Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Uncle Dick's Chat With the Children

My Dear Kiddies:—

I wonder if you are beginning to count the days from now until you have to think of school books and studies. Perhaps I should not have asked you that question, as no doubt, now that the weather is so fine, and you are enjoying yourselves to the very best, you are trying not to remember that there is such a thing as school, looming up ahead of you.

But after all, school days are not so very bad as you may think. There are a great number of grown up people who would like to be back in the midst of their school days again. What happy days they think those were. No worry or care. No thought as to how to provide the money for the rent, or food, or clothes.

Yes, its quite true, kiddies, school days, even if the lessons may be hard, are the best days in ones whole life. At least in most cases. Therefore, it is up to you whilst you are still boys and girls to make the most of those days; whether you are at school, or enjoying vacation.

The most sensible way to get the best out of the time, is to always do your best. When you are at school make a point of studying hard, and learning your lessons; then when time for play arrives, enjoy yourselves to the very best of your ability. In other words: "Work whilst you work, and play whilst you play. That is the way to be happy and gay."

Now as to this week's great feature. You have already looked at the pictures in the centre, and perhaps read as to what they all mean. Don't you think that it is a great contest, eh? Of course it is, and besides just imagine what splendid prizes are being offered. They are well worth trying for, because they are just the very things you want most. Who does not want a dandy watch? Unless you already have one, and even then perhaps sister or brother may not. Or again a fine flashlight, for the coming dark evenings.

I would particularly remind you to read the instructions carefully. They are quite simple, but if neglected, may be the means of you missing the prize, which would otherwise have been yours. This kind of contest ought to prove very popular, as it is just as easy for the smallest reader of the Children's Corner, as the older boy or girl. Another thing; you can try in this kind of competition whether you are away for your holidays or not, if it is fine or a wet day. It does not matter. All you require is writing materials, and a small quantity of that very necessary quality, "thinking power." Just make a special effort to prove that this is going to be the most successful contest ever.

You know, kiddies, it is really a problem sometimes thinking out those contests which I imagine will please you.

You can do a great deal to assist me in this matter. Tell me of the kinds you like best. Try in all of them. Don't just think you could manage this or that, but sit down and do it. hat's the kind which win the prizes.

There is not very much room this week to answer the letters which I have received, but next Saturday, I promise to answer all which have been received, fully, so be sure to watch out for them.

The Editor of the Standard, has kindly let me see the drawings submitted in the recent "Cap Stubbs" contest, in which so many of you have been trying and really I must compliment you upon the splendid efforts sent in. I thought it is only fair to say that the majority of those who competed, are regular readers of the Children's Corner, and have not forgotten the lessons and training received in connection with drawing contests. I would not be surprised to find out when the names of the winners are given that they are those of our own members eh? I have no idea who they are, but let us hope that the members of our Corner come out with ying colors. It will be quite a feather in our caps, I should imagine.

There is one thing I was pleased to notice in the contest, and that was the very large number of entries. I am sure the Editor had no idea he was in for such a busy time when he first started the contest. Possibly he will have a little feeling for your Uncle Dick, after this with all his thousands of boys and girls, all members of the Children's Corner and the hundreds of letters received.

But bless 'em, write all the letters you like to your old friend. The more the merrier. If there is one thing which Uncle Dick never tires of it is the receipt of letters from his kiddies.

By the way, I hope none of you still think that there is no such person as Uncle Dick! Hundreds of boys and girls will prove otherwise, if you ask them, because they have visited me in the office, and know.

In many cases, when newspapers start a page for children, and have some name for the boys and girls to write to, there is no such person, but such is not the case with The Standard's Children's Corner. Oh, no! There is a real live Uncle Dick, and he is on the job all the time, too. Always ready to hear about this one's happy time or that one's sorrow. The things which please the kiddie away off in Cape Breton, or over in Montreal, or the member who may be living in the city. They are all thought of and have a place very near his heart. And that word all means a great deal now, after three and a half years of the Children's Corner. Over Seven Thousand Kiddies are now members, and compose the large family of nephews and neices. Now you can forgive your Editor of this page if he sometimes overlooks some letter, or a prize is a little delayed in being sent off.

