

## Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

## Weekly Chat

Dear Mr. Editor:—We are always delighted to have new members join our Children's Corner, for as those who are sixteen years of age drop out they leave very important gaps to be filled. By some letters which I receive it seems evident that the boys and girls under that age do not know for sure what the conditions for membership are, so today I thought we might "chat" about the subject. Just a little, and thereby ease the minds of those uncertain little friends. As soon as a letter is able to print or write (or indeed perhaps before that) in which they were born they may become full-fledged members of our great club for little folks. No money, you see, is required at all, just your wish to become one of us. On our own page each Saturday you will find stories, puzzles, games, poetry and many other features which are just suitable for young folks (as many of the newspapers you know are intended only for grown-ups, and so you can feel that at least one page a week is full of interesting things which you may understand. There are many other advantages in belonging to us, for you may contribute articles such as puzzles, stories, etc., to our page. Particularly do we welcome accounts of any odd or out-of-the-ordinary experiences which the members may have, for every child enjoys reading about what other boys and girls did or saw. Just here, though, I wish to make it very clear that all contributions which may be sent to me are not printed unless considered worthy and of interest. You can easily understand that it would not be fair to the other members to fill the page with things just because the children sent them, unless they helped to make good reading and were of some interest, so don't forget that you may not be the best judge of just what is best to print on our own Children's Corner. You are supposed to write letters occasionally to Uncle Dick, telling all about yourselves, what you see in the Nature's world, your school work, your play and hobbies and each letter is answered on our page. Generally the first name and initial are placed before the letter, so that any personal remarks may be in a certain degree private. Besides all these advantages, we have contests which have been the means of adding to the enjoyment of all our members, not only do they give pleasure, but they also the young folks to develop their talents either in painting, drawing, guessing, observing, and in many other ways. Many prizes have been won on these contests, and dozens of the members who are now past the age for winning prizes could tell you of useful and valuable gifts they have received. Even though our members must reach their sixteenth birthday some day, that does not mean they cannot contribute to our page, it just means that they cannot win prizes and do not appear in our birthday lists.

To you, little friends, I think I have made everything quite clear. I trust that the other members will explain to the younger brothers and sisters just what it is to join our Club, and to any new friends you may make as well. All are welcome, and we have many hundreds as members all the time. Most organizations have their mottoes, and you will always find ours on the top of our page. It is "Kindly deeds make happy lives." Then we pledge ourselves to be kind and helpful to our friends, and to have experiences of helping the birds and animals have made many a little one's letter very interesting. So now, kids, you have a very good idea of the aim and object of our page. You have a chance also of corresponding with other members whom you may meet later in life in college or in the business world, and many have enjoyed the letters exchanged among the members, even though they may not as yet have seen each other. With all these advantages and privileges we are a very happy group. Let us all do our share to make the C. C. what we often wish it to be, and those who have often wished they could belong to Children's Corner will surely feel after reading this that we have room for all. Then let us show by our living that we do kindly deeds and make many lives happy.

As ever a friend to all the boys and girls.

UNCLE DICK.

## New Members

Some new friends have joined our Children's Corner lately, and we are very pleased to welcome them. Perhaps some of you who have belonged for some time would like to write these new members a letter. Many a happy correspondence has started in this way, and the participants have enjoyed the experience of being so much to one another. Pick out one near your own age if you prefer, and tell them how glad we are to count them among our new friends. In today's new lists are the following:

Grace S. Fenwick, age ten years; address, Fenwick P. O., Kings Co.; William Bruce McL. Sutton, age thirteen years; address, Woodstock, Middlesex, B.C.; age ten years; address, Brown's Flat, Kings Co.; N. B. Gordon A. Bennett, age twelve years; address, Care Mr. Finnis, Brantford, Kings Co.; age ten years; address, Oak Point, Kings Co.; N. B. Olive B. Dunfield, age nine years; address, Annapolis, E. B. Co.; age eleven years; address, Blackville, N. B.

"Tommy Tucker is the worst boy in school, Harry, and I want you to keep as far away from him as you possibly can."

