

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

Dearest Chums:

Have any of you any news to write about our friends the birds? Did the very cold weather of a couple of days ago drive them from our midst to the sunny South, or have you since seen them about? Of course some of the real tender ones have gone, but the hardier fellows, such as the robins, should be with us for some weeks yet. I don't know whether my young friends are not using their bright eyes these days or whether they just forget to tell what they see in the out-of-doors world, at any rate not one of you have told me any news of the birds for a long time.

Perhaps you are like the older folks and are more interested in the denizens of the woods these days. I grant you that there is much more to be learned about the feathered friends in the nesting time, their habits and customs are more easily watched than when they are in the woods. I like you to be interested in them and relate what you do observe at all times of the year. No doubt many of you are on the watch for Mrs. Partridge and her brood of young, but I hear so much more of her during the nesting season. One needs to see great caution to obtain a good look at her and her offspring. She is neither shy nor nervous, but a few little games of her own. One time a mother and her brood were suddenly aware of strangers approaching and the mother bird pretended to have a broken wing, consequently the visitors to the woods kept following her from sympathy as well as curiosity and she led them quite a merry chase, just managing to keep out of their reach until her brood had arrived at a safe distance, then she suddenly made a dash for recovery and disappeared in a twinkling.

The true mother bird is always in evidence when we watch the duck family, hen, it's their all take such great care of their young. Have any of you been fortunate enough to hear father partridge drumming on the hollow logs? He sends out a muffled sound like a drum, but by following the sound one may discover his rendezvous and the sight of his ruffled feathers and majestic appearance will be worth any trouble you may have gone through to see him. He is certainly a fine looking fellow and kiddle, I always feel sorry to hear of such handsome fellows being shot, they do no harm but make the woods a better place by their presence, yet, worse luck, they taste good to some hunters.

Speaking of the woods though, have you noticed the new dresses all the trees are wearing? Aren't they glorious to look upon? It was too bad that to have all changed so quickly too. No waiting for the goods to come in or for the dressmakers to oblige them with a fitting. How fortunate in fact the effect will be worth any trouble you may have gone through to see him. He is certainly a fine looking fellow and kiddle, I always feel sorry to hear of such handsome fellows being shot, they do no harm but make the woods a better place by their presence, yet, worse luck, they taste good to some hunters.

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Answers To Letters

JOSEPHINE R.—It was nice to

hear from you again and to know how much you enjoyed your holiday. You surely must feel good after an outdoor life such as you described, and no wonder you feel "smothered" in the schoolroom. However, when the cool days come you will enjoy the shelter as much as you did the open. Your letter was most interesting, and I shall look forward to another soon.

ANGUS M.—You are quite a stranger to our C. C. and since you have not forgotten us entirely, the past neglect will be forgiven. That pet lamb you wrote about must be a very interesting animal. Yes, I have seen them trained to be very knowing, and also remember one which used to play chess with children, myself included (of course long ago), and it made heaps of fun for us all right. Hope you will enjoy our page all through the winter, for it is most necessary to die young friends during the long evenings. Write again soon.

JESSIE B.—Your next little letter was very well written, and would make a very good sample. You were fortunate to attend two exhibitions and how nice to have liked every part of them. That is the way to get the most pleasure out of good things in this world.

ANNA T. E.—So very sorry to hear of your sick spell and hope you are fully recovered by now. With a little extra work you will catch up to your other classmates, alright, anyway health is really more important than school. So, the first thing to do is get real well again. Good luck.

JIM S.—What a jolly time you must have had on the hunting trip with Dad, and such good weather, too. Most fellows long for just such an experience, and I am sure many would be very envious if they read your letter; so better not tease them by printing it. What do you think?

WATSON G.—No wonder you are glad to have the crops in when you have been such a help. Now you deserve a nice little trip, and I am glad one is coming your way. Yes, we will have a contest soon, after the members get settled down to steady life and have the time to become interested in outside things. Have a dandy time.

MARION L.—You are indeed a welcome messenger and it is nice to hear from you. You have been much interested even though you have not written for some time. Hope to hear often hereafter.

DAVID R.—I am sure that writing of yours can improve if you just think so. This is the time, Dave, to persevere before the style becomes a fixed habit. Your news was alright and I am sure you fellows will have some fun in your new Club on Friday evenings. Here's hoping, anyway, and best wishes to you all.

JOSEPH D.—You are very welcome to our Club and hope you continue to enjoy our page. It was too bad that the weather man did not favor the exhibition, for he certainly has sent some pretty days since they all closed up. You are rather a good writer and I shall hope to hear again before very long.

BINKIE AND ME.

