



Milly's Tin Jewelry



Milly Selling Her Tin Jewelry

YOU are not the only one who wonders how Milly happened to be a tin jeweler. Ever so many people, as they passed up and down Seventh avenue, wondered that, too. Well, it was this way. One day Milly got to thinking about Christmas, and she said to mamma: "What do you want Santa Claus to bring you for Christmas?"

Her mother's face saddened as she replied: "A good many things, sweetheart; but mother had a message from Santa Claus that he is going to be poor this year, and fears he cannot remember her at all."

"Oh, mamma, dear!" cried Milly, "that makes me feel so bad."

Never mind, honey," her mother hastened to say. "Santa Claus will remember you. He said he wouldn't neglect you for anything in the wide world."

"But, mother dear, I don't want you to miss your Christmas. Can't I help Santa Claus?"

You can, dearie, if you find some way of earning money."

So then Milly set her bright young wits to work, but with all her thinking and pucker up her brows, no plan could she hit upon. One day she went down to Main street with her mother, and among other errands, they walked into Mr. Amy's hardware shop for a tin pan. In the back part of the shop was a barrel, which Milly had often noticed. This time her eye no longer fell on the barrel than a happy idea struck her.

"Oh, Mr. Amy," she cried, "what do you do with all these strips of left-over tin in this barrel?"

"Just throw them away, little one," replied Mr. Amy, with a smile, for he liked Milly ever so much.

"Then may I have them?"

"Indeed you may; and all you want any other time."

So this is the way Milly started up in the tin jewelry business, and it was all her own idea, too. It happened that some carpentry work was being done on the house, and one of the large working benches was out against the

front fence. Here Milly set up her shop. Scarcely had the sun risen than she was out of bed, and, armed on a soap box, was busily employed in manufacturing dainty necklaces, fancy watch chains, bracelets, earrings and other ornaments—all out of these long strips of bright tin that Mr. Amy gave her. After a few days she began to offer her goods for sale.

"Good morning, Judge Briggs," she said one morning, as usual, to the kind old gentleman who walked past her home every day, with a thump, thump, thump of his gold-headed cane. "Don't you want to buy a necklace for Mrs. Briggs to-day? I made it myself. Look at it."

"Why? Why? Why?" exclaimed the Judge. "How pretty it is! So you are a young jeweler now. That's enterprising. And what is the price, Miss Tin Jeweler?"

"Twenty-five pins," answered Milly.

This was her first sale. Very quickly the tin ornaments became the fashion among her Seventh avenue friends, and soon her cigar box cash drawer filled up with pins. "But, Milly," asked the old Judge one morning as he paid for a new watch chain. "Will you sell your box full of pins help Santa Claus to get a Christmas present for your mother?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you, Judge, that my Aunt Lucy has promised to pay me 10 cents for every 300 good, straight pins I earn?"

"Oh! I see," said the Judge. "Well, I must say you are earning every cent you make. Good for you, you nice, bright, unsolish little daughter."

All summer Milly kept up her shop, and pretty soon many of the neighbor children followed her example, so that Seventh avenue became a very lively shopping street indeed. When at last school time came and she had to close up her business, Milly counted up the dimes her Aunt Lucy had paid her from time to time, and, much to her delight, found she had the price of 2000 ten whole dollars—to give dear old Santa Claus for her mother's Christmas.

Sydney's Card Castle



Sydney Saw Jacks Leaning 'Round the Walls

SYDNEY'S mother had given him two packs of old cards to build with, and Mary had lent him the big ironing board, and he took them all into the garden, and prepared to have a fine time.

He laid the board out on the sweet green grass of the lawn, and then he set to work to build a card castle. He had made up his mind not to rest content until his castle had used up every one of the cards in the two packs.

It is not easy to build a hundred and four cards into a castle, for the cards generally topple down before you have used half that number. Some day you must ask mother to let you have some cards, and after you have tried you will know how hard it really is.

But Sydney was a very patient boy, and when he had once made up his mind to do anything, he would try and try and try; and, you know, if you only try long enough, you can do most things. And so it was with Sydney and the cards. No sooner did one castle fall down than he started building another. And, at last, he was so careful that there stood a beautiful castle, and every one of the cards had been used.

"I wish I could get inside," said Sydney to himself, as he walked all round on tiptoe to admire it. "It would be jolly to see what the inside is like."

