

The Wonderful Toad

A FAT little toad, who was wicked and wise, one day decided to advertise. He set up posters along the road. "Don't fail to visit the Wonderful Toad," he wrote. "Who shows fire and lives on flame." So the toads and spiders and crickets came. And took their seats on a mossy limb. Where the wonderful Toad on a mushroom's rim sat blinking and blinking his golden eyes. Over the footlights furnished by fireflies.

Then the show began! "Twas a fear-some sight To see him swallow those sparks of light. Till not a glimmer was left to shine On the wicked Toad and his dark design. For just as soon as the show was done He gobbled his audience, one by one. Then hopped away with a wink and a grin. Saying, 'That was the time I took them in.'"

CHARLOTTE MARION BUSCH.



PITCH-PEG-PIN PITCHING

T HIS is a great game for hilarious fun. The pegs are sticks, two feet long, sharpened at one end and nine in number. Put the pointed ends in the ground, forming a diamond, with each peg two feet from its nearest neighbor, and the one at an apex about twenty feet from a law-line.

Let all the girls, big, little, married and unmarried, form one side, and an equal number of boys, old and young, form the other side. The boys then choose a First Lady, who is to lead their opponents, and the girls choose a First Gentleman, who is to command the men. With three short cuts in her hands the First Lady takes the law-line and endeavors to knock all the pegs down, in three consecutive throws with the clubs.

The pegs are then reset, the score recorded, and the First Gentleman takes

the clubs and his turn. When all have had a turn the individual scores are compared, and the right arm of each man or boy is bound with a pocket handkerchief to the left arm of the girl whose score most nearly approaches his own, and the First Lady and First Gentleman choose up for sides, taking a couple at each choice. In the order of their score number, the couples now take their turn pitching clubs at the pins, the man of necessity, using his left hand and the woman her right to throw the clubs, which they do simultaneously.

The scores are again compared and the couples bound into fours, and the fours into sixes, until each side is bound into a continuous line, with only the left hand of the end man and the right hand of the end girl to pitch-peg-pin with, and make the final score of the game—Beard's Jack of All Trades.

A STORY IN D'S

S EE if you can read this story rapidly without stumbling over a single word.

Dainty Dude danders down deserted dell, doubtless deering delicate daffodils Dorothy Dimple demanded.

Dirty Desperado, dinner devoured, dreamily dozing, deserves Dainty Dude.

Dirty Desperado determines despoiling Dainty Dude.

Dainty Dude draws deeper down dell, "disburse dollars," demands Dirty Desperado, "Don't delay, dear dude, disgorge."

Dainty Dude, dissembling determination, defies Dirty Desperado.

Dirty Desperado deliberately displays dangerous dagger.

Defenceless Dainty Dude doesn't desire damage done; drops down dived, dummy dollars.

Dirty Desperado, dutifully deriding Dainty Dude, deigns Dainty Dude's dummy dollars do ditto.

Dirty Desperado disappeared, Dainty

Dude doffing dismal demeanor, dances delightfully.

Dainty Dude details day's doing during dinner. Dirty Desperado decidedly declines.

Dirty Desperado different.

Discovers Drinking-bar; determines destroying dryness.

Dumping down dummy dollar (Dainty Dude's) Dirty Desperado desires drink.

Drinkservant decidedly doubtful, declines delivering drink.

Dirty Desperado, desperately disappointed, departs, dabbling drinkservant's dial disagreeably.

Drinkservant dolefully dispatches detective.

Detective discovers Dirty Desperado dawdling downhill demolishing doughnuts.

Dainty Desperado denies deeds.

Detective dragging Dirty Desperado, dummy dollars drop.

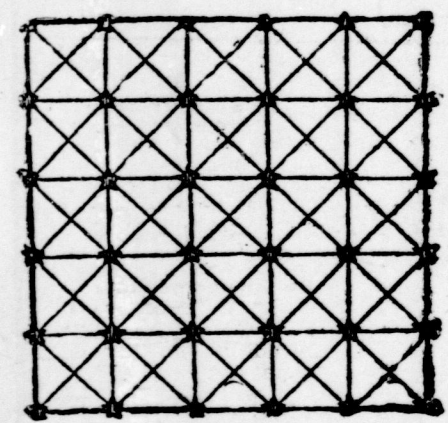
Doubts disappear.

Dirty Desperado's destination—dungeon.

