

Page for the Kiddies

HE LOVES MICE. Because of its habits the short-eared owl is more properly called the marsh-owl. It is one of the members of its family that dislikes the woods and prefers to live in the open country. During the day it hides in the swampy grass or reeds, and at dusk it emerges in its foray for food. An extremely cloudy day will also bring the bird out. It is, perhaps, the most nervous of the owl. No matter how long the short-eared owl is kept in captivity, it cannot be tamed. It prefers mice, moles, and gophers for food, and it will eat half a dozen mice at a single meal. In a way it is frugal. It kills more mice than it needs for dinner, the owl will hold the others in its claws until its appetite picks up. This owl like others of its family, does not tear its prey to pieces, but it will swallow alive a kicking mouse, tail first.

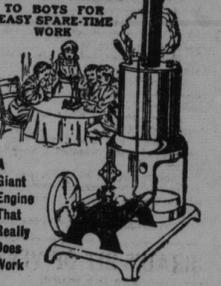
I was arrested for carrying concealed weapons. They found the judge and searched me. All they found was a yeast cake. They fined me ten dollars. I said, "Judge that's no concealed weapon." He said, "It's a kind of a raiser." I said, "Give me the yeast cake and I will go out and see if I can raise the dough."

BICYCLE GIVEN AWAY



Wouldn't you like to have a bicycle your very own? Of course you would. Why not? You can give your own. You can ride it to school or errands quickly for mother, take pleasure trips in the evenings, on Saturdays and holidays. And we will give you one if you are under fifteen, a bicycle absolutely free. There's nothing to buy. Nothing to sell. Nothing to say. And it is a magnificent bicycle, coaster-brake—everything complete. And it's FREE. Don't forget that. All you need to do is to get down NOW, send us your name and address and your age last birthday, and also the names and addresses of 6 of your boy and girl friends. Under 15 write now to The Gold Medal Company, Bicycle Dept. S.S., 211 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont. "21st year in this business."

SELL EASTER CARDS THIS BIG WHISTLING STEAM ENGINE GIVEN AWAY



This Big Whistling Steam Engine GIVEN AWAY to boys for easy spare-time work. A giant engine that really does work. Chug! Chug! Toot! Toot! Away she goes boys! Just watch her fly. The dandiest little man engine any boy could wish to own. For running little toys. The engine is separate from the boiler, like a big engine, and has cylinders, pistons, rotating governor, fly wheel, etc. Geo White! What a whistle! This is a real little steam engine. We send a post paid for selling only \$4.50 worth of our beautiful Easter and New Year Greeting Cards at 6 for 10 cents. These cards are simply wonderful. The Easter Cards are hand-drawn and feature designs with Lillies, roses, etc., and notices appropriate to the season. With an assortment of Gold Medal Cards you can give your customers much better selections than in the store. This makes them so glad to sell. Don't delay. Order now. No money—we trust you as we've been trusting boys and girls for twenty-one years. The Gold Medal Company, Dept. S.S., 211 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont. "21st year in this business."

RANN-DOM REELS

By HOWARD L. RANN

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH. Louis the Fourteenth was a large, bloated monarch who became king of France when he was four years of age. He was always trying to subdue somebody who was willing to lead a quiet, peaceful life, and one day he tackled the little country of Holland, with so much success that he and his army had to swim out of the country when William of Orange punctured the dykes. Louis also fought England for years, but did not accomplish anything except to add a few stories to the public debt. In fact, Louis the Fourteenth failed to measure up to Napoleon Bonaparte by several feet.

ONCE-OVERS

CUBS WORDS ARE WEAK WORDS. GIVING YOUR HUSBAND A CHANCE TO THINK.

Little wife, why do you insist upon entertaining more than your husband desires you to, because of the domestic it makes on his time? Do you wish to create a breach in marital happiness? In society so much to you in life that you cannot be satisfied to allow your husband to absent himself from the gatherings which he dislikes? A tired business man must have time somewhere to think quietly upon matters important to the welfare of you both, and he should be annoyed and nagged and forced into robbing himself and his business of this necessary opportunity to think, and in peace.

