

OUR FOUR PAGE

Difference of Opinion



At one another swore,
For he had but three pinions left,
While she could boast of four.

Of course it was quite natural
That they should not agree
When there was this sad difference of
A pinion, don't you see?

The Children's Poet, Eugene Field

In many schools throughout the United States Eugene Field Day is celebrated and he is known as the child's poet. Field's fame rests on perhaps half a dozen poems, the best known of which is "Little Boy Blue." Almost every child knows this tender little poem and there is nothing sweeter in its class in all literature.

Eugene Field had a sad childhood from the fact that his mother died when he was very young, and his father while he was yet a boy. He lived in his early boyhood with his cousin, Mary French, at Amherst, Mass. He studied in Williams College and at Knox. After Field was nearly grown he attended the Missouri State University at Columbia, for a short time, and here he had his first newspaper experience, being one of the editors of the University Missourian, which has just been revived as a daily organ of the school of journalism in the university, one of the first schools of the kind in the country. Field is remembered as being full of pranks and practical jokes. Even in his boyhood he wrote verse, largely in Pigeon

English, celebrating current local events. He was good company, and was a favorite at social gatherings. His first serious newspaper work was done at St. Joseph, Mo., while he was still under his majority. Here he gained something of a reputation as a humorist, and was called to Denver, from Denver he went to Chicago, to the News, where his "Sharps and Flats" were features of the paper until his death. He wrote much humor of a transient nature, more bubbling fun than fine literature. But occasionally a real literary gem would appear among his stuff and at times a poem of such deep pathos that it revealed a serious turn of mind along with his love of fun. He printed five small volumes, mostly children's verse. It is not so much the quantity of material he left as the quality of a few poems that evidently came from the heart, which gives him title to fame.

Field was a lover of children all his life, and they understood and loved him, so it is appropriate that he should be remembered as the children's poet. He was born in 1850 and died in 1895.

School in the Short Grass Country

BY GLEN HARWOOD.

Jessie, you don't know what a hard time is. Here you have a nice, warm schoolhouse, near at hand, the best of books and appliances and every opportunity to get an education. If you only knew of the first school in the short grass country Grandpa looked at the little girl somewhat sternly. She had been complaining about the hard times she had. Perhaps she was spoiled. She even was ashamed of Grandpa, because he was old-fashioned and was minus an eye. The fact is, he didn't look very well, and Jessie could not help but contrast him with other old people whom she knew. They who understood looked on Grandpa's scar as a mark of honor, but Jessie did not understand.

"Tell me about the first school in the short grass country," pleaded the child. She liked to hear stories, even if she was tired of school. Grandpa cleared his throat and began.

"The first school in the short grass country of Kansas," he said, "was taught by a 15-year-old girl."

"My, but she must have been smart," exclaimed Jessie.

"She had been educated in Boston up to her twelfth year, when her father moved with his family to the short grass country of Kansas. That was only a little over 30 years ago, but conditions were much different then from at present. Indeed, the development of the West has been a romance that will not be appreciated until men get a little further from it. At that time the Indians were more plentiful than white people, and one might travel

for half a day and not see a dwelling-house. Well, Dr. Robinson took up a claim 15 miles from the nearest town, then a village of about 200 inhabitants, now the beautiful city where you live, Jessie."

Jessie's eyes opened widely. It seemed marvelous that these changes should come to her own home.

"Dr. Robinson's practice consisted largely of dressing of wounds that had been inflicted by the Indians on the settlers, and he had considerable to do, too. There was no school in all the country, and in making his professional calls Dr. Robinson discovered that there was a great desire for one, even though some of the people would have to send their children three or four miles to the school. So he arranged matters, and the people got together and built a sod house in which to hold school, and 15-year-old Jessie Robinson rode to the county seat 12 miles away, passed her examination and was granted a teacher's certificate. The children gathered and this child taught the first school in all the country."

"That was a wonderful thing to do," said Jessie. "She ought to have a monument for that."

Grandfather smiled. "Instead of being remembered in this way," he said, "some people are inclined to look down on her because she taught in a sod house."

Jessie colored, as Grandfather continued: "One day in going to school Jessie Robinson passed a neighbor's house and found one of her pupils, a little girl, sick. The child wanted to go to school but was not able to walk. What did Jessie, that



She didn't wait for rescue, but managed to wade ashore.

