

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Answers To Letters

ALICE—I wish to extend my congratulations on your birthday; you certainly have enjoyed it, and I wish to thank you very much for the souvenir of the occasion which you sent me. The little flag was neat, the piece of birthday cake was most delicious, and then the full blown rose, oh, that was certainly wonderful, and you can hardly realize how pleased I was to receive your presents. I am sure you are a really good little girl, for while you celebrate your birthday at home with your dear mother, you were so considerate to not forget Uncle Dick. A little girl like you must be a piece of joy in the household, and it goes without saying that you try in every manner to help mother about the house when there is something that you can do. It is not necessary for me to advise you to attend school regularly and become a good scholar, for I really believe that you are the kind that loves school next to your parents. I wish you health and happiness for the rest of your life. Write me a letter when you have the opportunity and accept my kind thanks for your lovely present.

"RABBIT"—It is indeed a great pleasure to receive such a letter as you sent me this week. Your appreciation of the Children's page is very encouraging for Uncle, who works so hard to make the same interesting for my young readers. While getting the many stories, as you say, means a great amount of work, yet I take it as a pleasure when I hear that the members enjoy it. I wish to thank you for the beautiful gift of flowers; the box arrived in excellent condition, and you cannot realize how grateful I was on receiving the same. It makes me wish that I had the same chance to roam in the fields and woods like you, instead of being housed up in an office day after day, with nothing more than work before me, instead of enjoying nature that presents itself to the boys and girls who reside in the country instead of the city. I suppose my nieces and nephews who reside in the country wish to be in the city, while the boys and girls residing here long for even a fall day in the country.

I suppose you make a pet of the red hen that has become so tame as to eat from your hand and allow you to pick her up, and then think of seeing so many rabbits, and the ground hog taking a look at you and your father. Thank you for your kind wishes. I treat that you are enjoying the very best of health.

MARION—I did not think for a moment that you had forgotten me and I was satisfied that when you had the opportunity to write you would write me a letter. We certainly have a great number of members at the present time, but I must confess that all of the members don't write letters every week. While your aunt did not take the name that I gave for her baby, the one that she gave was, indeed, very pretty one. I suppose you enjoyed the ball game and hope that the team you favor proved the winner. I will be interested in hearing about the children, your next letter. It is too bad that it rained and spoiled your plans for Arbor Day. Write again when you have the opportunity.

RETTA—You must be very busy looking after the little kiddies, but then you have a lot of fun with the tiny tots. Your story was, indeed, a good one and I was pleased to receive the flowers from you when your garden is in bloom. I never heard the song that you speak about, but I feel assured that it is nice. You, like all other members of the Corner, are looking forward to the good old summer days, when you can have a good time, but I feel assured that you will be pleased when your brothers arrive home from the States. It will be nice for you to see them again. I suppose you have a great time with your sister's baby that you spoke about; at that age they are very cute. The more fact that you lost three pounds will not induce a girl of your weight; you should be hale and hearty, and I have no doubt but that you are.

LAURA—While I am sure pleased to receive a letter from you, I am surprised to hear you say that you cannot think of anything to tell me. There must be plenty of things about you, your home, and how you are enjoying yourself to write about. The next letter you write just try and think about something. Your story is nice and while I cannot use it as a line game, I will try and do so next week. Write again soon.

W. W. W.—I am sure pleased to learn that you had the misfortune to have a nail injure your foot, and trust that you will soon be well. I hope that you will be successful with the garden, and that you will be able to please the family with your music on the organ, and the other instruments.

AVENUE—Glad to hear from you again, but sorry that I can not use your letter this week, but will print it at a later date. I am sorry to learn that you have been ill and trust that you have recovered by this time. It is good to learn that you like attending school, and also that you enjoy playing basketball; it is a fine game. Write again when you have the opportunity.

MURRAY—Thank you very much for the box of fudge; it was very nice and I enjoyed it so much that I would not share it with any others. And the violets, they arrived in fine shape, and I thank you for the trouble you took in picking the same and sending the same to me. I received the May-Blossoms, and they were also fine. From the description that you give of yourself, I should judge that you are a fine looking, healthy girl. I hope that you will enjoy the summer holidays when they arrive.

