

## Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

## Weekly Chat

Dear Kiddies:—

Once again when you read last week's chat and looked around for the sketch referred to, you probably had reason to question Uncle Dick's sanity. Never mind the sketch was surely sent, but unfortunately it was not today, I want you to read it (if it appears) and then you can better appreciate last week's chat about the very valuable inventor—Alexander Graham Bell. Of course you all know that the many and severe storms have interfered a great deal with the mail service everywhere, consequently a great many letters have not reached me from the boys and girls which I fear are a little late to be answered in today's C. C. No doubt they were written in plenty of time too, and thereby many of you will be expecting an answer, but please do not be disappointed and just blame everything on the weather condition. Every letter shall be answered no matter how long they are delayed, but we all must have patience. In reading the other day I came across something that which struck me as the right thing to help everyone of you. It was about a great many thousands of boys and girls joining in a modern health crusade and evidently they believed that cleanliness was a very important aid to health. You remember about two weeks ago I tried to give you some valuable rules to follow—which would avoid taking colds? Well here are some of the rules which these many boys and girls pledged themselves to obey and when I read them over I thought them excellent, and worth trying by everyone. The first one was to wash their hands before each meal. The second was to wash their neck and ears as well as their faces each day. The third to drink a glass of water before each meal and before going to bed. Number four was brush the teeth every morning and evening. The fifth, was to sleep ten hours each night and the last was to sit and stand straight. Where could you find any better rules to lead you to health and contentment? One is necessary in order to enjoy the other. So kiddies let us all adopt them too and after a month's trial we can judge for ourselves the value of each and every rule. I know a small chap who just loves play of all kinds and he can get just as dirty as anyone can. Sometimes he hesitates considerably about the necessity of a good clean-up and may just do it in a miserable half-done sort of a style. But when he settles right down to business and actually decides to be clean he always finishes the job with a remark like this. My! but doesn't a fellow feel great when he's clean, I just feel dandy now and fit for anything.

So I would say to that chap, why not feel dandy all the time and especially as soon as the play is over? I wouldn't know which of these six rules was the most important, would you? I believe everyone of them are equal and let me know after a fair trial which one you simply could not exist without following. Write them on a paper and put them out, better still learn them by heart and best of all obey them.

Much love to all,

UNCLE DICK.

**SNOW.**  
You can dig it, you can mold it, you can pat it into balls; you can pile it for a fortress with a cannon on the walls; you can use it in the freezer, or for sliding down a hill; you can build it into globes, or a fairy's slender shape. And it makes a lovely ermine for a dolly's winter cape; it's a cushion and a mat when you tumble down de'fop; when you're just a little bigger you can snow-shoe on its top. It's a friend that keeps you warm, and a game without a rule; when it's very, very heavy, it can keep you home from school. Though we like to play and sing and walk and bark and climb and go. There was never such a plaything as a winter fall of snow.

—Marion West.

A little girl in Sunday School was telling the story of the creation. "And so," she said, "Eve was made out of Adam's rib and I was made out of Adam's rib." "My maw says," put in the son of the laziest man in town, "that she wouldn't so much mind being a man's rib. It's being on the backbon' that makes her mad."—Youth's Companion.

It is all right to throw snowballs, or even apple cores, but looks are poor substitutes even when you are angry.

## CONTEST COUPON

"Brain Tests."

For girls and boys under sixteen years.

My answer to Brain Test No. ....

..... (when drawings are necessary enclose on separate paper).

Name .....

Address .....

Birthday and year of birth .....

Are you already a member or joining now? .....

This is to certify that the enclosed solution is the entire work of

Sender's name .....

Signed by parent or guardian .....

Date of mailing .....

## Answers To Letters

**IRMA M.**—We are very pleased to enroll you as one of us and hope you will enjoy the C. C. You will find your loving verse on our page next Saturday and am glad you sent it in. Your verse expresses so well the feeling we all must have when loved ones are taken. "He thought it best." Hope to hear from you often and that you will become much interested in our page and that it will help in even a small way to make up for the loneliness you feel.

**FREDA C.**—So glad to hear from you again, and of course the mails being so interrupted in the country districts by storms has prevented many of the contest answers from being received in time for that reason we will continue the Brain Tests for some time yet, so that as conditions improve all will have a chance to compete. Your description of the young and old cooing on the crust formation was lovely and indeed I should like to have been there too. That is the best fun there is and only comes occasionally. Suppose you start the correspondence. Often we print new-member lists and you would soon be in the birthday list to choose from.