I suppose that just when he spoke he must have stepped on a wishing-stone, for he had no sooner said, "I wish," than the card castle began to grow larger and larger, and Sydney began to grow smaller and smaller, until in

front of him stood the fine doorway he had made, and it was big enough for him to walk through easily.

Sydney walked into a wonderful hall where, to his surprise, he saw the eight Jacks leaning all round the walls as if they could not find anything else to do. "The Kings and Queens are all in the next room," said one of them to Sydney. "They are quarreling, as usual."

At that moment such a dreadful din came from the next room that Sydney almost wished himself outside again.

"Dear me," he said, "what a noise they are making. Whatever are they quarreling about?"

"Why, about who is the greatest, and is to walk first in the procession, of course," said the Jack.

"Kings and Queens never quarrel about anything else."

Before Sydney could ask any more questions the door burst open, and in rushed all the Kings and Queens, and if you want to know what the noise was, like, you just listen when sixteen angry people are all talking at once.

Sydney put his fingers into his ears to keep the noise out, which, perhaps, was rather a rude thing to do. But then it was very rude of the Kings and Queens to quarrel so dreadfully. Directly they saw Sydney they all stopped talking, and stared at him.

"Why, it's the boy who built our castle," they all shouted together. "He will be able to settle the question."

"I do wish you would not all speak at once," said Sydney.

"Well, I am to speak first, then,

cried the two Kings of Hearts.

"No, I am, I am, I am," shouted the Diamonds and Clubs and Spades; and then they began to quarrel again as hard as ever about who was to speak first.

"Nobody will be first at this rate," exclaimed Sydney. "You will never do anything but quarrel. Tell me why you think you ought to be first," he asked the King of Hearts.

"Because I represent Love, and that is the greatest thing in the world," the King replied.

"No, no," shouted the King of Diamonds. "Money and jewels, they are the greatest; and I am greatest because I mean money and jewels."

"Love and money!" growled the King of Clubs, contemptuously. "I am greater than these, can kill them both. I represent the Sword."

"And I," broke in the King of Spades, "am greater than you all, for I dig the ground so that you can grow food, and without that none of you could exist."

At that, the others all started shouting again, and the Queens joined in, and they quarreled and quarreled, and became so excited that at last they shook the house down, and Sydney found himself sitting on the nice, cool grass again.

"Well, I am jolly glad to be out of that," he said, "won't put any Kings and Queens in my next card castle. I know now who shakes them down."

"I wonder though," he went on, "which is really the greatest. I think it must be the King of Hearts and Love, for sure it cannot be money or the sword."

A. F. C.

BUSY BEAVERS



How Beavers Cut Down Trees

WOULD you enjoy living in a hut built on the bottom of the river, boys and girls? A hut with the top part, in which you lived, above the level of the water, but with no windows and only one door at the bottom under the water, so that you would have to dive through the water every time you wished to go in or out?

That is the kind of house our friends the beavers build in the autumn and live in all through the winter. Do you wonder they wear such thick coats of fur? They need them.

There are a good many beavers still existing in Pennsylvania and surrounding States. Many of you have probably seen beavers at one time or another. If you have, haven't you noticed how very shy they are? They never come out of their homes until they think they can do so unobserved.

Then, have you watched how busy they are, always hard at work at something or other?

The picture shows another characteristic—their curious flat tails, which are so useful to them in swimming.

Beavers are very clever as well as hard-working. If, for instance, they find the river is not deep enough to conceal the entrances to their houses, they build what is called a beaver dam.