MURRAY—I was indeed, glad to hear from you. Your letter regarding the garden and chickens in, indeed, interesting and I trust that you will be successful. As for the fact that you discovered near the beach, perhaps you have a rich vein of sand there and you should tell your father about it and he will look at it. Keep on writing faithfully at some intervals, and you

Weekly Chat

My Dear Chums:—Here we are again and I am very pleased to tell you that I believe we are all happy and taking all the goodness out of life that is offered to us. Now that the summer weather is fast approaching, the boys and girls are anxiously awaiting the school holidays, and then what a great time you will all have romping about the fields and woods, enjoying yourselves as boys and girls should.

I wish to take this opportunity of extending my heartfelt thanks to Grace for flowers, Peggy for the dainty box of fudge, Alice for the birthday gift, and others who sent me presents which I can assure you all were most thankfully received. You don't realize how grateful I am to receive the same, for it only goes to show that the members of the Corner remember their Uncle.

There is not very much to write about this week, and like your Uncle, you are undoubtedly looking forward to the summer months, when you can enjoy yourselves in the warm weather after the hard, cruel winter.

In a couple of letters received this week I was grieved to learn that a couple of the members have been ill and I extend my sympathy to them, and I trust that they will be well again at an early date.

I will never forget the presents of violets, Mayflowers and other such gifts along with the fudge, for these certainly made my heart glad to know that the members of the Corner remembered me. And then the birthday gift from Alice which was so very nice.

While I received quite a few letters this week, I trust that the number will be doubled next week, as I love to receive word from my nieces and nephews. The boys appear to be rather backward in sending in letters and I hope that they have not forgotten their Uncle and will send in some letters this week.

This is the time of the year when we should all be feeling happy and gay; the grass is growing green, the trees are taking on a new life, the birds are arriving to spend the summer with us, and taking it all in all, we, the members of the Corner, should feel thankful that the season of enjoyment has arrived for all.

I must close now with my very best regards to all the members and readers of the Children's Corner.

Yours, with plenty of love,
UNCLE DICK.

PROOF TO DUTCH—My goodness, how Mama Brown Bear did beat the band after she heard that the birds had all packed their grips ready for their southern journey!

She called her three happy little cubs into the room, and the three of them, dressed in their suits and smoothed down their tousled heads.

"Now, children, it's high time we began to get ready for winter," said Mama Brown Bear. "Almost all the birds will set off today or tomorrow, and if we don't hustle we'll be left without proper food."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Tiny Bear. "I thought only chipmunks and squirrels laid food away for their winter supplies. Do we have to go through all that, too?"

"Dear me," laughed his mama. "We don't have to store food."

"Well, if we do," cried Topsy Topsy Brown Bear, who was very selfish, "I'm not going to store away any more than I can eat myself. Tiny and Wemy will have to look for themselves."

"My dears," mused their mama. "That's one thing about us bears, that we never go to look out for ourselves when it comes to that. For we never lay away food only what we ourselves eat, you know. Now I've found a lovely bed for you, and you can sleep in it, and you don't know that honey is the most fattening of all the foods we eat, and it keeps us warm besides. This business of storing food away from us is a nuisance to me. We'll just eat all we can hold of this honey and grow fat. Then when it comes time to sleep, we'll have plenty of fat to keep us from getting hungry."

"But I can't see the sense of going to bed at all," whined Wemy Brown Bear.

Mama Brown Bear patted his head indulgently and with a happy grunt led her eager family out to the beehive. After much scrambling they devoured the honey and slowly went back to the winter home Mama Brown Bear had built under the hanging rocks. She had made it soft and comfy with moss and dried leaves.

"I'm not a bit sleepy!" exclaimed Tiny Bear. "I can't see the sense of going to sleep for the winter when one isn't the least bit—"

But his words were cut off by a long-drawn-out yawn.

