

OUR YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER

How Artie and Bessie Found the Great Country

By Annie James.

Artie and Bessie were brother and sister. They were eight and six years old, respectively, and lived in the depths of a great city where smoke and fogs and rain often obscured the sky for weeks together, and where the deafening street noises never ceased day nor night. Clang! clang! clang! went the street car bells on both the surface and elevated lines; while the rattle-rattle of the car wheels kept up a constant roll. And in the shadow of the great elevated tracks went thousands of heavy-wheeled vehicles of numerous sizes and kinds from automobiles to carts. Great draft horses drew some of the heavier wagons, while poor half-starved and half-dead old horses dragged themselves along in the harness of lighter vehicles, such as carts and cabs. And all day long little Artie and Bessie played by one of the two dingy windows of their home, a single room in a tenement-house that faced the elevated road. By the other window worked their mother, sitting at her sewing machine from dawn till far into the night, doing what was called "factory piecework." She belonged to that army of wage-slaves known as "sweatshop workers."

And as Artie and Bessie played in that dingy room by one of the windows, talking in very loud voices that they might be heard over the rumble of street noises and the clatter of their mother's sewing machine, they began longing to get out into the world—into the open somewhere. They had heard fairy tales of great forests that grew in the world away from the city; they had heard fairy tales of mountains and waterfalls, of winding streams where fishes swam and played in the sunshine that sparkled on the clear water. They had heard fairy tales of homes—big and comfortable, where plenty to eat and to wear were tucked away in valleys, with gardens full of flowers and vegetables and trees full of fruit, all about them.

And it was their poor, tired mother who had told them of these wondrous things! Often on Sundays she would take them to a little square, where a few trees grew and where plots of grass were hemmed in from the children's feet, and sitting on a



Are you looking for your son, Mr. Old Gentleman?

bench where a few sunshafts stole to them over a tall building, would tell them of her own childhood home in sunny Italy. And she would also tell them of the trees, flowers, fields, that abounded in this great country, if one but had the money to go where they were. But, alas, they never had the small change to pay for a street car ride, consequently could never plan on getting out of the city to rest their eyes on the clear sky above them and the green fields about them and the rivers and creeks flowing so merrily by.

But the summer had come on with all its terrible heat; men and horses dropping dead from it in the streets—even under the green fields about them and the rivers and creeks flowing so merrily by. And many a terrible tragedy of the summer heat had little Artie and Bessie seen from their window. And many a sight they had seen from their window. And many a sight they had seen from their window. And many a sight they had seen from their window.

tense that their mother was forced to quit work till she might rest from sheer exhaustion Artie went to her side as she lay on the poor bed. "Say, mama, tell me again about my father. I love to hear about him. He was whole American, wasn't he? And you are whole Italian, aren't you? And that makes Bessie and me half and half, doesn't it?" the little fellow queried.

The mother smiled, though almost too weary to do so. "Yes, dear," she replied. "I was brought to America when I was little, like you are. I grew up working in a box factory. There I met your papa; he was one of the bosses, and he showed me every favor he could. We were married when I was 16. Then soon after you were born your papa lost his job. He was out of work for a long time. Then he got a good place at big wages—\$15 a week—think of it! And then he said I should quit work and stay at home with the baby and keep our flat of three rooms

neat and clean. And soon the stork brought our Bessie. She was so pretty that we decided to keep her to play with you. Your papa's wages were raised to \$18 a week. Oh, we lived so grand, with nice clothes to wear on Sundays and car fare to go to Central Park and to Coney. Then the trouble came! Your poor dear father fell down an elevator shaft and was—brought home—dead."

Artie felt his eyes getting dim as his mother finished the story, the story that made her cry so long and deeply. Then, as she kept her hands pressed over her eyes, the little Artie bent over her, saying: "Some day I'll be big and strong like papa and he'll show me every favor he could. We were married when I was 16. Then soon after you were born your papa lost his job. He was out of work for a long time. Then he got a good place at big wages—\$15 a week—think of it! And then he said I should quit work and stay at home with the baby and keep our flat of three rooms

stroking her mother's face lovingly: "We'll go to the Great Country where there are hills and flowers and—fairs, too, when braver guys bid for \$18 a week. And you'll have a nice white shirtwaist with lace on it, and I'll have a big doll what opens its eyes and cries if I squeeze it. And braver will have—have a pair of roller skates!"

"Not when I'm big like papa," declared Artie. "I'll be a man." Then turning to his mother, he continued: "Why don't we ever go to papa's father's house? It's in the country, where there is grass plenty and great big fields. Papa used to tell you all about it when I was a baby, and said when he got some money laid up we should all go there to visit."

