

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Weekly Chat

My Dear Boys and Girls:—

I don't believe many of you had a real jolly celebration of any kind on the public holiday, at least none of you have reported such to me, and I was so sure you would have fishing trips, picnics and all sorts of racket to write about. Well, here comes another public holiday and the offer I made you for the last still holds good. This one will have a patriotic spirit to it too, and after looking forward to peace for such a long time, I am afraid some of our enthusiasm has been lost and we may not fully realize its importance. However, I think it means for us to try to be ever-remembered.

Have you noticed many of the birds' houses empty? I have. Those little morsels seem to shift for themselves very early and evidently learn the art of walking and flying quickly. No doubt they have many difficulties to overcome and need to master all their pluck and courage to take up the burden of life, but so do we all need to do that.

We might learn lots of lessons from the little birds. If they said: "I can't" every time their mothers tried to instruct them it would take them many months—instead of days—to learn to fly and hop about. So let us think of that when the task seems hard, and instead of saying "I can't" say "I'll try." Then keep always in mind the good old rule: "If at first you don't succeed, try and try again." What do you think of another contest? Or do you just want to loaf during the holidays? I know if I introduced another contest you would not for anything disappoint me by not taking the usual interest in it and yet I would not care to have you do that just to please me, for the summer should really be a free time to the scholars I think, and they should not have to have many obligations to fulfill.

How about it, chums? Will we just sit back and enjoy the Children's Corner during the summer or will we have a contest? All these are for you to decide, so let me have many opinions. Of course I need not remind you that all contributions are welcome at any season. Any riddles, puzzles or jokes, which you know of or come across I will be pleased to publish if worthy. Also stories or accounts of your experiences, which in your opinion would make the page more interesting to little folks, let me know of them.

Let us talk matters over during the holiday time and then we can have things well thought out by the time when we should settle down to work again.

I surely hope that many of you are enjoying the beautiful country with its fields and trees, its hills and dales all covered with the beautiful shades of green and dotted here and there with a touch of color made by the many blossoms so much in evidence. Then the garden, which is your own, may breathe while enjoying these rare scenes should make boys and girls both happy and healthy.

Yours ever,

UNCLE DICK.

A PEEP INTO UNCLE DICK'S MAIL.

Cummings Cove.

Dear Uncle Dick:—

Perhaps I write to you quite often but I am going to write now. We are having very warm weather with not much rain or fog. I am glad the holidays have come, although I like to go to school. It is nice to be away from home for a few days, visiting and picnicking each summer.

We were on a picnic yesterday. We went in a boat to a place called Lord's Cove.

The Orangemen had a parade, and the band played the national anthem. I haven't found many bird's nests this year, but there are several small ones in the barn.

I enjoy the Corner very much. I read each weekly card and all the stories. I like to write and to hear from you. You are always so kind and helpful, and I always do the puzzles and see if they are correct the next week.

I would like to correspond with members of the Children's Corner. Would it be all right for me to write first?

Yours niece,

THELMA C. FOUNTAIN.

From George.

Jeweller—Yes, sir, I will engrave anything you wish on this ring, without extra charge.

Young man—Well, inscribe on it, "From George to Alice."

Jeweller—"Hum! The lady is your sister, may be?"

Young man—"No. The fact is this is an engagement ring."

Jeweller—"Ah, my young friend, I have had considerable experience in engagement rings, and I would suggest that the inscription be simply, 'From George.' Then it will do for anybody."

Moving Picture Funnies

The Story of an Ice-cream Social.

Fold along the dotted line.

How to Grow Rich.

I'll tell you a plan for gaining wealth. Better than banking, trade, or loans; Take a bank-note and make it up.

And then you will find your money increases.

This wonderful plan, without danger or loss.

Keeps your cash in your own hands, where nothing can trouble it.

And every time that you fold it across, it's as plain as the light of day that you double it.

Cardinal Virtues.

The cardinal virtues are benevolence, justice, purity, truth, and

Answers To Letters

BRNDST 8.—Yes, it is a long time since I heard from you so your letter was all the more welcome to me.

Glad you have such good times with the chums living near. Watch your punctuation more closely.

MARIE G.—That must be a very pretty garden of yours and I certainly should like to see it. Your little brother is at a very interesting age now, and I can imagine him creating lots of fun for you girls. Hope to hear from you soon again.

