

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

SLEEPY-TIME TALES FOR THE LITTLEST ONES

Aunt Margaret and the Telephone

JUST as Mamma was putting little Dorothy to bed the other evening Papa came in to tell her that some one wished to talk with her on the telephone. So Mamma left the room and, after a while, came back and told Dorothy that she had been talking with little Margaret Ayers' mother.

Now Margaret was Dorothy's very best friend and playmate and her Mamma was going to give her a birthday party on Saturday afternoon. More than that, she had asked Mamma, on the phone, if Dorothy could come to it. Mamma said that she could, for Dorothy had been a good little girl for ever so long and, besides, there was no school on Saturday, of course.

"Oh, oh," cried little Dorothy, clapping her hands and jumping up and down in bed until it bounced her around as though she were in a ham-



I held her up to the phone so she could talk to Father. and I in the same breath. "Come out and jiggle," "And, Mamma," she cried, "can't please, tell Margaret tomorrow that I'll come to her party?" Can I tell her on the telephone?" Mamma assented and smiled.

"That reminds me, Dorothy," she said, "of a little girl named Margaret who once talked over the telephone in a most amazing fashion. She'd grown-up now, but when she talked on the telephone for the first time she was almost as little as you are, Dorothy. I was much older and, in fact, I myself held her up to the phone so she could talk to Father—your Grandfather, you know—who had been called off business to a city nearby."

"It was the very first time Aunt Margaret had ever talked over the phone, remember, and she was just as delighted as you were when you did. Remember how strange it sounded to

Queer Feats of Animals

THE next time you visit a zoo or see the circus stand in front of the cages of certain animals and see for yourself what remarkable things they can do. Perhaps, at the time, they will not perform for you; but do not doubt, for that reason, that they are capable of doing some very strange things.

New you would never expect an animal to act like a prize-fighter, would you? Well, the kangaroo does. He has little short front legs, you remember, and very long, powerful hind ones. And he fights with these hind legs, being able to hit a blow hard enough to break a man's leg or even a horse's.

But the most peculiar thing about it is that, when he fights, he stiffens his thick, strong tail, sticks it in the ground and supports himself on it, thus leaving him free to strike out with his hind legs. Now isn't that strange?

More than that, a kangaroo can jump, with those same powerful hind legs, over twenty yards at a single jump. Of course he doesn't cover that distance always, but as for record that kangaroo has cleared that



Thus leaving him free to strike out with his hind legs.

measure at a single bound. No doubt you have seen a mouse scurry across the floor and into his hole. Well, there are such mice and, mind you, they not infrequently wait in pairs, almost like real people.

Now a turtle is not an impressive looking creature, at best. But when you learn that he can support and carry a load that weighs three times as much as he does, then you just can't help having a better opinion of him, can you? Think about it a moment. Can you carry a thing that weighs three times as much as you do?

It is surprising what wonderful athletes can be found in the animal kingdom, aside from the turtle which can walk on "floating rings" and "right-ropes" and can even run on water. There is the ostrich, for instance, which can run even faster than a horse. And surely no man can wrestle as well as the bear, for they wrestle each other nearly all the time and coll each other over and over to quite the most approved fashion.

And when it comes to thrifling feats on "flying rings" and "right-ropes" surely none can equal the jumping, darting, chattering monkey. Stand in front of a cage of them some day and see for yourself.

The President's Newsboy.

AN example of what can be accomplished by persistent effort and promptness is given by little Sam April, a Washington newsboy who serves papers at the White House. He is now eleven years old and has been official newsboy to the Executive Mansion since he was nine.

Not that anybody appointed him to the position. Sam saw that there was such a vacancy, nominated and elected himself to it and has held it against all the other "newsies" who would like to have the honor of handing the President his newspaper each afternoon. He has performed his duties so well that no matter what other changes may be made it is very unlikely that he will lose his job.

To read about it makes it appear a mighty easy place to fill, but like all good jobs it took energy and determination to get. Before Sam took over the privilege of this distinctive paper route, whichever newsboy reached the White House first had the honor of selling four copies of both afternoon papers. This meant eight cents to the young vendor and also that he had beaten all the other city newsboys in their race for the entrance to the Mansion. For, in order to avoid a riot in the grounds, it was decided among the boys them-

The Brave Color-Bearer

Did you ever hear the story of the brave lad, a color-bearer in the Union Army, who held aloft the Stars and Stripes at the Battle of Gettysburg during the Civil War, amid a perfect storm of shot and shell and kept his soldier comrades from retreating in disorder? There is a marble monument to him now in Gettysburg, and it shows him with the flag clutched in one hand while he stands shaking his other fist at the enemy. But here is the story:

He was in the front of the line of Union outposts—on the very spot where his monument now stands—and he saw the sight of the flag would do more to keep the soldiers from falling back, before the advancing superior body of Confederate troops, than anything else. The Union forces were far outnumbered but they had to hold the position until more troops could be rushed up from the rear.