Well, boys and girls, the chat is a little longer this week, but you know, when I get settled down to write you all. I can hardly stop, and am only brought to a halt when the News Editor yells out: "Say, Uncle Dick, don't forget that we can only allow one page for your thousands of readers." Then I have to dry up, and wait for some chance to steal two pages, when he is not looking.

With best of good wishes to you all. From your

Uncle Dick

PRINCESS HELENA

A Story To Have Read To You Just Before Mammy Tucks You Snugly Into Bed For the Night.

You will remember that the Princess Helena, with the help of Alwin the Dwarf, escaped a second time from the castle of her cruel stepfather, Derrik the Dark, and that a boat bore them all the way down the river that ran through the great forest.

When the sun went down, Alwin the Dwarf steered the boat to the shore.

"Here we will hurry a little," he said.

"There is a city not far from here, and perhaps it will be better not to pass it until the darkness has settled down on the river."

"A city!" exclaimed the Princess Helena.

"And has it many people and many houses?"

"Let us stop there. I have never seen a city, you know."

"Yes, it has many people and many houses," answered Alwin the Dwarf, "but it will not be well for us to stop there, dear Princess. King Derrik the Dark has friends in the city. We must not let them see us, lest they prevent us from going on our way to the castle of the good King Oswald. Perhaps, some day you can visit the city. As for myself, I do not like cities."

With that, the Princess Helena had to be content. While Alwin the Dwarf went in search of food, she sat beside the river and watched the changing colors on the waters as the bright day faded in the sky and the night came creeping on. She had felt no fear since Alwin the Dwarf drove off the dragon bird, and she hoped that the morrow would bring them safe to their journey's end. In a little while Alwin the Dwarf came back with water in his jug and with loaves of bread; and they ate until they were no longer hungry. Then stepped into the boat again and resumed their journey.

A curtain of clouds hid the face of the moon, but in a little while they could see lights and the dim shapes of buildings on the shore, and the princess knew that they were passing the city. he river was wide, and Alwin the Dwarf kept the boat near the farther shore. Yet the Princess heard music and the sound of laughter.

"They are happy in the city," she said. But Alwin the Dwarf made no reply.

Then the moon crept from behind the clouds, and its bright light glittered on roofs and on spires and turrets high above them.

"The city is beautiful!" said the princess; but Alwin the Dwarf looked straight ahead down the river and said nothing.

Soon they left the city behind them; and then the princess lay back on the pillows at the end of the boat and looked up at the stars; for the clouds had passed from the sky.

"How beautiful the stars are!" said the princess. This time Alwin the Dwarf turned to her, and his eyes were shining.

"Yes, and how wonderful!" he said.

Then he began to sing softly; and the sound of his voice and that of the water against the sides of the boat were the last things that the princess knew until she awoke to see the light of morning flooding the sky.

"Oh, I hope that we shall reach the castle of the good King Oswald this day!" waws the first thing that the princess Helena said when she knew that morning had come.

"If fortune favors us, we may get there by nightfall, dear princess," answered Alwin the Dwarf, "but we have yet far to go. The cast of the good King Oswald is not on this river, but it is on a river that joins this one near the sea."

So it was that all the morning and until the sun was high at noon they journeyed down the river. No longer, however, did the great forest border the river all the time. There were fields where men were at work. There were little towns here and there on the banks, but there was no larg city like that of the evening before. Several times they saw other boats on the river, but the men in them no more than glanced at the boat that bore the Princess Helena and Alwin the Dwarf on their way.

When the sun was highest in the heavens they beached a place where the river became so wide that they could not see the farther shore.

"Here it is that the river that we seek joins this one," said Alwin the Dwarf. It flows in near yonder mountain that rises from the shore, and thither we must make our way."

So saying, he turned the course of the boat toward the mountain and the heart of the Princess Helena became strangely light at the thought that the castle of the Good King Oswald was now not far away. But while she hummed the little song that flew to her lips a shadow fell on the boat. It was not like that made by the wings of the dragon bird the day before, but it came from the heavens themselves. Great black clouds rolling up until they hid the blue skies, and at a sudden a roaring wind began to whip the water round them.