**JACK R.**—What a dandy letter you write so full of "pep" and good spirits. Indeed you must have had fine fun this winter with hard crusts everywhere to coast on and such a jolly lot of fellows to play with. **MAURICE E.**—Good to hear from you again after the long wait. Of course I know you are busy with those duties to perform and lessons besides. So I appreciate your effort all the more. Write again when you can.

**JENNIE S.**—What a very nice writer you are for such a young member. I was so interested in hearing about Molly and her many cute little ways. Write to me again soon.

**ARTHUR G.**—Too bad you are finding the tests hard. Do you think you really use your brain when trying them? By keeping the puzzles under the answers are published I think would be the best help to you and you would soon be able then to solve them yourself.

**ETHEL B.**—Indeed I was sorry to hear of your illness and glad you are so much better. So you are going to follow what you call Uncle Dick's health laws after this. Well they may prevent many a cold from developing. Glad to hear the page has been passed those lonely hours. Write again some day.

**ERNEST M.**—The page certainly has been a faithful dog you have and how well you must have trained him. **MARJORIE SCRIBNER.**—So pleased to enlist you as one of our new friends Marjorie, and hope you will enjoy being in the C. C. Hope to receive a letter telling all about yourself and your doings, as that is our only way of getting well acquainted.

**DOROTHY I.**—Sorry the mail has been so late reaching you too, but that is the cry from all sides, so you are no exception. Those living near have been getting longer getting our page. You did not show any method by which you got the answer to Test No. 5. All the work must be shown.

**ROBERT J. McANESPIE.**—It is of course hard to remember back so far, but I am quite sure you were put in our page as a new member and perhaps you did not watch the page closely. You can build it into globes, or a fairy's slender shape. And it makes a lovely ermine for a dolly's winter cape; it's a cushion and a mat when you tumble down de'fop; when you're just a little bigger you can snow-shoe on its top. It's a friend that keeps you warm, and a game without a rule; when it's very, very heavy, it can keep you home from school. Though we like to play and sing and walk and bark and climb and go. There was never such a plaything as a winter fall of snow.

**MARION B.**—Do you not consider these Brain Tests word puzzles? What other kind can you mean? Pleased you are taking such an interest and your work is the nearest and best written of any sent to the C. C.

**LAURA F.**—Your description of the bees and their customs was very good and will seem more appropriate in the summer. The delay in all mail matter has probably interfered with your scrap-book's journey and no doubt it will be along when travelling in better order.

**Do You "Hate" Yourself?**  
For I say, though the price given into me by every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think—Paul in his letter to his Romans, 12th chapter, 3rd verse.



## ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

THE MAN WHOSE INVENTION MADE LIGHT OF DISTANCE.

(Born March 3, 1847.)

One windy March day a little boy was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. This boy was destined to bring into close contact people who were far apart, and to make distances seem as nothing. The boy was Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone. When he was twenty-three years old he came to Canada with his father and two years later moved to Boston where he taught in the Boston University. Mr. Bell, senior, devoted his life to teaching the deaf and dumb to talk, and young Bell soon decided to devote himself to helping his father in his good work.

While he worked with his father, he was studying out the means of long distance communication, and on February 14, 1876, he applied for a patent of the instrument which was to be

come known all over the world as the Bell Telephone. By a most curious coincidence, on the morning of the same day a man by the name of Elisha Gray appeared at the same patent office and applied for a patent on a similar telephone. Neither man knew of the other and neither knew that a similar machine was being worked upon by each completed work upon the instrument at the same time and on the same day applied at the Washington patent office for a patent.

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## THE UNBIDDEN GUEST

"I'm so sorry you can't get home for my birthday party," wrote Jean to her big brother Quint. "If your school was only nearer so we could have you home often how nice it would be! I am going to give a Colonial party. A fancy dress party. You know that pretty old-fashioned dress mother has in the attic? Well, it just fits me and I am going to wear it. Will Jenkins is coming as John Paul Jones and Ruth Jenkins has a Martha Washington fan so she is going to get her mother to make her a Martha Washington dress to go with it. It is going to be such a jolly party and the only trouble will be that you won't be there."

