

# FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

## SLEEPY-TIME TALES FOR THE LITTLEST ONES

### THE SOAPSDS GNOMES

WHEN mamma told her Sleepy-time Story the other evening she had another listener besides her little daughter Dorothy, and he was most delighted and highly impressed one, too, as you shall see for yourself presently. Perhaps mamma had figured he would be—and maybe she told the kind of a story she did precisely for that purpose.

Bobbie was his name and he was Dorothy's cousin, visiting her for a few days while his own mamma and papa were away on a trip. He had arrived the evening before and mamma had, as grown-up people say, "had her hands full with him" ever since. Not that Bobbie was a bad boy—for he wasn't—but he certainly was a "whiner." You know what a "whiner" is, don't you? Well, he's a boy who is forever and a day saying "Don't—don't do that!" or "I don't want to!"

Only that evening mamma had promised to let him come in and sit on the bed and listen to the Sleepy-time Tale if he wouldn't object to having his face washed and wouldn't wiggle and squirm and twist and cry out that there was soap in his eye when there wasn't.

"Come now, Bobbie," she had said, "come like a good little boy and let me wash your face and hands for bed. And don't carry on like you did this morning. If you'll be good I'll let you listen to the story."

Now, if there was one thing that would keep Bobbie quiet it was hearing a story, so he had promised to be good. And yet—would you believe it!—not five minutes later when mamma was washing his face he began to squirm and twist and wriggle and whine.

"But, Bobbie," mamma reminded him, "you promised to hold still and not whine while I washed your face. Didn't you?"

"Yeth—yeth, Auntie," he had replied, in that funny little lisping way of his. "But my ears th'n't part of my face, lth they!"

Mamma felt like laughing—for it was a funny reply, wasn't it?—but she refrained from doing so. For, she thought, Bobbie was entirely too old a boy to whine about a wash-rag and a little soap and water. So, the task finally accomplished, she settled her-

self by the side of the bed and began: "Once upon a time—"

Bobbie's eyes fairly glistened. To his way of thinking, every good story always began that way.

Once upon a time, there was a little boy who just wouldn't wash his face. My, how he did scream and twist and squirm and whine every time his Nurse so much as turned on the faucet in the bowl! Every night and morning Nurse had to fairly drag him into the bathroom and, goodness me, what faces he would make and how he would yell about soap in his eye and in his ears!

One night this little boy, whom we will call Bobbie—you don't mind, do you, Bobbie?—had a most terrible dream. Awakening from a sound sleep, it seems, he rubbed his eyes and stared—and stared. Right there, perched on the footboard, was the most peculiar looking creature he had ever seen.

Its body resembled nothing so much as a big, round soap-bubble, and it was shining, too, with all the colors of the rainbow, just as a soap-bubble does in the sunlight.

Around its head, turban fashion, was a wash-rag, and its hands, attached to pipe-stem arms, held a cake of soap and a tiny scrubbing brush.

Poor little Bobbie gave one look and started to scream. But up went the hand holding the scrubbing brush in a gesture that commanded silence.

"Humph!" laughed the Soap-suds Gnome—for that was what he was—before we've even begun to scrub him! All ready? Then come on! Grab him!"

And, with his command, out sprang a host of creatures just like him. Indeed, there must have been most a million of them. And they seized poor little Bobbie by his arms and legs and carried him into the bathroom.

"Overboard with him, fellows!" cried the leader. "We'll give him something to cry for!"

"An' something to wriggle for!" put in another.

Poor Bobbie. Splash!—and they dumped him right into the big bathtub, half-full of water! Bless you, he was so amazed, so frightened, that he simply couldn't scream, though he tried his best.

"Now," commanded the leader of the Soap-suds Gnomes, "get busy! Make it thick, too!"

And with that, every Gnome reached down into the water with his hand that held his cake of soap and began to move it rapidly back and forth, up and down. They were making the suds—and they were making it thick!

Goodness me, what a splashing there was! And how the churning of the many tiny hands in the water quickly brought the suds to the top. Higher and higher the soap-suds rose until they seemed to poor Bobbie, lying flat on his back, like huge mountains rising about him.

Just then Bobbie made one last desperate effort to cry out and succeeded in getting his mouth open. But in-stantly—splash and kerflop!—a Gnome had leaped onto Bobbie's cheek and clapped his soapy hands right over the open mouth. "Hi! How bitter and—suds—soapy it did taste!"

"That's enough, young man!" the Gnome exclaimed. "That's enough for you; now you'll see how it really tastes to get soap in your mouth! We and we don't care what happens to you!"

"Hey, Bill!" called out another Gnome. "While you're about it you might put a dab or two in his eyes—his right one—that's the one he's al-

ending at the lower left-hand corner, will spell the name of a precious stone.

1. Moist.
2. Neat.
3. To be afraid.
4. To appear.
5. A heavenly body.
6. A girl's name.
7. An action.

Answer.  
BEHEADINGS: Snail-nail. Pear-ear. Reject-eject. Ideal-deal. Neat-cut. Glove-love. Spring.