"It is a tempest!" cried Alwin the Dwarf.

"We must reach the shore before it strikes us."

Like a thing alive, the beautiful boat sped over the water toward the shore at the base of the mountain; but the sky grew darker still and the wind lashed the water into foam.

"There is a cave under the mountain!" shouted Alwin the Dwarf above the roar of the wind. "If we can get to that, we shall be safe."

They reached the shore just before the storm burst in all its fury. They left the boat on a bit of sandy beach where a little stream flowed into the river, and ran to the opening of the cave at the base of the mountain, which towered high above them. An instant later the rain came pouring down in floods, and with it were loud crashes of thunder and flashes of lightning that zigzagged across the dark heavens.

Yet the Princess Helena felt no fear. If neither a cruel king nor his horsemen nor his dungeons nor even the foul dragon bird could harm her, why should she fear the storm? The cave was large and dry. Sand and pebble covered the floor of it as if once the waters had been there. From the entrance to the cave they watched the raging storm outside and rejoiced in the happy chance that had given them a shelter at such a time. They hoped that the storm would soon pass, but for a long time it continued with great fury.

"But our journeys," exclaime dthe Princess Helena at last, when she had tired of watching the driving rain and the swaying trees on the bank of the river.

"I fear that we cannot go farther until the morrow, dear princess," answered Alwin the Dwarf. "The storm does not abate, and night is at hand. We still have food, and here we are safe. The storm will pass before morning comes."

With that the princess had to be content. When they looked round the big cave that was their place of refuge they found that it was far deeper than it had seemed at first. At the back of it there were corridors and passages that led into the heart of the mountain. Alwin the Dwarf lighted a torch and they pushed into some of those dim passages. One of them led to a little chamber with a vaulted ceiling—a round chamber with a floor of clean white sand and walls that sparkled in the light of the torch.

"This shall be my own!" cried the princess, clapping her hands.

Alwin the Dwarf placed the torch in a deft of the rock. Then he fetched the pillows that they had taken from the boat when they ran to the cave.

"A chamber fit for a princess!" he said. "And the whole mountain above us is your castle. Good night, dear princess. Tomorrow the hard journey shall end."

So the princess slept in her odd chamber and dreamed that she was at last in the castle of the good King Oswald.

Lonely indeed was Thaddeus Quackenbush. Moreover, he was feeling unhappy because Ted Burns and Joe Hive, the two boys who lived nearest him had laughed at his name and called it funny." It made him moreover and unhappy to see what Ted and Joe were doing. He was standing behind a pine tree watching them make their sand-cave house, and all the while he was thinking how lucky they were to have such short names as Joe and Ted.

That very week Thaddeus and the rest of the Quackenbush family had moved to their new home in Thornton, and it did not seem to be easy to make friends. The first day, when Thaddeus tried to play with Ted and Joe, this is what they had said:

"You're smaller than we are, and you've got a funny name, Thaddeus; but Ted and Joe had run away, and now they were making a house in a sand bank and having a great deal of fun. From his hiding place behind the tree Thaddeus could see them digging a spare hole straight into the bank five feet below the top, and could hear their shouts of laughter as they threw shovelfuls of sand behind them. How he envied those two short-named boys.

The sand-cave house was nearly done now. Ted and Joe could stand up in it, and from the opening in front to the back it was so long that when the two diggers law down to rest inside only their legs as far as their knees showed outside.

Thaddeus was feeling so sad that he stopped peeping round the edge of the tree and rested his head against the rough pine bark. Tears glistened on his dark eyelashes, when he looked toward the sand house again.

Ted and Joe were lying on their stomachs, digging their sharp sticks, and Thaddeus could tell from the way they kicked their legs that they were having a good time.

Suddenly there was a peculiar sound, and the boy behind the tree jumped. The roof of the sand house had caved in and buried Ted and Joe. He could see their four legs sticking out and kicking, kicking as hard as they could kick. It was as if those legs had said, "Help, help, help before we smother."