"I do, mother. He stays at the head of the class most of the time."

Pat—How much do you weigh, Mike?

Mike—Oh, weight one hundred and seventy-five pounds.

Pat—You must've got weighed with your coat on.

Mike—An' Ol' did not. Ol' held it

## Answers To Letters

ANNA E. W.—We pleased with your nice letter and to hear of all your little visits for I know how much life the little ones must have and how to do big things. You must be quite a capable young lady too, and am glad to hear of your members making themselves useful. You'll find it has been pretty good here lately too. Write again some day, and we'll be glad to hear from you.

GLOVINE G.—You are a very pretty writer and I enjoyed your neat letter immensely. Did you get your correspondence through the C. C. If so I would like to know more about the matter. Your letter read as if you wrote it before Christmas, yet it only came to me this week, so perhaps you had forgotten to mail it, as there was no date on envelope or letter, I could not solve the mystery. Always date your letters though, that is quite important to remember, as you grow older. You are probably having lots of skating now since old Jack Frost keeps hovering about.

DOUGLAS CLARKE—Thanks for the good wishes also the school programme. I was glad to see it. You did well at Christmas alright, and are a very fortunate boy to get so many nice things. This idea for earning your dollar each month is a good one, and of course you need to work hard to win it. But just here I am going to tell you something Douglas, you word your letters and stories splendidly, but you are a poor writer and I hope to see an improvement soon. Practice while you are young, and you will be able to change your style. You are not by any means the only fellow I give that advice to, there are many just like you. Thanks for the little story, it is fine.

JIM C.—You seem to be enjoying life with all the winter sports and they are the healthy kind too. What a great day you must have to have your two boys. Of course on the river ice it is level and no climbs for him. Then skating back is good exercise for you. Heaps of love for the many good wishes. Hope to hear from you again.

NEVILLE M.—You are indeed quite a stranger and I was glad to hear you had not forgotten all about the C. C. How nice you feed the birds so often. I am sure they are very grateful to you and know you get as much pleasure from doing it as they do by enjoying the treats. Don't be so long in writing us next time.

KATHERINE G.—Very sorry you have been ill, but glad you are getting well again and was so pleased to know that you enjoyed our page so much while you were shut in. Yes, that is the time when others have wished for a C. C. in each day's paper, but that would be too often for the well days. Wouldn't it?

OLIVE B. D.—That was a real nice little letter you sent and now I can feel much better acquainted with you. How nice that you were so well remembered at Christmas time. Does your ever read your own letter? Or perhaps he is only a little fellow. Write again some day.

REG. T.—So glad to get your letter and to hear of all your doings. It must have been pretty in the woods after that last snowfall.

MARION A. J.—So pleased to have you join our Club and hope you will enjoy being one of us. Shall look forward to getting a letter soon and hearing all about yourself so that we may become better acquainted.

HORACE E.—What a good time you have been having. No, I never was on skis and always thought they looked dangerous on or off. All the other sports you mentioned I have indulged in and like them fine.

Birthdays Greetings

A very jolly wish from the C. C. for those of you who celebrate your birthday during the coming week. On our list are the following:

Dorothy E. Berry, Sussex; George Faudel, Newcastle; Bertha Stone, City; Austin Walton, Shomague; William B. McL. Sutton, Woodstock; Mabel May Dow, St. George; Rose Ryan, Bloomfield; Hazel Maxwell, City; Loretta Maxwell, City; Gordon Keith Sowards, Hibernia; Douglas F. Clarke, Springfield, Mass.; Olive B. Dunfield, Annapolis; Nettie Johnston, Loch Lomond; Ernestine Paine, Gooseberry Cove; Eric Gordon, Fredericton, N. B.; Kathleen Jones, City; Jennie Moore, Woodstock; Edith Gregory, City; Alice Heasus, Woodstock; Vera Gibbs, City; Laura Prince, Hantsport; Alberta Johnston, Welsford; Eva Petersen, Salmonville; Olive Alcorn, Speersville, Debec; Clara Gossline, Public Landing.

