

# THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

EDITED BY C.A. MACPHIE

## Adventures of the Twips and Mutt--John Tries to Pull Out the Loose Tooth and What Happened.

John had a loose tooth. His Pa, Ma and everybody said it should have been out long ago, and you could almost see it wobble when he talked; all the same, I don't believe it was quite as loose as it appeared to be, but, anyway, no matter what you said, John would not have that tooth taken out.

His Pa said, "I'll see that you get the pony." His Ma said, "I'll take you to the circus." His brother Tom said, "I'll give you my box of soldiers," but, No Sir! he wanted it keep that tooth in his head.

Now, one fine day, what do you think John and Tom did? Why, they sent their names in to the "SMILING FACE CLUB," and in a short time received three S. F. C. Buttons. (One was for Mutt.)

Now, all the club members know that anyone who wears an S. F. C. button must always try to smile, no matter what happened, and also, obey his or her parents, so that day when Pa came home to luncheon he said "Ho! Ho! what is this I see!—two boys with two smiling face buttons; how very nice for your Ma and me;" then, after he had looked hard at John for a minute or two, he said: "I think this is a very good time to have that loose tooth out, for to get a tooth out and smile at the same time is hard for almost anybody, but for an S. F. C. member, why! it should be as easy as pie can be."

John almost lost his smile, just for the moment, but when he remembered who and what he was, I wish you could have seen him; it would have made anyone laugh. He is a dear kid, John is.

His Pa said: "Now, how do you want it done? Shall I do it or would you rather do it yourself?" And John answered, "I w-would r-rather do it myself."

That was only natural, because you or I, or anybody with a speak of sense, would rather pull their own tooth out than have someone else do it for them.

Well! Pa went off to work, and John stood she stopped the horse began, "NAY! NAY! fire 23 was the brightest; NAY! NAY! fire 23 was the brightest."

At this moment the dog, being an intelligent animal, noticed that one of the fires was growing far too large, so he began to snooch as loud as he could, "Throw on the BARK; throw on the BARK."

By this time the noise was really terrific; all you could hear was: "NAY! NAY! from the Horse, "BARK! BARK! BARK!" from the Dog, while the old Crow sat on a stump and just "HAWED! HAWED! HAWED!" till he was nearly sick.

In a few minutes every one had to stop fighting each other and fight the fire in



John says: "That is where my tooth WAS." Look how interested good kind Mutt is.

for quite a long time thinking; no doubt he was trying to decide on a good way to do the job, and at last he said to his brother, "All right! get me a long piece of twine." Tom ran very quickly, and got him the long piece of twine.

"Now," said John, "tie that end to the lamp chain," so Tom tied one end to the lamp chain.

"Now," said John, "tie this end 'round the loose tooth," so Tom tied the other end 'round the loose tooth.

"Now," said John, "you hold me 'round the waist." So Tom held him 'round the waist.

"Now," said John to Mutt, "you grab Tom's coat behind." So Mutt grabbed Tom's coat behind.

"Now," said John, "One, two, three, PULL!"—they all gave one awful tug—and guess what happened? Why! CRASH! BIFF! BANG! down came the lamp, over went John, Tom and Mutt, and there was the tooth still in John's head, with the lamp hanging to the end of the string.

Mind you! besides all that, John fell against Tom's nose and poor dear kind Mutt's tail went into the fireplace, and he burned about ten or eleven hairs off it.

I suppose you think that there was a great hullabaloo; that John cried, Tom yelled, and Mutt howled. No, Sir! there was no such thing! why? because they all had S. F. C. buttons on; and other reason could there be!

Poor little John SMILED as he untied the old heavy lamp from his poor sore tooth. Poor little Tom SMILED as he held his poor little nose, and kind dear Mutt SMILED as he licked his poor sore tail.

As for the tooth: John went to bite a bit of hard toast the other day, and the tooth dropped right on his plate without any trouble at all. I wish all teeth would come out that way, don't you?

P. S.—Little frog you see in the picture is Mutt's best chum.

C. A. Macphie.



Drawn by Edwin Murray, 840 King street west. Though this is a copy we are publishing it, as it shows that one of our small readers appreciates our New Comic Section.

## Mother's Magic Rocking Chair

There's something magic in the air. Around my mother's Rocking chair!