Puzzles & Problems

Star and Pin Puzzle.

See if you can stick a pin into every star without any two pins being in the same straight line.



Prefix Puzzle.

1. Prefix a letter to a four-letter word meaning "lucky" and make a dish.
2. Prefix two letters to a three-letter word meaning "a part of the human body" and make a part of the human body.
3. Prefix a letter to a four-letter word meaning "rounded" and make "to humiliate."
4. Prefix a letter to a four-letter word meaning "having ability" and make a piece of furniture.
5. Prefix a letter to a five-letter name of a flower and make a universally celebrated religious day.

What am I?

Who can tell Polly Evans the answer to this riddle?
"I'm a new contradiction; I'm new and I'm old.
I'm often in tatters, and oft deck'd in gold;
Though I never could read, yet letter'd I'm found.
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound.
I am always in black, and I'm always in light.
In form, too, I differ—I'm thick and I'm thin.
I've no flesh, and no bones, yet I'm cover'd with skin;
I've more points than the compass, more steps than the flute;
I sing without voice, without speaking comfort;
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French and I'm Dutch.
Some love me too fondly; some slight me too much.
I often die soon, though I sometimes live sick.
And no monarch alive has so many pages."—Hannah More.

Outline Picture Puzzle.



SEE if by drawing an outline from point to point in this puzzle you can produce the picture of a little girl and a goose. Perhaps you will find a couple of geese, too.

Doubling Words.

The first missing word in each sentence must be doubled to get the second word.

1. Musical — beat an Indian —.
2. The Justly — beat a savage —.

Enigma.

The numbers from 1 to 27 should be written down the side of a sheet of paper, and the letters of the words guessed should be placed, not in the order in which they are guessed, but in the order in which they are placed in the words. The letters will form a well-known rhyme.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

65-Puzzle.

1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25

See if you can place the numbers in the squares above in such order that a total of 65 is obtained whichever way the addition is made—i. e., from top to bottom, across diagonally. The solution will appear next week.

Answers to Last Week's

Puzzles and Problems

Familiar Maxim.

A contented mind is a continual feast.

A Riddle.

The vowels.

Termination Puzzle.

1. HermitAGE.
2. OrphanAGE.
3. PatronAGE.
4. AssemblAGE.
5. PatronAGE.
6. PackAGE.

Cross-Word Enigma.

1. Philadelphia.
2. San Francisco.

What Do You Know About It?

1. How many wings and how many legs has the housefly?
2. Which way do the housefly's feet point?
3. How does the housefly climb up a window pane or walk back downward along the ceiling?
4. Why does the housefly rub its feet together when it lights on a table cloth and at other times?
5. How many eyes has the housefly, and in what direction does it see?

Another Tongue-Twister.

HERE is another stunt for your nimble tongue: boys and girls:
A thatcher of Thatchwood went to Thatchett a-thatching.
Did a thatcher of Thatchwood go to Thatchett a-thatching?
Thatchett a-thatching?
Did a thatcher of Thatchwood go to Thatchett a-thatching?
Thatchett a-thatching?
Where's the thatcher the thatcher of Thatchwood has thatched?

Old Boys and Girls

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies

CONDUCTED BY POLLY EVANS

Emuel's Adventure with a Bald Eagle

A True Story.
EMUEL SMITH is a 14-year-old New York city boy and has an Uncle Samuel living in the country.

One or two summers ago he visited his uncle about June until December.

One morning at breakfast he told his uncle that he was going that day with the berry pickers to the mountains.

"You may go," said his uncle, "but I want to tell you that, you know, look out for that great eagle, which the pickers say is around on the mountain. It is the biggest bird that has been seen around here, I guess; and if it should get after you, you would be mighty sorry."

"Oh, an eagle," laughed Emuel. "I could manage him. Do you think, uncle, I would be afraid of it?"

"Now, not so fast there, lad," answered Uncle Samuel. "That eagle is bigger than you think. It has carried off some twenty-five of the farmers' chickens; and only day before yesterday it took one of Jim Brown's little pigs."

"Oh, now, you're only joking," said Emuel.

"No, I'm not," answered his uncle. "I'll tell you, you want to watch out for it. With its sharp claws and wings and beak it could kill you, boy."

Emuel looked surprised and said: "Well, you know best, uncle. But, if I see the eagle, I'll take a gun along to-morrow and shoot it."

So saying, Emuel scampered down the yard to meet the pickers, who had come up the road.