A Crying Shame

Wunet, when I was little, I
Cut to worry me an' cry
When she waded me, un' ist bawl
Ef my hair was combed at all.



I st wished that I could go
Where they wouldn't treat me so;
I st wanted, nen, to play,
'N' not to be bothered ever day.

Fi couldn't wailer in the dirt
Pears nen like my feelings hurt,

Un' they's somegan, by and by,
En my throat-un' I st cry.

When they told me, What you do
That for? I st say, Boo phoo!
Couldn't hold it—no, siree!!
Somegan must be wrong with ma.

But when ma is done un' kissed
Me, un' give me cake, I st,
Feel ashamed so much that I
I st can't do a thing but cry.



followed the Indians along the Republican River, and finally went into camp on Beccher's Island. Here we were attacked by a thousand warriors and for nine days we fought and fasted, drinking the muddy water of the river, eating half putrid meat of mules and sweltering through the hot September days. On the third day my eye was shot out. We had no surgeon, and I had to lay four days with the wound unattended. Jessie, do you think we were then as well fixed as you are now?"

The little girl was crying and did not answer. It seemed to her that Grandfather's scar was not so ugly after all for it is said that there is really beauty in scars made in the service of mankind. Grandfather continued:

"At last, after seven days, when we were nearly exhausted and a majority of the 50 were either dead or wounded, we heard the sound of a bugle and knew that help was coming. The Indians fled, and a few minutes afterward a thousand colored troops came into view. Jessie, it seems to me I never heard sweeter music than that bugle and never, through my half-blindness, saw a dearer sight than Old Glory on that occasion, and even the negro soldiers were positively handsome in our eyes. Well, they took me to the home of Dr. Robinson, and while I was there the girl, hardly 16, helped to nurse me back to health. This is how I became acquainted with Jessie Robinson."

"Well, what became of her, Grandpa?"

Grandpa smiled. "She married me," he

replied. "Jessie Robinson that was in your Grandmother. It was through her heroism as a girl that the public school was established in the short grass country, and it seems to me that her granddaughter, now that the schools have become so pleasant and profitable, should have enough pride in her ancestors to make the most of things as they are."

And Jessie kissed Grandpa on the forehead. She thought so, too.

HIS GREAT AMBITION

"I wish I could write letter," sighed the boy.

"Is that all?" asked his mother.

"Well, I wish I could spell better, too," he admitted.

"How about arithmetic?" she inquired; but in this line he betrayed little interest.

"Well," said she, "I am glad you are ambitious in two things, at any rate. But why do you select writing and spelling particularly?"

"Because," he replied, "if I was real good in those things I could write my own excuses for tardiness without being caught the way Earlie Duncely does."

BEHEADINGS

(1) Doubly beheaded to apprehend one according to the law and leave a repositful condition. (2) Behead that which comes upon the cheek of health and leave a famous Scotch novel to be spelled. (3) Behead to boast and leave a worn-out piece of cloth.

How Tommy Became a Real Hero

BY MAUD WALKER.

Tommy had been reading all the morning a story of the heroes of olden days, and as he finished the last page he sighed and put the book aside. His mother, sitting by the window sewing, heard the sigh from Tommy, and turning to him, asked what occasioned his sadness.

"Mamma, I'd like to be a hero," declared Tommy, emotion in his voice. "But one cannot be a hero in this day and age—there is nothing to call out heroism. In the old days there were strenuous times—times to try men and—ah—boys, too."

Tommy's mother sat silent for a full minute, then said: "Son, I think we are all prone to look upon the past too much and to regret the passing of those days, but if the truth were known there was less occasion for heroism in the past ages than there is today. Overyhand we than there is today. On every hand we have the call for heroism—girls and women. And we have the heroes and heroines, too, in greater numbers than you have any idea of."

"But, mamma, how is one to be a hero nowadays?" asked Tommy eagerly. "We have no invasions, no raids on towns and cities, no banditti to be captured, no pirates and free-booters to be reckoned with—in fact, nothing but good old times of peace and plenty," declared Tommy with some disgust in his voice.

Tommy. Heroes have gone with the past.

Mamma shook her head. "I tell you, dear boy, heroes are needed as much today as they were needed in the old times, and they are with us in vast numbers. Didn't you read to me just yesterday of that brave fireman who risked his own life to save that of a helpless old woman who had been left in the attic of a tenement to perish in the fire that was sweeping with such fury over the entire building?"