THE FOURTEENTH POINT

"Not at all!" "Not like they do in the Army." "Right!" I said. "What's the fourth?" "Swearing." "Never learned it. The fifth?" "Coming home late at night." "Never do it. Next please." "Never forget my birthday." We proceeded to the seventh point, which concerned church attendance, but was not exacting; the eighth, which was a geographical stipulation and anniversaries thereof; the ninth wherein I was to speak plainly to my younger sister and tell her not to be so close to the tenth, which permitted of the continuance of friendship with Bishop on the strict understanding that I made no new friends like him; the eleventh, under which I was bound in honor not to say that anybody was a little pig about choch, even if I thought so; the twelfth, which fixed a minimum wage for both of us; and the thirteenth, which bound me to dismiss, though not to engage, the cook. "Mind you," I expostulated, "you're asking rather a lot, and I'm glad we are coming to the end. What's the fourteenth and final point?" "It's—'It's about mother," she said. "I think she ought to come and—" "You wanted us to be clear," I interrupted. "Well, just listen to me. Thirteen may be the unluckiest number in the calendar, but I'm willing to risk it. Your mother is a charming and estimable creature—but not for domestic use in our happy home." Madge looked at me, and saw the determination in every feature. "Very well, darling," she said. "Perhaps thirteen are enough."

BRAD'S BIT OF VERSE

Did you ever see a preacher or a lawyer or a teacher who was always laughing?



Required for Health and Beauty. It is surprising that it is necessary to repeat again and again that the health and beauty of the skin require that the blood shall be pure, if the arteries of the skin receive impure blood, pimples and blotches appear on the individual suffers from humors. Powders and other external applications are sometimes used for these affections, but will never have the desired effect while the causes of impure blood remain. The indication is very clear that every word or act was just the right and proper thing? Then what makes you scold and grumble, and what right have you to jumble all the sweet words you can muster in a jargon rude and rough when the house frazzles the fritters or the biscuit turns like bittern, when the dinner isn't quite on time, or when the steak is

The First Day Jimmy Drove His New Aeroplane He Stole Willie Smith's Girl and the Grocer's Horse Ran Away and Everything



THE EVENING STORY

"THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS"

(By Olive Roberts Barton.) It was Spring! The crocuses and snowdrops had pushed their way through snow and ice to discover that the robins had beaten them, and the warm sun and soft breezes of the last two days had brought out tiny green buds on lilac and forsythia. The wonderful part of Spring is the promise it holds, an anticipation of splendid things to come. Carolyn Bradshaw looked up from her sewing machine and threw her thumbs into the basket. "I can't put in another stitch," she declared. "It does seem a shame to be shut up here in the house," said her sister, "and you go out on your things and go out, I'll finish hemming this sheet; then I'll see about getting supper." There the postman had the path to the box, curious, as was natural in the uneventful work-day village, to see what had fallen to their share. "It was a letter for me," she said, returning and running a pair of scissors under the flap. "It's from New York and looks like Man Hanson's writing." Her sister blushed in silence while she ran her eye over the contents. "Well, of all things," she declared, "it's a letter from the State can match it for joy, and it doesn't take people long to find out things like that." But her sister was silent. "I'll just go to thinking," read Carolyn. "Of the dull, uneventful existence you do lead in that quiet place, and what need there is here for stress, capable, wholesome people like you. You're just wasting your life, really. Annie doesn't need you; she has her family, and you'll see something of life here. You can make a hundred dollars a month nicely and I'll see that you are properly taken care of, and so on the letter ran to the end. "Talk about thunderbolt out of a clear sky!" cried Carolyn. "I sort of takes my breath away." "But you're not going!" protested Annie. "I don't know. Why not? I sort of get fidgety these Spring days and don't know what to do with myself. Why not?" "Well, you are a queer girl. There's John—that's why!" "I don't see it." "Well! I do! You promised to marry him." "Yes, but I can be promised in New York the same as I can here, can't I?" "It doesn't look right." "See here, Annie, John has about as much sentiment about him as that

