

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 dwells 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 cruel. It kills more mice than it needs for dinner, and the owl will hold the others in its claws until its appetite picks up.

This owl like others of its family, does not fear its prey to pieces, but it will swallow alive a kicking mouse, tail first.

I was arrested for carrying concealed weapons. They took me before the judge and searched me. All they found was a yeast cake. They fined me ten dollars. I said, "Judge that's a 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

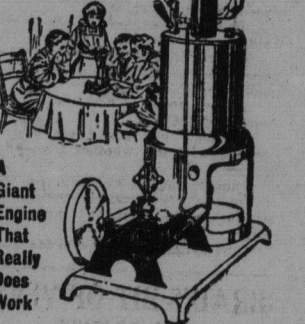


Wouldn't you like to have a bicycle of your very own? Of course you would. You can ride it to school, go errands quickly for mother, take pleasure trips in the evenings, on Saturdays and holidays. And we will give you, if you are under fifteen, a bicycle absolutely free. There's nothing to buy. Nothing to sell. Nothing to pay. 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 come 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. We'll write you to the Gold Medal Bicycle Company, Dept. S.S., 211 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont. "21st" is in this business.

SELL EASTER CARDS

THIS BIG WHISTLING STEAM ENGINE GIVEN AWAY

TO BOYS FOR EASY SPARE-TIME WORK



This Big Whistling Steam Engine GIVEN AWAY to boys for easy spare-time work. A giant engine that really does work. Chug! Chug! Foot! Foot! Away she goes boys! Just push her by. The dandiest little man engine any boy could wish to own. For running little boys. The engine is separate from the boiler, like a big engine, and has cylinders, pistons, rotating governor, fly wheel, and a big whistle! This dandiest little steam engine we send you post paid for selling only \$4.50 worth of our beautiful Easter and May 7 Green Cards at 6 for 10 in stores. These cards are simply wonderful. The Easter Cards are hand-colored designs with Lillies, tulips, and other spring flowers. The May 7 Green Cards are simple and beautiful. With an assortment of Gold Medal Cards you can give customers much better selections than the store. This makes them so easy 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 Bicycle Company, Dept. S.S., 211 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont. "21st" is in this business.

OUTFIT GIVEN

78 PIECES



work is here including a dandy outfit with your own pen, ink, fountain pen, ink tablets to make a Charlie Chaplin scribbler, a set of hairbrushes, and a set of hairbrushes. And this big 78-piece outfit is simply wonderful. The Easter outfit with Lillies, tulips, and other spring flowers. The May 7 Green Cards are simple and beautiful. With an assortment of Gold Medal Cards you can give customers much better selections than the store. This makes them so easy 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 Bicycle Company, Dept. S.S., 211 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont. "21st" is in this business.

RANN-DOM REELS

By HOWARD L. RANN
LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

Louis the Fourteenth was a large, book-faced monarch who became king of France when he was four years of age, and through his youth he was on the throne, and succeeded in dying a natural death. Several efforts were made, it is said to shorten his life, but he evaded them all and passed away with a triumphant look.

For a number of years after he became king Louis was not able to do much of any reigning, as he was confined to the kindergarten, hence his mother reigned for him. She proved one of the best regents France ever had, but when Louis became of age he mounted the throne and kept both feet on the top rung until he was killed by a bullet from the back of the head. He was a fine type of the French monarch, having the avell, rakish how legs of the period and wearing a thick, velvet wig which he would take off on retiring for the night and hang on one of the bed posts.

Louis the Fourteenth's reign was marked by a series of high-spirited wars with everybody on the continent of Europe who owned any real estate. 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.

Louis the Fourteenth was one of the most expensive kings France ever produced. When he died France was on the verge of bankruptcy and anarchy, and could hardly get trusted for coal for the royal palace. In his later years Louis took up religion, which had never troubled him to any extent, thus showing that it is harder to stifle the voice of consciousness than it is to close the mouth of a street gossip.

ONCE-OVERS

CUSS 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 where he dislikes to go.

A tired business man must have time somewhere to think quietly upon matters important to the welfare of you both, and he should not be annoyed and nagged and forced into robbing himself and his business of this necessary opportunity to think, and in peace.

The employer is confronted with shortage of help and the necessity of paying higher wages than his business may warrant on his margin of profit.

What he buys to sell costs so much that it is often difficult to sell at a living profit.

Employees, unless belonging to the usually larger paid class, must do clear figuring each day to meet expenditures.

Whatever class your husband belongs to, he must have time for personal relaxation and quiet, and home is the place.

Would you drive him out of it?

THE FOURTEENTH POINT

"To be perfectly candid with you, my dear," began Madge. "Who asked you to be anything of the sort?"

"People aren't perfectly candid. At least, nice people aren't. They're candid instead."

"But," said Madge, "I've not yet finished what I was saying."

It was on the tip of my tongue to suggest that no woman has ever been known to reach this happy state. But I refrained, and asked her to carry on, as a writer in the *Pasadena Show* of London.

"It's about my fourteen points," she murmured. "If we're going to be engaged, we must start fairly."