"I can't see why we have to stay in here all winter, myself!" snapped Wemy Brown Bear. "I should think it would be fun out in the snow."

"There, there," laughed Mama Brown Bear, licking the last drop of honey from her paw, "stop complaining and lick your paw clean."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Tiny Brown Bear, nearly fumbling over trying to get to his feet. "I wish I didn't have to lick my paws so much, it tires my back terribly."

"Well," said Mama Brown Bear, "if you didn't, I'm afraid when it came time to change your shoes you'd all have a—"



CHILDREN'S CORNER

How Little Bear Brothers Got Dinner

Little Bessie Bear and her brother Bruin had been told by their mother, Mrs. Bear, that they would have to wait until after all the grown-ups had finished their dinner before they could have theirs.

"There will be so many at the table there will not be room for you children," said she, "so you be good little bears and play outdoors until we are finished."

"Now, my beauty, you shall have all the honey you want for the ball," said Nina's mother, but this was not so easy; for when they tried to see the needle pricked their fingers until they had to stop with the pain.

Then they sent to Hilda and told her to make the things they wanted. But as fast as Hilda finished making them and handed them to her Step-mother or Nina, the beautiful garments disappeared, and only a piece of cloth or a ragged garment was left.

"The needle was charmed only for the one who owned it and for no one else would it make beautiful things."

"Yes," replied Bruin, "and old Mr. Possum will be here too and he eats an awful lot of things and old Mr. Coon too, and everybody likes honey. I just know we won't get a thing when everybody has finished their dinner. I think it is too bad we have to wait. I wish we could scare them all so they would run home."

"So do I," said Bessie Bear, and just then the Froggie brothers who lived in the pond leaped out on a log that was half under the water.

"O-O-O," screamed the little bear brothers, and up they jumped, but when they looked around and saw who it was they began to laugh and ran back to the pond.

"How would you like to go to a party?" Bessie Bear asked the Froggie boys. "You shall have all the worms and flies you can eat and all you have to do is to jump about a little, only you must promise to be lively. What do you say?"

Bruin looked at his brother, wondering what he had in his mind; but he soon learned, and he agreed to be lively, and he would go to the party, but he would not jump about a little, and he would not be lively.

"We will put them in some nice moss and mud and then cover them with ferns and put it all in the middle of the table when mother has the party tonight," explained Bessie.

"O-O-O," screamed the little bear brothers, and up they jumped, but when they looked around and saw who it was they began to laugh and ran back to the pond.

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The Magic Needle Longears And The Hummer

The Step-mother and Nina stood still with surprise for a minute. "Where did you get that dress? Take it off and let my beautiful Nina have it. You have no use for such a beautiful gown," said the Step-mother.

Then the Step-mother must know where she got the gown and when Hilda told her about the magic needle she took the needle away from Hilda, too.

"Now, my beauty, you shall have all the honey you want for the ball," said Nina's mother, but this was not so easy; for when they tried to see the needle pricked their fingers until they had to stop with the pain.

Then they sent to Hilda and told her to make the things they wanted. But as fast as Hilda finished making them and handed them to her Step-mother or Nina, the beautiful garments disappeared, and only a piece of cloth or a ragged garment was left.

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Wiggley Longears And Teacher Bird

Once upon a time Uncle Wiggley Longears, the good bird rabbi, was hopping through the woods. He had not gone far from his hollow stump bungalow before he heard a voice calling to him!

"Uncle Wiggley! Uncle Wiggley, please wait a moment!"

At first Mr. Longears thought he ought to hop as fast as he could and find a place to hide.

"But he said to himself, 'this may be the Wiggley Wolf or the Pussy Fox.' But again the voice called: 'Please wait for me, Uncle Wiggley!'

"Ha! That can not be either of the bad creatures," said the bunny with a laugh and a twinkle of his pink nose. "They would not be so polite as to say please. This must be a friend of mine."

And, looking back through the trees, Uncle Wiggley saw Johnnie Bushytail one of the squirrel boys.

"Scamper along, Johnnie!" called the bunny gentleman. "I'll wait for you. Where are you going?"

