

Young People

The Pine-Tree's Secret

By Ellen E. Chase

The pine-tree lifted his proud head high,
While the frolicking winds went trooping
by;

The boisterous winds that high and low
Had tramped that morning over the snow.
They had climbed to the top of the bleak
round hills,

Had loitered to jeer at the captive rills.
"O-ho!" they cried to the pine-tree old.
"We can guess, we can guess what your
great arms hold!

They are empty nests; for away, on wing,
The nestlings have flown where the south
winds sing."

The pine-tree sighed,—he had grown so
wise
From the old white owl with the blinking
eyes,—

The pine-tree sighed, but he whispered low
To the sunbeams merry that danced
below,

A secret we, who are friends, may know.
The winds went on with rollicking shout;
They scattered the brown little leaves
about;

And they never knew—nor do to this
day—

What the faithful pine kept hidden away.
But the sunbeams merry, he welcomed
them all;

They climbed with never a fear or fall,
Higher and higher where, lo! on his breast
The brave old pine held a warm, round
nest.

The sunbeams smiled as he gave them a
peep,

Three small flying-squirrels fast asleep!
Round and fuzzy and puffy and gray,
While mama squirrel had flown away
On her funny flat wings from tree to tree
To bring some nuts to her babies three.
The winds heard only the pine-tree's sigh;
But we know him better, you and I!

Marjorie's Victory

By Lily Manker Allen

"Uncle Howard," asked Marjorie, look-
ing up from the book she was reading,
"what is a coincidence?"

"Let me see," replied Uncle Howard,
trying to think how to make a simple
definition. "When two things happen at
the same time that have nothing to do
with each other, but seem to have a great
deal to do with each other, we call it a
coincidence."

Seeing that Marjorie still looked puzzled,
he started to explain further, when a
telephone message called him away. As
he took down his hat in the hall, however,
he paused long enough to say, "I'll look
out for a first-rate coincidence to show
you, Marjorie, and then you'll understand
better."

The next day happened to be Friday,
and because there was no one to drive
Marjorie to school, and because she was
not able to walk so far, she was obliged
to remain at home.

Mama and Uncle Howard were very
sorry, and they all thought of the two
shining gold pieces in Marjorie's bank
that meant two whole years without an
absence, and of the third that was to have
joined them so soon; for Great-Aunt
Morton, who lived in the big house on
the hill, had laughingly told Marjorie the
very first day she went to school that she
should have a five-dollar gold piece at the
end of each year that she was neither
absent nor tardy.

But the gold piece was as nothing com-
pared with the broken record, and
Marjorie sobbed aloud for a few minutes;
then, like the brave little girl that she was,
she dried her tears, got out her paint-box,
and began coloring up some sunbonnet
babies for the other children.

When she went to school on Monday
morning everybody was talking about the
fire that had occurred the day before, and
to her relief, nobody said anything to her
about her absence. She said to herself
that she just could not have stood it, if
anybody had.

Two weeks later the monthly report-
cards were given out. Marjorie received
hers with a sad heart, as she thought of
the broken record. She did not even open
the envelope until Gertrude Harris had
turned off on her own street and she was
alone.

But as she glanced over the card, some-
thing within her gave a great leap. Could
she believe her own eyes? There were no
marks in the absence column! The
teacher must have made a mistake.

Mama and Uncle Howard looked the
card over, and said they were glad
Marjorie had gone from "G" to "G plus"
in her reading but neither of them thought
of the omission.

Then came a great temptation to
Marjorie. If she should say nothing about
the mistake, the record would remain as it
was, and the teacher and pupils would
forget by next year, and Great-Aunt
Morton need never know. So the report-
card was returned to the teacher without
anything being said.

All the next week Marjorie struggled
with the temptation. She seemed unlike
herself.

Friday came again, the last day of
school. Marjorie could stand it no longer.
Summoning all her courage, she came
back into the school-room at recess, after
the others were all out, and sobbed out
her story to her teacher.

"So you thought I made a mistake, did

you?" asked the teacher. "I'm so glad
you told me, because I can assure you that
you are the one who has made the mistake.
That day was a very cold one, you remem-
ber, and something broke about the furn-
ace early in the morning, so we couldn't
have school that day. We sent word to
all whom we could reach easily, and dis-
missed the others as soon as they came.
You live so far away we could not notify
you. I'm sorry this has troubled you so
much; you should have told your mother
or me sooner."

Marjorie ran round to Great-Aunt Mor-
ton's after school with her report-card, and
then fairly flew home to tell her story to
mama and Uncle Howard.

"That's what I call the happiest kind of
a coincidence," said Uncle Howard, as he
heard the five-dollar gold piece rattle down
with its mates. "Now you know the
meaning of the word."

"I call it a great victory," said mama,
thinking of something quite different.
But Marjorie understood both.

Helen's D's

Helen was skipping and dancing along
on her way home from school. She was
happy because Miss Dalton had called
her up to the desk, and said, "Helen, tell
your mother that if you will practise writ-
ing at home every day this month, you will
be ready to go into the next grade."

Helen had almost reached her own gate,
when a dancing piece of stiff, shiny white
paper, that showed a gleam of red, was
hurled by the wind right against her feet.
Helen picked it up.

A small circle of red paper was pasted on
the white, and on that red circle the letter
D was written in a curving line of white.

The little girl held the paper up to her
eyes. She could not see through it. She
folded a corner of it over the red circle.
The big white D showed through it
plainly. She pulled the red circle off the
waxed paper, and carried them both up to
her own front door.

Fastened to the door-bell was a slip of
note-paper. On it was written:

BUSTER BROWN STOCKINGS



For Hard Wear

Buster Brown Stockings are made to
stand the test of rough and tumble play
in which every healthy boy—your boy—
spends half his time. Buster Brown stock-
ings are the greatest wear resisters ever
made—the strongest, long fibre cotton,
specially twisted and tested for durability,
with three-ply heel and toe, well knitted, well
finished and fast dyed in Black and Leather
Shade Tan.

No more darning if you buy Buster Brown
Stockings.



Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking
for the girls is a splendid looking
stocking at a moderate price. A
two-thread English mercerized knit
stocking, that is shaped to fit and
wears very well indeed.
Colors—Black, Leather Shade
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