He thought of the eagle all the way to the mountain. Shortly after noon, when he had eaten his lunch, he decided to roam about on the mountain till the pickers should have their kettles full and be ready to go home.

As he walked he came to a big rock with a flat top overhanging a straight precipice, about twenty feet deep. He stood there for some time, looking out on the great, green valley, dotted with farm houses. He could see the dark line of the creek, which turned the wheels of the grist mill yonder; and the gentle summer breezes brought to his ears the sound of the noise of the harvesting machines as they cut and tied the golden grain.

Suddenly he heard a slight noise on the edge of the precipice, not ten yards away. Turning that instant, Emuel observed that the rustling sound came from a small bunch of twigs and leaves. He went nearer, and saw several little birds in the nest. They looked pretty, he thought, as they opened their tiny mouths begging for food.

As he stood there looking a great shadow came over him. He looked up and saw a big bird coming right toward him. It was the bald eagle Emuel's uncle had spoken about.

The eagle swooped right down on Emuel, and knocked him over. The lad arose, but was dizzy. The bird pounced on him again with its strong, sharp claws, tearing holes in the boy's clothing and even long and deep gashes in his back. Emuel found a stick, and gave the eagle a blow on the head, which stunned it. Then he tried to run away, but he had gone only a few steps when the eagle was on him again.

Those sharp, cruel claws again sank into the boy's back, and he could not get away. So Emuel hung there, with the weight of the big eagle hanging on him.



When the eagle saw the men coming toward it, it tried to get away, but could not. Its efforts to free itself were a great tax on Emuel's strength, because he was very weak and had been hanging to that sapling for some minutes. But he held on grimly, for to let go would have meant instant death on the rocks below him.

Emuel's friends hurried as much as possible. One of the men lay flat on the rock and reached down over the edge. He took hold of Emuel's arms, and pulled both the boy and the eagle up to the rock.

Another of the men stood ready with a big club, and, by giving a few hard, sharp blows on the eagle's head, killed it, while the others looked after Emuel, who by this time had fainted. His clothes were torn into shreds; his back was all ripped and bleeding, and large patches of skin and flesh hung loose. The lad's friends carried him home with much difficulty, and it was long after supper that night when he came to his senses again.

Emuel was now recovered from his wounds, and the bald eagle has been killed, and is now in a prominent place in his New York home.

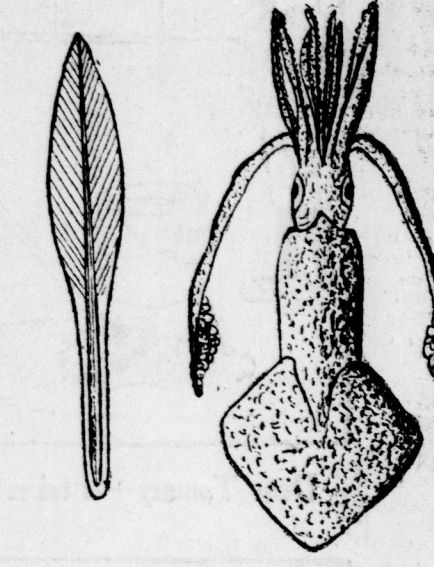
GEORGE F. KUNKEL.

BESIDE THE SEA

The Pen and Ink Fish.
YOU remember that queer fellow you picked up on the beach yesterday, with the great staring eyes and the ten arms set in a circle around his head, which looked so much like a parrot's? That was one of my brothers. A score of us little squids were having a jolly frolic on the moonlight, when all at once we saw a great, dark shadow hovering over us. We all opened our ink bags and squirted as fast as we could to cloud the water. Then, as the big fish, half-blinded, was trying to find us, we swam away as fast as we could go. The surf was running pretty high, and brother, in his hurry to escape, was caught by a breaker and tossed up on to the beach, where he couldn't get back.

You would like to see our pens, you say. Well, take your knife and slit up the skin on poor brother's back. Now carefully take out his backbone. See, it is shaped like a perfect goose quill. You might make a point on it, dip it into his ink bag and write a letter if you wish.

MARGARET W. LEIGHTON.



THE WILD STRAWBERRIES

Part I.
O NCE a soldier with a wooden leg came into a village, and became suddenly ill. He was unable to proceed any farther, but was obliged to lie down on a little straw in a shed, and fell into the utmost distress.

