

such shaded candles about the room? What a time for story telling!

The square shades shown in our illustration were made of heavy black paper, cut out in a design, carefully pasted together at the corners, lined with bright thin paper or silk, and slipped over wire frames. The round ones are still easier to make, since, if the paper is heavy enough, they need no wire frame except the little support to rest on. If the heavy black paper cannot be got, pasteboard, painted black, will do as well, but is not quite so easy to manage. Put the sides together by pasting strips of heavy paper over the corners. Another excellent medium for shades is an old window-blind. With a little can of paint you can do wonders with either window blind or pasteboard. Of course the

paint does not have to be black. Black paint goes best, perhaps, with a brilliant orange, or flame-colored lining; brown may look better with light yellow or amber lining; while gray will go delightfully with a pink lining. The color you choose must depend, of course, upon the color-tones of the room in which the candles are to be placed.

Very attractive candle shades may be made of wire frames covered carefully with plain chintz or with "Jap" silk softly gathered on. Finish the edge with narrow fancy braid of the same color, or with fringe.

Shades such as the above are very pretty over ordinary electric light bulbs. If intended for wax candles a wire rest must be provided for.



The Rabbits and the Pup.

CAM peeped through the slats of the big box in the yard, and growled under his breath. Mary and Doug, the pair of wee rabbits, were not nearly so frightened of him as he had expected.

"Who are you?" asked Mary saucily, for Mary was a bold rabbit.

"I'm Camouflage, Gerald's pup," Cam answered proudly.

"That's nothing. We ate his rabbits," Mary spoke up.

But I am a Boston terrier and a very nice one too," said Cam. "You just ought to see my mother—she's a real prize winner!"

"Pooh, that's nothing," sneered Mary, and Doug "poohed" too.

That made Cam very angry for his dignity was hurt. From that minute he resolved to wage war on the rabbits—not that he dared to hurt them, for his master would have felt sad had harm come to his rabbits, but what a life the poor creatures had after that! Every time they were allowed out to eat clover, Cam chased them.

"Don't you dare to touch me," Mary had shrieked every time Cam hove in sight, but she might just as well have saved her breath for the pup nipped at her heels and caused her to hurry. Poor little Doug was served just as badly. It was not at all nice being out in the yard and having a dog chase one, so Mary and Doug kept in their small pen most of the time.

"If mother were here she would thrash you," Mary called through the bars of her pen one day, after Cam had chased her to a place of safety.

"My mother would eat your mother up in one gobble," Cam laughed.

"You haven't seen our mother. She's twice as big as you," little Doug spoke up meekly.

"Ha, ha," laughed Cam again, for he had no respect for rabbits, big or small.

It was just about dusk this night, and after Cam was sure he had given Mary and Doug a good scare, he started for the house. Just inside the door, he stopped. Gerald's laugh could be heard quite plainly. The pup's young master was enjoying himself some way. With a bark and a bound Cam started for the dining-room. How dark it was there! Oh! Staring him right in the face was a great big animal, an animal half as big as the wall. A rabbit! Mary and Doug's mother! Her mouth was open and she was coming right for him. With a squeal of fright Cam turned and fled. The back door was still open and he dashed from the house. Out of the yard and down the street he ran. With every step he was sure the big rabbit was right on top of him. Quite plainly he could hear heavy steps pursuing him. There! In his excitement and because of the heavy supper he had eaten, Cam fell prostrate on the sidewalk. The next thing he knew he was seized in a strong grip and lifted into the air.

"Why Cam, what's the matter?" It was Gerald. How thankful the pup was. "Did my picture-projector scare you?" asked Gerald. "That was just

a rabbit-picture on the wall. The machine made it look big like that."

How ashamed Cam felt when he knew the truth. Just the same, he had learned his lesson. He knew now how it felt to be chased by something much bigger



Doug and Mary.

than himself, so he was sorry for Mary and Doug. After that the rabbits had no cause to worry, and they lived happily together until Gerald gave them to another little boy who had no dog to torment them.

The End.

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For the Christmas Entertainment.

By ETHEL ROBSON.

HERE is something a little different to help out with the Christmas entertainment; it is a Mother Goose Party and gives plenty of opportunity

to the kiddies to "dress up," which they so dearly love to do. They can hunt up the styles for their costumes themselves from the illustrations to their own children's stories and rhymes, and thus have no end of excitement beforehand, all of which helps to create the atmosphere for the evening of the concert. This little play can also be carried out without much practice together beforehand, which is a great advantage in the country where getting together is often so difficult. One teacher who used this in her entertainment last Christmas constructed the costumes mainly of crepe paper; however, diligent search in the various homes will usually uncover the necessary material.

"Mother Goose."

"Tis ne'er complete at Christmas time,
Without a Mother Goose's rhyme,
And so to-night I've summoned here,
My children dear from far and near;
They'll fill your hearts with childhood's grace,
And for a time the years efface;
For everything there is a use,
You're ne'er too old for Mother Goose.

"Jill."

"Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To draw a pail of water,
But Jack ran away with boys to play,
And here am I with the water.

But when he gets home he'll be seen alone,
Then maybe he'll be wishing,
He's stayed with me to make the tea,
Instead of going off fishing."

"Little Red Riding Hood."

