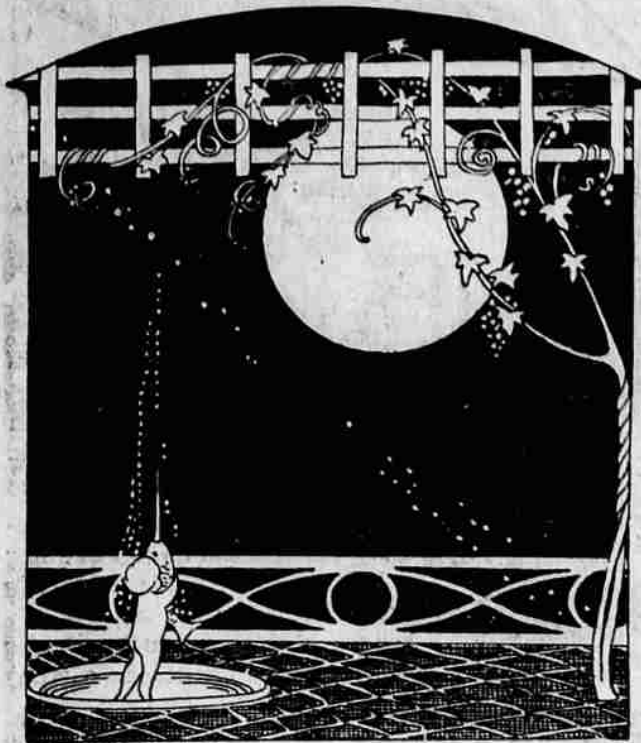


TODAY IN STORY-LAND



CONTENTMENT

Why should we yearn for gold?
Moonbeams are wealth untold.
Why for bright jewels cry,
When stars bedeck the sky?
Why crave the glutton's fare?

Ripe fruit hangs in the air.
Why sing the wine-cup's lure?
Here's water cold and pure.
Why mournfully lament?
Great joy comes with content.

Down on the Farm

Little Louis loves the country.
Better than he does the town;
Loves it even in the Winter
When the fields and woods are brown.

Best of all in Summer
When the buttercups are gold,
And the downy chicks are hatching
And the turkeys growing bold!

When white blossoms of the hedge-
rows,
And pink blossoms on the trees
Tell him he'll have fruit a plenty,
Good enough a king to please!
When school days are over,
We, too, go to be
On the farm with little Louis.
All as happy as can be!

Points of Compass

Down in fields the buttercups
Flaunt their petals gay;
Up in heaven blue skies
Glorify the day.
North, the brooklet sparkling
Dreams of the deep sea;
East the arching oak trees
Speak solemnly.
South the budding roses
Incense breathe divine;
West, Old Sol, the artist,
Tints the world sublime.

Peggy's Opinion

Mother bought a calendar
And on each lovely page,
There was a picture of a girl
And just about my age.

But calendars are full of flaws,
Because no little girl,
Can do the things that girls did
And never muss a curl.



WHAT THE BEAR SAID

Said Mr. Bear: "I'd like to see
A hunter come a-hunting me!
I'd just reach out and take his gun
And make that hunter turn and run!
And when he'd think of me he'd groan;
Hereafter I'll let bears alone!"

The Bag of Gold Dust

How a Dishonest Neighbor Was Punished When a Clever Monkey Spoke

CHAMBRA was a rich man, who had once been poor, but rich or poor, he was always charitable and kind-hearted.

Tearing was a poor man who had once been rich, but was always miserly and unfeeling, and Chambra was never weary of assisting his poorer neighbor.

One day Chambra had to go on a long journey, but before he went he said to Tearing:

"My friend, I am going on a journey, but I have a bag of gold dust which I am unwilling to leave in my house while I am away, so I have come to ask you to keep it safely for me until I return."

One morning Tearing opened the bag and took out a small quantity of the precious gold dust, saying as he did so:

"Chambra will never mind this little bit, and I want so much to buy some fruit for my dinner. I am so tired of my starvation fare of only rice."