With their teeth, which are very sharp and strong, they cut down trees

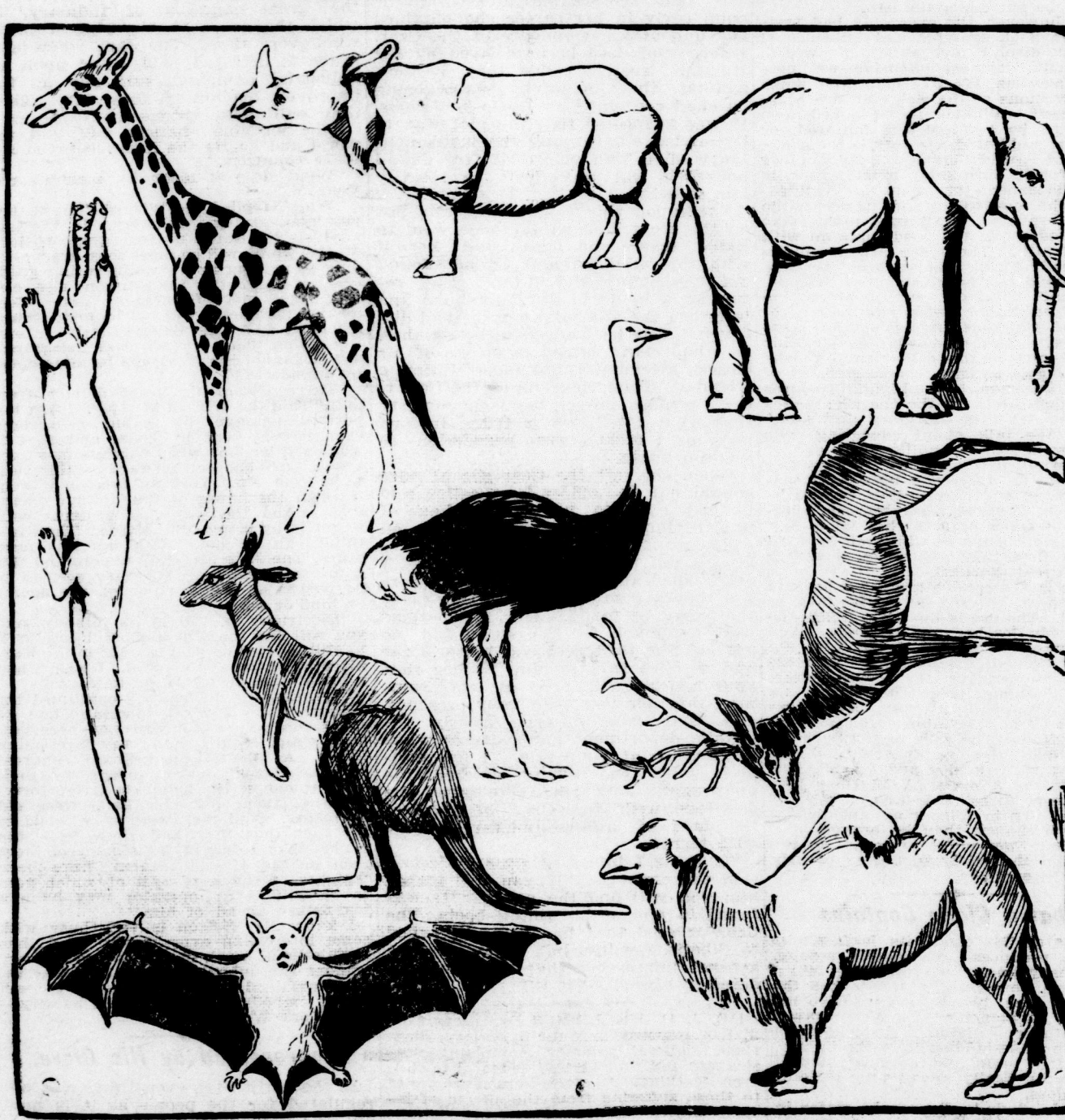
and divide the trunks and branches into short pieces. With these pieces and stones and clay, twigs and grass, they build a dam across the stream, so that the water cannot pass until it has risen high enough to run over the top of the dam, thus making a deep pond behind it.

About ten or twelve beavers live in each house. As you can imagine, their houses are dark. But they are probably very comfortable. For, in winter, they freeze hard, and the beavers are well protected from other animals.

When spring at last comes again the beavers separate and roam about all summer, until the first chilly days of autumn. Then they set to work again, some to build new houses, while others simply mend up their old ones by plastering fresh mud over them.

It is very interesting to watch them at work, gnawing down trees and bushes, cutting them up, pulling the pieces into the water or trotting along on three legs with a bunch of twigs in grass, or a lump of clay held between one paw and the chin, for that is how they carry their building material.

A COMPOSITE ANIMAL CONTEST



See who can put together the funniest composite animal, boys and girls. Here are nine animals, which you can use for the purpose. Take a head from one, a neck from another, etc., paste them in proper position on a sheet of paper, and when your composite animal is finished, cut it out, write your name and address on the back of it and send it to Polly Evans.

