Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Uncle Dick's Chat With the Children

My Dear Kiddies:—

You will no doubt notice that this week I am giving a column especially devoted to the care, and incidents connected with, our friends, the dumb animals. My reason for doing so, is because I feel that there are a hundred and one different ways in which you may be of assistance to the creatures, which in some cases are not receiving proper care, and consideration. How many boys think it is quite sporty (?) to throw a stone, or hard snow ball at a stray cat, or perhaps fire his air gun at some bird, just to see if his gun is correctly sighted, or again to tie a cloth around a dog's head, covering its eyes, for the purpose of watching its antics, and number of times the creature may knock it's head?

The above are only a few of the many ways in which cruelty may be practiced. They may be done only for 'fun' but boys and girls, just for a moment think of the pain and suffering you cause in this so called harmless practice. The kitty on the fence has probably done you no harm whatever, but if the thrown stone hits the mark intended, there is pain and perhaps injury caused to a dumb animal.

Even if you may not practice such methods—and I know a majority of the members of the Children's Corner, do not—there is a way in which you may be of the greatest assistance to the friends who are unable to tell of their suffering; I refer to your interference when you see other thoughtless boys or girls doing that which you know to be cruel. Dont mind if you do get called names, but bravely step in and protect those creatures which in many cases are unable to protect them

selves.

Some time ago a great many of you kiddies who read the Children's page, gave me a promise that you would assist in looking after the animals, and birds, but since then a large number of children have become members, and therefore I shall repeat my request as follows:—Will you promise to do all in your power to not only be kind to all animals and birds, but protect them against those who may seek their injury and harm? Write and tell me that you will carry out the promise.

Just to illustrate what I mean, let me tell you of an incident which I heard the other day. A sled laden with heavy packages was being drawn up a stiff grade in a certain place not very far from where I am writing this Chat, and instead of the driver doing his best to relieve the strain endured by the horse, he calmly (and cruely) kept his seat on one of the packages, too lazy to walk, and act in a kindly manner. When he was about half way up the hill, a boy, who turned out to be a boy scout ran alongside and told the man in tones of command to get down and ease the horse. At first the driver showed signs of annoyance at being interfered with by a boy, but nevertheless he jumped down, and going to his horse's head, spoke encouraging words to the hard breathing animal. The man had not really intended to be unkind, but was thoughtless, and the boy's words had made him realize the fact.

I am pleased to see that you are enjoying the coloring contest so much, and, judging by the large number of entries received already, there will be a rather difficult job to decide as to which are the best.

There are several new features being planned for subsequent issues of the Corner, so to be sure and watch out for them. I would suggest that you do your best to get other boys and girls interested in the special page for the kiddies. Get their parents to subscribe, then perhaps, besides the children becoming members, you will have earned a commission of fifty cents on each new subscription received by me, and later if you have been able to secure the largest number of such will perhaps be the winner of the splendid prize to be awarded by the Editor of the Standard.

With best wishes from your

Uncle Dick

Children's Editor.

P. S.—It should have been mentioned in last week's Corner, that the splendid story of Ruth's adventures in Birdland is being contributed to the Corner by an old member, Miss W. I. Colwell.

RUTH IN BIRDLAND

Chapter 5.

By I. W. Colwell.

(Continued from last week.)

hands and knees, as the bank was so low here that a standing figure might have been visible from the creek. cautiously crawling along, foot by foot, Joe slowly poked his head around the bend and looked into the barrel of a rifle! ! !

"Hand up, Joe!" said a decisive voice, and up went Joe's hands promptly.

"Now," said Jack, "You've tried to murder me, you low-down hound, and you'll clear out of the country for good, or I'll hand you over to the sheriff, to swing on the nearest tree! This country ain't healthy for such as you. You won't work and you can't scout or shoot You're beaten, Joe, all ends up. Why, you couldn't even hit me when I was standing up in full view. And then you strategetical' move to get around me. Why are you so clumsy that you can't walk along a gully without hanging on to the shrubs? Ugh! There was a world of contempt in the remark. "Git."