Binkie and me in the twilight time. Creep along up the stairs. Me with my gun, and Binkie with his growl.

Just at the darkest corner of all A terrible big one was; We hear him growling as we come by. See his eyes!

But I am a man, and Binkie's no brute. We track him right home to his lair. I shoot him dead, and Binkie he growls!

We don't care! When Dorothy came here to stay with us once. She was as 'fraid as could be. Though why she should mind, when I had my gun.

I can't see! Oh, the loveliest time in the day for me. Is when we two creep up the stairs: Me with my gun, and Binkie with his growl.

Hunting Bears. —Thora Stowell

Flannigan: "Why, how gae yez th' black eyes?"

Murphy: "A friend ar moine." "Och! It's a friend friend that did that same."

"Faith, wasn't it frindly not to black the two ar thim?"

"Did Shoter hit anything when on his hunting trip?"

"Hit anything? Why, he even missed the train."

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER

OF THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

Any boy or girl under sixteen years of age may join by sending in his or her name, address, birthday and age. For convenience the coupon printed below will be found occasionally on our page and may be filled out and mailed along with your letter to Uncle Dick, care of The Standard.

I wish to become a member of the Children's Corner.

My Name is

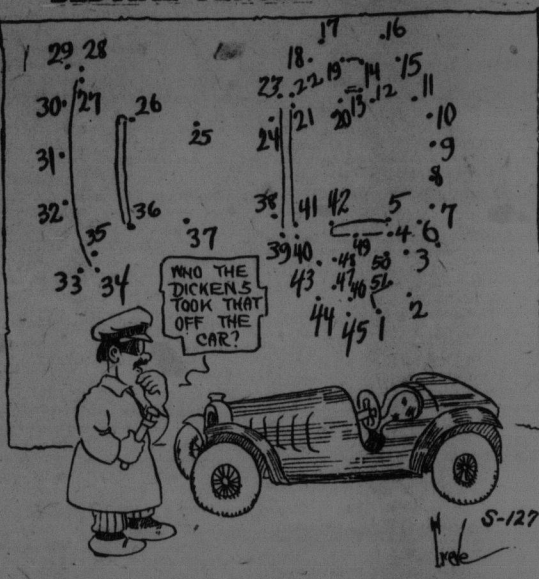
Address

Birthday

I was born in the year 19...



BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES



LITTLE Olga and some friends were out in her daddy's garage playing about the car. Olga got an idea that the — would be just the thing to take into the house to have some fun with, so she unscrewed it from the car and she and her little friends scampered off with it. Pretty soon daddy came into the garage to get a few things out of the car and noticed the — was missing and it was a long time before he found the kiddies playing with it and got it back. The dots will tell you what it was.

THE FINDING OF THE "RED HEART"

"Safest, you black blackguard, look after the fire or you'll find yourself on the wrong side of a lion!" The grinning Kafir thus addressed showed his disinclination for that somewhat unpleasant predicament by jumping up and piling fresh masses of dead wood upon the circle of fire that enclosed a trekking party on the African plain.

"Those beasts are howling tonight," said Henrik van Raas to the first speaker. "And the bullocks don't like it, either."

Harry Marsh glanced towards the animals, whose great eyes showed their uneasiness, whose aloof sides were gleaming with perspiration, and who gazed nervously at the fire.

"That's all right," he answered. "No lion would dream of jumping this fire. Steady, steady! Don't roost us alive!"

And he rubbed his pipe and patted the newspaper in his hand. Suddenly he said, deeply interested: "Here's a sketch of that wildest of diamond thieves, Paul Slapp. The fellow who secured and killed with the Great Redheart Diamond, from the Kimberley country. They haven't got him yet."

Harry passed the paper to his companion, who glanced casually at the illustration.

"What a treasure!" said Henrik. "The 'Redheart' is valued at half as much again as the famous 'Porter-Rhodes.' Ah, what a roar!"

It was, indeed, a roar of thunder that vibrated through the tense air. At least five or six lions were prowling round the camp. It was impossible to guess where they were, for nothing is more deceiving in that way than a lion's hungry call.

Harry Marsh and Van Raas were travelling into the north-west with a load of ostrich feathers and sheepskins. Two hundred miles southward, beyond the Orange River, were the extensive sheep and ostrich farms owned by Harry's father, Henrik was the son of the manager, a Boer.

"But they'll have him yet, sure as bees," said Harry. "The Mounted Police will unearth him. A desperate customer he must be. Overcame two officers who got to close quarters, and swam his horse across a roaring river."

"While he sticks to that horse he's safe," replied Henrik. "Morganite, he said."

