

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Weekly Chat Answers To Letters

Dear Chums,—

The chat this week will be short and I hope that you will be satisfied with it. I will try to give you some news about the members of the Corner. They are Olive Goss, of Rolling Dam, and Douglas Goodill of Rolling Dam. Now that Master and Miss Goodill are full-fledged members of the Corner I will expect a letter from them at an early date. From reports I have received in letters this week the members of the Corner are head over heels at work on their school examinations and I trust that every one will be most successful for it is encouraging to know that the hard work of study has not been in vain.

Well it is only a few days more when you will receive your summer vacation and want you to be happy. There is so much pleasure ahead of you during the summer weeks that you will be clear of study and attend school and I am sure that every one will take full advantage of the beautiful summer days to roam about as you like. But then the holiday weeks will roll away very quickly and take a hint and drop me a few lines.

I am sorry to state that my nephews are forgetting to write letters and I am really at a loss to know the reason, for surely there is not a boy member of the Corner who can not find time to write to Uncle Dick. It does not take very long and when they read the letters they will take a hint and drop me a few lines.

I have received a few letters from members of the Corner this week, but I am sorry to state that I will be unable to use them all as they are not in the name Standard will by that time be a thing of the past and our new name will be "The Daily Journal."

I must close now by wishing you all the very best of health and happiness.

With plenty of love,
UNCLE DICK.

Beatrice

Little Beatrice was looking out of the window one late April day watching the steady drip, drip of the rain. It had been a dull, dreary day and the "no school" bell had rung and there were actually tears in the little girl's eyes as her aunt came in out of the rain.

Beatrice was usually a most cheerful little girl, but it was a very different face that greeted her aunt this particular afternoon. She lifted a dainty envelope from the table and passed it to her aunt to read.

"Why, my dear child, this is an invitation to a party the first day of May in the orchard and the prettiest girl will be crowned the queen of May." I wonder if anyone would call a girl pretty who has such red hair as I have got, but there of course not.

But truth to tell Beatrice's hair was soft and wavy, although tinged with red, but she often wore unbecoming things which did not bring out the real beauty of her locks, so Aunt Mary determined to take a hand in her dressing for the party, feeling confident she could bring out the strength of her beauty.

Now Beatrice, there is a whole week before the party and we will plan your dress today and tomorrow we will go on a shopping expedition. And that night Beatrice's cheerful face returned and she retired to dream of fairies with silver wings.

Shopping day dawned bright and Beatrice was all excitement as she sifted down stores to store among so many bewildering costumes. It was finally decided to take white with white ribbons and white slippers, and now the days seemed so long to May Day.

But the eventful day came at last, and Beatrice, arrayed for the party with her soft brown eyes glowing in anticipation and Aunt Mary had arranged her hair so that it was beautiful to behold as it rippled around her face, and her cheeks glowed with excitement as she joined the children in the orchard, soon becoming the leading spirit, and it was evident to all but Beatrice herself who would be chosen queen. Aunt Mary felt sure of it, for the "knew everyone" loved this little

sunshine. So much to Beatrice's surprise her troop of little courtiers led her to the throne under the apple tree, where they crowned her with a wreath of apple blossoms, and then gave three cheers for "our sweet May queen."

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EVERETT—Glad to hear from you again, and also to receive your story which I will try and use next week. I suppose you are counting the days when you receive your holidays from school, and also the time when your brother arrives home for his vacation. I will expect to receive another letter from you next week.

ELMA—You were greatly mistaken when you supposed that I had forgotten you, for I was quite sure that you would write a letter to me if there was some delay. I'm glad to learn that you have been attending school regularly and enjoy it, and I am sure that you will make good marks in your examination papers and I wish you every success. I wish I had the same opportunity as you have in picking strawberries, for like you I am very fond of them. I think that you give very good reasons why you like summer the best of the four seasons, viz: picking berries, gathering flowers, picnics, and automobile riding. The next time you go on a long ride you will be careful to carry an extra tire for there is not much pleasure running a car on the rim. You certainly picked a good name for your playful kitten when you called her "Topsy," for I remember rightly "Topsy" was the name of the little colored girl in the play "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and she was certainly full of fun. It must be nice to have your sister home from college with you. In answer to your question as to the time I have my vacation I might say that there is no special time, and as you say: "I am not a holiday maker, I have very little time for holidays. I think your letter is very interesting and I trust you will not delay so long in writing again for I am always pleased to receive letters from members of the Corner's Corner."

