

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

My Dear Chums:

Of course I don't need to tell you all that this is house-cleaning time and outdoor cleaning time as well. Probably there are, or soon will be, many evidences all about you of the indoor cleaning, and I don't imagine any of the little girls like it as much as the boys. But the boys should like to see things orderly, clean and kept in their proper places and all the unnecessary things discarded—especially dust and dirt which has accumulated—and as these things will not discard themselves it is certainly up to some one to do it. So when there aren't as many good things cooked to eat as usual, when the rooms are upset and not very comfortable to rest in, just say to yourself "It must be, so let's make the best of it." That would help much more than more than complaining and grumbling at the many discomforts, besides there are a great many little things you can do to help and thus hasten the settled state of affairs. Did you ever think of the cleaning which is necessary in many of the little hearts and minds of many of you? There are many words which kiddies use sometimes, either in slang or perhaps in general talking which soon become fixed in their vocabulary, unless they are cleaned up and thrown out. Many a one answers with a plain "What?" when called, and children, that is such an unfinished and crude answer. How much nicer and more respectful "What, mother?" or "Yes, father?" sounds when you are called by your parents, and if by other persons the name could be used such as "Yes, Mary," or "No, Mr. White." So that in one kind of cleaning up we could do without causing any upset or disturbance to anyone's answers.

Then there are little manners or polite acts which many good things have been endeavoring to teach you for a long time, and you will so often forget. What does look worse than a boy meeting a lady or a girl friend and not touching his cap. Or sitting down in a room or public building while ladies are standing. So here is the need for more sorting and cleaning up—old manners, when the boys hear so much about the habits which grow and become fixed in ourselves before we really know they have begun, I couldn't begin to name over the many little habits which the young as well as the old form, but I can tell you that they are much easier dropped while you are young than when you are old.

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Answers To Letters

MY DEAR CHUMS:—It was real good to hear from you again and to learn of your Spring news. You write a very nice letter too, but one little word you used in the wrong place several times, it was "now," instead of "have seen." By telling you about it I want to help you use it in the proper way. You, the little lamb are cute and most attractive. I was surprised to know you had not enough food to make good eating, as most of the members wrote of indulging in that favorite sport all winter.

CAROLINE A. W.—Very pleased indeed to get your nice letter and to welcome you as a new friend. How fortunate you are to have a canary, so few of the kiddies write of having birds as pets. You are well supplied with letters and they have such pretty names—like your own. Hope to hear again some fine day.

NANCY L.—A hearty welcome to you from the C. C. Hope you write a letter telling all about yourself, so we may become better acquainted.

MILDRED W. L.—You were very good to write to Dorothy II, and I am sure she will do the right thing and answer your nice letter. If she has not already done so, you, the time for working in flower gardens will soon be here. How nice that you get so much pleasure from the C. C. The birthday you asked about should have been in the February list.

GRACE H.—It did almost seem as if you had forgotten the C. C. Your letter like your poem was short and sweet.

ERNEST W.—Very glad to know you and to count you among the new ones. How about sending along a letter telling all about yourself, so we may become better acquainted.

ROY T.—Too bad you did not join our C. C. before but perhaps you have always known about it. The spring days are coming slowly, though, and the snow is melting. In the week did not look much like rainy weather. Glad you enjoy our page so much.

H. STUART L.—That was a particularly well written letter you sent this week and I would like the other fellows to read it too—if there is room and if you don't mind. You know by printing occasionally good letters I believe it helps the other members more than anything else to improve their own. Yours is interesting too, but the worst are only bubbling. Think of what they might have been!

ADVICE FROM THE KITCHEN
By Ella Allen Rex.
If your thoughts are bitter, salt them with a little love. Don't give up and be a quitter. If you're often spoken of, everybody has his troubles. And it's awful hard to win. But the worst are only bubbling. Think of what they might have been!

UNCLE DICK
A PEEP INTO UNCLE DICK'S MAIL
Aunt M. B. April 11, 1921.
Dear Uncle Dick:—

Since writing you, I have had my tonsils removed, and so I can speak much longer to you on one note, and the pretty green dresses for the trees. So many letters from dear boys and girls show me that they are watching all the changes which go on in the outdoor world, and that is just what I would have you do.