"But I've told you Artie that your father's people were very angry with him for marrying me. They wanted him to marry a girl who would fall heir to a great and beautiful farm adjoining their own. Then some day your papa would have the whole valley along the side of a big lake, for his own father's farm and the girls' farm would become one if the two young people became husband and wife. But your papa grew tired of the country and determined to seek his fortune in the city. And so it came about that he never went back after marrying me, for his father was very angry with him and wrote him to stay away. Of course, your father was too proud to go begging to his parents. He had done nothing wrong, and he felt that he had done him a great injustice. After his death I could not write to his people about it, for I did not know where they lived. Your papa had destroyed every letter from them after the misunderstanding."

"Then my grandpapa and grandmama don't know that papa is—dead?" asked Artie, his eyes wondering.

"No, I guess they still think him alive," said the mother. "But I must not stop to talk, dear; I've got to make the rent this week while work is flush. As soon as the hot weather is over it will get slack." And the tired mother rose and went to her machine.

As the last on the floor by the window Artie whispered to Bessie: "A fairy just whispered to me—a fairy from the sky—that I should go out and find my grandfather and tell him about our papa." "But how can you go to the Great

Country?" asked Bessie.

"I think I'll find him in the street—our grandpapa. Somehow, the fairy just now told me to go into the street and find him." And Artie rose and left the room, putting up a warning finger to Bessie and whispering her to say nothing about it to their mother.

"I'll be back before supper time," he confided on slipping out through the open door. In a few minutes Artie had gained the street, with its dense throng and infernally humid atmosphere. He went toward the corner, scanning everybody he met, for he felt that he was soon to find his grandfather.

But the crowd passed the little boy by, not one stopping to ask why he searched the faces of all old men he happened to see. Pretty soon, to Artie's astonishment, he found himself near to the little park—or open square—where his mother often went with him and his sister on Sunday afternoons. Feeling that a breath of the air in the park would revive him, the little fellow went in and sat on a bench near the entrance. Soon he became absorbed in the play of the many children who came there from the close tenement houses nearby. Some were playing "tag" and others rolling balls and marbles. Artie was on the point of asking to be allowed to join in a game of "toss and catch," when an old man's voice fell on his ear. Turning, he saw that a stranger had taken the end of the bench he sat on—a stranger with white hair and beard and the complexion and general appearance of a countryman. He wore a long linen ulster and held on his knee the proverbial "carpet bag" of the rural districts. Artie was all attention, for the old man seemed to take hold of his very heart. He was mumbling to himself in a dazed way and referring to a bit of soiled paper that resembled an old letter.

"Ah," he was muttering, "strange I can't find him. The last letter was from No. 132 Deah street. But hey say at that place they never heard of such a person, that the present family has lived there two years. Well, and at the box factory they say he left there a long time ago, was discharged on some slight offense. So, in the five years since he last wrote me he has become lost in this great city. But it was my fault—all my fault!"

The old man refolded the letter, and placed it, gently, in his breast pocket. Then closed his eyes wearily as if to shut out the sight of the noisy crowds about him. Artie's heart was a-flutter. He slipped along the bench to the side of the old man, and, touching his hardened, wrinkled hand, said: "Are you looking for your son, Mr. Old Gentleman?"

The old man jumped nervously from the shock of the child's touch and voice; then opening his dim eyes he looked Artie over carefully. "Why, sonny, you are the living image of my boy when he was a little shaver. You've the same eyes, hair, nose and chin—only you look sickly and he was as healthy and rosy as an apple. What is your name, lad?"

"Arthur Atkinson, and my papa's name was Thomas Atkinson. His father lives on a farm that lies in a big valley bordering on a beautiful lake. My grandpapa, you know, and he got angry because my papa married my mama. But if my grandfather could only know how good my mama is he would not hate her; he would love her very much. Ever since my papa was killed—"

The aged man leaped to his feet. "Killed!" he gasped. Then he sank to the park bench, a low moan escaping his lips. "Oh, too late, too late to find my boy!"

"But not too late to find his children and their poor mama," said a little voice beside him. And Artie's hand crept into the big, hard hand of his grandfather. Half an hour later Artie went slowly up the many stairs to his own home, leading an old man whose hair and beard were white and who talked gently to the little boy who guided him. And a few minutes later the old man was talking in the most affectionate way to Artie's mother and sister, saying every few minutes: "Yes, my dears, you must go home with me tomorrow. Away from this heat and want, way from the city that killed my boy, to the country where you shall all find a home and love waiting for you. I came to fetch my son, but am too late; but I hear his pleading in the voice of this little boy, he is saying, 'Protect, take my wife and babies and protect and love them. For my sake, father, do this.' And by all that's holy, I mean to do it, too."