Little Agatha, the daughter of a poor basketmaker, took compassion on the poor sick man, and visited him every day, and every time she went made him a present of a daisy-leaf.

One evening, however, the old soldier said with much concern: "Dear child, I heard only to-day that your parents are poor; tell me honestly, then, where you get so much money. For I would rather die of hunger than accept a single half-penny which you could not give me with a good conscience."

"Oh," said Agatha, "make your mind easy; the money is honestly got. I go to school in the next market town, and the road is thither lies through a wood, where there are abundance of wild strawberries. I pick them, and gather a basketful and sell them in the village; and I always get threepence for them. My parents know this well, and they have no objection. They often say: 'There are many people still poorer than we, and therefore we must do them as much good as our position permits us.'"

The bright tears stood in the eyes of the old soldier, and he took her by the hand. "My good child," said he, "God will bless you and your parents for your charitable disposition."

A warm and sympathizing heart. Poor though it be, can joy impart.

was a magnificent one, before the inn, in order to feed his horses; he there heard of the sick soldier, and went to visit him. The old soldier immediately told him of his little benefactress.

"What!" cried the officer, "has a poor child done so much for you? Your old general cannot do less. I shall immediately give orders that they provide for you the best accommodations which the inn affords."

He did so, accordingly, and then went to the cottage of little Agatha. My good child," he said, "deeply affected, 'your benevolence has warmed my heart and brought tears to my eyes. You have presented the old soldier with a great many threepenny pieces; accept now in return for them the same number of gold pieces."

"Oh, no," said the astonished parents; "that is too much."

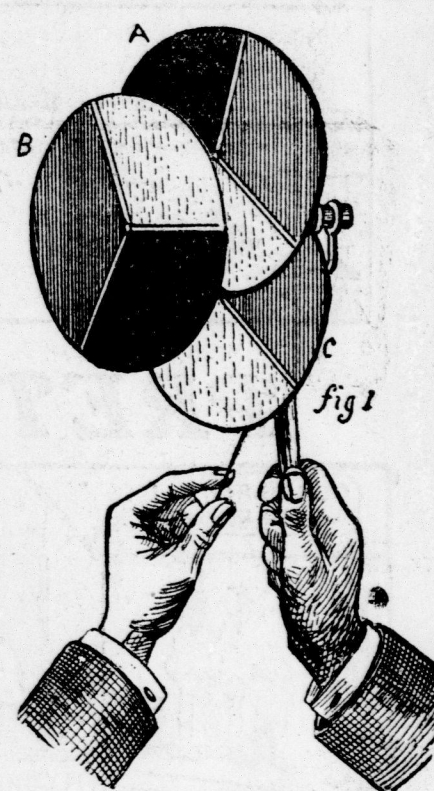
"By no means," said the general; "this is only a poor compensation; the good child may still expect the better one in heaven."

To works of charity are given The best rewards of earth and Heaven.

(Copyright 1935, Christopher von Schmid.)

A COLOR EXPERIMENT

T HIS color toy will give you boys and girls a long amusement, besides that, it is full of interest, because of the wonderful combinations



of color that you can get out of it. Try the experiment as follows:

1. Cut out of glass, cardboard or two triangles (a and b, Fig. 2) and glue them together so as to present six points.

2. Then cut out of the cardboard three discs, divide each into three sections, and color them red, green and violet, respectively.

3. Next, by means of pins passed through the centre of the discs, fasten them to the triangles so as to look like figure 1. Be sure each disc will turn freely on the axis formed by the pin.

4. Having done this, bore a hole through the centre of the triangle and run a wire through it as an axis; then twist your wire into the shape shown in Fig. 2 and fasten a length of twine to it. Arrange a strong handle for the toy, and then you are ready to operate it.