CLEVER LITTLE STORIES BY CHILDREN

An Early June Day.

John and Harry were sitting under a cherry tree talking together.

John said, "Let us get up the tree and get some cherries."

"No," said Harry; "mother said they were not ripe yet, and if she caught us eating them she would punish us."

"Well, we don't have to let her know anything about it," said John.

"All right, neither of us need tell anything on each other."

"Well, give me a boost," and up the tree they went.

I guess you can see those bad boys, in your mind, eating the unripe cherries. When they came down John said to Harry, "I feel sick. I guess I will be down."

"So do I feel sick," so they both lay down on the grass.

The trouble was they had eaten too many unripe cherries. They were very sick afterwards, and, I tell you, it taught them a fine lesson.

ROBERT K. JONES.

Vacation Time and My Adventure.

School days are over once again, and now for a long vacation, when we boys and girls can do as we please. Some will go to the country and others to

by helping our editor do good and have lots of fun besides.

But I must tell you of my vacation two years ago. Papa and mamma took me to Atlantic City for two weeks, and one day while they were in bathing and I was sitting on the beach playing with some clams papa had dug for me, I got my finger in one of their mouths, and he closed up tight.

I cried, and a lot of people got around me and laughed. One man said it looked so funny to see me standing crying with a clam hanging on my finger that he must have a picture.

I wish I could have got one to keep myself. Papa saw me, and came over and pried it off, and my finger nail was black for a long time after.

CHARLES N. HOUSTON, 10 years, 1706 Jefferson street, Philadelphia.

Fun for One.

At an Ohio farmhouse the yard had been newly sodded, and a horse purchased, which greatly pleased 3-year-old Harvey, who saw visions of unlimited fun ahead.

At bedtime his eyes

Who Will Win?

GET your scissors out, boys and girls, and make this jolly home-made game for yourselves.

Cut out the four runners, paste them on cardboard and cut out again, then paste them to a small tin baking pan.

cardboard, cut out again and set up in position beside the basin.

Now you are ready for the game. Have four players, and each player choose a runner. Then each player in turn starts the pan to spinning in the

NELLIE, AN ENGLISH GREYHOUND

NELLIE is an English greyhound, and belongs to Mrs. M., who is devotedly attached to her.

In fact, the two are constant companions, and share each other's joys and sorrows. When Mrs. M. is depressed in spirit, as she very often is, the dog will lay its head on her knee, and, looking up in her face with such a pathetic expression, the tears actually sometimes come to her eyes. Who ever before heard of a dog shedding tears? Indeed, Nellie has more than dog sense—she seems almost human in intelligence.

This beautiful greyhound came from England, where they are trained to run races. They are large dogs, but very fleet-footed, and when running, steer themselves by the tail, which serves as the rudder to a vessel.

Nellie was given to Mr. and Mrs. M. when quite a young dog, and at once became a great pet with them.

They lived at that time at a country home along the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Mr. M. went to the city every day. Nellie knew the different trains, and would watch on the lawn for her master's return. She knew when Saturday came, for on that day Mr. M. came home on an earlier train, and she was always on hand at the right hour, looking for him.

Mr. M. was a fine musician, and Nellie seemed to be very fond of hearing

him play on the organ, for while he played she would lie at his side as quiet as a mouse.

One day when he was brought home very ill, she apparently realized it. During his illness she lay outside his door and would not leave it, and whenever she got a chance would sneak into his room and lie by his bed. When he died she begged to go to the funeral, and to this day has never ceased to watch for his return.

Since her master's death Mrs. M. has been more than ever devoted to Nellie, and does everything to make her life happy and comfortable. She takes her on a walk every day, buys her dainties and ice cream, which she carries home in her mouth, amuses and talks to her, and Nellie talks back in dog fashion, but she has never barked since she lost her master.

Nellie is very jealous, and goes off and sulks when Mrs. M. pets another dog. She was only real naughty once in her life, and that time, like Taffy, the Welshman, she stole a piece of meat which had been cooked for Sunday dinner, and after eating it went off and hid—knowing she had done wrong.

Nellie is now 14 years old, and her mistress thinks her the handsomest dog in the country.

JESSIE BOWLES FISHER.



Aid for the Mother Hen

Little Edna went out with her mamma one morning, and, seeing

A Breach in the Bear.

Mother, surveying her small-boy who had just returned from an expedition