"SINCE SISTER BEGAN TO WEAR THOSE SKIRTS —"

"THAT ARE GATHERED AT THE BOTTOM WITH —"

"A RUBBER BAND!"

"OW!"

"A New Joy has come into Jimmy's Life —"

Puzzles

One. Here are many kinds of gates—What are they?

(a) A gate of an enquiring turn? (b) A gate which parishes? (c) A gate full of wrinkles? (d) A gate which travels by water? (e) A gate which increases in length?

(f) A gate which goes to law? (g) A gate which conquers? (h) A gate which is a representative? (i) A gate which purifies? (j) A gate which calls the sea? (k) A gate which assembles? (l) A gate which seeks knowledge?

2—A Tragedy of the Sea. In the following account of a piratical affair are concealed the names of eleven cities. Can you find them?

"There were nine vehement mutineers conspiring to capture their ship. A risky piece of business," muttered the mate to his skipper. "My rank makes this part an easy matter, but the best plan is to bind the captain during his noon nap, lest he wake up. He's really ugly, so hand over the revolver on a shelf by his head. From every passenger we can then exact a ransom."

3—Chinese Laundry Rates. 6 collars, 7 cuffs there be in cents we charge you 33 7 collars and 6 cuffs we do. The charge is only 33.

4—Brain Test. 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 one of the United States.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

1—Flower Game. 1. Johnny Jump up. 2. Larkspur. 3. Forget-me-not. 4. Sweet peas. 5. Sorrel. 6. Buttercup. 7. Cock's comb. 8. Cat tail. 9. Lily of the Valley. 10. Four o'clock.

2—Politics. "No, gentlemen," said the orator, "I tell you that if you want a thing done well you must always do it yourself."

3—Chinese Laundry Rates. The first door Peeping Pansy opened was a quite small door in the wall of her mother's garden—such a small door that Pansy could only just slip through it. Pansy was never afraid of anything, but she was a little bit nervous when she saw the door. She decided to find out things for herself.

On the other side of this little door, Pansy found a small path leading into a wood. Without hesitation Pansy started off on this little path, wondering where it would lead. "A path always leads somewhere," thought Pansy wisely. "It only depends how long you follow it." She had left her doll at home because it could not walk, but her little puppy had trotted after her. Such a dear little puppy, just a sand-colored ball of fluff, when she called Tim. Tim had hardly any tail, which gave him the appearance of a diminutive bear—he had fat rolling movements and fat soft paws that made no noise at all. He also had a very black, moist nose and very bright black eyes like shiny berries.

Pansy was very fond of Tim, and Tim was very fond of Pansy. The little path wound in and out amongst the trees; such a nice little path it was, all mossy and soft, and each lovely violet grew alongside of it; sometimes they even grew right in the middle of the road, so that Pansy had to be really careful not to tread on them.

A lot of birds sang in the branches; some had small sweet voices, repeating over and over again the same note; some whistled shrilly, like little boys in the streets; others seemed to be squabbling and in a great hurry—"Those must be busy birds who always know best, and want you to know that they know best," thought Pansy; and some had strange calling voices, remembering things they always wanted to say, but that no one would listen to.

"One day I shall learn their language," thought Pansy; "they'll understand what they are saying. I am sure they have seen a lot and I am sure that some of them spend their winters in countries beyond the seas. I would very much like to go to countries beyond the seas. I would like to go everywhere," added Pansy proudly—"everywhere, even right into the earth."

As Pansy spoke she suddenly perceived a tiny little hat before her at the end of the path; oh, such a delightful little hat! Its roof was covered with white and large purple and blue irises grew on it, so that the hat looked like a giant nosegay. As the roof was much the biggest part of the hat, this was really very pretty!

What a delicious little hat! Pansy clapped her hands and Tim yelped in a funny shrill way and jumped into the air with all four paws at once. Tim quite agreed with Pansy; it was a delightful—delightful little hat!

"Here is really a door to peep behind," said Pansy to Tim. "Come along! What fun! Oh, dear, what are we going to find?"

A Serious Doubt. "Cheer up, Dick, old man! Absence makes the heart grow fonder, you know."

"Humph! The trouble is I'm by no means sure that it's having the same effect upon the girl."

Patient Parent—Well, child, what on earth is the matter now?

Young Hopeful (who has been bathing with the bigger brother)—Why dropped the towel in the water and he's dried me wetter than I was before.

"Now, my dear, how much did you save on your bills last week with all this price cutting?" asked daddy with a smile of hopefulness. "About 18 cents," replied wife, "but my new hat was dearer than last year's."

Up that is his greatest means of protection. You see he has been in one place all the time."

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

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