Ruth walked ahead with the owl, and the whole assembly followed at a discreet distance behind. Some fluttered their wings, and were bitterly reproved by the more stately. Apparently they all must pay the best of respect to Judge Owl whether in the court room or out. He was one whom all must look up to with reverential awe. Ruthie hardly realized that the judge was talking until the wise man fairly screamed at her. She thought that he was a lover of silence. But it was quite the contrary. Judge Owl loved to show off his learning.

"I beg your pardon," said Ruthie meekly turning towards the exasperated judge. "Did you speak?"

"Speak?" thundered the owl. "no, of course not. I hollered!"

"I beg your pardon," said Ruthie again. "I didn't hear you."

"Then you dont deserve to. You hear me now so you are not deaf. You are only rude."

"I didn't mean to be rude really. There was such a noise behind us. Wont you please tell me what you were saying?"

"I asked you to come home with me to dinner."

"I would be pleased to come. Do you live far from here?"

"Oh no, it's not far. But I have to buy my dinner first. Come this way."

The owl led the way into a shaded grove. Birds of every kind passed by, and gravely saluted the wise bird and Ruthie as they passed. A great noise of many birds voices filled the air.

At the end of the grove was a huge cage. To her horror, Ruthie saw that it was filled with rats. Great rats, and small rats, young rats and old rats raised their voices in discordant union, and frisked their tails behind the bars.

The keeper of the cage was a huge black bird which Ruthie remembered being called a crow on earth. He cocked his head a little to one side, and his jaunty keeper's hat was placed at a threatening angle on his vain head. The judge approached brusquely.

"I want a large rat today," he explained, "I have company you see, and I am very hungry."

In terrified horror, Ruthie watched the crow secure a huge old rat which the owl pointed out as palatable in a small cage.

"Will you carry him for me Ruthie?" asked hte owl.

"I? That rat? Oh, no! You must excuse me. I loath rats!"

You wont loath one when you help me eat this," returned the owl in a hurt tone.

"I eat that?" cried out Ruthie. "Never! I couldn't even bear to touch it."

"Well then, I will carry it myself. It really doesn't matter. After you have tasted this fellow however you will wish that you had helped me. The crow does not serve these out to everybody."

Distractedly, Ruthie walked alongside of the owl, on the opposite side to where the rat frisked about in his narrow cage. She wondered how she could refuse the prepared rat without offending the wise man.

Suddenly the owl set the cage down and surveyed his dinner with pride.

"Did you ever see such a beauty?" he asked of Ruthie.

"He's very large," faltered Ruthie.

"And very frisky as well," cried the bird. "See I will show you how frisky he is. Watch me prepare him for your dinner."

Before he had finished speaking the owl opened the cage door, and the rat rushed out. Ruthie screamed, but she could not escape. She was hemmed in by the furious contestants; for the owl and the rat had entered into the contest of "Victory or Death." The owl preferred to kill his own dinners.

The rat was a wary one. He sprang and dorged at his foe, and once managed to bury his sharp teeth in behind the fluffy feathers. Then Ruthie saw her chance of escape. Accordingly she took to her heels, and raced wildly away frm the awful scene. Before she realized it, she had take herself far away from the awful scene. Before she ner. She was free to enjoy herself for awhile.

A little voice beside her caused her to start suddenly, and turn to discover the intruder. She knew that it could not be the owl. His voice was not so weak. The sparrow who had taken her place at the trial stood beside her.

Oh it's you!" cried Ruthie delightedly. "I did so want to see you."

"Yes, I know," answered the bird in its sad sweet voice. "That's why I came."

"But how did you know where to find me?"

"Oh, everybody knows where the other is in Birdland. I saw you run away from the owl and his dinner just now."

"Wasn't it awful?" cried Ruthie. "I suppose I have offended him dreadfully, but I really couldn't eat that rat you know." Ruthie shuddered at thought of it.

"On the contrary you have pleased him very much," assured the little bird solemnly.

"But how?"

