

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

THE EDITOR'S CHAT.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

It is purposed from now onward, to let you have a special page each month, devoted entirely to yourselves, not just the usual kind of children's page which you may have seen in other monthly magazines, but one which you yourselves, will help to prepare. Now what do you think of that idea? Isn't it great?

Here is how you can manage this. Write and tell me just what you like best to read. Send in to me any short stories you have written yourselves, or read and think other children would like to read also. Let me have pictures of yourselves, and then whenever possible I shall publish same on this page. Take special interest in the monthly contest, first of which appears this month, and see if you cannot win one of the splendid prizes. Ask your teacher to let you see her copy of the REVIEW, or better still win the first prize, of a dollar, and use same to have the REVIEW sent to you for a whole year, post free.

That is all I have to write this month, but in our next chat, I expect to have several little surprises to tell you of, and before then to have had letters from many of you. Address all communications, in connection with this page to,

THE EDITOR (Children's Hour)
EDUCATIONAL REVIEW,
St. John, N. B.

COMPETITION FOR KIDDIES. PRIZES FOR TEACHER AND PUPIL.

To the boy or girl reader of the EDUCATIONAL REVIEW who sends in the best written copy of the following sentence, a prize of one dollar will be awarded, whilst the school teacher of the prize-winner will receive a copy of the REVIEW monthly for one year free.

The sentence to be copied is:

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

Remember this is a handwriting contest, and all entries must be written on a white piece of paper, and reach this office not later than February

1. At the bottom of the paper write clearly your name, address, age, teacher's name, and that of your school.

Address envelopes to

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whose decision must be considered as final.

HOLD YOUR HORSES.

Tommy was stamping his little foot, and scolding away at his kind nurse when Father appeared on the scene. "Hold your horses! Hold your horses, son!" he said.

Tommy looked up surprised. He didn't quite know what Father meant, but he did know that he must not act that way any more.

"Come here, son. You remember the picture of the chariot-race in Ben-Hur, and how the driver holds in, and controls and guides the flying horses. It takes strength, and skill and patience and self-control, to control high-tempered, spirited horses. How splendid to be able to do it! Don't you think so? Do you understand what I meant when I spoke those words to you?"

Tommy's eyes said "yes," but his lips said, "Nellie stepped over my bridge and knocked it down and overturned my train of cars. She had no right to step on my things."

"And sure," said Nellie, "they were between me and the extra chair needed in the dining-room for the company tonight. I tried to step over them, but there were so many toys all over the floor just there, and my skirt caught."

Father looked at Tommy, who dropped his eyes.

"Does an engineer rave and scold when a storm or earthquake breaks down his bridge? He is sorry of course, but do angry words help put up a bridge? What does a sensible engineer do?"

Do you think you can hold your horses the next time they try to run away with you?

Tommy's eyes said "yes."

"And what do you say to Nellie?"

"I am sorry," said Tommy, and Nellie shook hands with him as if he were a grown man.