

# Our Boys and Girls



## FRENCH MAGIC

UNCLE AL stayed in France a long time helping Uncle Sam win the war. While he was in Paris he learned some tricks from a real magician. When he came back he did some of them for his little niece, Alice Watson.

"How wonderful, Uncle Al. I wish I could learn some. Do you suppose I could?" asked Alice.

Now, ever since his return Uncle Al had noticed a great change in the twins, Alice and Albert. They were still polite and fairly accommodating, but it seemed to him that they did their kind deeds merely from habit, because they were stoic, or because they had to. "Anyhow, the pep has gone out of them," he said. So now he answered Alice:

"Certainly, dearie. When my locker comes I have something that will help you to work magic, only you must be careful to obey strictly."

The locker arrived next day and Uncle Al's gift to Alice was a pair of dear little French boots, khaki colored and with silk tassels in front.

"Made to order in Paris, my dear," said Uncle Al. "Pay strict attention to the initials inside. You think 'A. W.' stands for your name—Alice Watson—but don't forget these are magic boots. The letters mean Always Willing. Remember this when you wear them miracles will happen."

Alice put the boots at the foot of her bed that night and could hardly wait for morning to put them on. When tomorrow came it was lots of fun to lace the strings around the little metal hooks just like Uncle Al's and there above the two gold letters, A. W., that stood for Always Willing.

But as she passed mother's room she heard a little moan! She knew what that meant! Mother had a headache! O, how she wanted to get to school

very early to show the magic boots before the bell rang! Of course Daddy could fix mother's tea and toast. Then, Magic Boots made her think of their motto, Always Willing. She tiptoed in, kissed mother, went quietly downstairs, prepared and brought up a dainty tray.

But there was not much time for the schoolgirls to admire the boots before chapel!

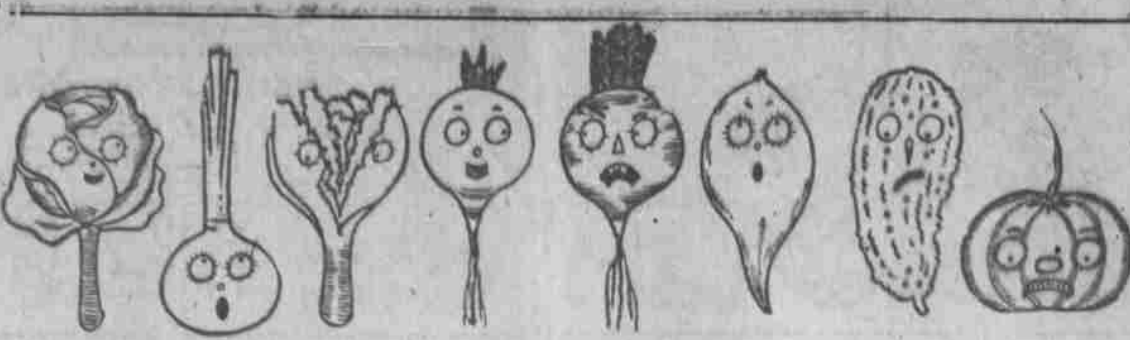
During first period teacher asked:

"Who knows the way to the car barn?"

Alice understood. Teacher needed car checks, and some little girl always volunteered to go for them. Alice knew the way, too, but it meant crossing many muddy streets, and she remembered her pretty new boots. Then she remembered the boots again. They said Always Willing! Up went her hand.

"I do—let me go," she piped eagerly. "You may, dearie, and watch for passing vehicles," teacher cautioned, giving Alice the money.

Alice skipped merrily there and



## What Quick-Eyed Kiddies See in the Market House

10 little vegetables standing in a line, 6 little vegetables, very much alive 4 little vegetables, laughing, at a bee, A rabbit ate the carrot, then there were 9. A baby seized the radish, then there were 5. The bee stung sweet potato, then there were 3.

9 little vegetables waiting for their fate, 5 little vegetables, wondering more and more, 3 little vegetables, looking somewhat blue, A worm bored through the cabbage, A woman bought the turnip, then there were 4. A man sliced the cucumber, then there were 2.

8 little vegetables thinking earth a heaven, A small boy bought the onion, then there were 7.

7 little vegetables, standing straight as sticks, A chicken picked the lettuce, then there were 6.



## NOT AFRAID OF 'EM.

"Let me have 'em hard, I say! I'll catch the hottest ones today."

2 little vegetables, thinking they would push, The red tomatoes rotted, then there was 1.

1 little vegetable can't have any fun, So the pepper bursted, then there was none. —Harvey Peake.

Mother's shutters were closed—she still had her headache. It would be a dreary house.