And that is how Artie and Bessie found the Great Country and the Great Woods, and—best of all, a good grandfather and grandmother, who took them to their hearts and loved them.

Good luck is the worst of luck if you have the bad luck not to have it.

Toddles and the Stork

BY MAUD WALKER.

"Now, Toddles," said mama, trying Toddles' broad straw hat on his pretty curly poll, "you are going to the park to play for an hour or so. Grandmama will accompany you, and you must be very good and obey her in everything. And, above all things, don't outwalk dear grandmama. She is too old to keep pace with your sturdy little legs."

"All right, mama," said Toddles, lifting up his reebed mouth to be kissed. "I'll be careful not to walk too fast for grandmama, and I'll do just whatever she tells me to."

Then down the steps leading to the pavement went little Toddles Brown, his chubby hand in the slender, aged hand of his grandmother who was leading him.

Toward the beautiful park, full of grassy plots and tall, green trees, they went, Toddles asking questions about everything in sight and grandmama answering them untiringly. They were firm friends, these two, little Toddles and grandmama.

After entering the park grandmama sought a shady seat near the children's romping ground, and turning Toddles loose bade him to run and jump and roll about in the soft grass.

Soon Toddles became acquainted with a little boy a bit older than himself. Their introduction came about in this way: Toddles lost his hat while running the length of the playground. The little stranger picked it up and ran after him, calling out: "Here's your hat, kid." Toddles, turning about to take his hat, smiled in a friendly way, asking: "Who are you, boy?"

"My name's James Arthur Franklyn," explained the boy, "and I'm six going on seven. What's your name, kid, an' how old are you?"

"My name's Archibald John Brown," said Toddles. "But my papa an' mama, an' all my folks call me Toddles. I'm five years old my nex' birthday."

This exchange of confidence brought the boys very close together, and they stood gazing into each other's faces in a way which bespoke mutual admiration. Five minutes later they were running about hand in hand, and Toddles invited James Arthur Franklyn to go with him to the

bench where grandmama was sitting that he might become acquainted with her. "My grandmama is a very nice lady," explained Toddles. "She loves little boys, 'cause I'm a little boy." And grandmama was very delighted indeed, to make the acquaintance of James Arthur Franklyn, and gave him and Toddles some little cakes and oranges from a paper bag she carried. While the children were enjoying the cakes and fruit he had brought, the stork came to the park. Toddles and grandmama were talking. Turning to grandmama he asked: "Have you and Archibald John Brown been to the zoo?" It was full of little baby animals and things. They told me over there that the stork had come last week and left all those funny little things. There's a pair of baby lions, three baby leopards, and ever and ever so many baby monkeys. And such lots and lots of baby birds are coming out of the nests, and—and a real, sure-enough baby elephant is there, too. Oh, yes, and there's a baby goat that looks like a lamb and there's a baby buffalo. Oh, the stork must have brought a whole carload of babies to the zoo!"

"Well, well!" smiled Grandmama. "Toddles and I have not visited the Zoo this spring, and here it is June. Why, if we don't go over soon all these babies you tell me about will be grown up like their mammas and papas. I guess we'll have to take a peep over there today. What do you say, Toddles?"

"Oh, yes'm, let's go an' see the baby animals!" cried Toddles, forgetting to finish a cake that had ruins in it and crushed sugar outside it.

Grandmama, always indulgent to her little Toddles, led the way to the Zoo, which was some distance from the park playground. But before they parted from James Arthur Franklyn, Toddles had promised to meet him in the park "on some other day, and James Arthur Franklyn had replied in his manly way: "Shore, we'll play together here all summer, kid—I mean Archibald John Brown."

At the Zoo Toddles found heaps and heaps of things to enjoy. Yes, James Arthur Franklyn had spoken the truth. There were babies everywhere. And his mother, all caged or fenced, did love and caress them. "Why, grandmama, they are just like peopies, ain't they?"

said Toddles, watching the buffalo mama washing her baby with her long, pink tongue. "But, say, grandmama, how could a stork—one stork—carry all these babies here?"

"Oh, he brought one at a time," explained Grandmama. "And the stork always has assistants during the busy season," she went on. "Now, one stork could not carry the baby elephant, you know, so he had to call in two or three others to help him. Then, on the other hand, one stork could bring half a dozen baby monkeys; they're so tiny, you know."

"Well, do the same storks what bring the baby animals to their mammas bring the baby boys and girls to their mammas?" Toddles asked, his eyes full of eager inquiry.