"I'm going to school," chattered Johnnie. "My brother Billie went on ahead and I'm afraid I'll be late."

"Then I'll take hold of your paw and help you to hop fast!" laughed Uncle Wiggley. "Come on!"

He and Johnnie were just about to start off, when all of a sudden, the squirrel boy looked at what seemed to be a round ball of grass down on the ground.

"Oh, here is a little football! I'm going to kick it!" cried the squirrel boy. "Watch me kick!"

"No, don't do that!" cried Uncle Wiggley. "That isn't a football made of grass, Johnnie."

"Oh, then the squirrel boy," cried Johnnie. "It is the nest of the oven bird, answered the bunny. 'This bird makes its nest on the ground, weaving grass and sticks into the half-rounded shape you see here, so that it looks like a ball, or an old fashioned Dutch oven. That is how the bird gets one of its names. If we look we may see the bird, but please don't kick its nest or you might break some of the eggs.'"

"Oh, I wouldn't do that for the world!" cried the squirrel boy. "I didn't know that was a nest."

"Well, I have to thank Uncle Wiggley for telling you," said a voice in the bushes, and out flew a slender light brown bird, with queer black streaks in the white feathers of its breast.

"Are you the oven bird?" asked Johnnie.

"Yes," was the answer. "And a dear old Nature Gentleman, named Teacher Bird, has called me the 'Teacher' boy."

"Why is that?" asked the squirrel boy.

"Well," began the oven bird, "I suppose it is because of the way Uncle Wiggley caught Johnnie by the paw and said: 'Excuse me, but if you don't hurry to school, Johnnie, you'll be late, and the lady mouse teacher will not like that.'"

"Right you are," exclaimed the squirrel boy. Then he and Uncle Wiggley said goodbye to the bird and hurried on.

But just then Uncle Wiggley caught Johnnie by the paw and said: "Excuse me, but if you don't hurry to school, Johnnie, you'll be late, and the lady mouse teacher will not like that."

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A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

When The Old Ocean Called

The bathing brook and rivers and all the little rills

One day ran off together and tumbled down the hills.

Old Dame Nature, who is ever on the lookout for her children, saw the runways and called to them to come back. "You will be lost forever," she said. "Heed my warning before it is too late."

But the only reply that she heard, "We are tired of staying at home," and away they went, frolicking and chattering merrily as they ran far, far away from the mountain home.

"Old Dame Nature would have us always live up here," said one little river, "where we can see nothing but the sky. Was that not too much more to be seen out in the big world the birds tell us about?"

"Yes, but that is not why I am running away," said another stream. "I heard old Ocean calling as at night. He sends his loud calls on the night winds and he says there is much for us to do and much for us to see, but that first and foremost, for they come when he calls, for all the waters are his children."

Old Dame Nature knew all this and she knew still more that every little brook or rill that runs away from the mountain home will become a part of the great Ocean and be lost forever.

But on and on went the runways, happy that they leaped over all the rocks that tried to hold them back.

"We are going to the Ocean, we cannot stay," they reply, as they went on their way.

"Oh, there is the ocean," cried one little river as they came near the great roaring, dashing waves.

"Oh, cried another, 'I am afraid.' But it was too late, for the waves caught them in the strong hurrying grasp and carried them far out into the Ocean and never again would they be little rivers or streams or babbling brooks or rills, but just a part of the great roaring Ocean."

And though they saw strange and far-away shores and many great ships and other sights of the Ocean, I am quite sure that they never again wished they had never left their homes on the top of the mountain where each one of them had a name as they babbled or trickled or ran in the sunlight.

"Are you the oven bird?" asked Johnnie.

"Yes," was the answer. "And a dear old Nature Gentleman, named Teacher Bird, has called me the 'Teacher' boy."

"Why is that?" asked the squirrel boy.

"Well," began the oven bird, "I suppose it is because of the way Uncle Wiggley caught Johnnie by the paw and said: 'Excuse me, but if you don't hurry to school, Johnnie, you'll be late, and the lady mouse teacher will not like that.'"

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