tween the sun, moor us vibrations in all vapor, and may be of fluid that comes

s claim that this fine is only a child, still ems more than ever

ken Spectre

en spectre was re-escribed by Sir at a meeting of the cal Society. It ap-is a mountain called ders of China and might occasion r might occasion Ruddha, appr

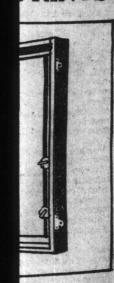
recorded as a mere by explorers, until happened to ascend and saw his own al, shadow cast by ank of fog; in short, a spectre of the

MEAT

ry visitors, said that d such an exhibit of id it wouldn't pr appearance, anyway. wide-mouthed specidepartment of fos is only by specia one is permitted to ng link between the

even after all these ed meat, fibre ially unsavory odor ht be supposed. sh, preserved by th a until it became is known that the Alaska, from a fe eath the surface, is h of several hundr kes the greatest nae plant imaginable any a famishing Alaska would have icky to have stumen carcass of one of chants, and would mach without spec length of time the

PRINTS



vidence.

esigned by the great e case is for bottles, es. Up-to-date safeand sneak thieves s to avoid Bertillon of course it often lled craftsman needs unincumbered finit is that he lays tection.

ected by the police e handled as carewere fashioned of e glass. This prebecause the slightupon the specimen f it may obliterate ie that might be re detective investi-

ESMING FACE CLUB

Directed By C. A. Macphie



SMILERS, EVERY ONE

Afice, Kathisen, Hilds, Jos and Ella French, 18 Bellair street. Mary Frank, 168 Park avenue, Brant-ford, Ont.

ford, Ont.
W. Logaro, 137 Roncesvalles avenue.
P. Gance, 143 Roncesvalles avenue.
Wilhe Gerry, and brother and sister,
336 Lippincott street.
Beverley Graydon, 55 Hillsview avenue, West Toronto.
Hector Graham, 36 Jennings avenue.
Rosetta Glassman, Apt. 1, 119 Euclid
avenue.

Mildred and Vers Gleed, 159 Wallace

avenue.
Fred, Margaret, Helen and Reginald Hamilton, Port Credit, Ont.
Vernon Hook, and Jackie Grainger, 11
Sophia street, Barrie, Ont.
Gertrude and Howard Hill, 108 Fairleigh avenue, south, Hamilton, Ont.
Bert Harris, 371 St. Clarens avenue.
Jack and Jean Wilson, Fergus, Ont.,
Alice Halls, Box 179, Oshawa, Ont.,
345 Albert street.
Isabella Fenn, 50 Ellenbeck avenue.
Marjorie Hill, 176 MacPherson avenue.
Marie: Dorothy and Edna Hefferman,
184 DeGrassie street.
Harold Helstone, 20 Browning avenue.
Constance Jacobi, 102 Walmer road.
Doreen Jeffery, 33 Hall street, South
Oshawa, Ont.

Evelyn and Thomas Jones, 35 Prest-holm avenue, Todmorden, Ont. George and Dorothy Jennings, 1625

Dundas street.
Morris and Sam Jacobson, no address

sent in.
Jessie Kershaw, and three sisters,

Newmarket, Ont.
Dorothy Kennersley, 5 Bellefair Ave.
Eleanore and Margaret Lawlor, 168
Markland street, Hamilton, Ont.
Barbara Large, 166 St. Johns road.
Audrey Laroy, 541 Crawford street.
Gordon. Garnet, Stanley, Kenneth and
Elwood Love, R.R. No. 2, Weston,
Ont.

Lolo, Audrey and Eileen Lavelle, 31 Tyndall avenue. Marguerite, Aiberta and Alonzo Cuyler,

and Leona and Louretta McCarty, Kincardine, Ont.

Rose Martin and Vivian Faye, 140
King street west.
Alice Murphy, 145 Bellwoods avenue.
Florence Mueller, Yonge street, Wa-

Rosamond and Allister McCulloch, 165

St. Clair avenue west.
Margaret McBrien, 300 Garden are.
George and Maud Metcalfe, 121 Eldon

avenue. Oshawa, Ont. Eva and Mildred Nurse, R.R. No. 1,

Eailieboro, Ont. Vivian Parkes, 36 Colborne street,

Lindsay, Ont. Mr. Victor Peckford, Change Islands,

North End, Newfoundland. Irene Paradine, 147 Lesile street. Mary and Kathleen O'Brien, Buring-

115 Cannon street east, Hamilton,

Douglas and Brock, and Jack Short,

Port Stanley, Ont.
Nellie. Alfie and Bertle Stock, 261
Rhodes avenue.