ZIGZAG PUZZLE: Diamond.  
DAMP  
TIDY  
FEAR  
SEEM  
MOON  
END  
DEED

CROSS-PATCH.  
Cross-Patch, draw the latch.  
Sit by the fire and spin.  
Take a cup, and drink it up.  
And call your neighbors in.  
Find a cup by cutting out the black spots and fitting them together.



## "ROUGHING IT" WITH HAL

HITTING THE TRAIL. "O say that Hal and his younger brother Jack were overjoyed when their father told them to 'pack up' for a three-weeks' trip with him in the Rocky Mountains wouldn't begin to express their feelings. Why, they had dreamed of climbing towering peaks, and riding miles and miles on horseback every day and visiting the Indians on a nearby reservation ever since their father had first told them he hoped to be able to take them on such a trip. But only 'hoped,' mind you! And, oh, how fearful they were lest something unexpected should come up and prevent the trip. But at last it was all settled—and they were going!"

Now they were actually on their way! For three full days and nights their train had rolled along westward, through farm lands and populous towns and then across the open, rolling prairie extending as far as the eye could see. How strange it all was to the little boys, accustomed as they



They Shook Hands With Him Gravelly, and Hal Nudged Jack to Look at the "Chaps" the Guide Was Wearing.

were to the country of the East. At last, the mountains were sighted, way off on the horizon.

"There they are, Hal!" cried Jack, peeping out through the window. Finally, at dusk, they reached the station and, after a plain but substantial meal at the little hotel there, "turned in" for the night. Bright and early the next morning, you may be sure, they were up and about. Indeed, they could scarcely believe their eyes upon two more "pack-horses."

"Now, Mr. Hamilton," said Goldie, mopping his perspiring brow with a flaring red handkerchief, "if you and these little cowboys are ready we'll hit the trail. Son—this to Hal—'did you ever ride a Western horse? Nope? Well, let me tell you a few things about 'em that you don't want to forget.'"

"First of all, never pull hard on the reins—let 'em hang free and easy so your pony can have his head. And when you want him to turn to the right just lift the reins and lay 'em over on that side of his neck. If you want him to go to the left, 'em to that side. You don't have to pull on the right rein, or the left, like you do on those plugs you ride back East; if you do, he'll turn 'round and 'round in a circle."

"And just one thing more, young fellows, when you want him to start, give a little in your stirrups, lean forward and lift your reins straight up

was quite evidently resenting the tying of the "pack," which contained a part of their camping outfit, upon him. Moreover, he was rearing and plunging, and letting out the hideous noise at every tug of the rope. But Goldie didn't seem to be in the least alarmed and went steadily about his business. Father and the boys watched him with keen interest as he led the huge canvas-covered bundles upon two more "pack-horses."

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Then, all at once, the leader stood up on the edge of the bowl, took hold of the chain that was fastened to the rubber plug and cried out: "All ready? Then let 'er go!"

"Now!" shouted the leader, after a little while. "Now, up with him! He's too small for the tub!"

Instantly the slippery soapy hands seized him, lifted him out of the tub and flung him—into the wash bowl! Then they fell upon him with renewed vigor—soaping and scrubbing and scrubbing him soaping him.

Smaller and smaller and still smaller grew Bobbie—until, really, they had to feel around in the water to find him!

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## Smoothing the Way



I HAD such a nice time, Mamma, At the party where I went; All the girls were fixed up lovely. But we had an accident.

We had ice cream, and we ate it Sitting 'round just anywhere, And one girl she got up talking 'And put hers down on her chair.

And the talk got so exciting, She forgot her ice cream quite.

And first thing she sat down in it— My! it made her dress a sight. Do you think they ought to scold her 'Cause she spoiled her nice new dress?

She was only little, Mamma, Just about my age, I guess. No? That's like my precious Mamma, I was sure you would agree, And I'm glad to hear you say so, For that little girl was me.

## The Invisible Basketball

MILES McBride, captain of the team, had just finished a hard game of basketball. The Junior Y. M. C. A. five had been defeated by the Park Avenue M. E.'s and Miles felt not only tired in body but sore in spirit as well. He had played hard at his position at right forward and toward the basket had fought with almost super-human strength in a vain effort to tie the score, but the best he and his teammates could do was to come within ten points of their opponent's total.

"Hard luck, old chap," said one of the Y. M. C. A. supporters to Miles as he wormed out of his jersey in the locker room. "The Park Avenue had horseshoes and four-leaf clovers all over them."

"No," said Miles, dryly, "they simply outplayed us, that's all." Captain McBride was not much on making excuses. "All the same," said the other boy, "you had bad luck in making some of your throws."

Miles grunted and said nothing. Just then one of the smaller boys spoke up and remarked half-jestingly: "I still think you'd have won, Miles, if the other side had been blindfolded."

"Get out!" stormed the older boys at the little annoyance. "Quit rubbing it in." And the little fellow was chased from the room.