"Well, was there ever greater heroism than that?"

Tommy was obliged to admit that the fireman of whom his mother spoke was indeed a great hero, and then he began to understand his mother's meaning when she said there were as many heroes today as there was in the past.

Tommy got his overcoat and hat and set out to find a call for heroism. He turned into a side street, not selecting any quarter of the city, but following involuntarily wherever his feet might turn. He was too busy thinking to notice his surroundings, and had passed by a tumble-down old clothes shop when a child's sob caught his ear. Turning quickly Tommy entered the shop, for the child's voice came from there.

Crouching close to the counter and sobbing bitterly was a little girl about eight years of age. Upon Tommy's entering she

them, an' my papa and I are too poor to lose anything. Again the little girl sobbed bitterly.

"Where is your mother?" asked Tommy, thoughts of his own dear mother coming to his mind. A mother could always look after everything, he knew, and wondered why this little girl should have to mind the shop if she had a mother.

"My mamma died a year ago, an' I've been alone with my papa," she explained. "It's very lonely, but my papa is very good to me and sends me to school when he is well."

"Let me see your father," said Tommy, his pity for the child growing since he learned that she had no mother.

The little girl led Tommy to a dark, unkept room in the rear of the shop, and there he saw a poor man tossing about on a wretched bed. In the same room were a cooking stove, a cupboard containing a few coarse dishes, a plain deal table, a few chairs and another little bed in a corner where the child probably slept. All spoke poverty. Tommy went to the man and, bending over him, asked a question, but the sick one only stared at him, not replying. Then he began to toss and to moan.

"That's just the way he does when I speak to him," sobbed the child. "An' he got that way last night. But before he got so he wouldn't talk; he said he had great pains in his chest and head."

"He must have a doctor," said Tommy, his voice decisive. He felt that he must look after this poor sufferer, the little girl and the poor shop. "I'll run home and have my mother send for our doctor," he explained. "And you lock the shop door, so that other thieves cannot come in to steal the coats and other things while I am gone."

The little girl did his bidding seeming to trust him completely and know that he was her friend in time of trouble.

Within an hour Tommy returned to the shop, accompanied by his own dear, good-hearted mother. Tommy tapped on the shop door and the little girl opened it for him. In another minute he and his mother were at the sick man's bedside and the mother said she knew from the sufferer's symptoms that he had pneumonia. "And it is a good thing you found him at this stage of the fever," she declared,

The Runaway Brook



A little brook
So liked to play
That it ran away.
One summer day,
With many a nook
Into many a nook,
Singing a song
As it sped along.

And the flowers sprung
Out of the ground
All around,
And about it clung,
While he ran and
Through sky and sward
Came down to play
With the brook that day,
The wayward brook
That ran away.

attention and medical care, Tommy and his mother decided to take the little girl to their own home, where she should remain till the poor father was well enough to resume his business. And the rent of the shop was paid for out of Tommy's own bank account, for otherwise the goods would have been seized for the debt. Then the key was turned in the lock to await the owner's return to open it for business again.

On their way home Tommy's mother pressed his hand, saying: "And how does my little hero feel now? Isn't there a demand for heroism at the present day, dear?"

Tommy's face flushed with pride. "Mamma," he said, softly, "I had forgotten that I was out hunting for a chance to become a hero. I was so sorry for that poor old man, and this little girl, that I forgot my object in wandering about in this part in wandering about in this part of the city."

"And that's just why you are a real hero, dear son," declared the mother. "And throughout life you will find many acts of heroism, such as this one, to be performed, and I know you'll never shrink your duty."

"If this is being a hero," said Tommy, earnestly, "everybody ought to be a hero or a heroine, for to help one another in trouble or sickness is only just and right."

"Well, you are as great a hero today, dearest, as any general who has led his army to victory. You have ministered to the sick and needy—in fact, my son, you have saved a life."

Then the three walked on in silence, for Tommy felt a lump in his throat, a lump caused by emotion, and could not speak, but he did not think of his heroism; only thought of that which might be done for the poor, second-clones man and his little girl, who had no mother.

And it is safe to predict that Tommy's life will be full of just such acts of heroism, and that his mother, a true heroine, will help him in all that he does for charity and his mother's sake. And it is to be hoped that other boys and girls, too, will become just such real heroes and heroines as Tommy became so unexpectedly on the day of the story just related.

turning to Tommy. "He must go to a hospital. But our doctor will be here shortly and give us directions."