BABS—Thank you for enquiring about my health, it is fine now. I'm pleased to learn that you are still pleased with the Children's Corner, the stories and the chat, but for the latter I will try to make it more interesting at a later date, but at present I am busy with the school. I will try to make it more interesting at a later date, but at present I am busy with the school. I will try to make it more interesting at a later date, but at present I am busy with the school.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

Potato Bug Birds
Eat Bad Beetles

Hot and bright the sun shone in the garden behind Uncle Wiggly's hollow stump bungalow. It was mid-day, and the golden ball of fire in the sky was doing its best to warm the earth.

"It is very hot," murmured Nurse Jane Fussy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper. She was just making some cold turnipade for Uncle Wiggly, sometimes the bunny rabbit gentleman drank lemonade, sometimes orangeade, and again turnipade, made from carrots and turnips squeezed in the clothes wringer."

Then as the bunny drank his cold drink, suddenly the hot, quiet air of mid-day was gleefully broken by a jolly bird's song.

"Listen to that!" cried Miss Fussy Wuzzy, fanning herself with her apron. "I wonder what bird is singing when the noon hour is so hot? Most birds sing early in the morning or in the cool of the evening. This bird—let me hear it once more!"

"Nor I," said the bunny, sipping his turnipade slowly. "I must see what kind it is."

He looked from a window and in a bush not far away saw a bird with a large, strong beak, whose head feathers were white and his wings were black and white.

"The feathers of the bird's breast were a bright red—even more bright than those of the Robin. High and clear in the hot midday the bird sang a beautifully melody."

"What a lovely bird with a red breast, who sings when all the other birds are silent in the heat!" asked Uncle Wiggly.

"I am the Rose Breasted Grosbeak," was the answer. "That is one of my names. The other I will not tell you because I do not like it."

"Why not?" asked the bunny.

"Oh, it is not a pretty name, nor does it sound like a bird's name," answered the Grosbeak. "Still it fits me, and some day I may tell it to you. But now I must sing," and again it thrilled a song.

"Don't you mind the heat?" asked the bunny.

"Oh, no," sang the Grosbeak. "It seems to make me sing more."

Indeed the Rose Breasted Grosbeak is one of the very few birds that sing in the hot noons of Summer.

"Well, here is a little cool turnipade for you," offered Uncle Wiggly, pouring some of the drink in a saucer and setting it on the back steps.

"And I will put out a bowl of water red with berries, and the scarlet of its body was much plainer to see than the black of its wings."

"Oh, excuse me," said Uncle Wiggly. "I thought you were a fire!"

"Well, you might call me the fire bird, as I am very red," the bird replied. "But I am called the Scarlet Tanager."

"How beautiful you are, like a bird from the tropics," spoke Uncle Wiggly. "Tell me—do you like dried raspberries?"

"Oh, I'm crazy about them," answered the Tanager. "But I have never tasted any."

"Here are some for you. Nurse Jane doesn't want them, and the dried raspberries are just what you need."

"Oh, how good they are!" said the bird, as he ate them. "I wish I could do you some favor or kindness in return."

"Non-sense! You are glad that I have been able to be kind to a bird."

Meantime, the Fox and the Wolf were coming near the bungalow, on the path of the bird. With their sharp noses they smelled on the ground the way he had hopped.

"Soon we'll have some ear nibbles!" growled the Wolf.

"Oh, how lovely!" agreed the Fox. "I see Uncle Wiggly's footprints in the soft ground, and I smell his ears."

"Yes, and there he is! Just ahead!" howled the Wolf. They were just about to jump on the bunny rabbit and grab him, when, all at once, it seemed as if the woods were filled with fire. Flashes of red appeared as they ran as fast as they could, afraid of being burned.

Uncle Wiggly himself had been frightened at first. But a little later he saw that the bushes of red, looking like fire, came from some birds—a number of the Scarlet Tanager birds had flown about him, between him and the Fox and Wolf, and so had saved the bunny.

"What was going to happen?" asked the Tanager, to whom Uncle Wiggly had given the dried raspberries.

"Tanager," said Uncle Wiggly, "these birds are my friends, and made the Fox and Wolf believe the woods were on fire."

"And very well you did it!" laughed Uncle Wiggly. "For a moment I thought of myself. And now if you birds will come to my bungalow, perhaps Nurse Jane has more dried raspberries." So the Tanagers, in a scarlet cloud, flew around the bunny to his bungalow, making it glow as if in a wonderful sunset.

So everything ended happily.

Fox And Wolf
Afraid Of Fire

"There is no use wasting any more time talking about it," growled the Wolf. "We simply must catch Uncle Wiggly and nibble his ears!"

"Right you are," barked the Fox. "But how are we going to catch him? Your idea of getting the Crow to scratch anybody with those sharp claws of yours, Kitty Kat," spoke Uncle Wiggly. For well he knew that the pussy girl had sharp claws under her velvet paws.