"I think they are the same storks," nodded Grandmama. "Yes, on second thought, I'm sure they are."

"Then why don't they bring a little baby girl to our house?" asked Toddles. "We don't live so very far from the Zoo. Would we have to write and ask a stork to bring what we want?"

"I think that would be the better plan," answered Grandmama. "If we tried to just wishing for a baby the storks might not catch our wish, you know. But, dear, do you want a baby sister?"

"Shore," declared Toddles. "I'd rather have one than a kite—or a automobile. I reckon. Anyway, I'd rather have one than—a boy baby. You see, grandmama, I want to be mama's only boy. An' I don't want no over boy. See?"

"Yes," said Grandmama. "But suppose the stork—on getting your letter—happened not to have a baby girl on hand? Then would you like a brother? I think a brother would be very, very nice, for he'd grow up to play with you."

"And on rainy days I would not get lonely for some one to play with me," said Toddles. "That would be ever so nice, grandmama. Maybe I'd like a baby boy better 'an a baby girl. Sposen we write for a boy baby, then, grandmama? I'm sure I'd like him."

"Well, let's sit down and talk it over," said Grandmama, leading Toddles to a bench that stood under a tree nearby. "Now, suppose we just ask the stork to



Picture No. 1 represents what the little boy is doing. No. 2 is an article much worn as an ornament. No. 3 describes the old gentleman's predicament. The last two letters of each word are the same, can you guess them? (Answer to last week's puzzle—Cheat, Heat, Eat.)

bring us a baby—either a boy or a girl. Don't you think that would be better than specifying which kind you want?" And Grandmama took a piece of paper and a pencil from her purse preparatory to writing a letter to a stork.

"Yes, grandmama, just say this: 'Mr. Stork, will you be kind 'nough to bring a baby—any ole kin—to me? I'd like a girl, if you have one handy, but if they're all tooked by other people, jus' please bring me a boy. Or, if you ain't got no boy handy, Mr. Stork, bring me two twins. Oh, yes, bring me two twins!'"

Hereupon Grandmama smiled as she wrote, and Toddles noting the smile, said: "What you laughin' fer, grandmama? Ain't that the bestest after a boy or a girl?"

"Well, I'm not so sure about asking for two at once," said grandmama, shaking her head. "I'm afraid the stork might think you selfish in asking for more than one. Of course, we might add a postscript saying that if there happened to be two babies on hand that would be most joyously received at the home of Archibald John Brown."

"Oh, that's the way we'll do it, grandmama," exclaimed Toddles. "You write that to the end of the letter." And Toddles sat smiling as grandmama wrote after his dictation. "Now, where'll we put the letter?" asked Toddles after the grandmother had finished writing. "Shall we drop it in the mail box by our house, grandmama?"

"Oh, I'll attend to posting the letter," Toddles said, for it was him 'at told us must not drop it in the mail box, though

the stork might never get it that way. We'll place it under the hedge near the park entrance, for the stork seems to be in the habit of coming here often, and his quick eye will detect the letter addressed to him."

This manner of posting the letter to the stork pleased Toddles, and with his own little hands he took the folded sheet of paper and hid it safely under the hedge at the entrance to the park. Then he sat grandmama went home, having spent most of the afternoon in the park.

The following morning, just as Toddles was opening his blue eyes after their night's sleep, Grandmama came softly into his room. A smile wreathed her face as she sat on the edge of Toddles' bed. "Do you remember the letter to the stork, Toddles?" she asked, after having kissed her little grandson good morning.

"Oh, yes'm, grandmama," cried Toddles. "Do you spose the stork got it?"

"He certainly did," answered Grandmama, patting Toddles' rosy cheek. "If you'll come to mama's room you'll see there the dearest, blue-eyed baby girl in the world. And she's Toddles' sister too."

QUEENS OF ENGLAND

Sophia Charlotte—or Charlotte Sophia, as some historians designate her—was the queen consort of George III., king of Great Britain and Ireland. She was born at Mecklenburg-Strelitz May 16, 1744. While but a child Charlotte showed great aptitude in learning and was devoted to her studies. In later years she became one of the most cultured princesses in Europe.

According to various biographers George III. fell in love with her through reading one of her letters, which displayed a most noble and brilliant mind. However that may be, it is a fact that the match was one of love. When Charlotte became George's bride she was in her seventeenth year, and all England paid her most gracious homage. On arriving in England the young queen began the study of the English language, the king aiding her all that he could by reading to her from the best English authors.

