I'll ask Mr. Smith if he will allow me to leave promptly at 12, and then I'll always be home to lunch; that is, if he hires me. And if he does say yes, then I'll find out if mother will give her consent."

So Donald walked quickly the half-mile to the Smith farm and found that he could start work the next morning, provided he brought a note from his parents giving their consent, and provided he was at the shed door all ready for work just as the clock struck 6.

"You see, my boy, I should have the fruit and berries into the store by noon, so that they will be firm and fresh for the town folk's evening dinner. So, do you think, Donald, you will be here tomorrow morning at 6?"

"Mr. Smith," answered Donald, very seriously, "I hope to be here; but if I find I can not come I will telephone and let you know."

"That's right!" cried Mr. Smith, as he patted the boy's shoulder. "Just keep on being very business-like and you and I will get along famously."

parents were seated at the lunch table, wondering where he could be.

He explained that he'd been seeking work, so he could make his own spending money all Summer, and perhaps have something to put in the savings fund.

At first his mother objected very strenuously, saying: "Son, the work in the hot sun will make you ill."

"But mother!" Donald cried, with a great disappointment showing in his brown eyes, "the work will be good for me, won't it, Dad?"

And Mr. Smith said he approved of Donald trying to work at the farm as long as he wished to do so.

And the next morning Mr. Smith, looking out the kitchen door, at five minutes of 6, saw Donald Carson walking up the lane with eager footsteps.

My, but the work seemed hard to the town-bred boy! His back ached and he felt as if the sun were burning him up! But he kept right on working, saying to himself: "I wanted to make my own spending money, and asked Mr. Smith to give me a chance, which he did. So now, in return, I must not pay any attention to how I feel. I'll soon get accustomed to the heat of the sun; I've got a steady job for all Summer; I've got a steady job for all Summer! When I act right!"

When he reached home at half-past 12 and entered the dining-room he didn't utter a word of complaint, but jingled the five and ten-cent pieces in his pocket, telling his mother Farmer Smith was going to pay him each day for the amount of work he'd done.

His mother saw at once how his delicate skin was blistered by the sun's hot rays, and she gave him a cooling lotion to bathe his burns, which comforted him so much that by 3 o'clock he was ready to go to the square and play with his boy friends, who all clustered around him, and praised him for his "spunk."

Every morning Donald jumped out of bed just as soon as his Big Ben clock began whirring that 'twas 5 o'clock.

And, after eating a substantial breakfast, he hurried to the farm. Then, one morning about 9 o'clock, large rain drops began falling. And as Farmer Smith had told him never to pick berries in a rainstorm, he ran to the kitchen door, to tell Mrs. Smith he was going home.

"Oh, Donald!" cried Mrs. Smith, "won't you come in the kitchen and help me hull these strawberries; poor old Janet is upstairs in bed, too ill to work, and I so want to make strawberry jelly."

And Mr. Smith, coming in the kitchen at that moment, also asked Donald to stay, saying he should be paid just the same as if he was out in the patch picking strawberries.

The boy had never hulled strawber-

ries, but he said to himself: "I am needed here and can be a great help to poor, worried Mrs. Smith."

So he worked hard and when the large clock in the kitchen struck 12 he had three preserving kettles filled to the brim, all ready to heat through for the jelly.

"Boy, please always come even if



Mister Bee,
Can't you see
That you are tormenting me?
Go away,
Let me play;
Come again some other day.

the weather is stormy, because if you will come and help me with my preserving I will be indeed grateful," said Mrs. Smith.

So Donald worked six mornings a

Why Stories

WHY MATSUE LOVED THE PINE.

(A Japanese Legend.)

MATSUE was the pretty daughter of a fisherman who lived at Takasago, near where the great Pine Tree of Takasago upheaved its giant branches to the sky.

Matsue loved the pine tree and liked nothing better than sitting under its branches.

Especially was she fond of the pine needles which fell from the tree, playing with them and even making herself a beautiful dress and sash out of them.

These were so beautiful that Matsue declared she would save them for her wedding day, though as yet no lover had appeared, to woo her.

In another part of the country lived Teoyo, a brave youth who was always seeking adventures.

One day he stood on the seashore watching a heron fly up to the blue sky, far away, even over to the village where lived Matsue with her family.

"I'll follow that heron," said Teoyo, "and see what kind of a land it has flown to."

So one day Teoyo dived into the sea and swam away in the direction in which he had seen the heron fly.

It was a long way, however, to Takasago, and before he was near it his

it tossed him ashore almost at the feet of Matsue sitting under the pine tree. "The poor boy," said the compassionate Matsue, and she dragged him under the tree and placed him on a couch of fragrant pine needles.

It was not long before Teoyo recovered his senses and the very first thing he did was to fall in love with Matsue, she was so pretty and sweet.

Never again did Teoyo go away from Takasago. He stayed on and on, became like a son to the old fisherman and finally he and Matsue were married.

Of course, she wore at the wedding her beautiful dress and sash of pine needles, and never before nor since in all Japan was there seen a prettier bride.

The two lovers were very happy. Every night when the moon shone they used to sit for hours under the pine tree, and every day they seemed to grow fonder of each other.