And the doctor, summoned by Tommy's mother, did come, and declared the sick man to be suffering from pneumonia. "He must be sent to the city hospital at once," he said. Of course, he gave the patient some medicine, then the hospital was communicated with by a nearby telephone and an order for the ambulance given.

After the sick man was taken away to a place where he could have the best of



"What's the matter, little girl?" asked Tommy.

Mamma sewed on a little while, then said: "Son, I'm going to send you out on an errand—an errand of heroism. You may go in any direction you wish in the city, for on every hand you will find the need of a real hero. While conditions have changed since the days you have been reading of the need of heroes has not diminished one whit. But—I am going to let you find out for yourself just where a hero is needed, and ask you to apply yourself to the cause earnestly."

"But, mamma, I tell you there is no need of heroes any more," reiterated

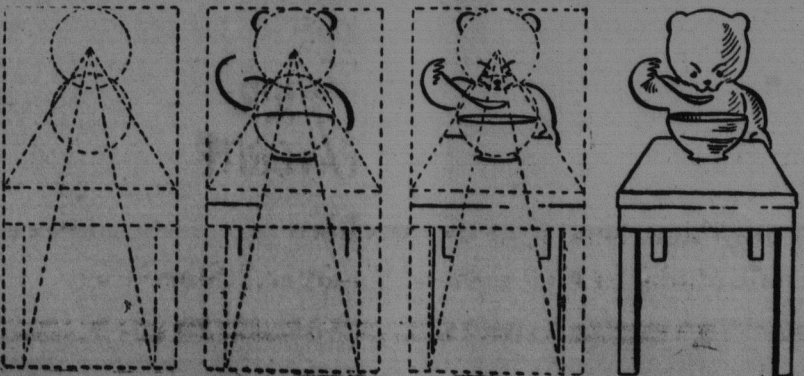
quickly rose to her feet and rubbed the tears from her way over. Her green gaiter eyes looked up into Tommy's face inquiringly.

"What's the matter, little girl?" asked Tommy, his heart filled with pity at the child's apparent distress.

"My papa is sick, an' won't speak to me any more," explained the child. "He got sick yesterday an' couldn't attend to the shop. He went to bed an' told me to watch the shop, an' I didn't know how to sell things. Two men came in an' took coats and ran off without paying for

HELPFUL HINTS FOR OUR YOUNG ARTISTS

LESSON NO. 40—THE TEDDY BEAR AT DINNER.



Our Puzzle Corner

RIDDLE AND ANSWER.

Either forward or backward
If you take me fast I sound;
I am one way a number,
The other a square.

(Ten-act)

LETTER ENIGMA

My first is in group, but not in crowd;
My second is in call, but not in loud;
My third is in bread, but not in cake;
My fourth is in drug, but not in take;
My fifth is in east, but not in food;
My sixth is in chicken, but not in brood;
My whole spells something
That each spring does grow;
And all the children love
To plant it, I know.

CONUNDRUMS

When compressed,
When are fleas like the winter wind?
When sitting,
Why is a lady's evening gown like a vine?
It has to be trained.
What sea would a man on a leaking
ship prefer?
Admiral (a dry attic).
Why are railroad trains like reservoirs?
They both have conductors.

HIDDEN NOVELIST PUZZLE.

By taking the initial letter of a one-syllable word from each of the following sentences, and writing them in the order of their appearance, the name of a famous Scotch novelist will be spelled.

The Sun is always shining on the British Empire.

Take a care that you never over-do a thing.

Always pour oil over troubled waters.

Turn not a deaf ear to good advice.

(The last and fourth letters are the same)

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE

Letter Enigma—Spring.
Hidden Poet Puzzle—Rabbit.
Beholdings—(1) Space—pace. (2) Rattan—tan. (3) Boats—rats.
Curtailings—(1) Antler—ant. (2) Below—bell. (3) Bugle—bug.

CURTAILINGS

(1) Curtail the division in a city hospital and leave bitter conflict. (2) Doubly curtail a place where people live and leave the title of a nobleman. (3) Triply curtail a foreign country and leave that which is a menace to health.



ONE THING AT A TIME.

"What's the news, my boy?"
"Aw, I ain't got no time fer literary pursuits! I'm a business man, I am."