THE BEDTIME HOUR.

As the bedtime hour approaches And starts to begin to sleep, We climb the stairs together To seek the garden of sleep.

First it's a romp, then a story, No matter how tired they be, When tucked in snugly "Oh mother, Will you lie down with me."

I listen to little secrets, To things that they have done, And try to smooth out troubles Much and every one.

To me it is not time wasted, These moments spent in play, The bedtime hour of the children Is mine, and it's just my way.

Sent by a friend of the C. C.

VERSE.

Brown has a lovely baby girl, The stock left her with a flatter, They called her Oomomarine, For he hadn't any but her (butter).



## BEDTIME PENCIL PICTURES



LITTLE Reggie had been playing submergines in the bath room when his aunt came up and being very fussy made him stop. Reggie was very much hurt because he couldn't see that he had done any damage. But his aunt after letting the water run out of the tub went to hang some curtains in the bathroom, dropped a heavy hammer on the floor, it snapped off short and pretty soon the room was flooded. The dots will show you what broke.

## Marked By The Camorra

(Continued from last week.)

"Clothed? What do you mean?" was Harry's puzzled query.

"He carried a suitcase. The Camorrist call that being 'clothed,'" replied the girl.

"Well, take care he has no chance to use his suitcase," laughed Archie, who had an English boy's usual contempt for a knife. "But what is this Camorrist you keep on talking about, Antonetta?"

"It is what they call men who belong to the Camorra," she answered, in low, cautious tones, as the three stopped at the foot of the church steps, where it was too open for any one to be overheard. "The Camorra is a secret, and can do anything. Hundreds of men belong to it here in Naples."

"Fishermen?"

"Not only fishermen. There are men high in rank, of old and great families, who have taken to the Camorra. They have to swear a fearful oath on an iron crucifix. They are told to come again after weeks have passed. If they are then considered worthy to become Camorristi, two knives of a certain shape are given to them, and thereafter they must obey the chief of their section of the Camorra, no matter what he commands. There used to be twelve sections in Naples. I don't know how

many there are now."

"What does the chief command, usually?"

"That I do not know. But people who are not of the Camorristi have to pay taxes, and sometimes there are murders which the police cannot understand, and—oh—they say that the Camorra will often help one of its men when he desires to marry—or punish—a girl who does not want him."

"Well, I don't think the Camorra will help Salvatore to marry you—or punish you, either. At least, not this evening," declared Archie, as they moved swiftly along the narrow street, Antonetta between the two brothers.

CHAPTER III.

The sun had gone down behind the mountains by this time, and the frequent narrow alleys between the houses which led to hovels in the rear gave black and forbidding. The faces of men and women looked out from the slits here and there. Quiet as the street was, it gave the boys the impression that it was crowded with watchful suspicious people, just out of sight.

"Let's walk in the middle of the road," suggested Harry.

"Good idea," assented Archie. "I don't like those alley-ways. I suppose our amiable friend, Salvatore, is hiding in one of them."

The words had hardly been spoken



Living the youngsters, Carter and the Xmas feasting—

when the lady found themselves in the midst of a squall with four men, one of whom was Salvatore, while the others were sufficiently like him to have been his brothers.

"Back to the wall!" shouted Archie.

"All right responded Harry, cheerfully. "Keep hold of the girl!"

The two ladies hit out right and left, backing against the wall as they fought, so that the enemy should not be able to get behind them, and always keeping their assailants from Astoria. It was not an easy task to protect her. Salvatore and his three comrades pushed the boys about, exchanging blows with them, but evidently only with the object of getting the girl away. Not a word was spoken.

"Look out for the knife, Archie!" Harry shouted this warning in a voice strained by terror—but not on his own account. He had seen the gleam of a blade in the light that came from a distant street-lamp, and he knew that Salvatore was in the act of striking with his stiletto at his brother, whose left arm was around Antonetta. There was an involuntary grunt from Salvatore. Archie Seaforth had released Antonetta, seized Salvatore's right wrist with his left hand, and delivered a powerful blow with his fist in the Neapolitan's chest.