Year after year it was the same. The older they grew, the greater grew their love, and even when they were withered and gray their love had not changed.

For many years after they had left this world it was said the pine tree under which they so often sat in the swaying of its branches and the gentle rustling of its leaves was repeating softly to itself some of the beautiful words that Matsue and Teoyo were wont to say to each other.

Moving Day

POLLY wants a cracker," the parrot in the cage called and Sallie came over and patted it on the head. "Poor old Polly," she said, "you did not know that we are moving today and that we have no crackers to



Mister Bee,
Heeded me,
Flew away, as you can see.
Hope he'll stay
Far away,
Then I can be blithe and gay!

give you. None of us can have anything to eat until we get to the new house, but just as soon as I can I shall get you a cracker and something else that is very nice. Brother George is

then she began to cry, for Sallie hated to leave the old house, much as she loved the thought of the new one.

Polly flew about, striking at the bars of the cage and looking very much excited as if she knew that the end of something had come. Sallie went to the closet under the stairs, where she and her little brother always put their toys that they wanted to keep down-

stairs. These had all been packed and so had the rubber coats and boots and shoes and her tennis racket and Billy's baseballs and bats. There was nothing in the closet, but it was a very dear place to her as she had learned to open its door when she was only 2 years old and it was a proud day when she discovered a ball that big brother George had left there and rolled it about the floor.

After that they locked the door and although she could reach the key she was several years older before she could turn it in the lock and by that time she had her own shelf in the closet for her own particular treasures. "I hate to leave it, Polly," she sighed, and Polly looked as if she understood.

After awhile George came for the parrot and put a cloth over the cage to make Polly think it was night and Sallie went with him to the street car. If she had been alone she would have kissed the very steps of the little house so dearly did she love it, and yet it was principally on Sallie's account that the move was being made.

In a houseful of brothers Sallie must have her own room and so a larger house was demanded. When George and Sallie and the parrot got to the new house they had a queer kind of lunch. No one could find the right kind of dishes and they gave Polly dog biscuits, which she refused to eat, but Sallie forgot her own troubles so anxious was she to make Polly comfortable.

GREEDY.
We Willie likes his apple pie,
And eats with might and main;
He eats it morning, noon and night,
Until he has a pain.
And when he can not eat it mora
To give his pain release,
He takes a dose of castor oil
And eats another piece.

PUSSY'S REVENGE.
Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a cat and away he run;
But pussy kicked and scratched him
So
That Tom just had to leave her go.

FORHANDERD.
To be forehander is the best
My teachers say, I have not guessed
How I can do it. Tell me true,
How can I, when I have but two?



A May Pole That Knew Its Business
They hopped, they skipped they danced around;
I was the Maypole on a mound.
They tried to make me laugh or blink;
I gave them not the slightest wink.

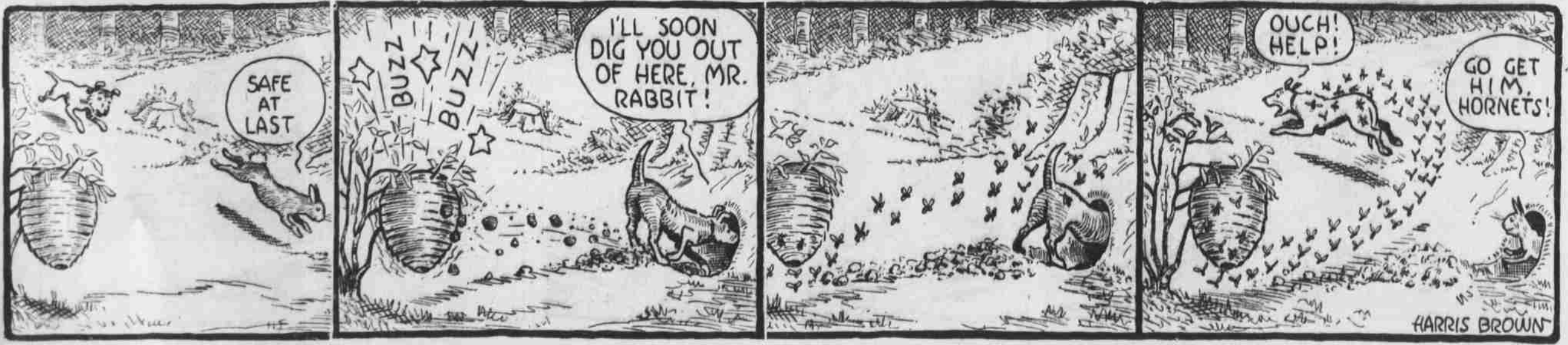
week, whether the weather was strength gave out and he lay helpless, buffeted about by the winds and waves, until he lost consciousness.

And he grew stout and robust, and had a nice account in the savings fund.

CONFIDENCE.
Some words are very hard to learn,
When to my spelling book I turn,
But this one I remember well,
It means know secrets and not tell.

going to take you over in your cage to the new house and hang you up in the sunniest window."

Sallie rubbed Polly's head for the parrot loved to have her do that and



SAFE AT LAST
BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ
I'LL SOON DIG YOU OUT OF HERE, MR. RABBIT!
OUCH! HELP!
GO GET HIM, HORNETS!
HARRIS BROWN