"He has the rat to himself now. He asked you to dine with him because he knew that it was proper. But now that you have run away, he wont wait for your return. He'll eat his dinner which will consist of the whole rat. Then he will thank you for leaving him everything."

"How queer," remarked Ruthie. "But tell me this. Why were you the one to take my place on the criminal bench this morning. Everyone looked to you and no other to go."

"Oh, yes, for you see I am only a common little sparrow. I am the slave of the other birds. They all consider themselves above me."

"But they're not!" asserted Ruthie stoutly. "You're just as good as they are, and in some cases better."

"Thank you," said the sparrow. "It's really very nice to hear you say that. You know that there is One who cares for us very much?"

Ruthie nodded.

"I never forget that," went on the little fellow bravely. "It helps a lot you know. I should be apt to be down hearted if I wasn't sure that it was true."

"Well you're not a bit downhearted," said Ruthie. "You're really the most contented bird I've met yet."

"I always try to be contented with my lot," replied the sparrow. "If I worried all the time it wouldn't help me any. A cheery person is better to have around, so I'm cheery."

He paused, and opened his mouth to sing. Truly he was a wonderful singer. The rich notes thrilled Ruthie through and through. She quivered all over with excitement, and drank in the rich harmony. The singer paused.

"Do it again, please!" begged Ruthie.

"No, not now unless you dont want me to show you around a bit. We haven't time for both."

"Oh show me around! I love Birdland and really I've seen a very little bit of it."

"I've been commissioned to take you around to call on a few select families, explained the sparrow, "and I really think that if you wish to come that we should be on the way. After dinner the trial commences again, and you can only stay in Birdland until the verdict is given."

They soon came in sight of the fountain. The bird city behind it was rather quiet. Almost all of the birds were in their respective homes.

"Mr. Woodpecker lives here so we'll see him first," said the sparrow. "He lives up there in that tree."

"But how can I get up there?" demanded Ruthie. "I can't fly."

Something was pricking her in the back. She turned her head and saw a pair of beautifully shaped white wings folded on her shoulder blades. She moved her shoulders, and the wings shook themselves vigorously in the air. Ruthie was delighted.

"Dont I have to learn to fly?" she cried, craning her neck around to again view her wings.

"Oh, yes, but it's not a bit hard. Just move your wings this way! So! Now let yourself go upwards. Dont be afraid! You wont fall. Your wings will support you."

'But it makes me breathless!" gasped Ruthie.

"That's because you are making too big an effort to fly. Go easy. That's the way. Now again. Higher. Do you think that you could get up to Mr. Woodpecker's home now?"

"Oh, I think so, -if-f-f you would go behind me to catch me if I fall!"

"You won't fall. I'll go behind you though if it would make you feel any easier. There is nothing to be afraid of really. Watch me and see how easy it is."

The sparrow rose gracefully in the air, and circled around for a few times Not to be outdone by a bird, Ruthie spread her wings and flew too. The sensation was delightful, and she didn't want to go into Mr. Woodpecker's one bit, but that gentleman came to the door, and welcomed them with such courtesy that Ruthie alighted on the edge of the doorway, and greeted him.

"Come in! Come in!" he cried. "Welcome Ruthie! My wife and family are within."

"But I'm too large to enter your tiny home!" cried Ruthie.

"I never did see the like of humans! They raise so many objections. You can enter if you wish. You are plenty small enough. Surely you do not wish to have us appear giants before you?"

Ruthie found that she had grown so small that the tiny door of the woodpecker's dwelling seemed a huge cave. She entered wondering what would happen next.

(Continued next week.)

THE PET CALF.

Daisy's first baby was a dear little brown calf, and Nan loved her so much that when the baby was old enough to leave Daisy's side she took her out of the barn-yard, and fixed a place for her near the kitchen door. She named her Ruth.

Ruth had big beautiful, soft eyes and her hair grew so thick and dark it was like fur. How she loved her little mistress, Nan! It was a funny sight to see Nan going down the street of the country town followed, right on the side walk too, by this dear little mooly calf.