Thaddeus ran from behind his tree like a deer, and seizing one pair of legs, began to pull with all his might; but he could not budge them. Then he picked up a shovel and threw the sand back shovelful after shovelful behind him for half a minute. Again he seized that pair of legs, and this time he pulled out a gasping frightened boy. It was Ted.

Without waiting for Ted to help him, Thaddeus took hold of Joe's legs, which were now moving very feebly as if their owner had given up hope. He pulled and pulled, and at last out of the sand came Joe, taking quick breaths of air like a fish on the bank of a stream.

The two diggers sat near the ruins of their house. Sand was in their hair and down their necks; sand was in their ears and in their mouths; it covered them from head to toe; but as soon as they had got their breath they grinned at Thaddeus.

"You're not very big, but you can pull like everything," said Ted.

"We won't call you Quackenquash any more," said Joe. "We'll call you Thad."

"We'll build another house in a safer place, where it won't cave in," cried Ted. "Come on, Thad; you help us."

"I'll run and get my shovel," said Thad; and he dashed away with a feeling of great happiness, for all in a moment he had gained two good friends and a nickname.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE DICK.

SOMETHING NEW IN THE WAY OF CONTESTS

Tell in Thirty Words Something About Any One of These Pictures. Prizes Consist of a Watch, Flashlight and Story Book—Competition Open To All Kiddies From Six To Sixteen.

Here is something absolutely new in the way of contests for kiddies, and for which handsome prizes are being offered.

First, let me tell you what the prizes consist of:

First Prize—A Dandy Watch—for boy or girl.

Second Prize—A Flash Light.

Third Prize—A Splendid Story Book.

NOW AS TO THE CONTEST ITSELF

Above you will see a number of small pictures. To color them with your paints, would be very interesting. BUT you have not your paints with you when on holidays, therefore you cannot do that. To draw them would make the contest unfair, as you are not all artists. So that is out of the question.

BUT YOU CAN ALL WRITE SOME SUITABLE WORDS TO FIT IN WITH THE PICTURE. That's exactly what you are asked to do. The words may take the form of a joke, or whatever you think best will describe any one picture.

Look over the pictures carefully. Pick out one which you think most interesting, then write down not more than thirty words, which will tell exactly what the picture illustrates.

The prizes will be awarded to the senders of the most original wording, describing the pictures.

BEFORE STARTING READ THE FOLLOWING CAREFULLY

First—You are only required to send wording describing one picture.

Second—You must enclose the usual coupon, as printed on this page, with each entry.

Third—Cut out the picture you are giving the wording to, and stick it on the paper, on which your competition is written.

Fourth—The contest is open to all kiddies, between the ages of six and sixteen, inclusive.

Fifth—The age of each competitor will be taken into careful consideration. Uncle Dick's decision must be considered as final.

Sixth—All entries must reach this office not later than September 8th, addressed to

UNCLE DICK, THE STANDARD,
ST. JOHN.

Now get busy, and let me see this contest, turn out to be one of the most successful in the history of the Children's Page. The splendid prizes are well worth trying for.

FAIRY TALES FOR KIDDIES.

Tempus fugit," exclaimed the King, looking down from the palace window to the royal gardens below where sat the little willful princess arranging a bouquet of flowers, with her small companion, the pet monkey, at her side. "Tempus fugit!" and he sighed.

"What," interrupted his royal spouse, looking up from the deck where she sat jotting down her engagements in the gold-bound memory pad with which he had presented her the day before.

"I merely remarked, my dear, that time won't stand still," he replied, with another sigh

"Well, who ever thought it waited for anyone?" she said with a laugh, and finishing her social memoranda, she joined him at the window. "How she grows," she added after a moment's silence, surveying her small daughter below.

"In stature?" asked the king.

"Most assuredly," she answered.

"Have I not had to have her gowns lengthened only last week?"

"In character, too," mused the king. "She is much less willful."

"I hope," so responded the queen, remembering what a willful baby the Princess had been, particularly as to cutting her first teeth. Indeed it must be admitted, she had shown the same willfulness in learning to talk. At one time, the royal household flattered themselves that she would talk early but after having achieved "Pa" and "Ma," she appeared to think she had acquired enough English for all practical purposes and relapsed into a language of her own.