Indeed she was right. It was a jolly party. Nearly all the young folks around Jean's age were present. There were over so many Martha Washingtons and Molly Pitchers and gentlemen in powdered wigs—or were they made of white crepe paper?—and General Washingtons. But nobody wore a mask except one.

The masked one was a tall thin boy with a red handkerchief tied pirate-fashion around his head. The skin of his brow, neck, chin, hands and other visible parts was dark. "Swartzy and foreign-looking," said Jean, "and I'm sure I don't know anybody like that."

There were some foreign mill hands living in the neighborhood and Jean had an uncomfortable suspicion that her guest was an unbidden intruder. She got her little memorandum book and counted over the names of those she had invited. Three had sent their regrets and were not present. One of these was a boy, Roy Thompson. "But he's short and fat and red-headed," said Jean. "No, the stranger can't be Roy."

Meanwhile the pirate was attracting much attention. The girls were gathered in a knot looking sidewise at him as he sat before the fire, his eyes gleaming through the slits in his black mask. Jean ran to her mother and told her about the queer guest.

"This is embarrassing. I don't like to tell him to go away as he may be someone we know. On the other hand, he may have no business here. Keep a sharp eye on him at any rate and remember I've put out my best wedding silver for you. I shall feel dreadful if any of it is stolen."

"Yes," said Jean, "I'll be sure to watch him. He's in the parlor where her guests were crowded. She mustn't let anyone see how flustered she was. She must start some games or get Fanny to play the piano so they could dance. Was her party going to be a failure after all the time and trouble she had taken getting ready for it? Her eyes fell on the tall thin figure standing by the fire and her heart fluttered so she could hardly speak. Some one touched her arm.

"Who's that gink?" asked a familiar voice. It was Will Jenkins, looking very curious, but gorgeous in his John Paul Jones costume.

"I don't know who he is, Will," replied Jean, in a shaking voice. "I can't place him somehow."

"I'll go speak to him," said Will. "Come along. We'll know his voice."

They walked over to the swartzy stranger and Will said: "Good evening, Prithree who may you be?"

In a high voice and with a very decided foreign accent the pirate turned and replied: "Me! I am da r-robb-ber sea-sailor."

"Pirate? Oh, yes," said Will, looking quite puzzled. "You look like a buccaneer."

"Yes—yes," was the answer. "Then Jean's worst fears were fulfilled. She was sure she did not know the stranger for he smiled broadly and showed the big gold teeth right in front, and she knew nobody so decorated. Besides there was the accent, and the voice.

"I'll watch him like anything, but he mustn't spoil my party," she told herself. "Will," she said aloud, "don't you think it would be fun to dance the old-fashioned square dance? Can you?"

Will could. He was a treasure at a party. "Come, Pirate!" he called gaily and soon had all the girls lined up on one side and all the boys on the other. There was great clapping of hands and shuffling of feet, and great laughter as the couples went through their numbers. But when the

came the Pirate's turn to swing his partner he stopped short and hoisted up his forefinger and shaking it vigorously cried in a high nasal voice: "Me no canna do. No, no, no! Alro! Dar!"

Everybody went into peals of laughter except Jean, and the Pirate dropped out. Dear, dear! Why didn't he sit down? Jean was trying to keep an eye on him, but it was hard to dance and watch a Pirate at the same time. He was wandering about the room prying and looking at things. Suddenly he was gone. Jean's first thought was of her mother's best wedding silver. It was all spread out on the dining room table with the best china.

"Everybody," she said in an excited voice, "please excuse me. I'll have to stop this dance a minute. I want to stop something. Does anybody here know the Pirate who just left the dining room?"

Wonder was on every face and every one began talking at once. It was plain to see that the Pirate was a stranger to all.

"Then I don't know him either," announced Jean excitedly, "and he just went out in the hall and mother's best wedding silver is all spread out in the dining room."

"Oh, my goodness!" "Gee!" "Where'd he go?" and other exclamations came from the guests as they all crowded out into the hall looking for the unbidden guest. Jean ran into the dining room to keep an eye on the silver and what was her dismay to find the Pirate there standing at the table and helping himself to cake and punch. She looked around and not a bit of silver was on the cloth. Every fork, spoon and knife was gone. What would she do?

"I don't know you," she cried, turning bravely upon the Pirate, "but I'd like to know where mother's silver is!" And all of a sudden she began to cry hard enough to wash the little beauty patches off her face.