I'm a child you all know of story-book fame,

Little Red Riding Hood is my name;
My mother sent me through the wood,
To my dear sick grandma with a basket of food;

An old wolf met me by the way,
And stopped to bid me the time of day,
Then said he would run me a merry race,
To see who would come first to grandma's place;

But I lingered to pick the pretty flowers,
And loitered away some precious hours;
Then when I knocked at grandma's door,
Her voice did not sound as it did of yore;

I slipped across to grandma's bed,
Where she lay with the covers up over her head;
But her eyes looked out so fierce and bright,
They really gave me quite a fright;

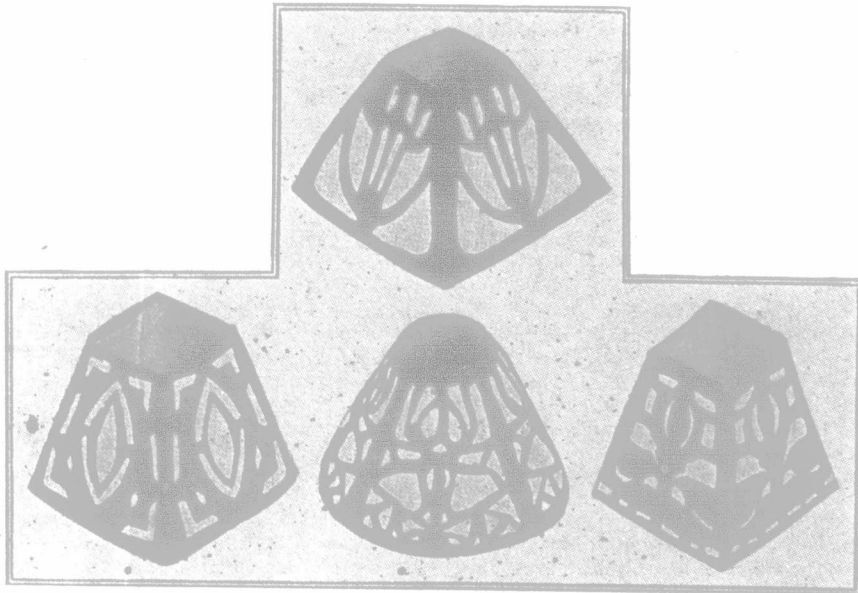
And her teeth looked awful when she smiled,
Then she snapped, "They'll eat you up my child;"

'Twas the wolf I had met away back in the wood,
And I screamed and screamed as hard as I could;

A kind woodman heard me and rushed through the door,
And soon the old wolf lay dead on the floor,

Then the strangest thing you could contrive,
My dear old grandma stepped out alive;

Now in Story-Book Land we ever dwell;
And all the children love us well;
To-night we wish you good Christmas cheer,
And to everyone a bright New Year.



Candle Shades Make Acceptable Christmas Presents.

"Little Jack Horner."

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie,
And why he was there the girls all declare,
Was just because he was shy.

But when he is older our John will be bolder,

From the girls he will not run,
Where ever they are he'll be there with his car,

To take home the prettiest one.

"Silverlocks."

I am that little Silverlocks that would not stay at home,

But in the forest dark and drear I dearly loved to roam;

One day when out there walking I saw an old bear's house,

No one was home so in I crept as quiet as a mouse;

I ate the old bear's dinner up, I broke Wee Tiny's chair,

And then I felt a little tired and so I climbed the stair;

I lay me down on Tiny's bed and soon was fast asleep,

When suddenly within my dream I heard the stairway creak,

The Father Bear was standing there with looks so very grim,

My heart it gave an awful thump when I looked out at him;

A window near was open wide, I made a sudden bound,

And very soon a little girl was sprawling on the ground.

Since then I've been a different child, I do as I am told,

My mother says that I've become almost as good as gold.

"Humpty-Dumpty."

I'm Humpty Dumpty on the wall,
I'm not afraid I'll get a fall;

And here I'll watch till Christmas night,
And give old Santa quite a fright.

"Little Miss Netticoat."

Little Miss Netticoat, in her white petticoat,

No longer serves us at night,
Instead of a candle that's dangerous to handle,

We turn on electric light.

"Little Tommy Tucker."

Little Tommy Tucker
Cries for his supper,

But he turns his nose up
At bread and butter;

Don't you think he
Would be better far,

If he wasn't quite
So par-tic-u-lar?

"Cinderella."

Cinderella, Cinderella, rags and dirt were mine,

Until my fairy godmother dressed me up so fine;

My sisters were unkind to me, and my stepmother too,

But now the charming prince is mine their cruel ways they'll rue;

I wonder what he thought last night, as hurrying after me,

A ragged girl and scampering mice were all that he could see;

But ere the magic hour had struck. I left upon the floor,

For him to find when I was gone, the slipper that I wore;

And now he swears that no one else will ever be his bride,

But she who can that slipper wear;
my sisters both have tried,

But only on my foot 'would go, for theirs were much too large.

The dirty pots and greasy pans no more shall be my charge,

For I shall be the princess and ride in a golden car;

So now you see there's hope for you no matter who you are;

But ladies dear, if you desire to win your own dear love,

If you can't leave your shoe behind,
then why not try your love?

"Simple Simon."

They call me Simple Simon,
But I'm wiser than I look,

For half the things they say of me
We're just to fill a book.

And if I tried to carry
Fresh water in a sieve,

'Twould have been ice in winter,
As surely as I live.