Sometimes it turns to fairyland. When she sits there. And holds my hand.

And tells me tales Of long ago. When fairies lived For sure, you know.

And when I am A sleepy head. And yet not ready. Quite for bed.

She has me say: My little prayer. Then rocks me in Her rocking chair.

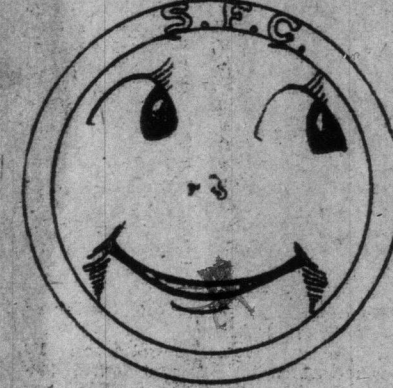
And sings a song That always seems To bring me. Near-to-full-of-dreams.

They're sure to come And stand right there In front of mother's Rocking chair.



Drawn by Lily M. Hughes, 10 years old, 115½ Mutual Street, Toronto.

## NEW MEMBERS OF THE SMILING FACE CLUB



Smile awhile. And while you smile. Another smile. And soon there's miles. And miles of smiles. And Mutt's Worth while. Because you smile.

That is our motto: No matter what happens, just SMILE. Who is ever any better for crying? NOBODY: so why should we cry? If mother or father asks you to do a thing, why pout? You only feel bad. If afterward, do it with a SMILING face: then everyone is happy. If you smile, why! mother SMILES, father SMILES, baby SMILES; and soon, if you look hard enough at Fuss, you will see that she is SMILING also.

There's nothing in the world like a SMILE. Anyone may join this club: big people as well as little people; for (just whisper it) sometimes a big person needs to smile, just as much as a little person does.

All you have to do is to remember the above; send in your name to C. A. Macphie, Sunday World office, Toronto; then we will send you an S. F. C. button, and when you get it—

I am quite sure You'll SMILE some more. We regret that we have had to leave some names out of our list of S. F. C. members but the number of letters we have received has been so great that we have not had room for all.

However, just keep on looking because your names are to be printed soon. Here are some new members:

**MAKING THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE BIRDS**  
Was It a Dream?  
By GERTRAUDE M. NEIL

I am feeling a little lonesome and sad as I sit bundled up on the veranda, taking my sun-bath. Suddenly I hear a sweet voice sing out "Cheer up, cheer up!" I looked up into the bare limbed maple which grew in front of the house, and there sat the fattest, reddest vested robin I ever saw. "Cheer up, cheer up!" he called, and every time he called he bobbed his tail up and down. I smiled at him and he called "That's right! cheer up, cheer up!" Then he flew away and I grew a little drowsy. Then, as I was about to fall back to sleep, I heard him call "Cheer up, cheer up!" and I spoke to him. "Oh, yes, you fine, big fat robin, I am cheered up all right, but if you are sincere about wishing me to keep so you might entertain me by telling me about yourself."

"Well, I don't mind," says Mr. Redbreast. "I haven't started my home building yet, so I can give you as long a story as I like. I just returned from the south, and we are looking for a place to build, for our last building place has been out down. You know we always go back to the same place if we are well used. I believe we will settle around here somewhere, since you seem so friendly."

"I will be glad to have you I am sure," I answered, "and there is a lovely cricket in that tree there, and I will put a bunch of feathers out for you to use for your feather bed."

He thanked me and asked if there were any cherry trees or strawberry beds about. "We have a strawberry bed," I answered, "and I will be glad to share with you and your family."

"Thank you," he replied, "but, of course, we do not take things for nothing. We will rid you of all the insects we can. Last summer I had a broom thrown at me in a strawberry patch and it nearly finished me."

"Well, if I see anyone throwing at you I will report him. I assured him. You know we have a law for your protection. I think you are the best beloved bird here in Canada."

I continued. "We love you for yourself and because your ancestors covered up the poor little babes in the woods. Since you are a gentleman bird, Mr. Robin, would you mind telling me your age? I would not dream of asking the question of your wife."

"I am twelve years old," answers my friend, "and I have known a robin who lived to be seventeen."