One by one the men were falling around him and a general panic seemed imminent. But the brave lad stepped right out in front of the line, held his flag aloft and waved it wildly. He seemed to bear a charmed life, for the bullets whizzed past him, chipping pieces off the flag-staff; he held and rattled the flag. The sight so inspired his comrades that they

The Dutch Concert

An Indoor Game for Little Folk.

IN this game all the players sit down. Each person takes a selection of an instrument, say, a guitar, a violin, a drum, etc., and each makes the player appropriate for playing the instrument he has chosen, and imitates to the best of his ability the sound of the instrument. The conductor of the band has been chosen before the beginning of the concert, and as soon as all are seated, he rises, gives the director's signal to begin, and starts playing in a familiar tune, such as "Yankee Doodle." "A Hot Time in Old Town Tonight," "On the Rhine," and other old songs. As the playing proceeds, the moment that he ceases to play, the player from whom he has taken the instrument must immediately take his instrument again and resume playing. If he is not prompt in doing so, he is excluded from the band, and at the close of the concert he must pay a forfeit. In the case of the leader, however, he takes from one of the band, he must pay a forfeit at the end of the game. But he continues as leader throughout the game running or till those participating are tired and wish to play at something else.

The game is played in a room, as well, and unless the consent of the parents is granted, the little players may look for an interruption very soon after the concert has begun. However, most parents love to have their children and their children's guests enjoy such lively games.



He held his flag aloft and waved it wildly.



He Walked In, And Explained What He Wanted.

selves that the one first reaching the doorway should go in and sell the papers.

Of course, older and larger boys had an advantage. Sam had to stand in that long struggling line one sees about the press-rooms of afternoon papers and await his turn to be supplied. Unless he was the very first in line he could not hope to "make

Our Puzzle Corner

ADDITIONS.
1. Add the letter H to a planet and get a part of a fire-place.
2. Add the letter P to the edge of a plate and get to affect, exact, preciseness in dress and manner.
3. Add the letter R to a part of the human body and get to cause to feaster.
4. Add the letter S to a thick, rich liquid, and get to cry out in a sudden, shrill way.

NOVELIST PUZZLE.
This puzzle contains seven words of equal length. If they are rightly guessed and written one below another their initials will spell the name of a well-known novelist. The cross-words are: 1. A place of abode. 2. A body of water. 3. A large fish. 4. Gateways leading outward. 5. Branches. 6. Grounds where a game is played. 7. A point of the compass.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
I am composed of twelve letters. My 6, 2, 10, 4, 5 is liquid color. My 8, 9, 7, 11, 12 is what trains run upon. My 3, 1 is the only verb in this sentence. My whole is the name of a famous saint whose birthday falls in this month.

ZIGZAG.
This zigzag contains seven words of four letters each. If the words are rightly guessed and written one below another their zigzag letters will spell the act of giving money to a public official to corrupt him. The cross-words are: 1. A fowl. 2. Eyes. 3.

FRUIT PUZZLE.



Bobby is carrying a basket of fruit, that suggested to him this puzzle. He says he sees you a big red apple you can't get.

Could you guess?
Particles of ice which fall from the clouds. 4. Part of an arrow. 5. A part of us. 6. A strong cart used for carrying heavy burdens. 7. Christ-mas-tide.

ANSWERS.
ADDITIONS: 1. Earth-Heath. 2. Riv-Prim. 3. Ankle-lankle. 4. Cream-Scream.
NOVELIST ENIGMA: — Paint, track, 10; St. Patrick.
ZIGZAG: Bribery. Cross-words: 1. Bird. 2. Orb. 3. Hall. 4. Barb. 5. Feet. 6. Day. 7. Yule.

A Brave Retort

OW a boy says no, think much of his little baby brother—that yelling, squalling little bundle of pink, mostly flying fists and kicking toes deep down in his heart; but when it comes to an outsider saying unkind things about him then it is a different matter indeed. Little Bobbie found it so only the other day and rose to the occasion like the true, loyal little man he is.

He was playing with Freddy in the front yard when Sures came out on the porch bawling, bab, by his dress and trying to teach him to walk without falling. Freddy caught sight of the boy and stopped in his play, and "Shucks!" he exclaimed. "He's old is that old of yours, Bobbie?" "One year old," replied Bob, looking up at the speaker. "Well, the wonderful fort he had been building of small stones."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Freddy again. "Shucks—why, I've got a little dog that's only a year old, too, but I can walk twice as fast as that ugly little brother of yours."

Bobbie stood staring at him a moment and his face flushed with anger.

"Shucks—why, I've got a little dog that's only a year old, too, but I can walk twice as fast as that ugly little brother of yours."

"Well," he replied presently, "why shouldn't that dog of yours get twice as many legs?" And Freddy hadn't a word to say!

A BAD START.



"You shouldn't take apples to do teacher. It's wrong."