Fig. 1

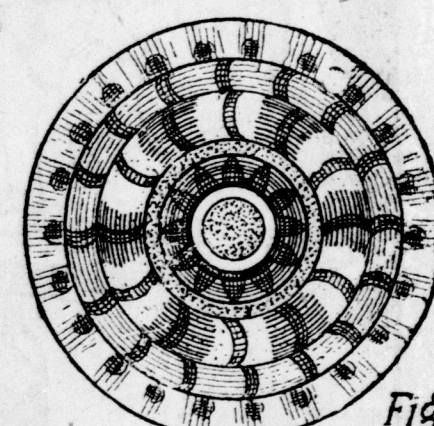
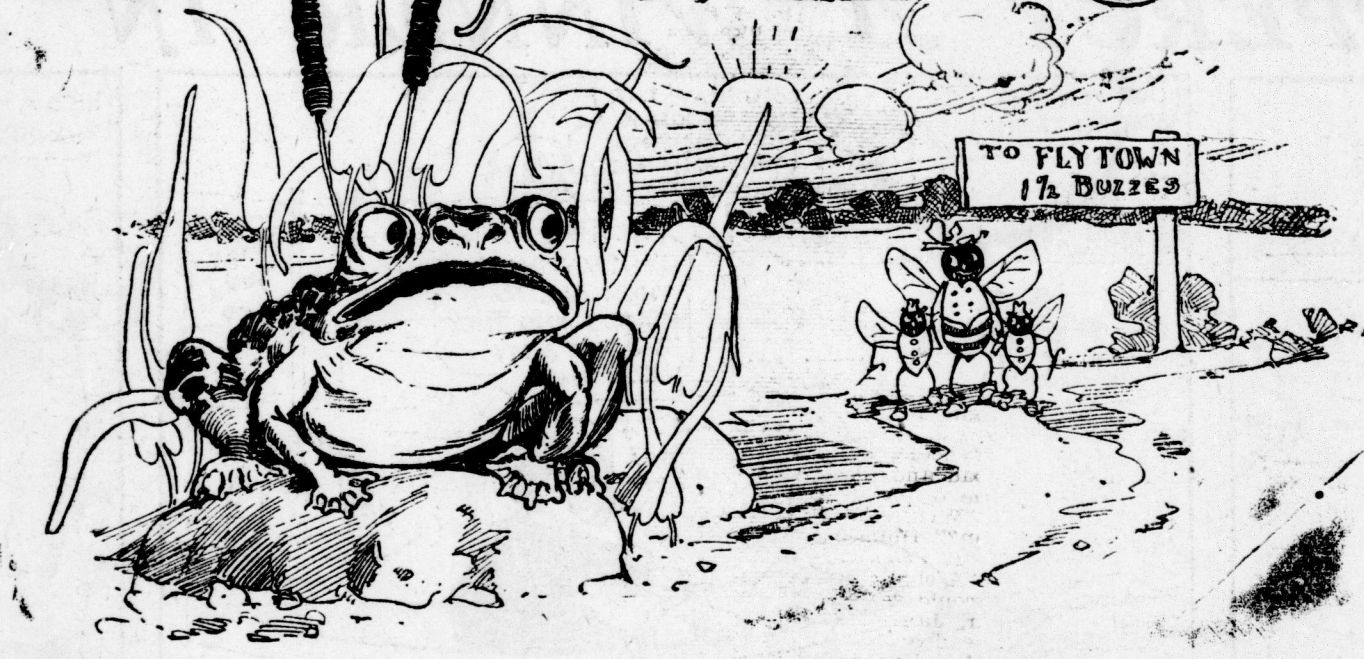


Fig. 2

Fig. 3

Mr. Fly & Mr. Toad



I S'N'T this a delightful morning?" remarked Mr. Toad to Mrs. Fly. "One beautiful day, with a fine sunning himself on his favorite mushroom." "Indeed, it is!" replied Mrs. Fly.

"Did you ever know the sun to shine so brightly or the sky to be so cloudless?" asked Mr. Toad.

"Never," replied Mrs. Fly. "Still,

weather indications are often deceiving, and it may yet turn out wet."

"Ah, you would never think that if you could see the sun from the top of this fine mushroom," said Mr. Toad. "Let me make room for you up here, so that you may have a better view of the scenery."

"Oh, no; thank you, sir," answered Mrs. Fly. "We have wandered quite far enough away from home, and must be hastening back. Come, children. Good-bye, Mr. Toad."