Fred Smith, 593 King street west.

Helen Smith, 454 Brock avenue.

Velma Tarrant, 23 Euclid avenue.

Wilfred Walden, 198 Leslie street-

Gladys Inch, Marepville, N.B. Charlie Henry, 53 Denison avenue.

our buttons as soon as possible. Gladys Cranston.

We have a little club consisting of

Katherine Tait.

PAGE NINE

Willie Thain, 55 West avenue.

124 Borden street.

Grove avenue.

Oshawa, Ont.



And soon
There's miles
And miles
Of smiles:
And Lite's
Worth while

what happens, just SMILES.
Who is ever any better for crying?
MOBODY: so way should we cry?
If mother or fatner asks you to do a thing, why pout? You only feel bad!; afterward. Do it with a SMIL-ING face; then everyone is happy. If you smile, why! mother SMILES; and soon if you look hard enough at Puss, you will see that she is SMILING also.
There is nothing in the world like a SMILE.
Anyone may join this club; big

Anyone may join this club; big people as well as little people; for (just whisper it) sometimes a big person needs to smile, just as much

All you have to do is to remember the above; send in your name to C.

Macphie, Sunday World office,
Toronto, then we send you an S.F. C. button. The number of letters we receive is so great that some weeks we haven't room for all the names. But keep on looking and You will see your name soon. Philip Sydney Fails, 201 Rushton road.

(He is very little, but not too little to SMILE at you.) Evelyn Andrew, New Toronto, Ont. Winnifred Dickman, 160 Church street,

Belleville, Ont. Ruthie Blanid, 160 Church street, Lizzie Cummings, 10 Ridge street,

Clarence Burgers, South Foster ave-nue, Belleville, Ont. Raymond Lloyd, South Foster avenue, Grace Rutherford, and Lottle and Belleville, Ont.

Jean. 311 Queen street. Believille, Ont.

Harry Blandid, Wharf street, Believille, Ont.

Gertie Payne, cor. Dundas and Front streets, Believille, Ont.

Gertie Payne, cor. Dundas and Front streets, Believille, Ont.

Byam, 309 Durie street.

Ethel Somerville and two brothers.

Streets, Belleville, Ont.

Odrie Ardell, P. O. Box 390, Engle- Ethel Somerville and two brothers, Willie, George and Irene Bailey, 594 Keele street. Victor and Lyman Baiden, 18 Brookmount road.

Alice Burgess and brother, Strathroy, Freddie, Vernon, Laura and Reta Binnington, 155 First avenue. Alice and Nellie Beuckley and Jessie Hale, Box 510 Oshawa, Ont. Edmund and Evelyn Brown, 63 Mar-

maduke street. Edith Bartlett, 72 Barrington avenue. Audrey Crawford, \$1 Isabella street. Helen and Marjorie Cluff, 36 Beaty Leona Carroll, Clare Carroll, Marjory McKinnon, Constance Sidney, Max-ine Pym, 19 Garnack street.

Edward Courrier, 3 Gerrard place. Mary, Mildred, and Annie Chapton, 43 Shaw street, North Toronto. Gilker, Agnes Angrignon, Timmins,

na Campbell, 32 Queenston street, St. Miss Marian Clark, 40 Fisken avenue. Jean Dow, St. John's road. Muriel Davis, 3 Frank street, St. Cath-

arines. Ont. David Dickson, Eighth street, New Annie Dilly, 30 Aberdeen road, south, Galt, Ont.

Gerald Dunn, Delbert Pryer, Hommer Simmons, Norval, Raymond and George Simmons, Harold Jackson, Jack Ase, Morise Hines, Hugh and Bob Cooper, Harold Forsyth, Less Labar and Earl Dunn, no address

I am the third sister of four girls. We are all trying to SMILE, but sometimes we really get discouraged, and shed just a little tear. We want Sent in.