Heaps of love, from
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THREE OAKS The Gadabout Kitten

By Abigail Burton.

Peggy had such a lot to do she was kept bustling from morning till night, and when her cousin, Emily and Lawrence came on a visit, guess she didn't have time to turn around. Not only did she have the usual cares and responsibilities of it, but she had a house of her own.

It happened like this. Peggy's grandfather used to be a fine carpenter, what they call a cabinet maker. He was now quite old and not strong enough to work at his trade so he lived with Peggy's folks and to amuse himself and pass the time he began building a little model house at the end of his very long back yard.

First he dug a cellar and made the foundations, then he built the walls and doors and windows and put on the roof of shingle. The house was too small for a grown person unless such a person were willing to crawl in and live in the little room. But Peggy could get in by just ducking her head over so slightly.

She had watched her grandfather at work and helped him too, but nothing had been said about what was going to be done with the house after it was finished.

"See!" said grandfather. "I'm putting down hardwood floors. They're easier to keep clean and I'll paint the woodwork white and put in a tiled fireplace in the sitting room."

Every part of the little house was as perfect as could be and on had days grandfather worked on the furniture—little old-fashioned beds and tables and chairs. It took him a couple of years to really finish everything.

Then when it was done it was the completest thing you ever saw. Every little bright spot and pan was in its place, spottles curtains hung at the windows, blue and white dishes stood on the little corner closet in the dining room. That morning early Peggy ran out to see the house, as it was her only thought in those days, and when she saw the little red chimney, her heart beat so fast with excitement she could hardly speak when she reached the tiny front porch where grandfather sat smoking his pipe.

"Well, Puss," he said, just as calm as you please, "the house is finished, and I don't know what to do with it. What would you suggest?"

"I—I—know!" cried Peggy. "What?" asked her grandfather. "Well, I'd rather not tell you. I'd rather you'd do what you please with it," replied the little girl.

Grandfather laughed and gave her a hug. "I guess I know," he exclaimed, "there's just one little person I had in mind all the time. Peggy the house is yours!"

Such rejoicing! Peggy had to go through every room again and see that everything was just so. Then she sat down and invited her cousin to come and see the house, and they moved their things out of the big house and lived in the little one.

"But what you need more than any," said the cow.

THE WAMPUS CAT TELLS WHY THE COW IS THE FRIEND OF MAN.
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The cow which gives us milk, was once wild and was not the main food of man. It was a wild, untamed animal, and it was the law of the herd.

So it happened that this cow, which was named Red Nose, because of her beautiful color, had a very beautiful calf and she loved the little calf very much, and watched it very carefully.

But the calf was a wild little thing and it liked to get away from its mother's care and romp with the other calves who were older than it was.

And one day the calf did not come back at feeding time and the mother cow was much worried and she sent all the cows out on a search but they could not find the calf.

Then the cow went for the stalk for the trees and the cow asked the stalk to fly very high and see if the calf was hiding anywhere about. In a little while the stalk came down and said that the Great Eagle had swooped down and seized the calf and was flying away with it.

"What animal can save my calf?" asked the cow.

"None but man can kill the eagle," said the stalk.

"Then I must ask men to save me," said the cow, and she caused the man to be sent for.

"Save my beautiful calf for me," said the cow to the man, "and I shall give you my milk and I will die for you that you may have my milk for your children."

Being a stone, the man asked the stalk to ride him on his back until the eagle was overtaken. And the two flew away, soon they came along, side of the eagle, who was carrying

thing," said Lawrence, "is a nice garden all round the house. You decide what you want to plant and I'll spade it for you."

"Then," said Emily, "you must name the house."

"Oh, I have," replied Peggy. "I've named it 'Three Oaks.'"

"Three Oaks!" cried Emily. "I don't see any oaks around, or any other kind of a tree."

"Not now," replied Peggy, with a smile. "I have planted three acorns. I can show you the places."

Lawrence began to laugh like any child.

"Planted acorns!" he shouted. "Well, you'll wait awhile for your three oaks. Don't you know that it takes an acorn about a hundred years to be a big tree?"

"I don't need big trees right off," replied Peggy.

"But you'd like little ones," said Lawrence. "Say, Arbor Day will be along soon. Let's celebrate it by going into the woods and getting some little shoots for your grounds!"

This was a fine suggestion and when grandfather heard of it he said he would go too.