However, this was all now very long ago, and today as her fond parents stood gazing down at her the Princess was in a most delightful mood. Of late, she had taken a fancy to gather the flowers for the royal vases that were filled each morning and placed in the rooms and halls of the castle.

"Ahe they not beautiful?" she asked of her pet monkey, holding out a handful of exquisite buds. Presently, however, she grew weary of it all, and turning to him again, she said, "Ah me, would that I were as strong as a man. Methinks I would go to the war as a nurse." But the monkey made no reply. Perhaps he was uncertain, for the moment, what answer to make. One thing he felt sure of, however, and that was, that a storm was brewing on the horizon of contentment. Little clouds of willfulness seemed to be drifting across her face. After a moment's reflection, he replied: "You are a weary little Princess, arranging so many flowers. Come let us sit beneath yonder arbor, and I will relate a tale to you." Whereat, she jumped up quickly, scattering the remaining flowers in beautiful disorder upon the ground, and ran to the arbor, where she waited him, for he had stopped to pick up the flowers she had so carelessly thrown aside.

"Zounds!" ejaculated the King who had seen the tableau. "Of a certainty that monkey has a work to perform."

"'Twas but a moment ago you remarked she was less willful," vouchsafed his royal spouse, with a smile.

"Every summer sky has its clouds," he replied. "Leave it to our little friend, the monkey."

(Continued next week.)

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

WHERE DOES THE LIGHT COME FROM AND GO TO?

The First of a Series of Articles, I Am Sure, Members of the Children's Corner Will Find Most Interesting.

To understand the answer to this question fully you will first have to learn what light is, and particularly that it is not the flame from the gas jet or of the lamp or candle that is actually the light, but that light consists of rays or waves in the ether, which is constantly in all spaces and even in our bodies, coming from the something that is burning. This in the instance above mentioned would be the gas burning as it comes out of the gas jet, the oil in the lamp as it comes up through the wick or the flame of the candle. We are apt to call a lighted gas jet a lamp, or a candle, light, because it is steady. Really, however, there is no such thing as keeping light in a room in an actual sense, for rays of light travel from the substance which produces them faster than anything else we know of in the world. The first thing a light wave does when it is once created, says the Book of Wonders, is to go some place, and it does this at the rate of 186,000,000 miles per second. If it cannot penetrate the walls of the room it is either reflected back in the direction from which it came or transformed by the objects which it strikes into some other kind of energy.

When you look at the rays coming from a gas jet, you do not see one ray for more than, say the millionth part of a second, but because these rays of light come so fast one after the other from the burning jet and spread in all directions, they seem to be continuous

So you see that the rays of light are going away as fast as they are coming from the gas jet. They either go on as light, or, as said above, are changed into other forms of energy when they strike things they cannot penetrate in the for mof light, or rather one thing, which is heat. A large part of it goes into the air in the room in the form of heat, as you well know, now that it is called to your attention. Some of it goes into the furniture and some of it is changed into another form of heat, which, combining with the chemicals in other things it mixes with, changes their appearance and usefulness. As, for instance, the carpets and hangings in the room, the colors of which become faded when exposed to light rays too much. The heat from the light rays is responsible for the fading of colors in our garments as well.

When you "put out the light," as we say, or turn off the gas, you cut off the source of light. Really, then, our expression that "the light goes out" is only true while the gas is lighted, for from the flaming gas jet the light is going out all the time, whereas when the gas is turned off no light is being produced, and when you turn off the gas you do not turn out the light, but only that which makes light.

DATES

Telling All About That Tasty Fruit, You All Like, and Where They Come From.

One afternoon shortly after the holidays Jamie felt all out of sorts. He had eaten a great deal of turkey and far more candy than was good for him, and that probably had something to do with the way he felt. I am sorry to say he spoke rather crossly when his little cousin Jean, who was spending the holidays with him, tried to run his electric train and bent one of the wheels. He moped around, and said he wanted to be let alone, when Jean begged him to go outdoors to play in the snow. Jean looked as though she were about ready to burst into tears.