Velsor A. Evans, Eugenia Falls, Ont.

Safte Egelnik, 306 College street.

Dotothea, Eleanore, Willie, Edward, and Ewen Fosdick, 99 Balsam Ave.

Elsie, Dorothy, Winnifred, Grant and Donald Begg, \$1 Balsam avenue, you to please send us each a SMIL-ING face button. Good bye, From a SMILER,

--- ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS AND GOOD, KIND, DEAR DOG MUTT ---JOHN TAKES A MOUSE TO SCHOOL AND WHAT HAPPENS.

Now, in a mouse trap Pa had caught A mouse with sparkling eyes, And tail so long and nose so big, It really was a size.

Next day when school time came, alas! When no one else was near, John got that trap with mouse inside, Oh, yes, he did my dear.

Then in a box he put it, yes, And off to school, Oh my! You'd think that mouse was just some lunch, Or, perhaps, a bit of pie.

To let that mousie out; He thought to show it 'round at noon—
A treat without a doubt.

Now Johnny never meant, my dears,

But mousie thought quite different, yes; HE said: "This box is wood; I'll make a hole, then out I'll go, As any smart mouse should."

And that is just what mousie did; When twelve o'clock had struck, That hole was finished, OUT HE JUMPED, "Ha! Ha!" he squealed, "What luck!"

Oh, dearie me! Oh, dearie me!! MY! up the aisle he flies; The teacher looks, then looks once more, But can't believe her eyes.

And then, say, look! What happens next? Why on her desk, my dear,
The teacher jumps, "Oh! Oh!" she screams,
"A MOUSE, A MOUSE is here."

The books go tumbling on the floor, The pencils, rulers fell, The scribblers, too, and flower vase, The mucilage goes as well.

'Oh! save me, save me, save me DO. Won't some one kill it soon?" You'd say: "Well, dear, if things go on, She'll tumble in a swoon."

Poor Pa comes racing in the door, He tears his hair and cries: "It's just a MOUSE and not a BEAR, My sakes where are your eyes?"

Well! Mutt, good dog, stood looking in, And great was his distress; He showed more brains than Pa or all, I really must confess.



The rulers, pencils fell, The scribblers, too, and flower vase, The mucilage goes as well.



KINDLY ADVICE.

For when he saw John's FUTURE PLIGHT He first looked 'round you see, And then lay down upon the floor, As easy as could be.

And there with OPEN MOUTH, my dear, Oh yes, quite still he lay, "That surely is a statue there, And not a dog," you'd say.

Well mousie saw Mutts' open mouth, And cried: "What's this I see? A big dark hole, three cheers, I say! Ah, home, sweet home, for me.

Then in he jumped, ker flip! ker flop!----

I suppose you think Mutt swallowed him. NO SIR, HE DID NOT. You do not know good, kind, dear, dog Mutt, if you think THAT. He just ran out the door let the mousie, drop in the grass and "Now!" said he, "be off with you, and next time you come send a wild hyena or tiger instead."

P.S. I received a letter from someone the other day asking why Mutt is always so good to John when John is such a bad boy. I thought the best thing to do would be to call. Mutt up and ask HIM, so I did.

C. A. MACPHIE.

I said. "Is that you, Miss Central? Well! will you kindly give me good, kind, dear, dog

She said: "Call up Mr. S.P.C.A., College 3218," so I did.

I said: "Is that you Mr. S.P.C.A.?" He said. "Yes, what can I do for you?" I said: "Is good, kind, dear, dog Mutt there,

by any chance?" He said: "He certainly is; he comes everyday to cheer up the sick dogs and cats; here he is now."

I said: "Hullo! good, kind, dear, dog Mutt, I want to ask you a question: Why are you so good to John when he is such a bad boy?

He said: "Well, us dogs, you know, when we have a master WHO IS KIND TO US, we just love that master to bits, no matter who he is or what he does. We not only LOVE him, we adore him, we grovel at his feet and would lick his boots if he would let us. JOHN IS KIND TO ME. HE WOULD NOT, NOR WOULD HE LET ANYONE ELSE, TOUCH OR HURT ME FOR WORDS. Therefore, as I said before, I love him, I adore him, I grovel at his feet, and would lick his boots if he would let me, for that is the way us dogs are made."