So it went on from day to day, until Tearing became aware of the fact that he had used every atom of the gold dust, and he knew that Chambra would return on the morrow.

"I must do something," he said, and the "something" that he did was to fill the bag with sand and to declare when Chambra came and upon

opening the bag saw the sand and demanded the gold dust he had given into his care.

"My friend, it has turned into this; it has turned into this!"

About this time Chambra decided to start a little school, not only for his own children, but for those of his neighbors who cared to profit by the institution.

Now Tearing had a young son, of whom he was very fond, and wishing

lessons, but he did not see his son, but he did see a monkey sitting on one of the benches among the pupils.

Although Tearing did not know it, this was a very clever monkey that Chambra had trained to talk and repeat certain sentences, and when Tearing asked, "Where is my son?" Chambra picked up the monkey and said, "Here is your son."

Thereupon the monkey spoke: "Honored father, I am turned into



AGAIN HE DIPPED HIS THIEVING FINGERS INTO THE GOLD DUST

to seize any advantage for him, he this! I am turned into this!"

Tearing stormed and raged, but the monkey still repeated: "I am turned into this, my honored father!"

Finally Tearing decided he would pay back all the precious gold dust that he had stolen and in return

Chambra gave him back his son.

HOW LARGE IS THE MOON?

JOHN and James were walking down a country road by moonlight. The tree shadows were distinctly shown upon the ground.

"How bright the moon is," said John. "And how round. It looks like a big ball!"

"Yes," assented James. "How large do you think the moon is, John?" James was a little inclined to be priggish.

"I don't know," replied John; "I suppose about as big as a tub." "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed James. "A tub, indeed! Why, John, it's as big as the United States."

"I don't believe you," declared John stoutly. "Who told you?" "Why, I heard it in a lecture the other day. I never knew you were so ignorant. A tub, indeed!" And once more James laughed.

"How dare you—" and John was on the point of flying into a rage, when he spied Charles coming down the road.

Charles was no older than the other two, but had been taught to observe and remember what he saw. "Charles," hailed John as soon as

he saw him. "Come here. James is trying to make me believe one of his wonderful yarns."

"What's the trouble?"

"Why, James, here says that the moon is as big as the whole United States. Did you ever hear such a fish story?"

Charles looked up at the moon a minute before he spoke.

"Well," said Charles slowly, "I don't know just how big the moon is, but it must be a great deal bigger than you think, John. The spire of our church is 40 feet high; that is the width of our house, and see how small it looks, just because it is high up in the air. Now, the moon is a very long way off, John, so it must be at any rate a great deal larger than this town—at least twice as big." And Charles spoke timidly, for he knew very little about the moon, and only compared it with other things, as he was in the habit of doing.

Both the other boys laughed and jeered at him. James because Charles thought the moon so small, and John because Charles thought it so large; and they both were so much enter-

When you and I are sound asleep,
And cannot hear a single peep,
The buildings that have stood all day
Unbend and dance and sing and play.

The tall skyscrapers swing and sway
And cut up jinks in every way;
But when morn comes, at first cock crow,
Back to their upright lives they go.

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WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS NURSEMAID?

Wolf, a Washington police dog, who is declared the most intelligent dog in the Capital, is devoted to his little charge and insists on wheeling the carriage. He has acquired a great many human habits, good and bad, including smoking and saying his prayers.

—Underwood and Underwood.

(Copyright, Philadelphia Record)



PICTURE PUZZLE



IN THE GARDEN

The sun does all my long day's work for me—
Raises and ripens everything.
I need not sit under a leafy tree
And watch and sing.

London Bridge is falling down. Find three more plays.

Golden Gleanings

All the earth is bringing
Blessing to our feet,
Burst then into singing,

In the home and street;
Laugh in love and gladness,
Turn aside from fear;

Be no friend to sadness,
For sweet joy is here!
—William Brunton