

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Where Waters Are Blue, Green And Red The Adventures of The Twins

Placed in a vase, sea water appears perfectly transparent and colorless, yet when gathered in a large mass it reveals a number of beautiful colors, the most common being a fine azure blue. This coloring of the sea is caused by filtration of the sun's rays through the innumerable small salt particles held in suspension in the water, says the London Daily Mail.

The Mediterranean, which holds an unusual proportion of these salts, is blue to excess. The polar seas also are described as being of brilliant ultramarine blue. So are the waters of the equinoctial Atlantic, while the Pacific approaches more nearly to indigo. All four, however, are alike in one respect. Near shore the color changes and becomes green; sometimes such an intense green as to appear almost black. When the waters are agitated the green changes to a brownish hue. Beneath a calm sunset the surface seems lit up with all manner of delicate tints—pink, opal, emerald and purple.

Many local causes influence the color of marine waters and give them certain decided and constant shades. A bottom of white sand causes a grayish or apple green color. In the Bay of Loango the water appears to be a deep red, owing to the presence of a red-shelled parasite of microscopic size. The salt lakes of the water-shed of Great Tibet owe their color to the same cause. The tiny creatures are present in their millions, but do not appear until the salt water has attained a certain degree of concentration, and disappear just as mysteriously when a further density is reached.

Off the coast of Japan the sea is yellow, and to the west of the Canaries it is a vivid green. Near Callao, the port of Lima, Peru, the water is olive colored, while near Cape Palmas and along the Gulf of Guinea the ship often appears to be moving in a sea of milk.

Practically all of the typical sea occasionally assume a "whale-pink" red. Near home there are in the south of France salt marshes where red water is concentrated, but the color is due to the presence of a red-shelled parasite of microscopic size. The salt lakes of the water-shed of Great Tibet owe their color to the same cause. The tiny creatures are present in their millions, but do not appear until the salt water has attained a certain degree of concentration, and disappear just as mysteriously when a further density is reached.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

BETWEEN DEATH AND DEATH

The next morning there was commotion in the little mining town of Sonora. The news flew like wildfire. Hodgson, the postmaster, Canham, Mrs. Read and her daughter, Stokes, Jack Denbigh (son of the richest man in Sonora), all captives in the hands of Joaquin Lopez and his bravest. Conny Bird, too, well known at pretty well every village and town in Colorado—a man who had always bragged of his contempt for Redskin brags.

In front of Mr. Denbigh's house a mass meeting was held, and the situation discussed. Chris Hodgson's father, brother, and several other men were away on a hunting expedition. All the rest of the little township were assembled. A hundred suggestions were made and refused before it was finally settled that Chris should take the gold, and if any attempt were made to extort money from him, he should threaten that a hundred men, well armed and well mounted, were waiting to hunt down the band if he did not return with the captives within three hours.

An hour before sunset Chris drew near his destination. He advanced rather cautiously, knowing that keen eyes were watching him from the cliff edge, but the sound of a sudden shot in the distance caused him to turn his head, and none too quickly. The hunters were out of sight, but a gigantic blon, possibly the forerunner of a herd.

Chris dashed towards the steep cliff, and sprang up the foot of it, clinging to the craggy rocks, and just as the beast was upon him he got a moment's footing on a fragment of rock, and with a sudden leap, caught a bough which jutted out from the edge of the cliff. The charging men just missed him, and stood before the swinging bow, pawing the ground with rage.

Chris cried to his enemies for help. To his surprise his cry was echoed by

GOOD NIGHT STORIES

Day after day Daddy Red Fox lay around the little Fox Home and ate and slept as best suited him, while Mama Red Fox went out in the woods in search of food for their little ones. "I should think you'd soon tire of that," suggested their neighbor, Mrs. Gray Fox. Why, my husband and I have it fixed so we both keep the pantry well supplied.

"I wish we could," sighed Mama Red Fox. "Sometimes I'm so tired after a day's chase that I don't even feel like eating what I bring home." "There's no sense in doing it all," snapped her neighbor. "Now, my mate runs out and catches up the rabbits while I keep watch in a certain runway. He rounds them up into that very path and I capture them. Then we both enjoy the feast. Our way is so much more business. Try it some time and let me know how it works out."

Mama Red Fox went slowly home and put the proposition up to Daddy Red Fox. At first it didn't suit him very well because it took so much of his freedom away. But one day when he was out on a hunt, he saw a fox come home and ate what she had caught. Daddy Red Fox was hungry. And that night, because he was too lazy to go out and hunt for himself, Daddy Red Fox went to bed hungry.