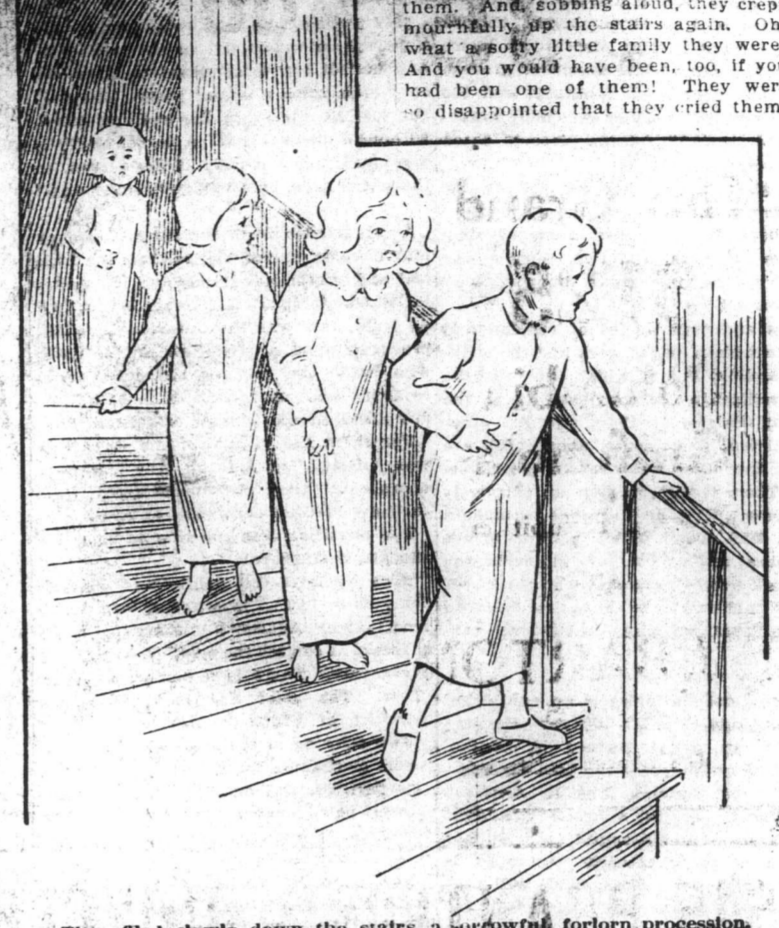
Boyhood Stories BIG MEN

A Narrow Escape.

LONG while ago—for the little boy in the story is now a grown man—a lad named James, in the town of Jacksonburg, Ohio, came near having to spend a most miserable Christmas day—fall because in his excitement he got up too early to see what Santa Claus had brought him.

He and his little brothers and sisters were all on tip-toe about the Christmas presents they expected to receive—like all children are—and they received stockings full of oranges and nuts and the kind of candy that every child knows as an "all-day-stucker." And then, too, there was always a toy or two for each of them.

Long before this particular Christmas Eve their little hearts sank within them. And, sobbing aloud, they crept moanfully up the stairs again. Oh, what a sorry little family they were! And you would have been, too, if you had been one of them! They were so disappointed that they cried them-



They fled slowly down the stairs, a sorrowful, forlorn procession.

They fled slowly down the stairs, a sorrowful, forlorn procession, as they were dancing about and listening to see if they could yet hear the tinkle of old Kris Kringle's sleigh-bells even in the distance. Their parents seemed to be very kind. Somewhat. It wasn't like Christmas, was it? Their mother told them that she was not certain Santa would visit them this year. And Papa, too, shook his head doubtfully.

Even on the night before Christmas, Papa and Mamma could offer but little more encouraging news. Perhaps Santa would drive over their roof without stopping. But maybe, after all, he would remember to climb down their chimney!

You can imagine how miserably unhappy they must have felt! So, when they went to bed, they tossed and tossed about in the covers and wished and hoped and prayed—oh, how hard they wished!—that old Santa would not forget them. And can you blame them for not being able to go to sleep, with Christmas morning coming on and no presents? Just think of it!

Well, after a long, long while, they finally dropped off, one by one, to sleep and dreamed terrible dreams of a Santa Claus, with a bag full of toys, who merely laughed at them and passed by without giving them so much as a bag of candy out of his sack.

And then, after a while, James woke up. He was sure it was Christmas morning. So he called the rest of the children and told them it was time to go downstairs and see if Santa had at last relented and filled their stockings.

So, with James in the lead, they fled slowly down the stairs, a sorrowful, forlorn procession. Step by step they went down and down, nearer and nearer to the door of the room where

Not Fresh

NOBODY likes a "fresh" child. He's a nuisance, aside from his being extremely impolite. But when little Bertha answered a question she had no intension of being "fresh," though it certainly did sound that way. Judge for yourself!

"Bertha," asked Teacher the other day the spelling lesson, "how do you spell needle?"

Bertha rose from her seat and stood by her desk in the correct attitude. But her little brain was all awash that was one of the words she simply couldn't remember how to spell.

"N—e—e—e—e—e," she began.

"Yes,—t—t—t—t," said Teacher encouragingly.

"N—needle!" declared Bertha, in a mighty effort to remember.

"No, Bertha," replied Teacher patiently. "That is incorrect—it has no 't' in it."

Bertha looked up instantly, her face aglow.

"But, Teacher," she cried, "then it isn't a good needle!"

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