One day Nan's mother had some rather important visitors and, as they were having tea and cake, who should walk, calmly, straight into that room but Ruth! She went over to the little tea table, while the visitors shouted with laughter. Almost knocking it over, she stuck her little black nose right into the sugar bowl, and quite nicely helped herself. Wasn't that a funny thing for a calf to do?

Thought too Highly of Both.

On a road in Belgium a German officer met a boy leading a jackass, and addressed him in a heavy jovial fashion as follows:

"That's a fine jackass you have, my son. What do you call it? Albert, I bet!"

"Oh, no, officer," the boy replied quickly. "I think too much of my king."

The German scowled and returned: "I hope you don't dare to call it William."

"Oh, no officer. I think too highly of my jackass"

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE DICK.

BIBLE STORIES

(Concluded from last week.)

Wonderful stories were told of the days following the crucifixion. The next day, which we call Saturday, was the Jewish Sabbath, and according to the rules of their religion no man was allowed to work. They could not even prepare the body of Jesus for final burial. But on Saturday morning very early, before the sun was up, certain women, who had been His disciples, went out with their ointment and spices, to prepare the body, as their custom was. And they came running back in amazement and excitement to tell the apostles that the stone was rolled away from the door, and that the tomb was empty. When Peter and John, running came to the tomb even as the women had said. The body of Jesus was not there.

That afternoon two men were going out of Jerusalem to a village called Emmaus, talking together about the crucifixion of Jesus, when a stranger overtook them. "What are you talking about?" asked the stranger. "Why are you so sad?" And they told him. They said also that certain women of their company had found the tomb empty, and had seen a vision of angels who said that He was risen from the dead. Then the stranger showed them how it was written in the Bible that Jesus when He came must suffer and thus enter into His glory. When they reached the house where they lived, the stranger went in with them, and they all sat down to supper. And as they ate, the stranger took bread and blessed it and brake it and gave it to them to eat. And their eyes were opened, and they saw that it was Christ Himself. And He vanished away.

The men hurried back into the city, and found the eleven apostles gathered together. "Yes," cried the eleven, 'the Lord is risen indeed and hath appeared to Simon Peter." Even as they spoke, Jesus appeared among them. Seeing that they were frightened, and that they supposed He was a ghost, He showed them His hands and feet, that they might know beyond all doubt that He was alive after His death.

Again and again they saw Him, in Jerusalem and in Galilee; Once on a mountain, once on the shore of the lake. At last, after He had appeared so many times that they knew for certain that He had passed from death unto life, He led them out as far as Bethany, and while He blessed them, He again vanished away.

Then they worshiped Him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy, and began to proclaim among the people that Jesus was the Christ indeed, and all that He said was true, and that men ought to live according to His words, and that by His death and rising again, He had opened the gate of life everlasting. Because He lives we shall live also.

The Scratching on the Door.

All winter Bobby had been counting the days until spring, for his father had promised him that this year he should go with his big brothers to the sugar camp back in the hills and help to make the family supply of maple syrup and sugar. And now the time had come, and Bobby was really there in the camp, a snug cabin nestling in a big stretch of woods, with a clear spring and a little brook nearby. It seemed to good to believe! For three days now he had been there, without going home at all. Someone went out to the farmhouse every day and brought in a great basket of good things to eat, and at night Bobby slept in a little bunk in the corner, on a bed of sweet-emelling balsm boughs.

To people who are not used to the northern hills in March it would not have seemed like spring, for the snow still lay thick in the woods, showing as plainly as the page of a book how and where the rabbits and partridges got their dinner, and how the foxes followed the little wood mice along their zig zag pathways, and at last pounced upon them and gobbled them up. In the morning and the evening it was still very cold .Ice formed thick in the spring holes, and the snow went crunch crunch when anyone walked on it; but in the middle of the day the sun shone warm, the crows flew back and forth, calling loudly to one another and all about, when it was still, you could hear the drip of the sap as it fell into the buckets.