"Little oaks need other fast-growing trees to shelter them," grandfather said. "We might dig up a few pines and spruces. There are a lot in the pasture which they will get bigger."

"Armed with hoes, spades and tools they were off in good spirits on Arbor Day. The girls had bought along some marshallias to toast over a campfire."

"And we must leave our embers," Peggy said. "More trees are burnt up every year on account of foolish forest fires than anything."

They found three also little four-year-old oaks growing very close to each other in the back of the pasture. They never have lived where they were as an oak needs room to expand. "My! What roots the little fellows had!"

"There's more below ground than on top!" muttered Lawrence after peering for half an hour.

They finally got the oaks through and two little spruce trees that looked as if they ought to be hung with tinsel and Christmas balls.

Grandfather was the most useful person to have along as he knew all about trees; and when they got home and were doing the planting Emily could not wait to start to dig.

Grandfather made a pretty ceremony of it. "Now," said the proud mistress, "I need a flower bed here and a grape vine arbor. And I might have a little vegetable garden in the back."

Grandfather mumbled and rubbed his back with mock distress.

"Well," he sighed, "I reckon if you do that I'll have to build a little fence all round the house with a gate in it. No end to the work around here. Guess I'll have to go on a strike."

"Oh, but Grandpa dear!" cried Peggy, hugging him. "Wait until my oaks are big, then I'll get a lovely mammoth and hang it up between them and you shall lie there all summer long and do nothing but admire your handiwork!"

CAN YOU ANSWER?
Where can a man buy a cap for his knee?
Or a key to the lock of his hair?
Can his eyes be called an academy because there are pupils there?
What games are found?
Who travels the bridge of his nose?

Can he use, when shingling the roof of his house,
The nails on the ends of his toes?
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to his knee?
If so, what did he do?
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?
I'll be hanged if I know, do you?
Can he sit in the shade of the palm of his hand?
Or beat on the drum of his ear?
Does the calf of his leg eat the corn on his toes?
If so, why not grow corn on the ear?

THE EVENING STAR
Bed-time, story-time.
Star-time too.
In the heavens far away,
Winking to you;
Evening-time, glowing-time,
The time that I love best—
I, in my bed,
The birdies in their nest.
—Grace Hudson, age 11 years.

"Yes, Ma'am."
Teacher—"What liquid will not freeze?"
Pupil—"Hot water."

the calf to its nest, and the man let go his stone and struck the eagle in the head and the eagle fell into a lake which was very deep, but not very large and the calf swam to the land and the man and the stalk led it back to its mother.

And since then the cow has kept her word to man and has saved the lives of many human beings with her milk and meat.

When little Jane's grandmother was a little lass herself and lived with her grandfather in the country the most exciting events of the whole year were the quarterly meetings of the Quakers, or Society of Friends. Jane's relatives were all Quakers and they came to the meetings from near and far.

There was always a great bustle of preparation among the families that were to entertain the visiting Friends. Spare chambers were opened and aired, and the pantry shelves were stacked with cakes and pies and other things. Jane liked to stand on the top step of the porch and see the guests arrive. The ladies always descended from the carriage with much settling of grey silk hoop skirts and many anxious glances at the immense bonnetboxes that they carried in each hand—a best bonnet in each box.

She was happiest of all when the ladies from Baltimore came, for with them always came Sarah, who was of her own age. How the two little girls flew into each other's arms, and how Jane it was to go to sleep the first night, because of all the interesting things they wanted to talk about! Of course they had to spend long hours sitting like two little mice in the meek, but there was also plenty of time for play.

As soon as Jane heard, one spring, that quarterly meeting was to be held in Baltimore she begged to go. When her family told her she began eagerly to count up the many new things that she would have to tell Sarah. But the most delightful new thing that she intended to take to Sarah was Midget, the wise and funny kitten whose tricks made everyone laugh. She knew that Midget would enjoy the trip, for the kitten liked to go everywhere.

"I wonder what Midget will think of the trip," she said to herself.

But when she spoke of taking the kitten to Baltimore grandfather said, "Certainly not!" Going to the store under Jane's arm was one thing, but going to quarterly meeting was quite another. Jane explained to Midget that she would as well as could, but she thought the kitten looked a little hurt.