HAROLD E.—This would be a good chance to practice your writing. Glad to hear of your experiences on that pleasant trip. I like to know when the fellows are pleased with the Children's Corner.

ALTON R.—Good for you in your school class. That was great to pass with such good marks and of course I understand now why you couldn't keep up the writing to me as you usually do. However, am glad you didn't forget me altogether.

MAY H.—You are certainly a little girl to write such a neat letter and many older ones could not do as well. Hope your party was a success and that all the little friends brought their dolls.

ROY G.—I am sorry I can not give you that information, but will write you if I do succeed in getting it. Yes, we have a large membership, but of course that older ones have to drop out as new ones join, so it keeps the list well balanced.

MABLE B.—You are certainly a busy bee these days, Mable. I did enjoy your letter immensely and admired your writing very much. Glad you look forward to our page with such interest.

TOM B.—That was a fine trip you had alright and a good way to start the holidays. How is the garden coming on? With all the hot sun and nice warm rains occasionally you should feel encouraged.

HAZEL T.—You will be very welcome as a new member and I think the coupon is just what little folks need, as they didn't seem to understand that all readers may join who are under sixteen.

ROB. W.—So pleased to enroll you as a member of our Club Bob, and hope you will enjoy the Corner as the other fellows do.

ROBERT M.—Welcome to our midst also, it is fine to have new members joining as the older ones have to drop out. Hope you will be as glad to be one of us as we are to have you.

THELMA F.—You don't write any too often. I always enjoy your letters and as you are the most interesting in this week's mail, I want the other members to enjoy it, too. Then I like your method of saving the puzzle answers, besides I want the girls to see if you would like to correspond. Of course write first.

THE PROUD VEGETABLES.

In a funny little garden not much bigger than a milk.

There lived a tiny family, its members all were fat;

But some were short, and some were tall, and some were almost round.

And some ran high on bamboo poles, and some lay on the ground.

Of these old Father Pumpkin was, perhaps the proudest one.

He claimed to trace his family vine directly from the sun.

"We both are round and yellow, we both are bright," said he.

"A stronger family likeness one could scarcely wish to see."

Old Mrs. Squash hung on the fence; she had a crooked neck;

Perhaps 'twas hanging made it so; her nerves were quite a wreck.

Near by, upon a painted row of fagots, dry and lean,

The young cucumbers climbed to gaze at their adian' clubs of green.

A big white radish hid in earth beneath his leafy coat;

And mole-like sweet potatoes crept around his quiet nest.

Above were growing peary pease, and beans of many kind;

With pods like tiny castanets to mock the summer winds.

There, in a spot that feels the sun, the swarthy egg-plant weaves

Great webs of frosted tapestry and hangs them out for leaves.

Its funny azure blossoms give a merry, shrivelled wink.

And lifting up the leaves display great drops of purpl' ink.

Now, life went on in harmony and pleasing indolence

Till Mrs. Squash has vertigo and tum-bled off the fence;

But not to earth she fell alas! but down, with all her force,

Upon old Father Pumpkin's head, and cracked his skull, of course.

At this a fearful din arose, the pods began to split.

Cucumbers turned a sickly hue, the radish had a fit.

The sweet potatoes rent the ground—the egg-plant dropped his room.

While every polished berry seemed to gain an added gleam.

And, worst of all, there came a man, who once had planted them.

He pried them high in baskets, in a most unfeeling way.

All this was told me by the cock—we ate the last today.

How to Grow Rich.

I'll tell you a plan for gaining wealth. Better than banking, trade, or loans; Take a bank-note and make it up.

And then you will find your money increases.

This wonderful plan, without danger or loss.

Keeps your cash in your own hands, where nothing can trouble it.

And every time that you fold it across, it's as plain as the light of day that you double it.

Cardinal Virtues.

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DICK DUBBIN'S DESPERATION

(Continued from last week.)

"Or sit on his head till his heart

scooped!" suggested Trimm.

Eventually Dubbin's proposal was

agreed to. They would visit Farmer

Bulltop and reason with him—gently,

politely, but firmly.

They had little difficulty in finding

Mr. Bulltop, who was bulging some

of his men in the stackyard. He re-

garded his visitors with an eye of

suspicion.

Mr. Bulltop's suspicion was in no

way lessened when Mollison—who had

won the toss for "first go at the

brute!"—removed his cap, pressed it

over his heart, and made a bow which

might have satisfied a savage potent

ate.

"Well?" demanded Bulltop.

