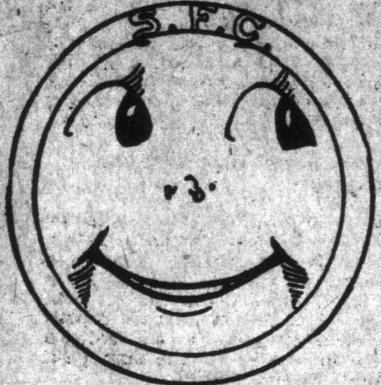


# THE SMILING FACE CLUB

Directed By C. A. Macphie



### SMILERS, EVERY ONE



Dear SMILERS: When you send in for more than one button please remember to write down ALL the names.

If there are six in a family send in the six names. If you wish to start a club, say twenty, send us the 20 names.

Another thing: a little bird has told me that some of our SMILERS FORGET TO WEAR THEIR BADGES.

Remember: wear your badge and DO NOT LOSE THEM for then YOU WILL NOT HAVE TO SEND A SECOND TIME.

Who wants to send me a photograph? SMILING ones preferred.

I want them a little larger than an ordinary snap, so that we shall be able to print them nice, with the names, on this page.

Would you not like to see a nice row of SMILERS every week? I would.

C. A. MACPHIE.

- Edith Martin, care Wm. Martin, Jr., Box 326, North Bay, Ont.
- Ruth, Ada and Florence Newdick, 4 Mortimer avenue, Tottenham, Ont.
- Tom Noon, 45 Hounslow Heath, West Toronto.
- Kathleen and Eleanor O'Meara, 86 St. Charles avenue.
- Nora Cattle, Norma Hodgson, Georgiana Duke, Pearl McIntyre, Ethel Sinclair, Mildred Hamilton, Sarah Hayes, Vina Cattle, Dora Tarr, Hilda Hill, Bertha Sinclair, Aileen Johnstone, Opal Minorigan, Miss Stubbs, Lorne Tounisla, Cecil Burnside, Gregory Duke, Willie Toole, Freddie Johnstone, care Lillian Peters, Sundridge, Ont.
- Edna Pallin, 1213 Dufferin street.
- Mildred Turner, 30 Sheridan avenue.
- Lloyd Quackenbush, 108 Galley ave.
- Edna B. Ridley, 458 Bathurst street.
- Michael, John, Frank, Anthony, Carmelo, Dominica, Camilla and Fred Rossini, 127 Van Horn street.
- Florence Beale, 44 Langton ave.
- Susie Russell, (2 buttons), 275 Oaker avenue.
- Joseph Robinson, 487 St. Johns rd.
- Joseph Robins, 42 Foxbar rd.
- Claribel McLaughan and Tena Robinson, 152 Mavoy street.
- Agnes, Tom and John Simpson, 124 Cedarvale ave.
- Jenny Smith, 154 Lippincott street.
- Bonnie and Gerlie Sanderson, 14 1/2 Terrace street.
- Myrtle Downing, Marie Harman, Hazel Evers, Evelyn Shaw, Bessie La Garde, Minnie La Garde, Audrey Stone, Edith Lawrence, Ethel Grimes, Leah Plaster, Maude Fisher, Florence Bruce, Olive Broadhurst, Dorothy Pogus and Clara Thompson, care Vera Smith, 204 Wilson avenue.
- Mabel and Lawrence Turtan and Zeha Farmer, 374 Oaker avenue.
- Muriel Thompson and Brother, 223 Russell Hill road.
- Mona and Gregory Taylor, 264 Dufferin street.
- Willie Trevelyan, 1524, King street west.
- Vera Teskey, 14 Poucher street.
- Dorothy Usher, 14 Priscilla ave.
- Edward, Vanstone, 222 Brunswick avenue.
- Clara White, 270 Booth avenue.
- Ocell Walton, George and Henry Black and Mrs. Logan, 10 Logan ave.
- Mae Whitmore, 89 Thorold road, St. Catharines, Ont.
- George, Beattie, Kitty, Alice, Mr. and Mrs. Nellie Weatherley, 100 Lindsay avenue.
- Edith Woodruff, 478 Howland ave.
- Mabel and Joseph Wilson, 90 Roxboro street west.
- Dorothy Wood, 64 Lippincott street.
- John, Harold, Mary and Victoria Wallace, and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, Brighton, Ont.
- Walter, Robert, Charlie, Richard, Willie, Frankie and Elizabeth Wood, 374 Wellington street west.
- Jack Kelleit, Box No. 1, Hallburton, Ont.
- Sady Lucas, Gladys Hall, Lena Preston, Ellen Kilpatrick, Rena Sawyer, Olive Irish, Madeline Lucas, Della Bason, Alice Bason, Audrey Austin, Evelyn Darr, Phyllis Darr, Irene Conybear, Iva Robertson, Vera Robertson, Eva Preston, Elton Preston, Kitty Curry, Ethel Curry, Margaret Baker, E. Burford, J. Kelleit, A. Burford, F. McIntyre, K. Hardeley, T. Sipe, H. Laking, A. Curry, T. Preston, W. Baker, H. Bason, W. Manson, W. Austin, L. Robertson, R. Dart, J. Pearson, R. Johnston, R. Conybear, A. Wheeler, Gladys, Audrey, Muriel and Yelma Leary, R. R. No. 1, Gormley, Ont.
- Herb Lovell, Alton, Ont.
- Evelyn and Gordon Langlois, 115 Ashburn avenue.
- Edgar, Grace, Marie and Helen Love and Vera Parr, 110 Indian road, Wm. Lyon, 749 Marchmont street, Wychwood Park.
- Margaret Leavens, 299 Sunnook street.
- Walter Langton, 103 Quebec ave.
- Wm. Lyon, 749 Marchmont street, Wychwood Park.
- Gerard Martin, 165 Berkeley street.
- Thelma McKenney, 69 Balfour ave.
- Melville Ogg, 80 Yarmouth road, Marguerite Molendland, 88 Spring street.
- Gordon Moysey, 80 Lyndhurst ave.
- Frank, Basil, George, Arnold, Margaret Moriarty, 33 Stratford street, St. Catharines, Ont.
- Annie, Arthur and Eva Palmer, and Annie and James McInnes, 7 Adelaide street.
- Wallace, Helen and Ned McNeill, 68 Crawford street.
- Georgina Pepper, 234 Marguerette street.
- R. Prestwich, 6 Irwin ave.
- Eva, Bessie and Harry Parker, 420 King street west.

## ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS AND GOOD, KIND, DEAR DOG MUTT — JOHN MAKES A SAIL AND WHAT HAPPENS.

Well! Pa had made an ice boat small, For John and Tom you see; He said: "Now boys you understand That you must careful be.

"Now too much sail you must not have; 'Twill carry you quite fine With just this square of canvas cloth Tied on with bits of twine."

So Tommy said they'd careful be, And of they went—Oh! My! To see them as they slowly sailed Would make you wish to fly.

But as they went along my dear, John said: "Now listen, do: Just see this rug we're sitting on; I'll tie the rug up, too."



Then as that rug with tooth and nail, Must tore with main and might; So awful was the sight.

With jerks, and yet with lightning speed; 'Twas odd, but it was so.

And then—Oh! Oh! what happened next?— The boat began to twirl, Then round and round with flying swoops The thing began to whirl.

It jerked and jibbed, but that's not all— The thing began to go



To see them as they slowly sailed, Would make you wish to fly.

Look at their SMILING FACE buttons tied to their caps.

Poor Pa stands on the shore—Ah! Me! He holds his head and cries: "That ship's gone crazy, stop her, boys, She's there before your eyes."

Well! Mutt, good dog, was there of course, And great was his distress, He showed more brains than Pa or all, I really must confess.

For when he sees the boys' sad plight, Right at that boat my dear, He makes a dash and on he jumps, While all the people cheer.

Then at that rug with tooth and nail, He tore with main and might; You'd say his teeth would all be gone So awful was the sight.