Then what was her surprise to find the Pirate's arms around her neck. "There! There!" he exclaimed soothingly. "I was a mean chump to go so far. I have it all in my pocket."

And snatching off the red handkerchief from his head he dried her eyes with it. She started back and looked up. The Pirate had yellow hair with a cow lick in the front.

"That's it, it is you?"

"Yes, and will you ever forgive me? I painted myself dark and bought brass crowns for my teeth and gosh! how I fooled you all!"

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## The Adventure Of Practice

Mary Louise had such a big family it was a wonder she could keep track of them all! There was the French doll, Suzanne, that brother Tom brought home from France; and the Scotch doll that Aunt Margaret had sent over from the old country when Mary Louise was three years old; and the rag doll Mary Jane that the family suspected Mary Louise loved the most of all. Those three had been the favorites for many a day. But when Christmas came the family was increased by four more and then the nursery was full to overflowing.

One morning, not very long after Christmas, the house was so cold that Mary Louise's mother said everybody should bring their work or their play and sit in the living room where a big, cheerful log fire made things warm and comfortable. Mary Louise was willing enough for she loved to play in front of the fire, but moving, as you all know, is hard work. Especially when one has such a big family.

Mary Louise took one trip for the four new dolls, Elizabeth, Georgia, Beulah and Practice. Practice had that queer name, by the way, because he was given Mary Louise by her mother to keep her company while she did her practicing every day. Mary Louise liked the idea of having him sit on the piano in front of her while she practiced scales and finger exercises. She didn't get lonely and alone, and she didn't bother by talking as a person might.

Now just how or why it happened Mary Louise didn't know. Probably because she had taken two trips upstairs before getting a little tired. Or maybe it was because she had such a big family; maybe folks with big families don't count their children till bed time. But however, it happened. Practice got lost. When Mary Louise loaded up her arms, to go down stairs he was tucked tight under her elbow just as cozily as could be. And when, that night, all the house was again nice and warm, Mary Louise went to put her family to bed, Practice wasn't there!

"Have you seen Practice?" Mary Louise asked her mother.

"No, I haven't seen," replied Mrs. Brown, "didn't you bring him down with the rest of the family?"

"I did," said Mary Louise, "but he's gone."

"Have you seen Practice?" she asked her brother Ned. But he hadn't seen the doll either, so Mary Louise had to go to bed with one of her family missing and every mother knows that's a very painful feeling.

But it wasn't painful for Practice. He was having the time of his young life. He had slipped out from Mary Louise's arms right by the window box in the shadows, till night time. When the house was dark as midnight he heard a tiny little voice, sweet and close by and a tiny little voice whispered, "Please may I take a bit of your soft warm jacket? I need some yarn to line my nest. My babies

Practice, much interested, replied, "Help yourself! My little mother likes to knit and I know she'll make me new clothes. But tell me all about your family."

While the stranger nibbled at the dark blue jacket he told Practice about his family up in the attic and down in the wood box. He told Practice how so interested he almost wished the night would never end.

In the morning Mary Louise spied Practice and she's wondering to this day how in the world he got that awful hole in the back of his brand new jacket. But, of course, she made him a new one. Such a pretty one that it seems a shame Practice can't tell her all about his adventure, and what happened to the jacket with the hole.

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## A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

## Puzzles

Brain Tests, No. 8.



Spell out the names of the little objects. Then add and subtract as indicated by the signs and the resulting letters will spell the name of a foreign city.

So that the younger members may enter this week's Brain Test too, here is one for them. Points will be awarded for each test this week.

Brain Tests, No. 9.



The stenographer and office boy were engaged in repairs. When the young woman lost her poise. Then the impudent youngster wrote on a piece of paper—

"KEEP 1000000"

and handing it to her, remarked: "I think you may learn something from this."

She quickly decoded the message and replied to it by rapidly sketching the picture below:

The smart office boy can't read it, can you?

As the above Brain Test will be difficult for the younger members this one will be for the older members.

Answer to No. 6.



The diagram shows how the three quarrelsome neighbors laid out their paths in the manner prescribed, no paths crossing.

Diamond Acrostic.

1.—A number three.

2.—An addition to a house.

3.—Not dirty.

4.—A small boy.

Answer to No. 7.

Answer to No. 8.

Answer to No. 9.

Answer to No. 10.

Answer to No. 11.

Answer to No. 12.

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Answer to No. 67.