"Oh, no, indeed, I'm not going to scratch anyone," mewed Kitty. "Specially not you, Uncle Wiggly, though maybe I would scratch the Woggle Wolf or the Fussy Fox if they tried to nibble your ears."

"I hope that doesn't happen," exclaimed Uncle Wiggly, and he stopped twirling his pink nose to look over his shoulder, making sure neither of the bad animals was anywhere near him. "But this isn't trying to guess what you are going to do, Kitty Kat."

"I went on the bunny gentleman. 'Let me see, are you going to school?'"

"Yes, of course, for it isn't vacation time yet," laughed Kitty. "But after that, I'm going home, and going to take a cream cake! There! I've told you!" and she clapped her paws for joy.

"Oh, ho! So you're going to make a cream cake, are you?" laughed the rabbit uncle. "Well I hope it will be a sweet one."

"It will, and I'll give you a slice," mewed Kitty. "On my way home from school I'm going to stop at Mrs. Moo Cow's house and she is going to give me the cream. Then I'll take it home and make a cake. And after you hop around nibble my ears."

"Thank you, Kitty Kat," said Uncle Wiggly. "And now you may be late, run on to school or you may be late."

Away hopped the bunny and off ran Kitty. Uncle Wiggly had not gone very far before, all of a sudden, he heard a hoarse voice saying:

"Oh, I wish you wouldn't do that. Please stop biting me!"

"Oh, ho!" thought Uncle Wiggly. "So there's biting going on, is there? The Pussy Fox or the Woggle Wolf getting ready to nibble my ears."

Uncle Wiggly looked through the bushes, and he saw a tall, thin, black cat with a cluster of purple blossoms. And it was this plant, of weed, that had spoken.

"Please stop biting me," cried the cluster of purple blossoms, for they have a language of their own, you know.

"Who is biting you?" asked Uncle Wiggly, for though he looked with both eyes, he saw neither Wolf nor Fox.

"It's a big worm, biting away at my roots, under ground," said the plant. "If the worm cuts off my roots I'll die."

"That must never be!" exclaimed the bunny and with a stick he dug a little earth away from the roots of the plant and drove away the bad, biting worm.

"Oh, thank you, Uncle Wiggly," whispered the purple flowers, and they nodded in the wind as Uncle Wiggly hopped away. "If ever we can do you a 'what's the matter'?"

Uncle Wiggly laughed, twinkled his pink nose and went on to find a puddle of water, into which he fell, and when the bunny hopped out, and was drying himself in the sun, all of a sudden he heard some one crying and saying:

"Oh, dear! Oh dear! It's all spilled. Oh, how terrible! Now I can't make any cake!"

Uncle Wiggly looked through the bushes, and there he saw Kitty Kat, the pussy girl.

"What's the matter?" asked the bunny.

"Oh!" mewed Kitty. "I was coming home with the lovely cream that Mrs. Moo Cow gave me to put into my cake, when I stumbled and fell, and I spilled all the cream from the birch bark pail! See, it is quite empty, and Kitty turned the pail upside down."

"That is too bad!" spoke the bunny. "But don't Mrs. Moo Cow give you more cream?"

"I took the last she gave," sobbed Kitty. "There won't be any more until tomorrow, and I wanted to make the cake now, for I'm going to have a party this evening. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh dear!"

"Don't know what to do, I'm sure!" "Perhaps I can help," whispered a gentle voice and there, nodding in the breeze, was the green plant and purple flower, from which Uncle Wiggly had driven away the worm.

"How can you help about spilled cream?" asked the bunny.

"Well, I haven't exactly any cream," answered the plant. "But I am the Milk Weed, and in my stalks is a stick, thick as milk. I'll give it to you, and you can use it to make a lovely cake."

"Oh, so you'll thank you!" mewed the pussy girl. Then Uncle Wiggly broke off a stem of the Milk Weed, cut out the thick, white juice, while Kitty caught in the birch bark pail, and a little later she made it into a lovely cake and gave the bunny a slice. So you see everything happened for the best.

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Kittie Kat,
The Pussy Girl

Oh, Uncle Wiggly! You can't guess what I'm going to do!" mewed Kitty Kat, the pussy girl, one day, as she went bumpy-hop past the bunny rabbit, who was standing in front of his hollow stump bungalow.

"Well, I hope you aren't going to scratch anybody with those sharp claws of yours, Kitty Kat," spoke Uncle Wiggly. For well he knew that the pussy girl had sharp claws under her velvet paws.

"Oh, no, indeed, I'm not going to scratch anyone," mewed Kitty. "Specially not you, Uncle Wiggly, though maybe I would scratch the Woggle Wolf or the Fussy Fox if they tried to nibble your ears."

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