Well! Anyway, the rug came down, And then I'll have you know; The ice boat stopped; THE BOYS WERE SAVED; 'Twas GRAND, but it was so.

what you have done, you good-for-nothing creature.

"THREE CHEERS!" cried Jake Fox—

(Yes, my dear, that is just exactly what he said.)

"THREE CHEERS!" then up he jumped, opened the door and was off before I could close my mouth which was wide open with astonishment.

"This is a pretty pickle; a very pretty pickle indeed," cried Old Goose. "Why did you ask us, QUESTION MARK? You might have known this would happen!" and I answered him by saying that he might have known himself, as I had been invited just as much as he had been. Well, one word

## QUESTION MARK TELLS TURVEY WHY IT IS ALWAYS BEST TO PUT THE BLAME WHERE IT REALLY BELONGS — A BEDTIME STORY.

NOW I HOPE YOU ARE LISTENING.



Jake Fox could not be trusted. No, my dear, he could not. He always did what he did not do, and in a great many other ways you could not depend on him; so, as I said, he could not be trusted.

One day he came to my house. "Hullo! QUESTION MARK old chap" said he, rubbing his hands together, "how are you this SUPERLAGLORIOUS day?"

"Fine" said I "fine," while I put sixty or so dishes, I had been washing, on the shelf and not paying much attention to him at all.

"QUESTION MARK, old chap," said he, after watching me for about ten minutes, "let us go snow-shoe tramping—this afternoon."

"I know a long walk to take, so let us be off while the sun is bright."

"All right" said I, "wait here till I get the rest," and off I walked. I thought Jake grinned rather slyly to himself as I went out the door, but I was so anxious to go with him I did not care. By and by, I returned with Old Goose, the little Princess, No. 23, Noodle, the Soup, and myself. Little Old Loon could not come because he

had business at the North Pole.

Well! my dear, we tramped and tramped, and I noticed the further we went the twistier the path seemed to get, while Jake Fox kept ahead all the time.

"Ha!" said Old Goose at last. "This is a queer business; first we walk fairly straight, then we twist in our tracks and turn, till we don't know where we are."

"Ho" said Jake Fox. "Just wait one moment can't you while I see?" Well! We all stood still and waited—till suddenly—guess what happened—why! It began to snow and blow and hail and there were we in the middle of a wide plain of snow, in the middle of our snow shoe tracks, in the middle of our snow-shoes not knowing where in the world we were.

Just then Jake Fox spoke up and said: "I know a little house near here into which I think it would be a wise thing to go while this snow-storm lasts."

When we reached the little house we found it fairly warm inside so we all sat down and asked Jake Fox what he meant by such doings.

"What doings?" cried he. "Twisting us and turning us and making us lose ourselves," said I.

"I never did any such thing," cried he, "and if you say much more I shall leave you to get back the best way you can."

"I suppose you will say next that you never asked us to come," said Old Goose.

"I didn't either," screamed Jake, "I asked QUESTION MARK, and what's more, I did not want YOU."

"Oh! Oh!" cried the little Princess, bursting out into sobs, "to think of my coming UNINVITED—Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"Now" yelled Old Goose. "See



"Yes! I say, too! Just put the blame where it really belongs."

led to another, till Old Goose and I might never have been friends again, but, just at the critical moment, Noodle the Soup, proposed having something to eat.

"Something to eat," echoed Old Goose in trembling tones. "SOMETHING TO EAT" in a place like this.

"Look under that box you are sitting on," said Noodle the Soup, and sure enough we looked and

## Poems and Stories From Little Readers Of the Smilers' Page

ANGELA'S NEW YEAR'S LESSON.

Little Angela was very naughty, and always pouted whenever her mother told her to do anything.