But at the front door stood Uncle Al. Smiling and taking her books he asked: "Have you heard the good news? Mother is better, she is only resting now, for we are to have a guest for supper—a French magician, my friend from Paris. He stopped over to see me. I hear he visited your school this morning, but he will perform for us again tonight."

"Always Willing does work miracles," said happy Alice that night, pinning to Uncle Al's lapel the pink rosette the magician had tied to her ring.



## WHAT MARTHA DID

MARTHA was 2 and Felix was 4. Martha was not very certain on her feet and would wobble a great deal, so that Felix often had his hands full when he walked with her down to the gate. Some times he was cross about it and told her that she should not cling to his hand.

One day Felix was in a better mood than usual and took her for a long walk, and they went into a little park and sat down. Felix stood on top

of the seat and jumped down, and if Martha could have climbed up on the seat she would have jumped down, for she always wanted to do whatever Felix did. While she was wondering if she could do it Felix came down with a thump and, losing his balance, fell sprawling. It hurt, but he laughed, and then he found that he could not get up. His ankle was hurt and he could not stand on it.

"This is a pretty fix," he said. "I guess my ankle is sprained, and how shall I get home? I can't walk and you can't find your way home to tell them."

"Yes, I go," said Martha.

"Come back," he cried to her; "you don't know the way, and you will get lost." But Martha was hurrying on, falling down and getting up and hurrying as long as she was in sight. Felix began to cry, for the pain and the fear that Martha was lost were too much for him. It seemed hours while he waited, and no one came to that part of the park. Then, when he had decided in his own mind that no one would ever find him and that Martha was lost, he saw his mother with poor, tired little Martha in her arms, and then things happened. His mother left Martha with him and hurried in the direction in which she had seen some park men, and presently Felix was in a taxi and on the way to the doctor's, while Martha lay fast asleep beside him in her mother's arms, and she was telling Felix how Martha made them understand that brother was hurt. Her dress was torn and dirty, and so was her face, but Felix did not care as he bent to kiss the brave, tired little girl.

## The Blue, Blue Ocean—Some Rhymes in Season



The blue, blue ocean bids us come, Just hear him prance and roar He sings a song, his merry hum Is heard along the shore. He seem to say: "Come in and splash Come on and make a city grand

And swim in best of form! Come on, dear kiddies, make a dash, The water's nice and warm. "Along my beach there's lots of sand For kiddies woe to play, Come on and make a city grand

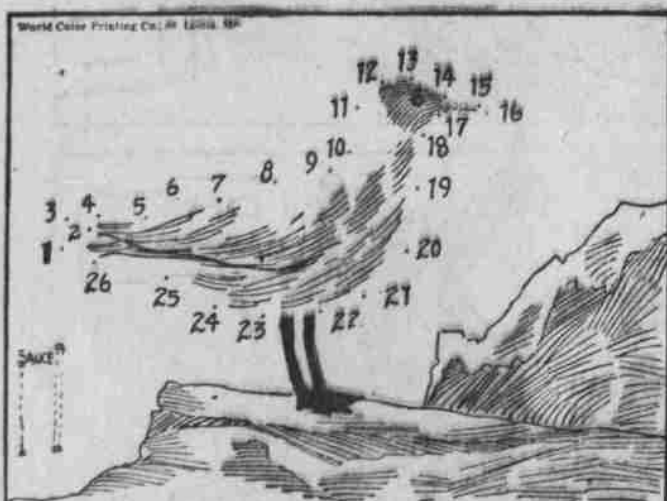
For me to wash away. "And every merry maid and man, When vacation days are done, Will take from me a coat of tan And memories of much fun." —William A. Roberts.

seeing her husband killed, cried out: "Spare him, good soldier! Do not injure Beppo, my dear husband!"

And Beppo cried out: "Good, good; you have spoken first and back you shall carry the pan, while I cut a leather girth for the soldier."

A Thought for the Day: Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

## BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES



I am the LAUGHING GULL and live near the water. They call me the Laughing Gull because my voice is kind of a hoarse cackle which sounds something like a very old man's laugh. When a great bunch of us are together we make quite a noise when we all happen to "laugh" at the same time. Although I can swim very well and like the water, I seldom swim, unless compelled to do so and then never get very far from land, as my cousins the sea gulls do. You know they will follow a ship on the ocean for thousands of miles and when they get tired just hop on the water and bob along with the waves.

Now you are ready to draw me, I'm sure, so take a pencil and starting at dot number 1, continue to draw a line through dots 2, 3, 4, and so on back to dot 1, and you will find that you have drawn my outline. I hope you will like me for your collection of Pencil Pictures.



## POLLY PESSIMIST.

But Polly is a pessimist, Or one who's always blue; She sees the darker side of things, The sadder point of view.

