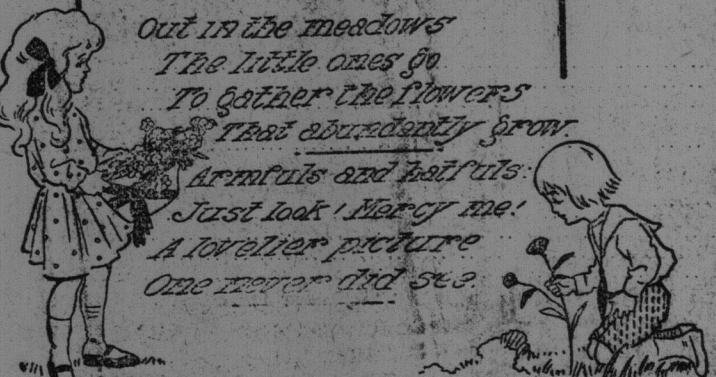


THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1909

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER

GATHERING FLOWERS



A Little Stop on the Riviera

One of the quaintest, therefore one of the most interesting, places on the Riviera, is the town of San Remo, or the San Remo, as there are two towns, the other the old town. It is of the latter that I shall speak, for the new town is by far too modern to please the tourist.

The inhabitants of the old town call it La Pigna—the Pinecone. Evidently this name was given to it on account of the manner of its building. The houses are huddled, stacked, jammed against each other upon the steep hillsides, culminating at the top in a conical shape. The streets are very narrow, very steep, very dark, very dirty, very full of unpleasant odors. Owing to the steepness of some of these streets they resemble long, continuous winding stairways, for they are provided with stone steps, not too evenly laid in place.

San Remo lies in a snug, peaceful bay of crescent shape, its western point being Cap Verde and its eastern point Cap Nava. The architecture of the old town has not changed in many centuries—probably not since the classic times. To quote from Baring Gould: "The visitor from the North of Europe is perplexed when he determines approximately the dates of the domestic buildings in every one of these Ligurian towns and villages. The architecture has a modern look, and yet the houses are decrepit, ruinous, shabby. The windows and doors are square-headed, with scarce a molding to differentiate them, and the pointed arch is only seen in the bridges that tie the houses together. Rarely, only in some palaces or town hall, does the swallowtail cornices speak of the Middle Ages. The fact is that the streets are so narrow that there is no room for display of street architecture in these lanes and thoroughfares, that allow no wheeled conveyance to pass up and down. The houses set their noses against each other and stare into each other's eyes. There is no privacy there, not even as to smells. If a man eats garlic everyone smells it in the house opposite. If a woman administers a certain lecture all the occupants of the houses opposite pick up their ears, listen to every word and mark every intonation of voice. Into no single room has the sun looked for a thousand years, and air has been grudgingly admitted and never allowed to circulate. The houses run up

Nursery Jingle



Trit-tit, trot-tit, old horse Button,
Down the road goes a trot-tit;
On his back is little Jim,
Behind him is little Tim.

Trit-tit, trot-tit, old horse Button,
Down the road goes a trot-tit.

A FEW FACTS.

The coal bill of the United States navy during 1908 amounted to \$5,845,000.

The United States produces more corn than all the rest of the world put together.

INDIANS ARE FEWER.

At the present time there are only 10,000 full-blooded Indians in America. The death rate among them has been grudgingly admitted and never allowed to circulate. The houses run up

Mabel's and Harry's Picnic

BY MAUD WALKER

Mabel and Harry were brother and sister. They lived in a large town near to which flowed a beautiful river whose broad, low-lying banks were covered by soft green grass and shaded here and there by tall forest trees. At a pretty turn on the river there was quite a fine grove and it was here that the children from the town loved to come and hold basket picnics during the warm weather.

It was a glorious July day on which Mabel and Harry decided to have a picnic in the grove, and while Mabel, assisted by her mother, prepared the picnic lunch, Harry went among their young friends to invite them to help make up the party. And when the clock in the hall struck 2, all the invited guests had assembled at

carefully guarded on Gracie's lap during the drive from town to the woods, and it was Gracie who kept the boys from getting their fingers in the pie, for each declared he wanted to "stick in his thumb and pull out a cherry," and it caused Gracie no small amount of careful watching to prevent the crusts of her pie from being broken into.