"We have no desire to trespass on

your valuable time, Mr. Bulltop," be-

gan Mollison, very politely, "but the

fact is we've come about our parson."

"My parson?" grunted Bulltop.

"Oh!" unanimously from the self-

appointed deputation.

Then Trimm had a try.

"Really, Mr. Bulltop," he said, still

politely, "we built it, y' know!"

"An 'I'm very much obliged to be

grinned Bulltop.

A momentary silence, then Dubbin,

more firmly than politely proceeded

to take up the attack.

"That's absurd, y' know!" he said.

"All the same, to save time we'll

split the difference and call it the pa-

vilion. We've come about the par-

son."

"Well?" again from Bulltop.

"You don't really intend to insist

on your claim? We built it," he said.

"On my land!" interrupted Bulltop.

"And, being a building within the

meaning of the law, it's mine. See?"

The boys did not see—at least, not

Mr. Bulltop wished them to see.

"Come, come, Mr. Bulltop," put in

Mollison, besides I want the girls to

see if you would like to correspond. Of

course write first.

"Like a— a Grand Duke, y' know!"

said Trimm.

Bulltop grinned.

"Like a bully and a thief!" said

Dubbin, slowly and distinctly.

Bulltop neither smiled nor grinned

now. This he considered, was pass-

ing the bounds of fair argument, and

swearing his stout stick, he made a

wild dash at the fully-prepared Dub-

bin.

Running his hands as far up this

bough as possible, he suddenly back-

ed almost round the descending stick

of the pursuing farmer.

A short, sharp run, and Dubbin,

aided by the pull of the bounding bough

swung himself clear, and shot forward

like a stone from a catapult.

In mid-stream he released his hold,

and, much to the mortification of the

astounded Bulltop, Dubbin landed ad-

vancing in a clump of nettles on the further

bank.

"Done!" gasped the petrified

Bulltop.

"Brown as a toast, and on both

sides!" chuckled Dubbin, even while

the nettles stung.

Little Children of Mother Goose Village

Little Polly Flinders was feeling

very lonely indeed, for she had lost

her dearest dolly. Polly Flinders

could sew quite nicely for a little girl

and Mother Flinders had just given

her a scrap of beautiful pink silk for

a new frock for her doll.

She looked in every corner of the

house, upstairs and downstairs, and

in the playhouse and at last decided

to give it up.

Daddy Flinders had gone to market

with a great load of apples and Mo-

ther Flinders was busy, so Polly play-

ed peek-a-boo and pat-a-cake with the

dear little Hush-a-Bye-Baby until it

was time for her to take a nap and

then she rocked her in her little tree-

top cradle and sang to her until she

was fast asleep. Then she thought

she would straighten her mother's

sewing basket for a surprise.

There was her own dearest

dolly, smiling right up at her with her

big brown eyes, and her hair was

tied with a big pink ribbon bow!

Polly Flinders remembered, now

that her mother had given dolly a new

hair ribbon and she had forgotten to

take her out of the sewing basket.

That was Polly Flinders' surprise

and a happy surprise may be waiting for

In a kind, loving deed that your lov-

ing hands do.

Then, secure in the knowledge that

there was no bridge within a mile,

Master Dubbin proceeded to lecture

Bulltop on the folly of supposing that,

at his time of life and in his slump

condition, he could catch anything

speedier than a garden snail!

"You really ought to know better,

Mr. Bulltop!" he chuckled.

"You lump!" roared the furious far-

mer. "You lump o' darkness!"

The next time I catches you on my land

I'll shoot you!"

He didn't really mean it, of course.

But Farmer Bulltop had some good

reasons to remember that threat!

CHAPTER III.

Now, Master Dubbin was a boy who

having once set his mind on a thing,

was not to be easily discouraged.

Before morning school on the fol-

lowing day, without a word to his

chum, he set out once more for Bul-

top's farm!

He had no particular desire to see

Farmer Bulltop this time. Oh, dear

no! On the contrary, he had decided,

if possible, to keep out of that wor-

thy's way.

But Dubbin had heard, as indeed all

Mappleton village had heard, that

there was one individual capable of

putting a great and deadly force into

the heart of Farmer Bulltop.