She always thinks that it will rain When she goes out to ride, For goodness sake, don't be like her, Look on the brighter side. —Harvey Peake.

## TO MR. DOUGHNUT.

Good morning, Mr. Doughnut, I'm mighty glad to meet you, You're just the friend I'm looking for, Most kindly I'll treat you Indeed, there's no one loves you more, And so I'm going to eat you!

## EASY LODGING.

One time I saw a farm boy asleep Upon a haystack covered deep. For pillows, sheets and blankets gay, All that boy had was only hay! When morning came he waked his pup, But never made that hay bed up!

## Why Stories

WHY THE WIFE SPOKE FIRST.

(A Venetian Legend.)

ONCE in the very long ago a husband and wife lived in Venice and both, as it chanced, were very obstinate.

Said Beppo one day to his wife: "Let us have some fritters to eat." "What shall we do for a frying-pan?" asked Rosa.

"Borrow one from my godmother," replied Beppo.

"I'll go for the pan, but you must carry it back," said Rosa.

"We'll see about that," said Beppo, "when we have eaten our fritters."

The pan was borrowed, the fritters cooked and eaten and said Beppo: "Let us make a bargain that whoever speaks first shall carry the pan back to my godmother."

"Very well," said Rosa, "I'll agree to that."

"We will go on with our usual work," said Beppo.

"That will be all right," said Rosa; "I'll spin and you make the shoes."

Beppo was a shoemaker—so down he sat and began to draw his thread, saying nothing but "Leniero, leniero," as he drew the thread back and forth.

Rosa sat at her wheel spinning away and murmuring as she did so in a kind of croon, "Piccici, piccici."



## OLLIE OPTIMIST.

An optimist is one who smiles No matter what occurs, From getting clean clothes muddied up To seats on cobble bars.

And this boy never fails to smile, His temper is sublime— Do you not wish that you were like This Ollie all the time? —Harvey Peake.

only continued drawing his thread backward and forward and intoning, "Leniero, leniero!"

The soldier looked at Rosa. "What's up?" he asked. But Rosa merely kept on turning her wheel and crooning, "Piccici, piccici!"

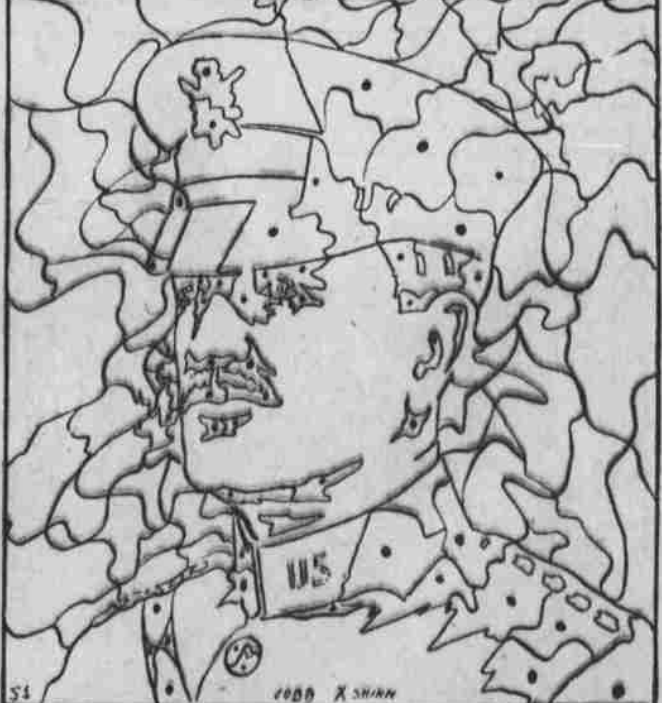
"Are you both crazy?" said the soldier, and he shouted to Beppo: "Cut me a stout leather girth for my horse!"

But Beppo paid no heed only continuing his "Leniero" accompanied by Rosa's "Piccici."

The soldier became very angry and, drawing out his sword, seized the shoemaker and was about to cut off his head when Rosa, who could not stand

## HIDDEN SKETCHES

## WHO IS THIS GREAT AMERICAN?



You will find it a jolly lot of fun to take a pencil and fill in the spaces that have a dot in them. The first thing you know the picture of a "Great American" will appear.

OH-BEE-DEE-ENTS. MOVIE OF MAGGY. HIS ONLY CHEEILD.

MAGGY YES. PAW PAW

HAND ME MY PIPE YES. PAW PAW

HURRY YES. PAW PAW

COME ON WITH THE PIPE YES. PAW PAW

HEY, DID YOU LOSE YER LEGS? YES. PAW PAW

WHAT I MEAN NO, PAW PAW

THEN GIMME MY PIPE P. YES. PAW PAW

YES. PAW PAW