Just as the luncheon was being served to that point where the cherry pie would be cut into as many pieces as there were guests at the table a strange noise was heard coming from the underbrush nearby. All eyes were turned in the direction of the noise and, to the surprise and horror of each picnicer, a very hideous head of a bull calf thrust through the bushes. His eyes were wild and he belowed menacingly.

"Well, isn't that worth while, mamma?" asked Harry, as he and his mother lifted some of the baskets from the wagonette. "Just see how everyone is enjoying himself. Nothing in the world is finer than a picnic in the wild woods in the summer time." "Yes, if there can be got together such



"Now, the big boys must hang the ham-mocks," said Mrs. Thomas.

A splendid band of fine boys and girls as well as smiled Mrs. Thomas proudly. "A band of genuinely good, happy children I have about me."

"A good mother and chaperon can have no other kind of children," declared Harry. And his mother shyly kissed him on the top of his curly head.

When the baskets were opened a great many dainty and toothsome things were set on the big linen cloth which was spread on the ground to serve as a table. There were sandwiches of many varieties, cold chicken, sliced ham, deviled eggs, pickles, jam, onion, codices and a big round juicy cherry pie. This last named viand had been brought by little Gracie Baker, for it was a known fact that her mamma could bake the best cherry pie of any in the town, or in the world, for that matter. Or, at least, as everyone who ever tasted Mrs. Baker's cherry pie emphatically attested. And so Gracie had brought a huge cherry pie, carried in a strong, round pasteboard box, and kept

"All get into the wagon and I'll draw down the side curtains," commanded Mrs. Thomas. In tones as quiet as she could command. But her own anxiety was noticeable in her voice. "Boys, some of you would better climb those trees there, those that have low limbs."

In less time than it takes to tell about it all the girls—five in number—were snuggled under the seats of the wagonette, and the side curtains drawn down and fastened securely. But all the boys decided to find safe refuge in the trees, thus giving more room to the girls; and seated about on tree branches, some 10 feet above the ground, or in the trees' crochets high up, they were quietly waiting the maneuvers of the bull, which would still be behind the bushes, looking wildly toward the picnicers. Mrs. Thomas remained beside the wagonette, preparatory to getting inside the closed vehicle as soon as the animal showed any signs of visiting the picnic grounds.

After five minutes spent thus the bull decided to come to the front, and Mrs. Thomas got inside the wagon. Her only uneasiness now was on the two horses' account. They had been tethered some distance down the river—perhaps a quarter of a mile from the picnic grove—where there was plenty of fresh green grass for them to feed upon, and a spring trickling across the meadow from which they might refresh themselves whenever thirst prompted them to do so. But Mrs. Thomas feared the bull might wander in their direction and, seeing them, take it into his head to gore them, for their eyes held them fast to within a space of 20 feet.

When the Old Cat Dies

Beneath the old tree swinging,

In the idle summer day,

Bob and Nell and Totty

Love to linger and to play.

One swings while two keep counting,

Till one hundred has been said;

Then gradually the swing does stop.

When the "old cat is quite dead,"

And then another takes the swing

And it lives up once more,

And there 're two to keep the count

Just as was done before.

And each in turn swings many times

'Way up, 'way up, so high!

And each in turn does linger long

To "let the old cat die."



decided to come to the front, and Mrs. Thomas got inside the wagon. Her only uneasiness now was on the two horses' account. They had been tethered some distance down the river—perhaps a quarter of a mile from the picnic grove—where there was plenty of fresh green grass for them to feed upon, and a spring trickling across the meadow from which they might refresh themselves whenever thirst prompted them to do so. But Mrs. Thomas feared the bull might wander in their direction and, seeing them, take it into his head to gore them, for their eyes held them fast to within a space of 20 feet.

