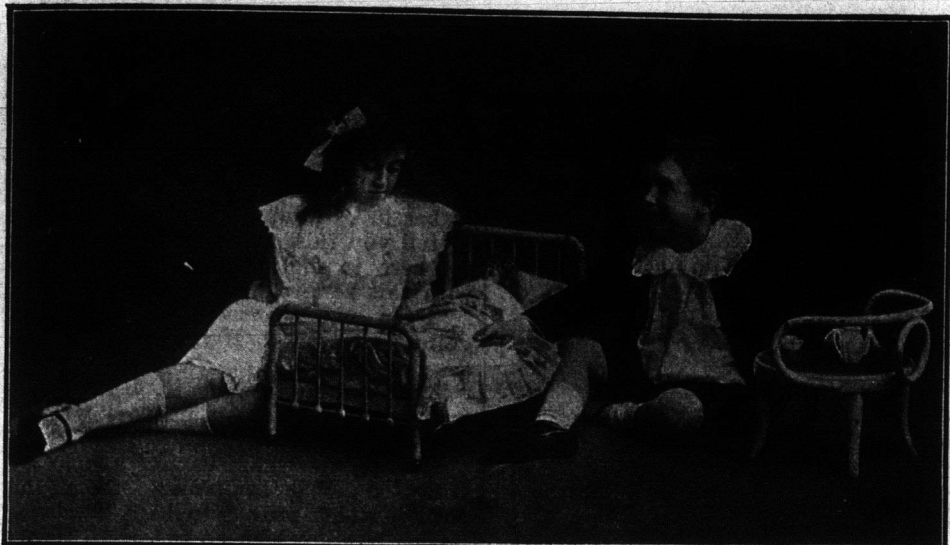


Children

When Uncle Jimmie Whistles

Written for The W.H.M. by Frances

When Uncle Jimmie whistles.
The winds applaud with groans;
The trees clap hands, in weird-like
sounds,
Suggestive of dry bones;
While, from the corners of the hall
Strange faces look and leer;
And elf-like shadows creep and cringe,
All twisted up and queer.



Displaying Parental Affection

When Uncle Jimmie whistles.
I dare not go upstairs,
Because—just at the landing's turn
A demon paws and rears!
And goblins from the garret come
To peek and squint and grin;
The goose-flesh rises on my spine—
To hear him just begin!

When Uncle Jimmie whistles!—
Rose, Mary picks up pins;
Grandpa sits down and meditates
On hazy, bygone sins;
And father views the smiling skies—
For signs of wind and rain;
While mother mutters wearily:
"There, Jimmie goes again!"

When Uncle Jimmie whistles
Some day, he'll sure repent!
When, with his dolorous whistling—
His breath is good and spent,
The imps he conjures with that no-se
Will charge him, in array;
In nightmare dreams he'll live again—
That awful, awful day.

The Litenin Express

By Isla May Mullins.

A new house was being built across
the street from where Dicky Drayton
lived, and Dicky had watched the carpen-
ters at work with the greatest interest.

One day he said to his father: "Mr.
Jones, the carpenter, says he will make
me a nice wagon, if you want to have
him."

Mr. Drayton smiled, for he felt pretty
sure Dicky had first said to Mr. Jones:
"Won't you please make me a wagon?"
Then they went over to see Mr. Jones
about it.

When they started to talk it over,
what size it was to be, what kind of
wheels, etc., Mr. Drayton said:

"Now, Mr. Jones, there is one thing
I want to ask you: Do you think you
can make an accommodating wagon?
You see, Dicky and I don't want one of
those red painted things you can get at
the stores, for they are so apt to be all
for fun. They are selfish, and only want
to do just what pleases them. What we
want is a nice homely sort of wagon
that is willing to do kindly errands—an
obliging little turnout."

Mr. Jones looked down at Dicky's
wondering eyes with a twinkle in his
own.

"Why, I am pretty sure I can, Mr.
Drayton. I know just what you and
Dicky want."

So Mr. Drayton and Dicky walked

away hand in hand and talked it over
—how nice it was going to be when
mother sometimes asked him to go to
the grocery for a belated order to find
that sturdy little wagon all ready to
fly around the corner.

Well, two or three days later the
wagon was finished, and Dicky drove
gaily up and down the front pavement
and around the yard, while the wagon
proved so accommodating as to errands
that Dicky actually begged his mother
to send him after things, and the little

was simply perfect except for one thing:
Dicky thought he really needed a little
dog to run beside the wagon and bark.

Everything went beautifully for at
least a week, and then one morning when
Dicky was playing marbles with a lot
of boys at Willie Dow's, next door, and
mother called him to take his wagon
quick and go for some sugar which the
grocer had not sent, and which she must
have at once, for there would be com-
pany at dinner. Then came trouble.
Dicky did not want to go—in fact, said
he wouldn't go.

Mother went sorrowfully away, while
Dicky looked in another direction
and continued to say he wouldn't
go. Some of the other boys assured him
they certainly wouldn't do it if they
were in his place.

Then suddenly he looked crossly over
into his own backyard and there stood
the Litenin Express, ready and willing,
at the back door!

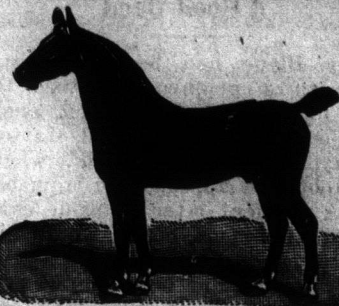
With a dash Dicky was out of Willie
Dow's yard and standing at his own
back-door waiting orders from mother.
Soon he was off with his wagon, though
he didn't want to go one bit and leave
that game of marbles; so the tears
dropped down his cheeks as he went
along to the grocery. There were still
traces of them left when the grocery
man leaned brightly over the counter and
asked what he would have. The grocery
man liked the little boy very much, for
several times Dicky and his wagon had
done errands for him when it had accom-
modated him greatly.

When the sugar was put up, and Dicky
was ready to go, the grocer exclaimed,
as though he had just thought of it,
"Why, Dicky, you've just come at the
right minute. I've got a mighty pretty
little dog here that I don't know what
to do with. It's been bothering me all
morning. I wish you'd take him home
with you and keep him." The grocer
had often heard how Dicky needed a
dog.

Dicky's eyes glistened in reply till
every tear-drop vanished, and when he

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