Jane tried to take her disappointment cheerfully, but it did seem hard that when she was about to start she could not find Midget anywhere to bid her good-by. She searched and called, but though the whole family helped her, no Midget appeared. The door of the train was ready to close, and Jane was obliged to leave without a sight of her playmate.

The journey was exciting. Jane enjoyed every moment of it. First there was the drive to the station. When the great engine came rushing in she shut her eyes tight and declared it was fiercer than the turkey gobbler at home; but she soon forgot her fright in the pleasure of watching the trees and the telegraph poles race by the window.

In a little while grandmother and Aunt Mary opened the luncheon boxes and spread out fried chicken and cake. After that Jane cried up and tried to count the cows that whizzed by. The stout cow looked misty and queer, and the eleven one looked queer still. Jane added until she bumped her nose sharply against the glass; then her head rolled over against the back of the plush seat. After that she did know anything more until the brakeman called. "Baltimore! Baltimore!"

But the train was slowing down, and Jane was making a great bustle with bundles and bonnetboxes. A little later she and Sarah were talking to each other as fast as their tongues could go.

"O Sarah!" Jane cried when they were all unpacking their baggage at a little later. "There should see my Midget! There never was such a kitten! If I could only have brought her with me!"

Jane as the kitten is not here, she may show them my new bonnet instead," said grandmother with a smile. So little Jane smiled, too, until the largest bonnet.

The instant she put her hand under the lid she drew it back with a shriek. Everyone ran to see what was the matter. And then there were many "Ohs" and "Ahs." For there, fast asleep on top of the best bonnet, lay that gadabout kitten, Midget!

"Dear, dear!" said grandmother as Jane and Sarah seized Midget joyfully. "She must have jumped in when my back was turned; then I clapped the top on without seeing her. But for that crack in the box she would have been smothered. What a kitten, I do say!"

And she could not be angry when she looked at the little girl's delighted faces and saw Midget arch herself and stretch and yawn as if she felt perfectly at home.

Though the gadabout kitten greatly enjoyed that stolen visit, it was the last time she ever went to quarterly meeting.

Domestic Science Teacher: "How can we improve the work of the Cook?"
Man: "Make them eat what they cook."

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A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Puzzles

1. The first letter.
2. A spelling month.
3. A consonant.
4. A vowel.

2. Arithmetic Puzzles.
1. Divide 16 into two parts, that one will be five-sevenths of the other.
2. A boy has 36 nuts and gives away 3 times as many as he keeps. How many has he left?

3. Riddles.
What is always behind time?
What grows less tired the more it is worked?
My whole is a place to rest. Behind me and find something you do three times a day. Again, and I am a proposition.

4. Bird Puzzle.
There is a bird hidden in each one of these words:
1. Walawoo; 2. Harthru; 3. Npolice; 4. Aghui; 5. Rowwapi; 6. Racyan.

5. Old Man Puzzle.
LONG
O
N
G
W

6. Riddle-Me-Ree.
Why do British soldiers never run away?
Ans.—Because they belong to a standing army.
With whom are the mermaids most likely to flirt?
Ans.—With the swells of the ocean.
Why does a horse look over a wall the more it is worked?
Ans.—Because it can't see through it.
Why did the sausage roll?
Ans.—Because it saw the apple turn over.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES
1—Acrostic.
A
P
T
A
P
R
I
L
T
I
E
L

2—Arithmetic Puzzles
Answers to first—15 and 21.
Answers to second—3.

3—Riddles.
1. The back of a watch is always behind time.
2. A carriage wheel grows less tired the more it is worked.
3. Seat-out.

4—Bird Puzzle.
1. Swallow; 2. Thrush; 3. Pigeon; 4. Quail; 5. Sparrow; 6. Canary.

5—Old Man Puzzle.
Three minutes to complete this word square:
LONG
OVER
NERO
GROW

AGE SECRETS
As most people are aware, it is possible to tell the age of a horse by examining its teeth.

The age of a sheep may be known in a similar manner—that is, by its teeth. The number of years a cow has lived is found by a different method. The horns are examined, and the number of rings on these horns tells almost exactly the age of the cow.

Just as the horns indicate the age of the cow, so the development of the antlers helps one to calculate the age of animals belonging to the deer family, and the length of life of other horned animals is arrived at in the same way