I said: "Thank you, good, kind, dear, dog Mutt," and put up the telephone.

Poems and Stories From Little Readers Of the Smilers' Page

Riverside Ranch,
Malakwa, B. C.

Dear SMILERS: I often read the SMILING FACE page. We are all SMILING out here because the winter is so mild in B. C. We do not require coats or gloves when we go out. I took a three-mile walk today and the weather is about the same here now as it is in Toronto in September. There is a mountain a mile high close to our ranch and we are going to climb in the spring. I was born and lived for 12 years in Toronto and came west two years ago. I like it fine here but I would like it better still if you would only send me a SMILING FACE button, and be sure and send one to my chum, Florence Anderson, as she is a lovely girl.

Yours truly,
Muriel McGlone.

The Little Smiling Face Girl.
Once upon a time there was a little girl and her name was Violet. She was very naughty. When her mother asked her to do anything she would say, "No, I won't." Her mother used to say, "My! I wish I had that little girl that lives across the way; she is always SMILING." One day, when Margaret (for that was the name of the little girl) was playing with Violet she showed her her SMILING FACE Club button. Violet told her she wanted to get one. Then Margaret told her how so she sent for one. Ever since that she has been SMILING, and a very happy little girl she has been. Joyce Pett.

We are the SMILERS, rah! rah! rah! We smile at the frowners, ha! ha! ha! We smile at the trowners, ha: ha: ha:
The frowners get angry
Once in a while.
But still we keep smiling
All the time.
From Leonard Grime.
607 Union Street.
Peterborough, Ont.

Meaford, Ont.

Dear Editor of the S. F. C.:

Will you please send me a button?
I would like to belong to your SMILING FACE Club. My name is Walton
Tomlinson. I was nine years old
New Year's Day. We get your paper
every Sunday and day. I enjoy reading the stories.

SMILING FACE Club cheer up,
What if day's cold
And you're feeling old,
And blue,
And disgusted too;
We all do.

Take a brace, Look trouble in the face.

576 Parliament street.

Dear Editor of the S. F. C.: Please will you send me a Smiling Face Button, as I should very much like to become a member of your wonderful club I am sending a little story which I hope to see in the S. F. C. page next weak.

Py Isobel Temple, Age 8 Years-I want to be a SMILER. A smiling all the day. I'd like a little button

I'd like a little button
To lead me all the way.
Dear Editor:
I would like to join the S. F. C.
Will you please send me a button? I
have enclosed a little rhyme which I
hope you will like. My sister wrote
this for me.

As we want to be little smilers too, please send us a button, so we will not forget. We love to read SMILERS' Page, and hope to see this in print

No matter how depressed you feel—
Just SMHLE;
A gloomy face is ungenteel—
Just SMHLE.
Nobody cares about your woes,
Each has his troubles, goodney

knows, So why should you, your grief dis-close?

Keep SMILING.
The world abhors a gloomy face.
And tales of woe are commonplace,
So look at your button and take a

brace,
And keep SMILING.
Sent in by your little Smilers,
Zada and Muriel Wright.
Age 8 and 9. Gravenhurst

Gravenhurst, Ont.

am a very happy boy, and SMILING all the time,

So hope that I will get this poetry to go into a rhyme;
For I have read about the club, also memorized the motto.
No use not giving me a button, for, darn it all, you ought 'a.

Rolph Whitefield.

9 Chapel strect. Toronto

And SMILE awhile,
Nothing's gained by looking glum.

Dear SMILERS: I have been reading your SMILING FACE Club every week and am very interested in the stories. I would like one of your S.

F. C. Buttons. I have a little sister and she would also like to join. Here is a short story and I would like to see it in THE SUNDAY WORLD next

The Little Frogie.

There was once a litle frogie who was always frowning. One day as he was sitting down watching the flies as they flew about him he saw a large bluebottle on a read peach where he like to become a member of your wonderful club I am sending a little story which I hope to see in the S. F. C. page next weak.

There was once a little girl who lived in India, and one day she heard, while in the tent something moving, and suddenly out of a bush crept a tiger. Seeing the tiger getting ready to spring she began creeping away, and as she was creeping her hand touched something, it was a revolver. Then she saw her chance. Just as the tiger sprung she fired, and the tiger fell dead. Thus she was saved.