Charlotte Sophia was "prudent, well-informed, charitable and sweetly domestic mind," says one historian. But she had little failings, for it was said of her that "she was fonder of diamonds than the Queen of France, and of snuff than the King of Prussia." She was the mother of nine sons and six daughters, two of whom died in early infancy. In speaking of her motherly solicitude one biographer has the following to say: "One day a lady of high rank said to the queen: 'My children must be doing well for they have plenty of servants to at-

tend them.' The queen quickly exclaimed: 'What! do you leave them entirely to attendants? I dare not do so, for it is impossible that servants, however good, can take the place of a parent.'

For some years before the queen's demise—which occurred in 1818—the king lost his mind and became a most pitiable object to behold. This caused the queen to spend her last years of sickness in con-



Sophia Charlotte, Queen Consort of George III. Her lord and king survived her two years, his mind still clouded at his death. MARY GRAHAM.



Designs for book-shelves and stool which may be made by the boy or girl carpenter. The wood may be dressed pine and stained and grained to represent oak.

stork had brought there. So, James Arthur Franklyn must see an' play with my new sister what the stork brought me!"

And Toddles toddled off toward his mother's room to welcome his new sister that the stork had so generously brought him. In response to his letter of the previous day.



Little Johnny Jumper! See how he can run! Hip-a-hop the live-long day, Having lots of fun. And a little doggie, Bawling, frisking, leaping, Goes with Johnny everywhere.

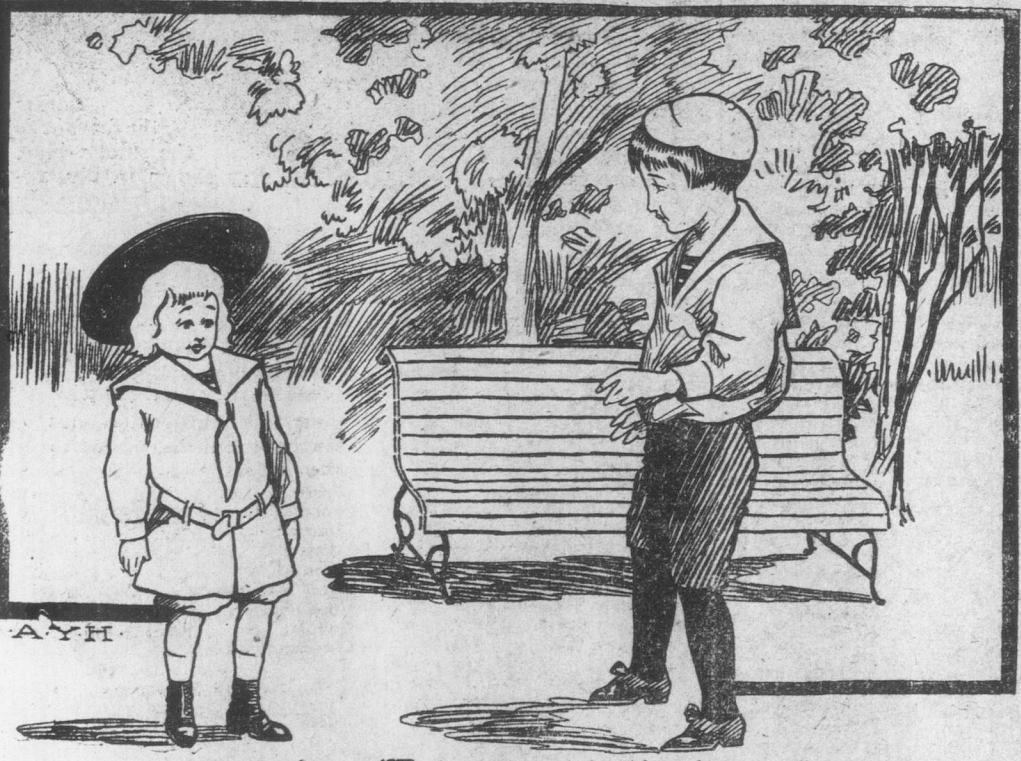
BEHEADED WORDS. My first is a fruit that grows in the north. Beheaded and get a part of your own anatomy.

My second is the name of a girl. Behead and get the name of a sport enjoyed by lovers of horse flesh.

My third is the name of a black bird. Behead and you'll have an exercise much enjoyed by people during the summer.

My fourth is a piece of furniture. Beheaded and obtain a part of your own head.

HOW HE WOULD GET EVEN. A contractor on a large public building had a hoist-hoisting machine put in to do the work of the hoist-carrying. In the morning one of the discharged hoist-carriers came to watch the machine work. After looking at it he turned to the contractor, saying: "Yep, it's all right to carry bricks and mortar, but it can't vote."



"What's your name, kid, an' how old are you?"

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