Bobby had been busy every minute. Sometimes he helped to empty the buckets, sometimes he dipped the scum from the boiling sap in the great evaporating pan, sometimes he drove old Buck, harnessed to the big sled that drew the sap to camp. All of it was such fun as he had never known before.

But now, on the evening of the third day, he did not feel quite so happy, for he was to be all alone until morning. That afternoon his father had slipped on an ice-covered root and sprained his ankle, and the two older boys had had to put him on the sled and carry him home. They had told Bobby what to do that he must not go to sleep, but must sit up to skim the sap and keep the fire going; and they had a pile of wood, carefully picked, of sticks small enough for him to lift.

"Now," said Edgar, "dont be afraid. and we shall come back as soon as we can."

So Bobby was left all alone in the great woods, miles from any other house.

It was very still. Once a big owl somewhere off in the night called, "Who! Whoo! Who!" But Bobby knew who he was, and so was not afraid. And then he heard a fox bark snappishly, as if scolding; but a fox could not hurt, so that did not frighten him either. Then as he sat there all alone, he thought he should like to make some maple "wax." So he hunted about the cabin until he found an empty can that had held baked beans. He washed it out carefully, poured the hot syrup into it and, opening the door, set the can deep in the snow outside, and went in again to tend the fire. When he had filled the great brick fire box he sat down to rest a bit. He cannot tell how long he sat there, for he thinks he must have fallen asleep for a minute or two, in spite of what his brother Edgar had said. The first thing he knew there was a slight sound of crunching on the snow outside, as if someone were trying to walk very carefully, but were scuffling his feet a little. Then came a gentle floof! floof; as if something were snuffing at the crack of the door.

Bobby held his breath, but his heart beat so fast that it seemed that he could hardly breath. In a little while he heard more crunching and scuffling, and then a noise as if some animal were eating—a kind of chup! chup! such as a pig makes when the skimmed milk tastes better than usual.

Bobby was now really scared. What if it were a bear or bobcat, and should try to get in! He looked around the cabin to see what he could use to fight with. There was the axe, of course, but it was too heavy for him. No, that would not do! Then he saw the long handled dipper. That might do! He could fill it with boiling sap and throw it into the face of anything that should try to get in.

And then his heart almost stopped beating altogether, for a terrible racket began outside the door. There were whines and cries of some animal in pain, and the scratching of claws on the door, and at last two or three thumps against the side of the cabin. Bobby reached for the dipper and filled it from the part of the pan where the sap was boiling most furiously. But just as he lifted it, and stood there, waiting and trembling, his ear caught another sound—the sweetest he had ever heard.

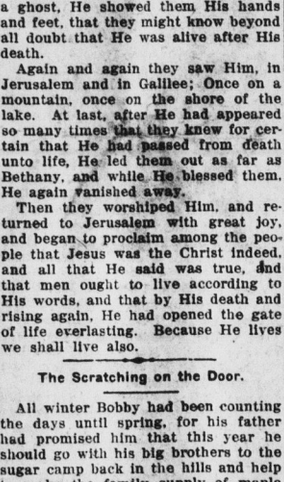
"Geton there Buck! Come back into the road! What ails you anyway? It was Edgar calling to the horse. The boys were coming, Bobby threw the door open just as the sled drew up before the cabin. As the boys jumped off and Bobby rushed out, they saw something rolling about in the snow whining and clawing the air; and in the clear moonlight they caught a glimpse of something bright and shiny. There at their feet was the smallest cub bear that Bobby had ever seen. Its head clear back to its neck was thrust into Bobby's can of maple "wax" and wedged there. It was clear that the baby bear had smelled the syrup and, being as fond of sweets as Bobby himself was, had thrust his head into the can and been caught by the jagged edges of tin around the top. It was not until nearly a week afterwards that they heard how the old she-bear, coaxed from her winters den for the first time by the warm sun of the day before, had been shot by a woodchopper. When she did not come back, her hungry baby had started out to look for a breakfast and so had fallen into trouble.