That individual was Farmer Bul-

top's wife, and her name was Ver-

onica! Once, when driving alone to

market, Mrs. Bulltop had had some

trouble with her pony. Dubbin had

galloped stepped forward, had seized

the pony's head, and had led him

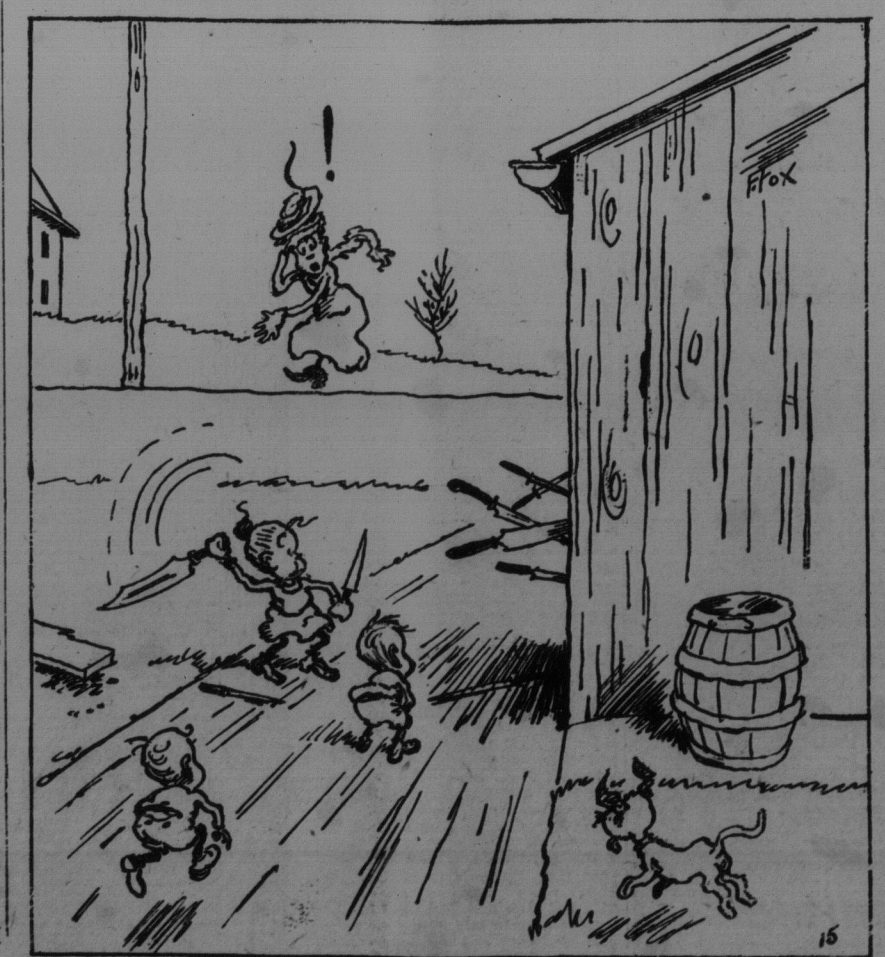
tough the gate, for which service

he had been thanked by the fair Ver-

onica.

(Continued next Saturday.)

Tomboy Taylor's Mother Was on Her Way to Report to the Police the Disappearance of Nearly Every Knife in the House.



A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

Smile Kiddies, Smile

Entitled to An Extra Flounce.

"Mother," says the younger sister, "I think it is too bad; I am almost, yet you make me wear such short dresses that it mortifies me terribly."

"My dear," said her mother, "you cannot wear longer dresses till your elder sister is married."

"Well," answered the younger sister, "she is as good as engaged to her scamp of a husband, and I think I am entitled to an extra flounce."

Happy Though Rejected.

Perdita.—"What a cheerful way you must have of rebuking a man! You seem to send them away supremely happy."

Beatrice—"I tell them that the report that I am a great beauty is a mistake."

In Training.

The humblest occupation has in it materials of discipline for the highest heaven.

A Japanese Umbrella.

A Japanese umbrella is not at all like one of ours. It is about three feet across the top, and has a small, straight handle of wood. The top is made of thick colored paper with little wooden sticks to hold it in position. The Japanese are very proud of the color and style.

A Clever Mouse.

Great proof of mind is reported to have been shown by an American mouse which fell into a dish of cream. He simply swam round and round vividly until he was able to crawl up on the butter.

A Whimsical Singer.

John Abell, the celebrated alto singer, who lived in the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, was always whimsical, and sometimes would sing and sometimes would not. Just as he took it into his head. When he was at Warsaw he refused to sing before the court, but his objections were over-