"Well, I'll tell you what I want you to do, and you'll—"

"Do it!"

"Yes, dear. You will, won't you?" I hesitated. "You say fourteen points?"

"Yes, darling. Like Mr. Ford's, you know. Only mine are much nicer. Some of them are quite little ones."

"Well," I said, "I'll away and tell me what they are."

"Firstly," she said, "you must never, never love another girl, not even if we don't get married."

"That's rather hard. How about you?"

"Of course, I'll never love anybody else. How could you be so mean as to suggest it?"

"Agreed then," I said. "What's the second point?"

"Secondly, you must never lose your temper with me, whether I lose mine or not."

I begged again, but Madge explained that a woman was "different." And we let it go at that, and came to the third.

"You mustn't drink," said Madge.

BRAD'S BIT OF VERSE

AROUND HOME.

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



and certain with his little daily grind? Did you ever know a sailor or a tinker or a taster who could always please the populace and satisfy mankind? Have you ever found an editor, a doctor or a creditor, a merchant or a farmer or a poet or a king who was always interesting, and who never was caught jesting and whose every word or act was just the right and proper thing? Then what makes you so soft 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 taste like bitter, when the dinner isn't quite on time, or when the steak is

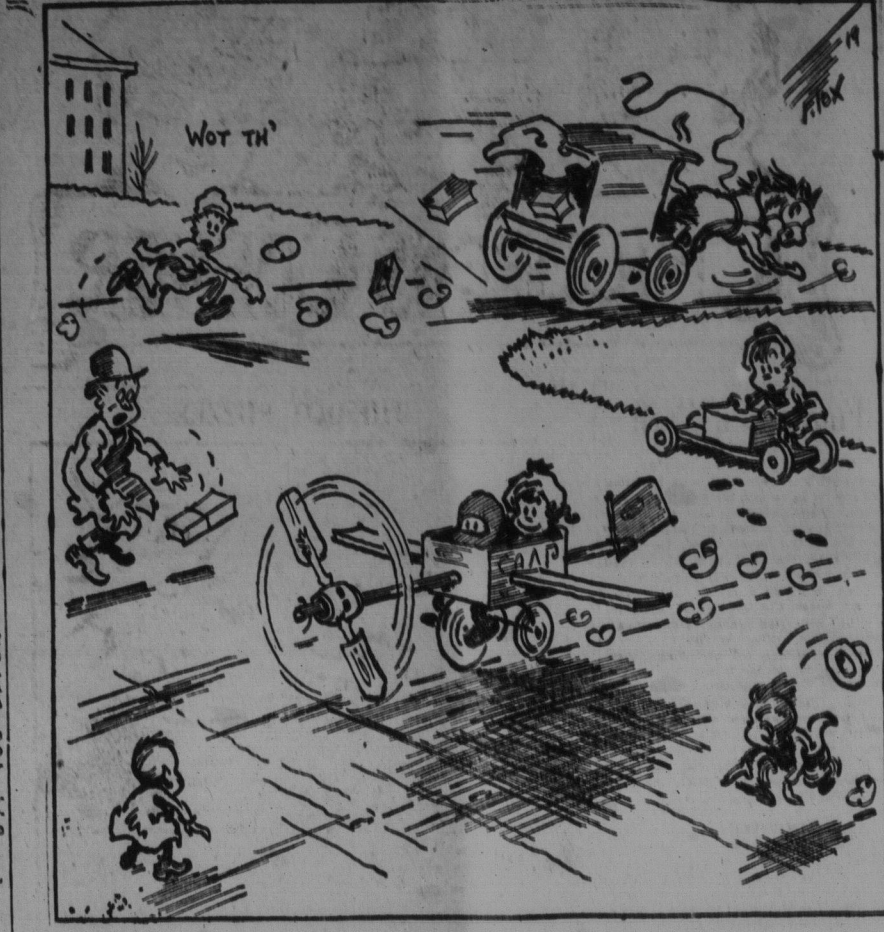
tough? You are patient with the porter and the man who mixes mortar, you're obliging to the blacksmith and the man of books and law; but when homeward you go trailing your too oft indulgent in waiting—where you ought to be the sweetest, it is there you fuss and jaw.

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, and 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 indications are very clear that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most successful medicine for purifying the blood, removing pimples and blotches, and giving health and beauty to the skin. It gives tone to all the organs and builds up the whole system. Insist on having Hood's Sarsaparilla when you seek for it. Don't take anything else.

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 crows 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 suddenly and threw her hands into the air. "I can't put it in another stitch," she declared.

"It does seem a shame to be shut up here in the house," said her mother, "and you go out on your things and go out. I'll finish hemming this sheet; then I'll see about getting supper."

There's the postman! Carolyn hurried down 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 Sam Hanson's writing."

Her sister hurried in silence while she ran her eye over the contents. "Well, of all things!" she declared, "it's a letter for me, 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. "You 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."

"I just got to thinking," read Carolyn, "of the dull, uneventful existence you do lead in that quiet place, and what need there is here for stunts, caprice, 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. "It sort of takes my breath away."