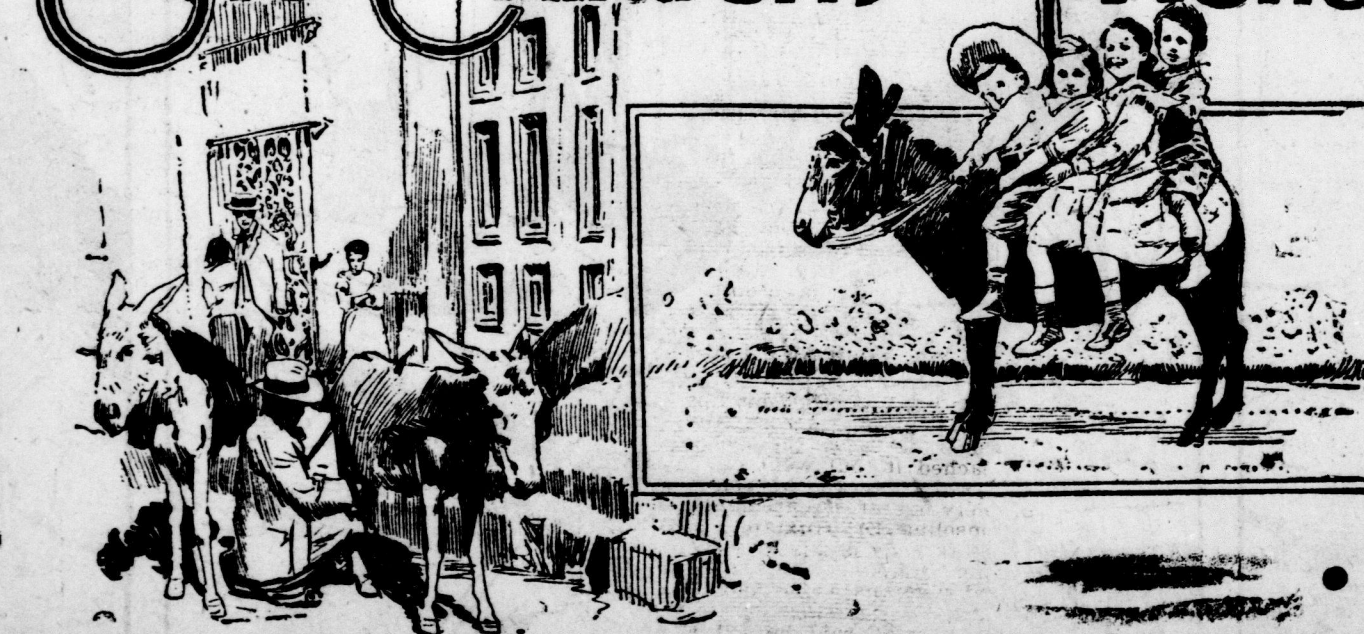
"What! so soon?" exclaimed Mr. Toad. "Why, it will never do to deprive me of your pleasant company so abruptly. Let me, then, hop down and accompany you and your sweet children home."

"Oh! you're more than kind, Mr. Toad; but we can get along very well, thank you; and we know our way. So, pray, stay where you are."

And with that she turned her children back, and they hastened home. And it was well they did, as they would have realized if they had turned their faces and noted the disappointed look on Mr. Toad's face, who sobbed and sighed and said: "Plague take them! I'm so hungry, and I counted on having the children for breakfast and the mother for dinner."

Aren't you glad Mrs. Fly was a prudent mother and saved herself and her children from such a horrible fate?

The Children's Friend



IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES THE DONKEY SUPPLIES MILK. AT HOME HE CARRIES THE LITTLE FOLKS ON HIS BACK.

"All Leaking."

The other day, after mamma had finished bathing my little 3-year-old sister, she told her to get out to get dressed. When she exclaimed, "Hurry, mamma; I'm all leaking!"

MARION M. MORRIS.

Puzzled About Clothes.

Eleanor goes to Sunday school and gets a card. On it is a picture of Jesus in a white flowing robe. We have told Eleanor that Jesus can see her wherever she is. The other day Eleanor said to me, "Mamma, when Jesus goes down here, he changes his dress, doesn't he?"

ELEANOR G. WILSON.

"Told Treason."

A small boy of 3 once visited his Aunt Mame. After running around in the garden awhile, he came into the house. His Aunt Mame said, "James, I think you must have eaten something for your face looks very funny."

"No," said James, "I did not, that is only told treason."

THERESA MEAGHER.

Which Hair?

Joe, age 4, was playing with the cat. Uncle Frank, approaching, said, in answer to a question, "This cat is half-Persian, Joe."

"Which hair?" WALTER RIDGLEY.

Pull the string quickly and your toy will spin like a pinwheel (Fig. 4), developing all sorts of beautiful color combinations and meanwhile causing the string to wind up, when you can pull it again, etc.

You can cause various transformations in the color effect by touching this or that disc, thus causing it to go more slowly than the others.