Of course, after he was snoring, Mama Red Fox ran out and brought in some dinner for her babies. The next day Daddy Red Fox agreed to follow Mrs. Gray Fox's suggestion. Away Mama and Daddy Red Fox trotted together, to a lovely place where they knew there would be plenty of game. Mama Red Fox went down under a clump of bushes to wait for Daddy Red Fox to chase some thing down the path for her to catch. But when it came time to go home and Daddy Red Fox failed to appear, Mama Red Fox got up and trotted back to her babies.

Daddy Red Fox had stopped to play with a crowd of his friends and had forgotten all about his wife waiting for him.

The next day Mama Red Fox stationed Daddy Red Fox in the bushes and she went off to drive the rabbits past his hiding place. But as soon as she left him, Daddy Red Fox saw the first thing that greeted him was a big rabbit family scrambling past him. Daddy Red Fox snored as he was sound asleep in his own bed, and Mama Red Fox, all out of breath from the chase, found him still asleep.

Of course, Daddy Red Fox was terribly ashamed of himself when Mama Red Fox told him of the lovely rabbit family he had chased into that very path. He started to apologize, but Mama Red Fox interrupted.

"It's not worth helping me to get up and snore away," growled Mama Red Fox, and right then and there she gave Daddy Red Fox a good scolding.

"I deserve it every bit," said Daddy Red Fox, "for allowing myself to fall

Dolls Attend Birthday Party

It was Daisy's birthday at last, a long-looked-for event. Besides their presents the children had a special birthday treat. Nancy had chosen a picnic, Billie a day on the river, Rosemary a party, and Stanley a motor drive and a visit to the theatre, but Daisy wanted something different. She was the youngest, only seven years old, and all the others would like to have a party with lots of dolls.

This had been acted upon and carefully arranged by mamma and the children to please their youngest sister. Invitations had been sent to all their little friends, and "grown-up" ones, who were over sixteen, and Rosemary, a jolly girl of fifteen, gave up that day and promised to devote themselves to amusing the guests.

On the day little girls and boys looking very important came up to the door, and each girl carried a pretty-dressed doll. The tea was laid and two tables were set. They were laid on one, and their dolls were laid on the other. Teddy Bears were seated on little chairs round a wee table, set with miniature cups and saucers. Stanley Rosemary and Cousin Ellen gravely waited on the doll visitors, while mamma, nurse and Auntie Margaret served the children.

After tea, Daisy showed her presents. After that came games and races, and the children sang and recited until nurse called them for their lemonade and cake before they left. Daisy trotted upstairs to bed quite happily, and Nancy and Billie followed soon after.

Then mamma and daddy brought out their surprise. They had sent for the friends of Stanley and Rosemary's friends at eight o'clock, and the girls and boys had a dance with which to end a very jolly evening.

At half-past ten two tired but happy young people also retired to bed, their good turn in helping to amuse the little ones had been rewarded by a very pleasant surprise for themselves.

HAPPY DAYS ON THE OLD FARM

Down across the creek there were a hundred acres of broad land that always yielded a harvest. Yet the market for surplus products was distant, so luxury and leisure were a part of the question. And yet work wasn't idleness.

Woods, hills, running streams, the open road, the sawmill and the gristmill, the path across the meadow—the miracle of the seasons, the sugar bush, the first spring snows peeping from the snow on the south side of rotting logs, the trees bursting to leaf, the hills white with blossoms—wild cherry and hawthorne, the Saturday afternoon when the boys could fish, the old swimming hole, the bathing of the little one in the creek, the growing crops in the bottom land, bee trees and wild honey, coon haunts by moonlight, the track of deer down by the creek, bears in the green corn, harvest time, hop-killing days, frost upon the pumpkin and fodder in the clearing, revival meetings, spelling bees, debates in the boy schoolhouse, barn raisings, dances in the new barn, quilting bees, colts to break, apple butter, soft soap, pickled pig's feet, smoked hams, side meat, shelled walnuts, coon skins on the barn door, winter and first of all snow, boots to grease, harness to mend, back logs, hickory nuts, cider, a few books and all the other enchanting things that a country life, not too isolated brings to every one of us who are born where the rain makes musical pattering on the roof. Any one of these things would bring back to your memory of the days you spent on the farm?

I'll say they are.

A POEM FOR THE BOYS.

The Union Jack.

What do you think the result would be? If the "Union Jack" was turned? How would it be with Humanity? What would it mean to the world?

Rapine and Murder, Famine and Crime, These would stalk hand in hand. Men could not sleep in their beds at night. Terror would cover the Land.