Out of the bushes came Mr. Bull, walking calmly towards the picnic spread. Mrs. Thomas kept her eyes on him, looking from under the cover at the front of the wagonette. And the boys in their perches above also kept tabs on Mr. Bull's actions. Forth he came, about 50 feet into the grove, and then suddenly stopped and shook his head. Then he tried advancing a little further, but something held him in check. Mrs. Thomas discovered immediately what that something was. It was a rope around the bull's horns and was evidently a long lariat, the other end being fastened to an iron post driven into the ground or tied securely to a tree trunk. "We are safe, children!" called out Mrs. Thomas. "The bull is fastened to a lariat and cannot come within 50 feet of our camp. But all stay where you are till I investigate." So saying, Mrs. Thomas got out of the wagonette and went over to within a few feet of the tied animal. He did not seem to relish her approach and showed his rage, but the rope was secure and strong, and kept him from making further advancement towards Mrs. Thomas. "Ah, old fellow, how angry and unmanageable you are," said Mrs. Thomas. "But that rope of yours is very strong. That is what I wanted to know. I guess you won't be able to bother us but it is just as well for us to move our camp."

There, and if so, to ask if some farmhand might come and move the bull a little farther from the picnic ground. Mrs. Thomas thought this a good idea, and Harry and George Gray hurried off to wards the farmhouse.

Pretty soon the two boys returned to the picnic ground accompanied by a great, burly farmhand, who grunted and said, doffing his straw hat to Mrs. Thomas: "Sure, he's a ugly-looking devil, mum, but he wouldn't hurt you. If you'd run at him with a stick he'd take to his heels and break his neck p'pore to git away. But I'll be glad to oblige you by leadin' him further up river." So saying, the grinning farmhand took the head of the rope which was tied about the bull's horns and led him peacefully away. When he had been tied at a safe distance from the picnic ground Mrs. Thomas said: "Now, children, we'll finish our interrupted luncheon. Let me see—where were we in the menu?"

"At the pie!" cried several boys' voices in unison. "Yes, at the cherry pie," murmured one of the little girls.

"Oh, I'm so glad we got to eat my mamma's pie," sighed Gracie Baker. "I was so terribly afraid that the bull might get to it and eat it up. I wasn't afraid for ourselves, but for the pie! You see, it's a very fine one."

"We'll finish our picnic," said Mrs. Thomas. "So you see, it's a very fine one."

"Why during the few minutes of Mr. Bull's call, we had a good time," declared one of the big boys. "We felt that we were in a bit of a fix, but that being his superior, he wouldn't dare to come nearer to us than his rope would allow."

Pink Eye's Unusual Experience

Pink-Eye was a dear little, bushy-tailed squirrel. Early in her life Pink-Eye had been left an orphan, for a wicked hunter had deprived her of a mother. After becoming an orphan Pink-Eye lived alone in the cozy house her fond mother had provided for her, namely, a snug cavity in the body of a huge tree. As this little house was far up in the side of the tree Pink-Eye was always safe while indoors. But she could not always remain in doors, for it is the nature of all creatures to love the open and the freedom of fresh air and the soft ground and running stream. And, besides, Pink-Eye's mother had left such a small store of food in the house that her little daughter had soon eaten it all and was obliged to go to the ground to hunt for food. They always found it. Pink-Eye did not mind hunting for food.



"The little girl ran out of the gate down the road."

indeed she enjoyed doing so. She would scamper about under the trees, picking up nuts. And in company with her would be many other child squirrels, also hunting for nuts. It is the rule among squirrels that each—after a certain size—must find his own food, for no one will work to provide food for another. Doing so would at once make certain squirrels lazy, for if one squirrel began to find food for another squirrel the one would have entirely too much of a task on his shoulders, while the idle one would become a drone on his kind and would eventually become a helpless, worthless squirrel. So, in squirreldom each must work for himself after he has reached a certain age and size.

And so, after Pink-Eye became an orphan, she fell into her regular squirrel routine of work and play. These two occupations were admirably mixed, for the squirrels could run and scamper about even while they hunted for food. And each day Pink-Eye managed to put just so many nuts into her house, providing for those rainy days when she could not go to the ground to look for a dinner or supper. And also she would soon begin

to lay up her winter's store and then she would have to work longer hours than she did at present.

