

dust. Our river-beds shine with it. You may have all you want."

And the traveller would say, "All right. I guess we'll take some."

At the next village the traveller would say, "How do you do? What is this place famous for?"

And the king of the tribe would answer, "White man, this is the Diamond Country. All our huts are studded with

diamonds, and my palace is built entirely of diamonds. You may have all you want. Just pick them up anywhere you find them. They are for you."

"All right," the traveller would say. So it went on, village after village. There were gum trees that oozed red and white sugared gum-drops, herds of elephants with carved ivory tusks, enormous baobabs which bore every kind of fruit that ever was known, crocodiles that wept pearls, and many other remarkable things. It was a journey through Wonderland. After that they made up a good many spool games, but Robbie liked playing Africa best of all.

"I have walked off, and turned round, and held up my arms," she told her grandmother, "until I would rather never have a dress."

"Don't let that feeling get into your memory book," said her grandmother gently. "If you are to keep a record of all your gowns, you want the record to be a pleasant one."

"A record of my gowns?" asked Marjorie, in surprise. "Why, I never thought of that!"

"Your mother and I have thought of it, and we have begun your book. When your mother can spare you, come up to my room."

When she was dismissed from the trying-on period, Marjorie lost no time in finding her way up-stairs. Grandmother was sitting before an old trunk, with books and packages strewn round her. She held up a bulging and worn leather book, and told Marjorie she could take it to the window-seat and read it. "Why, it is patchwork!" cried Marjorie, as she opened it. "Just bits

of pretty silk and wool—oh, what pretty, old-fashioned things!"

"Read what is underneath the squares," said grandmother, leaning over her shoulder.

"The—first—day—at—school!" spelled Marjorie, slowly, and then below a bit of soft embroidered muslin she read, "My first party." She turned to her grandmother and asked, "Why, whose dresses were these?"

"They were mine," said grandmother, "and my mother pasted them in the book when I was a little girl, and when I was a little older I liked to keep a bit of every pretty garment I had, and to write underneath something about the place I wore it first."

"I am going to do that, too!" cried Marjorie. "How I wish I had begun a long time ago!"

"You did," said grandmother, laughing, "only you did not know it. Your mother and I have saved a little of all your pretty dresses."

Her grandmother went into the next room and came out with a number of envelopes. On opening them Marjorie found the brightest and prettiest bits of muslin, gingham and lace and many strips of ribbon. Best of all, to each was pinned a little description of the dress. "You see you have only to paste these in your new book and copy what has been written. From this time on you can keep the record yourself." Then grandmother passed her a package, and Marjorie found that it was a big scrap-book all ready for her samples.

She kissed her grandmother warmly, and said, "I am going to begin it to-day, but first I want to run down and tell mother I am sorry that I was so cross about trying on the dress."

The Way Home

By Fannie W. Brown

Jessie Lincoln came marching out of the last door of the Hale School. There were four hundred pupils in the line, and she held her head up and kept time to the drum-beats. The Lincoln family had just moved to Allington, and this was Jessie's first day at school.

"When you come out of the school building this noon, stop and look about to see which way you came in the morning," mother had said, when she kissed her good-by. "You should turn to the right when you come out, and not cross the street-car tracks."

But Jessie could not stop in the door to see which way she had come. The children marched "Left, right! Left, right! Left, right!" down the steps and through the school-yard.

"I don't remember seeing a grocery-store across the street," she thought. "I—I think there was a horse-chestnut tree there instead."

Jessie held up her hands and looked at her fingers. "Mother said to turn to the right when I came out of the school door. This is my right hand with the little mole on my 'tall man high' finger. This is the way for me to go."

Jessie took a few steps down the street, and then she turned and looked back at the school. When she first had come in sight of it in the morning, she had seen a small door, with low steps leading up to it. Now no small door was to be seen. The doors she had come out of were exactly in the middle of the building. She walked slowly back to the school and sat down on the upper step.

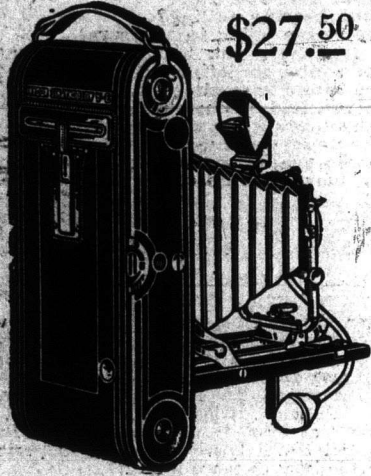
She sat still and waited. She knew that she was not lost. She was at the Hale School, and she had only to follow the electric-car line—Why, there was no car line here!

Jessie stared about her in amazement, rubbing her eyes to see if she were not asleep. Just then she heard the whirr of an approaching electric car. It came down the street at the end of the school-yard. She ran out of the gate and round the corner. There, on the north side of the school building, was the small door with the low steps. Yes, across the street was a big horse-chestnut tree! She walked to the gate, turned to the right, and in a few minutes more was safe at home.