"But you're not going!" protested Annie.

"I don't know. Why not? I sort of get giddy 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

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sewing machine. And do you know how long we've been engaged? Just six years! And we're no nearer to getting married than we ever were. Not that I care a lot, for I can't see that I'd be any better off keeping house for him than I am here. He's careful of his money, you know that, and I'd never see a new dress from Easter to Christmas, and from Christmas to Easter. Anyhow, I don't mind that so much, but I don't think John really cares. Did I ever tell you how we happened to get engaged?"

"No, and I don't think you ought to, either."

"Oh, there's nothing to tell. We were coming home from church one day and we passed that old orchard that used to be part of Watson's farm. It was all in bloom and I said 'There's the prettiest spot in this country.' So Carolyn hurried down the path to the box, curious, as was natural in the uneventful work-day village, to see what had fallen to their share.

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OUR SHORT STORY

THE VERSE IS YET TO COME.

After she had got used to his soulful brown eyes and flowing hair and the way his hair rippled back over his forehead, she began to wonder to herself.

"Doesn't he ever mean to take me to the movies or bring me candy or anything?" she wondered to herself.

"Of course, the poetry he writes about me is pretty splendid, and of course, when he goes into my eyes the way he does, it's simply thrilling and the floor almost falls through, and of course it's nothing but mere poetic forgetfulness that makes him oblivious to ice cream and flowers and theatres and such earthly trifles. So no doubt a little reminder is all that will be necessary."

And that evening she said to him gently, "Omar, yesterday when you called, you brought a sunset to my left ear."

"I remember it perfectly," he said eagerly. "It began—Omar, yesterday when you called, you brought a sunset to my left ear."

"I thought you knew. Don't you?"

"CAP" STUBBS.



RIPPLING RHYMES

By WALT MASON
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 vessel named "Liverpool and London," and need not strap a gun on, or dread a bray bomb. The terror of the waters has and its like day; the submarine that slaughters, can't make the business pay; we'll have a trip to Cadix, and take aboard the ladies, not have a fear that haddock will break out on the way. I long to cross the briny, 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 curbed my lust to wander to far off shores and seas; I couldn't bear to ponder, those stinking seven miles; it was against my wishes to act as wholesome diners for slimy, hungry fishes, served up in uncooked styles. It made me shrink and shiver to think of bilious dark, of vomiting up my liver to vomit about that shore, of dying in a quarrel, that I might point a moral, and lying on the coral, all so silent, cold and stark. But soon the ocean highways will be as safe again as are the country byways, the merry shaded lanes; and we our grips may carry, and bay new hats in Paris, a while in Brussels tarry, and snoot around in Spain.

ADVICE TO THE MARRIED

By Aunt Sophie.

Spring will soon be here, and with the approach of Spring all of my little woman readers should begin to think about "Husband Beautiful," and how to make it a success.

If the reader 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 flat may be beautified. Even an humble flat may become, with little individual touches of one sort or another, a home where Happiness may dwell, with fairy fingers, the loveliest faun, or the dumbest dumbwaiter.

I am often asked by naive and expansive housewives, "What can I do to make my husband stay at home?" I hear 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 key, a few yards of rope—how seldom, in a home with a wife who uses one of those homely, faithful friends!

Many a husband, with no such real reason for leaving as the one I have just mentioned, is lured into forbidden places. Many a noble helpmate, whose these plain devices more in vogue, would spend his evening 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; When donning pirate raiment, Sees Justice making out his bill, And quakes, and for a moment ill At being asked for payment.

When Fritz the brute took lives and When donning pirate raiment, Sees Justice making out his bill, And quakes, and for a moment ill At being asked for payment.

him softly. "But, Omar, from a material point of view, perhaps, it was not quite so satisfactory, possibly."

"I realized that the time!" he hastened to agree. "So this evening I've brought you an ode to the ineffable nose. I'm sure you'll find it very nice. It begins—'Tiny bumble, dainty bumble, how I wish that thou wert.'"

"Very pretty, I'm sure," she sighed. "But really, Omar, since you know 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 picking in the woods. The first two lines come to me already: 'Hard holed eggs and sandwiches and pie, a dab of mustard here and there, and you dear, and I.'"

As kindly as she could, she hugged and kissed him on the cheek.

"If you can dream and not make dreams your master; If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim; If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster And treat those two impostors just the same; If you can hear the truth's stark truth's you've spoken Twisted by knives to make a trap for fools; Or watch the things you gave your life to broken And stand to build 'em up with worn-out tools; If you can make one heap of all your wreckage And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss; And lose and start again at your beginnings; And never breathe a word about your loss; If you can love your heart's nerve and sinew And serve your turn long after they are gone, And stand on when there's nothing in you Except the Way which says to them: 'Hold on!'"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your dreams; Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch; If neither love nor loving friends can hurt you; If all men count with you, but none too much; If you can fill the meaningless minutes With sixty seconds worth of desolation, run; Yours is the earth and everything that's in it; And—when it's more—youth be a man, my son!