One lovely morning about 10 o'clock, while Pink-Eye was out looking for nuts, she fell into a "gnat" trap. It had been set by some very bad boys who wanted to catch squirrels to sell to the town people for pets. Poor Pink-Eye's little tail was caught in the trap and the spring which held it hurt her so terribly. When she tried to pull her paw from the trap she found it was fastened to the trap and she was obliged to sit down beside the trap and wait the aid that was in store for her.

After she had been in the "trap" about an hour along came the cruel boys who had been responsible for poor Pink-Eye's misadventure. They always found it. Pink-Eye did not mind hunting for food.

grabbed hold of her to free her of the trap's spring.

"Ain't she a beauty?" asked one great, lumbering fellow, whose heart must have been as hard as stone for he saw how frightened and hurt Pink-Eye was for he felt "Welly for this one for a dollar at least. Then we can buy some cigarettes."

"Sure, we'll sell 'er for a dollar," acquiesced the second boy. Then they had poor, quivering little Pink-Eye out of the trap and into a small box where light and air were admitted through a few small holes in the lid.

Then Pink-Eye was carried a long way from her happy woods and companions. She was not only frightened and unhappy, but was suffering from the hurt to her paw caused by the steel spring of the trap.

After sometime Pink-Eye realized a

change. The box she was in was set down on the ground and several pairs of eyes stared at her through the holes. They were the eyes of other human beings, some older than the boys who had caught her and some younger than they. But to poor Pink-Eye they were all the same size and age. She feared them all alike, each being her enemy, for each seemed glad of her being in captivity.

"Well, put the little thing into that bird cage," spoke a voice—a woman's voice. It was the mother of the boys who had captured Pink-Eye who spoke. "She'll have more light and air in that, and we can see her better. Besides, you can take her to town in the bird cage very nicely."

And pretty soon Pink-Eye found out what the bird cage was like, and she suffered the change from the box into it, for in the box she was more secure from curious eyes and long-punching fingers. But once in the cage she was the centre of attraction for half a dozen youngsters, male and female, and of various ages and sizes.

But among these children one seemed to feel some pity for Pink-Eye when that poor creature tried to vainly escape from the cage. "Don't she a dear little thing?" asked this child, questioning an older sister. "Oh, I don't care for animals," replied the older sister, "but I like that squirrel fried nice and brown."

"Well, you'll not get to eat 'er," declared one of the big captors. "That squirrel will fetch a dollar. I'll bet my boot."

Then the crowd about the cage dispersed, leaving only the little girl who had expressed admiration for Pink-Eye, and who, inwardly, felt pity for her. "Wike she is," she had been told a prisoner," she whispered to herself. "What a pity she can't get out of the cage and run home. She'd find her way, I'm sure. I've heard that animals always know their way back to the place they're taken from. But—maybe, maybe, I could—"

And less noise from the kitchen, dairy and stables. Her brothers made no objection, saying "Leave the cage out there tonight. Tomorrow we'll take the squirrel to town and sell her."

About six o'clock, when all the members of the family were busy in the kitchen, dairy, stable and cow lot, the little girl, who was still going to have any regular work assigned her, crept round to the front yard to the squirrel cage. She felt secure in the front yard, for the windows and doors at the front of the house were tightly closed over "spare" room and parlor, and no one would be entering that part of the house during the evening, or at any time unless company was present.

Picking up the cage the little girl ran out of the gate, down the road towards the wooded river, which was about a mile distant. After having gone some distance—perhaps a quarter of a mile—the little girl paused, glanced uneasily about her and deliberately opened the door of the cage, allowing Pink-Eye to make her escape.

His father—I thought I gave you a nickel to stay in the parlor last night with Sis and her beau. You were only in there half an hour.

Willie—Sis' beau gave me a dime to get out.

POLITE MAN.

She—What do you say to a game of He-It wouldn't be proper to tell you all I say.