"Well hit, Archie!" cried Harry. "Do it again! I'll keep the others off!"

Salvatore was struggling fiercely with Archie, as Harry hurled himself between them and the three other Neapolitans, while Antonetta, wedged in to an angle of the wall, by the side of Archie and close to Salvatore, could not move hand or foot.

"Drop that knife!" ordered Archie. "It will be the worse for you if you don't."

Salvatore showed his teeth under his black moustache, as he snarled, in Italian: "The Camorristi fears nothing."

"Save me!" gasped Antonetta. (Continued next week.)

BUDDY THE SQUIRREL.

He is a dear little fellow this new friend of mine, a little gray squirrel who lives in a hollow of a tree near our school.

He knows four of us boys well, and sometimes comes to meet us: if he does not meet us we call Buddy! Buddy! and out he pops.

Buddy will sit on my head and shoulders and take a nut out of my hand, crack it open, and does not leave a particle of meat in the nut.

We love him, and he is not a bit afraid of us, and he will not go hungry as long as we boys are around—Douglas Clarke, member of C. C.

A man went into a barber's shop and, taking off his hat and coat, said he wanted his hair cut. He was completely bald save for a little fringe of hair at the back of his head. He sat down in the chair and the barber put the sheet around him.

"Shall I take off my collar?" asked the man.

"No, sir," said the barber; "and you can keep your hat on if you like."

Everybody a Salesman.

Every boy and girl should study salesmanship. If you never sell anything else you must sell yourself to others; you must convince people that you are worth something.

## A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

## Puzzles

1.—A City Contest.

What city is for few people? Am. Scarcely.

What city is for nations? For old people? For beggars? For unhappy people? For office workers?

2.—Nuts to Crack.

Where can happiness always be found?

Why are a merchant and a shipwrecked mariner alike?

What are seldom advertised in the lost and found departments?

What vegetables are most unsociable?

Why should a frog never be bankrupt?

3.—Word Square.

1. Not short.

2. Spoken.

3. What we all have.

4. Kind of song.

1. Behind a heavenly body and leave a black substance?

2. Behind a seat and leave an impression?

3. Behind what sport is popular and leave a girl's name.

4. Behind a covering and leave a grain?

5. Behind a place for winter fun and leave a liquid?

6. Behind a vegetable and leave to crush?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

1.—January.

2.—Word Square.

S N O W  
N O R A  
O R A I  
W A L L

3.—Missing Words—Mate, Meat, Team, Time.

4.—Brain Test—By inserting the letter T six times in the string of O's we learn that the father said to his son.

"TOOT OTTO TOOT."

And the boy's name found in the middle of the sentence is OTTO.

Conundrums.

Why is a bound like a man with a bald head? Because he makes a little bare (hair) so a long way.

When was bread said to be alive? When it has a little Indian in it.

Why does a sculptor die a most horrible death? Because he makes faces and busts.

Why do we generally dub a city her or she animal? Because a city there is so much bustle and because she has outskirts.

Why is a pig's brain larger than any other animal's? Because he has a hog's head full.

What is the difference between a gardener and a Chinaman? One keeps the lawn wet the other keeps the lawn dry (laundry).

A TROUBLESOME FELLOW.

By Benjamin F. Leggett.

There's a little old fellow without any crown,

Sometimes he is black and sometimes he is brown;

But whatever his color, or shade of his hair,

He spoils all the castles we build in the air!

He is slender and small, but the mischief he brings

Troubles the children as well as the kings!

The Czar and the Kaiser must yield to his sway.

The lofty and lowly, the short and the tall.

The sober and smiling, the great and the small.

The aged and youthful—whatever befall.

This little old fellow just troubles them all!

If the weather were clear, what games we could play!

But alas! this old fellow stands round in the way.

A great many things might happen round in the way,

And in spite of our longing, or even our pray.

The clouds thicken up and the rain tumbles down;

"If I were a man"—there he is to annoy.

And the youth must remember he's only a boy!