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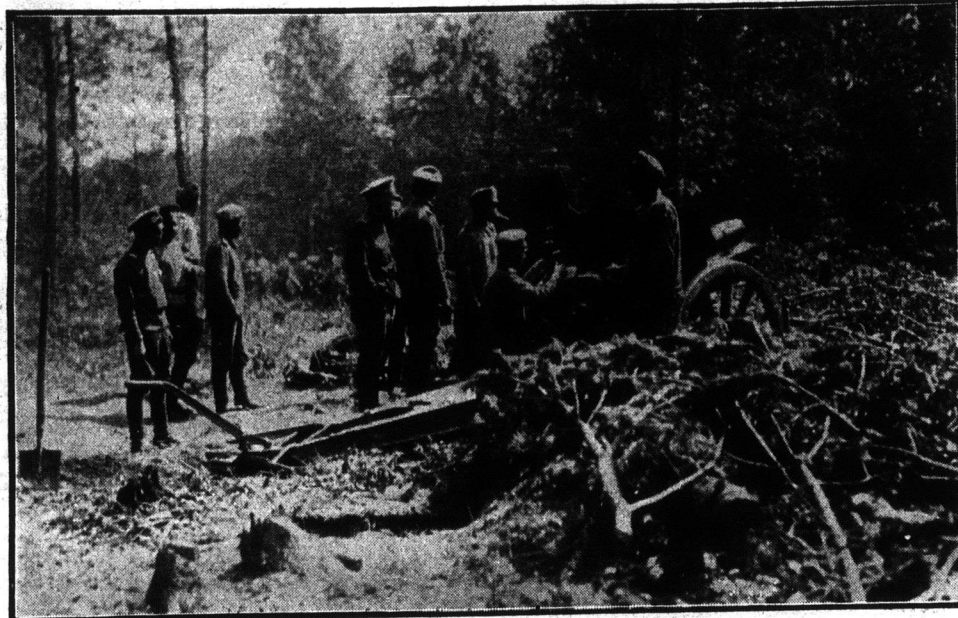
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The Memory Book

By C. S. S.

Marjorie was cross. She liked new dresses, but it was hard to try them on.



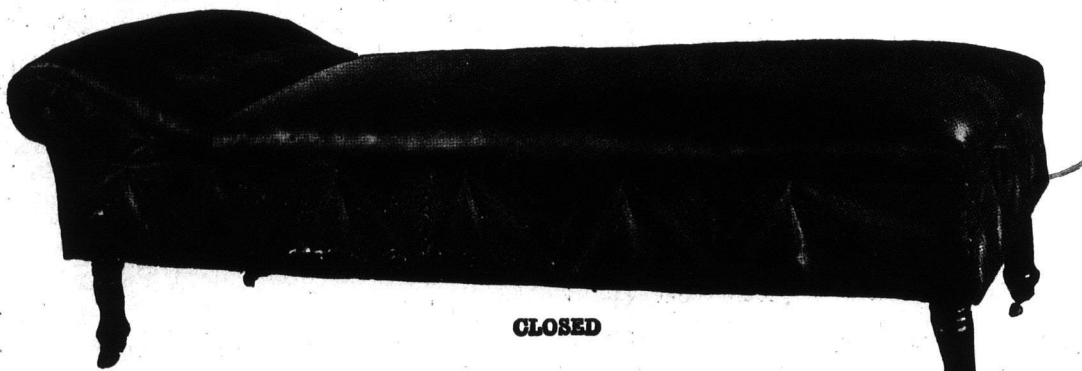
Russian Artillery Concealed in a Wood Along the Niemen

Russian artillery is concealed here in a wood along the Niemen river, near Kovno. These batteries did a lot of damage before the Germans were able to force them to retreat across the river.

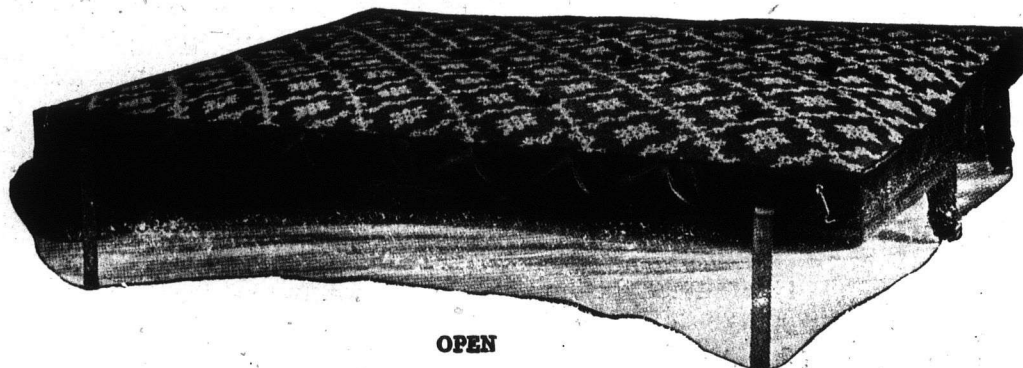
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