Honor and Deceit, Faith and Hope, would pass away with its fall. What could we get to make it place? Nothing—nothing at all.

Let the flag of Britain ponder well, Before they have gone too far. They have nothing to offer half so good, And things are best as they are.

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Answers to Letters

Uncle Dick is happy to welcome Mervyn McCullough of Bozabon as a member to the Children's Corner. Mervyn was born in 1909 and has a birthday on October 21st. I thank Mervyn for writing that the Children's Corner is interesting and hope that all of our young readers like it. I will try and continue to make it interesting to all.

Weekly Chat

Dear Chums:—

I suppose that all of you are anxiously awaiting Christmas Eve, and it is not very far away, and then won't you all have a great happy time, and now imagine I see you hanging up your stockings with great expectation of what you will receive in them on Christmas morning when you awaken. I'll bet you will receive many nice things for Santa Claus is always generous to good little girls and boys. Just think for a while when you are having such a happy time how the poor little children in the larger cities are making out when many of them will not have the nice things that all children should have. It is the intention of the "Empty Stocking Fund" to help these poor little girls and boys in the city of St. John. This is the reason that the "Empty Stocking Fund" has been started and it is meeting with the very best of success. So far the Empty Stocking Fund, who is none other than your humble servant Uncle Dick, has already received two hundred pairs of nice new woolen stockings, and two hundred pairs of warm mittens, along with two hundred pounds of candy, four hundred oranges, two barrels of apples, and a good quantity of raisins. The good people of St. John are sending in quite a large amount of money and it is hoped by Uncle Dick that he will receive enough money to provide coats for more than two hundred poor children for there is a very large number of these little girls and boys in the city this winter.

I am very happy to hear of some nice letters this week from my nieces and nephews, and wish to thank you all for your good wishes, and an glad to learn that you are all attending school and like to learn your lessons.

As I am very busy looking after the comfort of a little army of poor children in the city, I will be unable to write a long letter this week. I trust that every one of the Children's Corner readers will send me a nice letter and tell me how you are all enjoying yourselves.

With best wishes to all,
UNCLE DICK.

THE BAD FAIRY.

Once upon a time there lived a little fairy. Her name was Molly.

One day the queen of the fairies became sick, so all the fairies came to her to see what was the matter. Molly was not to be quiet so the queen ordered her servants to turn her out of the palace. Molly did not want to go but the fairies forced her to go.

Days went on and the queen recovered from her illness. When she was able to attend to some of the duties, she sent a messenger to bring Molly back to the palace.

Molly is a good fairy now. The queen never scolds her any more, for Molly has no reasons to be scolded.

TROUBLE IN VEIN.

The following story is told at the expense of an English officer who was stationed with his regiment at Allahabad.

He was patting on his boots one morning, and was just about to stamp the heel down when he felt a sharp prick. Several scorpions had been about the barracks for the past few weeks, so that he naturally concluded it was one of these pests that had stung him.

"Well, the scorpion's done now," he muttered, with a mental benediction upon the head of his servant for bringing him the scorpion. "I'll get it if I take the boot off."

Accordingly he began stamping violently on the floor with a view to crushing the life out of the scorpion. Every time he stamped it gave him the greatest agony, but he stuck bravely to it, until at last he thought the obstinate scorpion must be dead.

When he took off his boot, however, he felt both relieved and vexed, but was glad that he had not assumed assistance. It was years before he could tell the rest of the story of the scorpion, for he had merely been stamping upon and trying to kill it with his boot, and he had not seen it.

Page Boy: "Oh do, sir. To be sorry you didn't hit 'em, 'er you'll give 'em what for when you see 'em!"

BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES

SO YOU THINK YOU CAN WORK THAT PENCIL?

15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

31 30 29 28 27 26 25 24 23 22 21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

43 42 41 40 39 38 37 36 35 34 33 32 31 30 29 28 27 26 25 24 23 22 21 20 19 18 17 16 15 14 13 12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Little Mildred loved to play house and her dolls and stuffed animals were her best friends. She had a little set of kitchen plates, cups and saucers, and a little set of dishes. The other day, Mildred's mother happened to miss Mildred and went into the kitchen. Found her sitting on the floor, playing with her dolls' clothes through the large doll's clothes.

When she saw Mildred, she said, "Mildred, what are you doing?" Mildred said, "I'm playing with my dolls' clothes."

Mildred's mother said, "Mildred, you must stop playing with your dolls' clothes. They are not toys. They are clothes. You must wear your own clothes."

Mildred said, "I will, mother. I will."

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