If Bess would be older, like Mother, or Moll—

He'd have to be quiet and play with her doll!

The birds and the fishes might even change places.

And all of us sail through the blue airy spaces.

Over hills, over mountains so purple and dim,

But that he interposes his whimsical whim!

He chuckles and laughs in his sleeve, no doubt.

At the havoc he makes, within and without.

He scatters his troubles so elysian about.

That we secretly can tell just when he is out.

A great many things might happen each day.

If he would consent to keep out of the way;

Luckily for us that he never grew taller—

And luckier still had he been even smaller!

If your dreams come to naught, and your castles in Spain

Tumble down as you build them again and again.

And the fairest of fancies go up to this white.

You may charge them all up to this horrid old "if!"

A very small fellow to shoulder such blame

When two slender fellows spell out his whole name!

## Twinkle Town Tales

The Story.

"Tell me a story, Mr. Shoemaker," said Bobbie Brown. "Tell us a story that you never heard, but just made up in your head, you know."

Mr. Shoemaker laughed. "I know what you mean. You want a moral story that makes you better, somehow. I can't think very well today. I have so many shoes to mend. What, what, what, I know. Well, once upon a time there was a little boy and he never wanted to do anything that would help a person, so one day when the cook asked him to take his little wagon around and he swung his out of the kitchen, he swung his out of his hand and hit the cat. The cat jumped up and ran out of the house and upset a boy with a basket of cabbage on his arm. The cabbage rolled down a flight of steps and covered a horse hitched before the house, and the horse ran off and scared a team of mules that were bringing a load of hay to town. Then this mule ran and ran and finally they got on the railroad track and scooped and do you know a big train came and the engineer just had to stop the train to get those mules off to prevent a wreck. So the farmer was scolded for driving on the railroad track and the poor mules on the train were very angry. But you know as well as anything that the poor mules could not help it. They asked the horse what frightened it and he said that it was frightened at a cat and some cabbages. That seemed strange for the cat was much smaller than the horse. They asked the cat what scared it and Pussy said that there were a lot of round cabbages rolling down the steps that were going to just kill her, so she jumped and that scared the horse. So they went to the cabbages and they were unwilling to say anything. The boy said that he guessed the trouble all started in the kitchen where there was a little boy who never obeyed any person and no person loved him, that he was cross to the cook and did not like kind. So, now what do you think happened?"

"I can't say," said Bobbie Brown. "But please, Mr. Shoemaker, do make that boy wake up! He isn't a real boy, is he?"

"Yes, indeed, he is a real boy. So just then the cabbages got arms and legs and eyes and mouths and became fat policemen, and they walked right into the kitchen to arrest the bad boy. They told him that he was always throwing things around and now they believed they would take him up in a balloon and throw him out and be done with him. So the cabbage policemen picked up the unhappy boy and were going out with him when well, boys and girls, the little fellow was wide-awake. Of course, he was a good boy, only careless, and had gone sound asleep on the porch and in the kitchen, for it was very quiet every place."

"I can't say," said Bobbie Brown. "But please, Mr. Shoemaker, do make that boy wake up! He isn't a real boy, is he?"

"Yes, indeed, he is a real boy. So just then the cabbages got arms and legs and eyes and mouths and became fat policemen, and they walked right into the kitchen to arrest the bad boy. They told him that he was always throwing things around and now they believed they would take him up in a balloon and throw him out and be done with him. So the cabbage policemen picked up the unhappy boy and were going out with him when well, boys and girls, the little fellow was wide-awake. Of course, he was a good boy, only careless, and had gone sound asleep on the porch and in the kitchen, for it was very quiet every place."

"I can't say," said Bobbie Brown. "But please, Mr. Shoemaker, do make that boy wake up! He isn't a real boy, is he?"

"Yes, indeed, he is a real boy. So just then the cabbages got arms and legs and eyes and mouths and became fat policemen, and they walked right into the kitchen to arrest the bad boy. They told him that he was always throwing things around and now they believed they would take him up in a balloon and throw him out and be done with him. So the cabbage policemen picked up the unhappy boy and were going out with him when well, boys and girls, the little fellow was wide-awake. Of course, he was a good boy, only careless, and had gone sound asleep on the porch and in the kitchen, for it was very quiet every place."