And the way the dear little squirrel did run off through the grass that grew along the roadside was a sight to behold. Liberty—sweet liberty—was hers once more. And she ran on and on, stopping now and again to rest, and most happy now to climb into her own tree once again and to sleep off the terror of that awful experience she had suffered that day.

And the little girl returned to the front yard, placed the cage on the front porch—with door open—and went into the house for her supper.

And when, the next day, the squirrel's escape was discovered, not a word did the sympathetic, kind-hearted little maid say about the part she had taken in liberating the poor captive, for she knew that she was in the right and the others in the wrong. Therefore she kept silent.

FLOODS IN VENICE.

Honorable Fletcher, the spectacle of thirty chest in the mouthful, has established in East Side of New York a chewing kindergarten.

"Ignorance of right chewing," said Mr. Fletcher, "is the cause of many of the most common dental troubles. I am trying to dispel this error by means of a chewing kindergarten."

"But it is dense as dense as the Osh-bah when I was in the lounge of the hotel," said a tourist, "and I am not a morning."

"And I, I said, 'an off to Venice to-morrow.'"

"Venice," he cried, "say, don't go there, anyway. The whole place is flooded. You've got to boor through all the principal streets."

WISE BOY.

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Our Puzzle Corner

CURTAILINGS.

1. Doubly curtail one of a baseball team and leave a thick, black liquid. 2. Triply curtail the curl on a baby's head and leave a piece of jewelry. 3. Triply curtail that which all men of dignified character should have, and leave a wild animal.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Doubly behead that which often happens to a man's head. 2. A man who leaves a shower. 3. Behind a part of the human head and leave a quarrel between roomies. 4. Behind a part of a man's attitude and leave a garden implement.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is the wick of a candle like Athens? Because it is in Greece (grease).

Why is a fire-fender like Westminster Abbey? Because it holds the ashes of the grate (great).

What is that which a coach cannot move without, and yet is of no use? Noise.

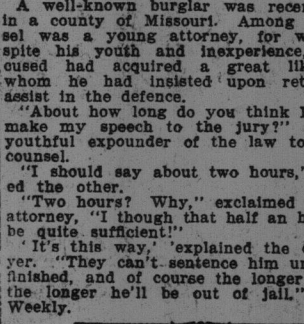
ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE.

Letter Enigma—Sunshine.
Zigzag Puzzling—Camping.
Cross-words: 1. Clock. 2. Name. 3. Hyman. 4. Shop. 5. Knit. 6. Knot. 7. Grass. 8. Prime. 9. Webster. 10. Cross-words: 1. Wine. 2. Earl. 3. Band. 4. Sand. 5. Tune. 6. East. 7. Rule.

RIDDLE AND ANSWER.

Ten men's length, ten men's strength; Ten men cannot tear it, but a little boy can pick it up and carry it. (A rope).

NURSERY RHYME REBUS.



AN EDITED PERSONAL.

(Attention Globe.)

The kind of person the women send in "Miss Jeannette Alice Marie Evans of Topoka and Miss Katharine Catherine Lane Jones of St. Joe are visiting Miss Louise Hyde-Brownfield Peats at No. 734 Lincoln street. The way it appears in the paper: "Misses Jeannette Evans of Topoka and Kate Jones of St. Joe are visiting Miss Lou Peats."

SAID THE BIGGEST ONE.

Although he was mild in his speech and manner the old gentleman played golf well. But once when he made a foolish shot, he exclaimed, "That's a good one!" A few moments later, when he had made another bad play, he repeated, "That's a good one!" The fourth time one of his friends said, "You certainly do not want to be ingenuitous, but will you tell me why you say 'Assoon'?" "Well," said the old gentleman, "that's the biggest dam in the world!" He was a clergyman.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

The seven words of this acrostic contain the same number of letters. If the words are rightly guessed and written one below another, in their correct order, their initials will spell the first and last name of a once famous violinist. The cross words are: 1. A famous musical instrument. 2. That which we could not breathe without. 3. A bird of prey. 4. One who makes bread and pastry. 5. A relative. 6. That which a man is called when he draws a prize. 7. A species of worm used by physicians in their practice.

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