Jamie's grandmother looked up from her knitting, and saw how unhappy and cross the children seemed to be. Putting her knitting away, she asked, "I wonder who would like to hear a story?"

Jamie sat up in his chair. Jean swallowed the lump in her throat, and looked more cheerful. At the same moment they both said, "I would!" and laughed.

Grandmother pushed back her glasses, and smiled. Let's see, now what shall it be?

She looked all around the room. When her eyes came to a dish of stuffed dates on the table they stopped.

"How would a story about dates do?" she asked.

"Fine!" cried Jamie, looking at Jean. "That's the kind of a story I love, don't you, Jean?"

"I never heard a story like that," Jean replied, "but I'd like to hear one."

"Dates, sweet and brown, were eaten by little children thousands of years ago, for the date palm is one of the oldest plants cultivated by man. Three thousand years ago the date palm grew and bore fruit."

"Where?" Jamie wanted to know.

"In the countries of the far East, probably Arabia or Southern Asia," grandmother replied.

"Why, that's where the three wise men came from(isn't it?" Jean asked, remembering the story of the Babe in the manger, to whom the wise men in the East were guided by a star.

"Yes, and perhaps among the gifts they laid at the feet of the Christ Child, were dates," Grandmother said.

The children looked at the dates thoughtfully.

Grandmother went on. "The date palm is very high, somtetimes reaching a height of one hundred feet or more. It is an odd-looking tree, too, for it has no leaves except at the very top, where it spreads out in a wide, feathery bunch. The leaves are very large, sometimes ten feet long. Up among the leaves, the fruit grows."

"Do they grow on little stems, like apples?" Jamie asked.

"No, the dates grow in big bunches, weighing from fifteen to forty pounds. And a single tree will often have ten or fifteen bunches."

"Why, Grandmother, one tree would have an awful lot of dates on it!" exclaimed Jamie.

"Yes, some date trees have as high as five hundred pounds of dates, and they bear for a hundred years, too!"

"How pretty the trees must look when they bloom," said Jean. "What color are the blossoms, Grandmother?"

"A clear white," she answered. "I often think how lovely the date palms in blossom must look to travelers on the desert, who are worn and weary from their hot journeys across the sands. You see, the date palm sometimes grows in oases on the desert. You know what they are, don't you?"

"They are water holes in the desert," answered Jamie, eagerly. "But I should think the hot air of the desert would kill the trees!"

"No, the date palm must have hot, dry air to thrive, with lots of water at the roots. So you see an oasis is just the kind of place for it. Of course, date palms are planted on plantations, too, just as we plant apple trees. They are set out in rows twenty-five feet apart, an dbegin to bear dates when they are about four years old."

"Do the people in those Eastern countries like dates?" Jean asked.

"Yes, indeed! Dates form the greatest part of their living. They eat dates, either raw or dried. Sometimes they pound them into solid cakes, to take on journeys across the desert. Wine and honey is made from the sap of the tree. Out of the roasted seeds, they make a drink something like coffee, and sometimes the seeds are ground to get the oil out of them. The young leaves are also eaten, as we eat cabbage. The date leaves are woven into mats and baskets, and the trunks used to build houses and fences.

"My goodness!" said Jamie, "Date palms are valuable, aren't they? Do we have any date trees here in this country?"

"Yes, in California, and some in Arizona and New Mexico. The Spaniards brought date palms to California when it was first settled, and some of them are still standing. But we import millions of pounds every year."

"Whew!" exclaimed Jean, 'I should think they would spoil on the way over, they are so sweet. Do they put sugar on the dates?"

"No dates are over half sugar themselves. And they are cured before they are shipped, in order to keep them. Whole bunches are put in warm moist rooms before they are quite ripe and sort of preserved."

Smiles had driven the clouds away from Jamie's face. "That story about dates has made me feel better. Let's go out for a run!" he suggested.

And away they ran out into the snow.

CONTEST COUPON

Name .....

Address .....

School .....

Age..... Birthday..... Grade.....

Name of Teacher.....