"I can't say," said Bobbie Brown. "But please, Mr. Shoemaker, do make that boy wake up! He isn't a real boy, is he?"

"Yes, indeed, he is a real boy. So just then the cabbages got arms and legs and eyes and mouths and became fat policemen, and they walked right into the kitchen to arrest the bad boy. They told him that he was always throwing things around and now they believed they would take him up in a balloon and throw him out and be done with him. So the cabbage policemen picked up the unhappy boy and were going out with him when well, boys and girls, the little fellow was wide-awake. Of course, he was a good boy, only careless, and had gone sound asleep on the porch and in the kitchen, for it was very quiet every place."

"I can't say," said Bobbie Brown. "But please, Mr. Shoemaker, do make that boy wake up! He isn't a real boy, is he?"

"Yes, indeed, he is a real boy. So just then the cabbages got arms and legs and eyes and mouths and became fat policemen, and they walked right into the kitchen to arrest the bad boy. They told him that he was always throwing things around and now they believed they would take him up in a balloon and throw him out and be done with him. So the cabbage policemen picked up the unhappy boy and were going out with him when well, boys and girls, the little fellow was wide-awake. Of course, he was a good boy, only careless, and had gone sound asleep on the porch and in the kitchen, for it was very quiet every place."

"I can't say," said Bobbie Brown. "But please, Mr. Shoemaker, do make that boy wake up! He isn't a real boy, is he?"

"Yes, indeed, he is a real boy. So just then the cabbages got arms and legs and eyes and mouths and became fat policemen, and they walked right into the kitchen to arrest the bad boy. They told him that he was always throwing things around and now they believed they would take him up in a balloon and throw him out and be done with him. So the cabbage policemen picked up the unhappy boy and were going out with him when well, boys and girls, the little fellow was wide-awake. Of course, he was a good boy, only careless, and had gone sound asleep on the porch and in the kitchen, for it was very quiet every place."

"I can't say," said Bobbie Brown. "But please, Mr. Shoemaker, do make that boy wake up! He isn't a real boy, is he?"

"Yes, indeed, he is a real boy. So just then the cabbages got arms and legs and eyes and mouths and became fat policemen, and they walked right into the kitchen to arrest the bad boy. They told him that he was always throwing things around and now they believed they would take him up in a balloon and throw him out and be done with him. So the cabbage policemen picked up the unhappy boy and were going out with him when well, boys and girls, the little fellow was wide-awake. Of course, he was a good boy, only careless, and had gone sound asleep on the porch and in the kitchen, for it was very quiet every place."

"I can't say," said Bobbie Brown. "But please, Mr. Shoemaker, do make that boy wake up! He isn't a real boy, is he?"

"Yes, indeed, he is a real boy. So just then the cabbages got arms and legs and eyes and mouths and became fat policemen, and they walked right into the kitchen to arrest the bad boy. They told him that he was always throwing things around and now they believed they would take him up in a balloon and throw him out and be done with him. So the cabbage policemen picked up the unhappy boy and were going out with him when well, boys and girls, the little fellow was wide-awake. Of course, he was a good boy, only careless, and had gone sound asleep on the porch and in the kitchen, for it was very quiet every place."

"I can't say," said Bobbie Brown. "But please, Mr. Shoemaker, do make that boy wake up! He isn't a real boy, is he?"

"Yes, indeed, he is a real boy. So just then the cabbages got arms and legs and eyes and mouths and became fat policemen, and they walked right into the kitchen to arrest the bad boy. They told him that he was always throwing things around and now they believed they would take him up in a balloon and throw him out and be done with him. So the cabbage policemen picked up the unhappy boy and were going out with him when well, boys and girls, the little fellow was wide-awake. Of course, he was a good boy, only careless, and had gone sound asleep on the porch and in the kitchen, for it was very quiet every place."