I remain, your SMILER.

H. Harding.

They flew about him he saw a large bluebottle on a reed nearby where he sat. He made a jump at it but the bluebottle saw him and flew away, so frogie thought everything went against him and sat down frowning harder than ever. As he was sitting there thinking what a badly used frog he was a friend came by and asked him what was the matter. When frogie thought have told him he said that if he had smilled perhaps he might have caught it. So frogie thought has would try this advice. Next day he SMILED and caught a fine bluebottle. Sent in by:

Agnes and Kathleen Quin,

Aged 9 and 5.

Well, in about an hour or so

when we had become so dodrily.

clover floating in the wind just

turned right 'round to come back

because he knew that the little

Princess would never, no never,

claimed Old Goose in a low AWAY IT WENT flying along rampilous voice, but just the with the wind. same we went.

"Ha! Ha!" cried I.

"Ho! Ho!" cried Old Goose. dizzy that we were hanging to "Hee! Hee!" cried the little that foot bridge, up side down Princess—but suddenly—Oh!— like so many bats, yes, like so My! dear!-suddenly-we began many bats, and were just about to get dizzy. Yes, dizzy as could giving up (yes, my dear, giving

up) we saw, yes, we saw—a boat "Come to the shore," cried I. being pushed out from the shore, "Come to the shore," cried Old and sure enough it was-yeslittle Old Loon. "Come to the shore," cried the He had seen the four leafed

little Princess. But how could we go to the as he had almost reached the

Well! my dear, there we stood, as I said; just as dizzy as dodrels; On the way we came to a wide and the more we watched the have parted with that four leafed water slipping by underneath us clover if she had not been in the more dizzy and dodrily we danger.

> "Oh, Oh, what shall we do?" cried I. cried the little Princess.

Loon of course." cried Old Goose. "But how can that be done?" cried the little princess and I in one and the same breath," when said yesterday:

we have nothing to write it on "I wonder why and no way to send it." "Hand me that four leafed gone and plant-

The little Princess handed out clover leave: course, Old Goose held it above ly new tulips"

Well, to make a short story long, I mean a long story short, little Old Loon saved us. But "Oh, Oh, what shall we do?" ever since that day I have been sure, or I really might say I have "Send a message to little Old been absolutely convinced and quite certain that a four leafed clover is a very lucky flower-1 mean weed. Turvey's Ma

that child has ed a bunch of

THE TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD

QUESTION MARK TELLS TURVEY WHY A FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER IS LUCKY---A BEDTIME STORY



NOW I HOPE YOU ARE with a whistle on the end of it."

four girls. We are about the same age. We are trying hard to keep SMILING all the while. Picase send d Macphie. cess' birthday.

> her?" I ask Old Goose. present of a silver-no-nothing whistle on the end of it; why "Dangerous!" ex- his head and in a few minutes

to her between us?"

Old Goose, "it being war times." So that was settled: to give her a silver-no-nothing with a whistle on the end of it. Just then little Old Loon came

"What are YOU giving her?" Old Goose and I asked him, in one and the same breath. "The first green thing I have

found this spring," said little Old Loon—"a large four-leafed clover." "What are you going to give

"Ho!" said Old Goose, "that Next day was the little Prin- is rather a small present for a year I gave her nothing and she a foot bridge. was so pleased with it I had a "My! would if not be nice to clover," cried Old Goose. ously thinking of making her a this silver-no-nothing with the said the little Princess.

don't YOU give her nothing and see how she likes it?"

"Well" said little Old Loon, "I shall give her the four leafed clover this time anyway," and Goose. away he flew to find the little Princess.

Next day, after little Old Loon "Oh!" said I, "How nice! Can't had taken his departure, Old shore when we were as dizzy as North Pole and, of course, he had join with you and we'll give it Goose, the little Princess and I dodrels (whatever they are). thought we would go for a walk "The pleasure is all mine," said just to cheer ourselves up.



great mind to give her the same get out on the middle of that foot "Welli!" said he, "I was serl- this year, only that I thought of bridge and dance up and down?" the four leafed clover at once of among my love

princess; my goodness me! last deep river and over the river was