One day, Angela overheard her mother and father talking about paying a visit to her aunt and cousin to celebrate New Year's. The day arrived on which they were to start on their journey, but her father, being detained on some business affairs, she was sent ahead with her nurse; and at this she also pouted. At length, they arrived at their destination. The first thing they did was to have something to eat, but when her mother said: "Would you like a soft boiled egg, dear?" she pouted and said: "No, I want a hard one!" When the meal was finished, her cousin, who was her own age, called her over and said: "I noticed you were pouting at the table last night. Would you like to join a club where you must only SMILE, and get a button like this?" Whereupon she heard out her S. F. C. button. Angela's eyes sparkled with delight.

"Oh, yes! I would very much like to have a button like that, for then I would remember to SMILE always, instead of pouting and crying." Both children ran into the house, and wrote letters to send Miss Angela, New Year's S. F. button.

It arrived just exactly on New Year's, January the first, and during the whole year Angela never forgot to SMILE, for she wore her button to school, on her holiday dress and even on her good one when she went visiting.

Sent in by your SMILER, Pearl Grissman, Age 12.

Dear Sir: Please send me a S. F. C. button. I will try to keep SMILING all the time. Here is a verse:

The Little Cook Sparrow. A little cook, sparrow sat on a tree, Looking as happy as happy could be; 'Till a boy came by, with his bow and arrow.

Boys say: "I will shoot the little cook sparrow."

His body will make me a nice little stew, And his skeleton will make a little pie, too!

Says the little cook sparrow: "I'll be shot if I stay."

So, he clapped his wings, and flew away.

Yours truly, Laura Pepper, 25 Manning avenue, Toronto.

Dear Sir: I would like to join the SMILING FACE Club. I always ask my mother to buy The Sunday World every Saturday night. Will you please send me a button to Leah Lambert, 6 Maple Grove avenue.

Here is a poem:

I have a little sister, they call her Bopsey; She wades in the water, deep, deep, She climbs up the mountain, high, high, high; My little sister has but one eye.

Sent in by Leah Lambert.

Dear Editor: I read the S. F. C. every week and find it is very interesting. Please send me a button, and will always try to SMILE. Hoping to see this letter in next week's S. F. C. page, I remain, Your SMILER, Easy Sigal, 206 Manning ave., Toronto, Ont.

One day in winter George and Henry found a funny little animal head sticking out in an outhouse in the garden. It was such a queer little thing that they took it into the house and showed it to their father. "Is it a head of a beast?" they asked. "Which do you think?" replied Mr. Jones. "Let me see if you can find that out for yourselves."

"It has no feathers," said their sister Alice, "and the hind feet have toes and claws. I think it is a beast."

"But then it has wings," said George. "Beasts do not fly; fancy a pig flying. Wouldn't it be a strange looking creature?" "I think it is a beast, for all that," said Henry. "The body is covered with fur. These beasts living in this country, eat insects, but there are some large ones that live on fruits." During the cold weather the children fed the beast with little bits of meat. Soon it grew so tame that every evening it would come and feed out of their hands. It always spent the day in sleep, hanging head down-wards, in some dark corner of the room.

I would like to join the Smiling Face Club. Age 12.

found a box full of delicious things you could wish for.

Old Goose and I shook hands at that, then we all sat down and were just about thru our supper when we heard a tapping on the window pane. Of course we looked up and there was little Old Loon, with a SMILE as usual, asking us to let him in.

"Why are you having supper out here and at this hour?" asked he.

"Because we can't do anything else," we answered, in one and the same breath.

"Why! Are you locked out?" asked he, while his eyes opened wide in astonishment.

"Locked out!" cried we "locked out!" "What do you mean?" Well to make a short story long; it seems that we were just a step from home. Jake Fox had turned and twisted us in our tracks

because there was not enough snow over all the ground to make the tramp long enough and, also, he did not want us to think that he was not so smart as we thought him to be.

The worst of it all was that we had been in that house hundreds of times before, but did not recognize it, and I suppose that is what Jake Fox meant by saying "Three Cheers!" So, my dear, after thinking it well over, we all decided that no one was to blame but OURSELVES because we had been so very stupid.

Turvey's Ma said yesterday: "I wonder why that child looked so hard at Rover when I told her to sew up the hole in her dress?"

C. A. MACPHIE.