Just then Mr. Redbreast's wife flew to the tree in which he was and they talked a few minutes, and he showed her the place I had recommended to him for building. Then they both looked towards me, called "Cheer up! cheer up!" and flew away.

"Do you know someone touched my shoulder then and told me I had been asleep, but I told them I had not for I had been talking to a robin, and told them what all he had said. They laughed at me and told me I had dreamed it, but I couldn't have, for that very pair of robins have a

nest in that very crotch of that very tree and have already raised two broods and are hatching another. I stuck to my bargain. It was a dream, and supplied feathers, berries and even crumbs, and they are my friends. I am sure you will stick out in surprise when you know that we use nineteen billion pins every twelve months. What a lot of them! Where do they all get it? Besides these, there are all the hairpins and safety pins, and the hatpins and the pins used to fasten horse blankets on. Nobody knows how many miles more of wire is worked up into these pins. And probably no one could tell us the value of all the pins we need to hold ourselves together with, but the men who keep track of such things tell us that the common pins we make and use are valued at more than a million dollars. There are men and women who make it a rule to stop wherever they see a pin and pick it up. Did you ever hear the old couplet:

"See a pin and pick it up. All the day you'll have good luck!"

"If you please" makes people willing to help you and serve you. "If you please" makes people sweeter and happier. "If you please" is the key which unlocks more doors of kindness than all the cross words in the whole dictionary.

**ARE YOU AN ARTIST?**  
Am sorry that so many of the drawings sent in cannot be used. A great many, while very good, have not been drawn with the proper ink for reproduction, and others I have been able to use by going over some of the lines. Your picture must be drawn on heavy white paper. Higgins waterproof ink should be used. All the lines must be distinct and clear, and your work should be mailed flat, not folded. Drawings should be original. Also please give age.

Minnie Evans, 166 Duchess street, city.  
Tom Bacon, 578 Yonge street, city.  
Romana and Ormand Kenedy, 41 Grove avenue, city.  
Eva Vandie, Oakville, Ont.  
Edith Payne, Truckshop, St. Andrew's College, city.  
Eulalie Head, Birch Hills, Saskatchewan, Can.  
Gordon A. Barker, Weston, Ont.  
T. Marie Bannan, 2472 Manor street, Montreal, P. Q.  
Elsie Lancaster, Sub. St. P. Q. Toronto.  
Evelyn Alver, 189 Bay street, Toronto.  
Grace Goulding, King street, Weston, Ont.  
Miss Aurora Guillemain, 226 Thompson street, Winnipeg.  
Joyce Peel, 177 Shaw street, Toronto.  
Donald Rowland, 377 Indian road, Toronto.  
Marjorie Aldrich, 180 Argyle street, city.  
Wilfred Aeris, Box 1017, city.  
Arthur Smith, 25 Phoebe street, city.  
Beatrice Bain, 25 Phoebe street, city.  
Kenneth Burgess, 187 Roncesvalles avenue, city.  
Afra Connolly, Orillia, Ont.  
Edward F. Cowling, 81 Harbord street, city.  
Teddy B. Henry, 108 Harbord street, city.  
Harry Goldstein, 44 Walton street, city.  
Molly Grossberg, 45 Centre avenue, city.  
Audrey Guest, 47 Emden avenue, city.  
Ivor Guest, 47 Emden avenue, city.  
Arthur Harris, 29 Vermont avenue, city.  
Sarah Hirsch, 27 Phoebe street, city.  
Edna Matthews (button given), 244 Cedar avenue, city.  
Alice McFarlane.  
Taylor Quipp, 7 College View, Artington, Duchess Co. N. Y.  
Elly Steinberg, 81 Baldwin street, Toronto.  
Rosa Stainvertas, 30 Agnes street, city.  
Pearl Taube, 72 Baldwin street, city.  
Bert Vance, 66 Grange avenue, city.  
George Vance, 66 Grange avenue, city.  
Jack Watson, 169 Pearson avenue, city.  
Ernest Wise, 48 McDonnell street, Peterboro.  
Will Wise, 478 McDonnell street, Peterboro.  
Eame Winifred Yarwood, Margaret May Yarwood, Queenie May Godward, 29 Middleton street, city.



I take pleasure in drawing a picture of Napoleon Bonaparte in the style of St. Helena—Redness MacGregor, 48, Ottawa Street, Ottawa, Ontario.

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