But the remark stuck in Miles' mind. "How true!" he thought. "If the other team had been blindfolded!" As he took his shower the remark again occurred to him and as he dressed he smiled at the unpleasant truth of it.

"When we play our return game with Park Avenue," he chuckled to himself, "we'll insist they be blindfolded. That shall be one of the understandings before we go on the floor."

He laughed aloud at the thought and surprised his teammates who were themselves not in a mood for laughing.

"What are you laughing at, Cap?" asked one of the players. "You must be happy over our defeat."

"Miles, I believe you lost a basketball game today."

"Yes," Miles replied, "about a thousand to nothing. You see, in dreams things are apt to get exaggerated. The idea of a basketball team scoring a thousand points! But evidently the fairy didn't know the difference, for she said: 'That's too bad, Miles. Would you like to win your next game?'"

"Yes, I would."

"Then take this paint pot and this brush and put a coat of the mixture on the basketball you use in the game."

She handed him these things and departed. Miles was much pleased and felt grateful to the fairy, though he couldn't understand just how that paint was going to help.

The return game with the Park Avenue five was at hand. Just before the game was to start Miles got hold of the ball, took it to a corner made mixture according to the fairy's directions.

The game began. The ball was tossed up at center. Then there was passing and intercepting until a Park Avenue forward got close to the goal and tossed the first points of the contest. So far Miles hadn't got hold of the ball yet, but he still had faith in his magic mixture. And he was not disappointed.

When the ball was again put in play at Y. M. guard shot it to Miles.

And then a strange thing happened. His opponent, instead of guarding him, dropped his hands at his sides and just stared at him. Miles passed the ball to a Y. M. player, who immediately returned it. Again there was consternation. The other players practically stopped in their tracks.

"We can't see the ball," complained one of the Park Avenue boys. "Play ball!" shouted the referee.

"Miles, who was now close to the goal, took his time and dropped an easy one into the basket and the score was tied. On the next toss-up Miles got hold of the ball and again his opponents, as well as his fellow-players, acted as if they were paralyzed. He couldn't understand it for awhile, but it soon occurred to him that the ball was invisible!

"That is, he reasoned, it must be invisible as long as it was in his hands; for as soon as it left him the other players apparently could see it. What a great advantage over the opponents! All he had to do was to stay near the goal, signal for the ball and then, while his opponents stared helplessly at nothing, toss the ball leisurely into the basket, the sphere becoming visible only after it was on its way to the iron hoop. Miles laughed to himself at the confusion of the Park Avenue team. They seemed dazed. His teammates also were astonished, but they soon grew accustomed to the strangeness of it and took delight in passing the ball to the magic Miles and in watching the Park Avenue guards gaze into space as the ball disappeared into his hands.

What a score rolled up! Some think like 100 to 2. In desperation, the Park Avenue guards devoted all their attention to Miles, and though they couldn't see the ball, they fought furiously to keep him from tossing goals. But Miles simply held the ball behind his back or over his head or dodged to right or left.

"Now you see it; now you don't," Miles would yell and toss another goal.

Once or twice a Park Avenue guard succeeded in getting hold of the ball while it was in Miles' hands and, though it was invisible, struggled to wrest it from him. But his efforts were always futile, and Miles simply played with his opponents.

At last the game was over and the Park Avenues were ready to cry at their exasperating defeat. Miles was receiving the congratulations of his teammates and friends and was being hoisted to their shoulders when he woke. It was a dream after all.

His lay in bed thinking of it. At first he thought it silly. But as he lay, the vividness of it fresh on his mind, he had an idea.

Next afternoon at basketball practice the captain said to the boys: "We are to play our return game with Park Avenue a week from tomorrow night, and we've got to beat them. I've decided the only way to do it is to make the ball invisible."

The other boys laughed, thinking it a joke, but Miles continued, seriously: "We must make the ball invisible. We are going to line up on each side of the court every afternoon from now until the day of the game and practice whipping the ball across like a cannon shot. And not a shot must travel less than sixty miles an hour."

And he made good his remark. He drilled that team so thoroughly in making the ball "invisible" through speedy passing that when they met the Park Avenue a week later they literally played their opponents off their feet and won by a good score.

So you see it pays to dream sometimes, especially about fairies.

SOLUTION TO CROSS-PATCH PUZZLE.

## With the City Police

Quite the usual number of holiday links were on the list at the police court this morning. They were excitedly dealt with by Magistrate Kingston.

Charles Casey charged Charlie Byrn with theft, but the magistrate said that it was a case for the district court and he dismissed the case. Two assault and disorderly charges were dismissed, they having been caused by the usual holiday hilarity.

## After?"

After?"

## When If I

When If I

good for her

I'm glad to

something

good in re-

is in taste.

my breath

t gives me

besides."

THE FLAVOR

LASTS

74

SURE

gley's

BUY IT BY THE BOX

of twenty packages. It costs less—of any dealer—and stays fresh until used.