RIPLING RHYMES

By WALT MARON SAFE TRAVELING. It fills me with emotion, that peace enjoys a boom; we soon may sail the ocean, and have no thought of doom; we'll board the Yankee steamer to Liverpool and London, and need not strap a gully on, or avoid a briny tomb. The terror of the waters has had its like; day; the submarine that slaughters, can't make the business pay; we'll have a trip to Cadix, and take aboard the Indes, nor have a fear that haddock will break out on the way, with long to cross the bray, the sea and morrow's sea, and visit Poland-China, and lamp the Zuyder Zee; but thinking of the dangers awaiting pilgrim strangers, and giddy ocean rangers, had put cold feet on me. I couldn't say I'd love to wander to far off shores and wear my wishes to act as wholesome dishes for slimy, hungry fishes, served up in uncooked styles. It made me shrink and shiver to think of bilious shark, of yielding up my liver to vomit abnormal steaks, or drink in a quartet, that I might point a moral, and lying on the coral, all at once, cold and stark. But soon the ocean highways will be as safe again as are the country byways, the myths shaded sails; and we our grips may carry, and buy new hats in Paris, a while in Brussels tarts, and snop around in Spain.

ADVICE TO THE MARRIED

By Aunt Sophie. Spring will soon be here, and with the approach of Spring and of my little woman readers should begin to think about "The House Beautiful," and how to make husband happy. If the house lives in an apartment, she may think little, or not at all, of beautifying it. She could not well make a greater mistake, for even a humble flat may become, with little individual touches of one sort or another, a home where Happiness may tarry, with fairy fingers, the loveliest fauot, or the dumbest dunghouse. I am often asked by naive and expansive housewives, "What can I do to make my husband stay at home?" I bear such wives do not pay sufficient attention to the little things of life—the humble, simple things. An Indian club, preferably of hard wood, a Yale cup, a few yards of rope—how seldom, in fact, a wife with a clean, neat, and of those homely, faithful friends? Many a husband, with no such real pleasures in his home, resorts to forbidden places. Many a noble helpmate, were these plain devices more in vogue, would spend his evenings at home with his little wife and his books, instead of hiding behind a siphon at his lonely club. And, again, how many wives try to interest themselves in the deep, intense things that are part of a man's daily life? How many wives, for example, could tell offhand the record of

NO REDUCTION

When Captain Kidd for deeds he did, In Crime's black book recorded, Was caught, he loudly cursed his luck, But bore his doom, and took with pluck The hangman's rope awarded. Dick Turpin, too, who robbed and slew, Did not surrender tamely; And when the gallows' noose he'd donned, He did not weep, or whine, or frown, But bore the gallows gamely. But Fritz the knave, so bold and brave When donning pirate raiment, Sees Justice making out his bill, And quakes, and frowns, and trembles ill At being asked for payment. When Fritz the brute took lives and loot, Him softly "But, Omar, from a material point of view, perhaps, it was not quite so satisfying, possibly." "I realized that the time!" he hastened to agree. "So this evening I've brought you an ode to the material little bump on your transcendental nose. I'm sure you'll find it very nice. It begins—"Fry bumble, dilly bumble, how I wish that thou wert!" "Very pretty, I'm sure," she sighed. "But really, Omar, sometimes, don't you know, one has a desire, I might even say a longing for the more literary-substantial—pleasures." "You are right! You are always right!" he agreed heartily. "By tomorrow evening at the latest I promise you a nice long lyric on the joys of pickling in the woods. The first two lines come to me already: "Hard-boiled eggs and sandwiches and pie, a dab of mustard here and there, and you dear, and I." As kindly as she could, she banged her head on the wall. "If you can keep your head when all about you Are losing theirs and blaming it on you; If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you; But make allowances for their doubting too; If you can wait and not be tired by waiting; Or, being lied about don't deal in lies; Or, being hated, don't give way to hating; And yet don't look too good, not talk too wise;

"CAP" STUBBS.



OUTFIT GIVEN



work is here including a dandy and with room enough for you to admire this outfit and your fountain pen, ink tablets to make at Charlie Chaplin scribbles, a, and hence of this outfit. And this big 73-piece outfit is simply wonderful. The Easter Greeting Cards are simply wonderful. The Easter Cards are hand-drawn and feature designs with Lillies, roses, etc., and notices appropriate to the season. With an assortment of Gold Medal Cards you can give your customers much better selections than in the store. This makes them so glad to sell. Don't delay. Order now. No money—we trust you as we've been trusting boys and girls for twenty-one years. The Gold Medal Company, Dept. S.S., 211 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont. "21st year in this business."