Of course Bobby was allowed to keep the cub, and great times the two of them had, playing together, until the bear got so big that it was not regarded as safe to keep him any longer. Then Bobby gave him to the "zoo" in a city not far from his home, and there he is yet, a full grown bear now, and not at all careful about the way he dresses; for the last time Bobby saw him the seat of his trousers were all worn bare and rusty looking. But as Bobby says, what could you expect? That is the only pair of trousers he ever had.

A Story Printed by Request.

A story that never grows old is that of Dick Whittington and his cat. It is bound to be a favorite with children. Dick Whittington was a poor orphan, country lad who had heard that London's streets were "paved with gold," and so went there to make his fortune. When reduced to almost starvation a kind merchant gave him employment in his family to help the cook, but the cook so ill treated him that he ran away. Sitting down to rest himself on the road side he heard Bow Bells ringing, and they seemed to say to the discouraged boy "Turn back, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London." So he returned to his master. By and By his master allowed him with the other servants, to put an adventure in a ship bound for Morocco. Whittington had nothing but a fine cat, which, however, he sent.

Now it happened thatt the King of Morocco was troubled with mice, which Whittington's cat destroyed. And this so pleased his Highness that he bought the mouser at a fabulous price. Whittington's venture had proved a big success. He commenced business with the money received, and soon rose to great wealth, married his master's daughter, was thrice elected Lord Mayor of London, and did a great deal of good with his vast fortune while he lived and bequeathed the remainder to many good causes at his death.



A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

ANIMAL TALES

THE POWER OF A DOG

There is sorrow enough in the natural way,
From men anw women to fill our day;
But when we are certain of sorrows in store,
Why do we always arrange for more?
Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.

Buy a pup and your money will buy
Love unflinching that cannot lie—
Perfect passion and worship fed
By a kick on the ribs or a pat on the head
Nevertheless it is hardly fair
To risk your heart for a dog to tear.

When the fourteen years that nature permits
Are closing in asthma, or tumor, or fits
And the Vet's unspoken prescription runs
To leathered chambers or loaded guns,
Then you will find—its your own affair
But you have given your heart to a dog to tear.

When the body that lived at your single will,
When the whimper of welcome is stilled (How still.)
When the spirit that answered your every mood
Is gone—wherever it goes—for good,
You will discover how much you care,
As you gave your heart to a dog to tear.

We've sorrow enough in the natural way,
When it comes to burying Christian clay
Our loves are not given, but only lent,
At compound interest cent per cent.
Though it is not always the case, I believe,
That the longer we've kept them, the longer we grieve;
But when debts are payable right or wrong,
A short—time lone is as bad as a long—
So why in Heaven (before we are there)
Should we give our hearts to a dog to tear?

Rudyard Kipling.

LOOK AT HIS COLLAR

Your dog's. Especially if he is a young one. Puppies quickly outgrow their collars. Many of them suffer from this cause when their owners do not suspect it. Run your fingers around under the leather and see if he is comfortable. Examine also his teeth if he is getting on in years. Accumulating tartar will cause inflamed and aching gums just as really for the dog as for you.

A LIVELY MULE.

Pete, an army mule resented an attempt to maroon him on a desert isdand in Casco Bay. The soldiers had taken him from one of the forts to an island, where they were working him. They built a shed for him, and placed in it food and water, and then left him there for the night.

Pete was home-sick, and kicked off the entire roof of the shed, with his powerful heels, pawed up the ground to a foot deep, broke his halter by knawing it, and leaving the food and water untouched, plunged into the sea, and swam back to the island where the Fort was located.

The next morning all wet and bruised, he poked his head into the tent where were seated at breakfast, the particular group of men of whom he is fondest.

TALES FOR KIDDIES

"Billy!" called Mother Porcupine one winter morning from the door of the house, "Billy Porcupine, where are you? I want you to do an errand for me on your way to school."

Mother Porcupine had to call several times before Billy heard her, for he was over the hill near the woods, trying his new Christmas sled. When he heard her at last he ran as fast as his short legs would carry him, for he was always willing to run errands for his mother.

"Here I am, Mother!" he called, when he was near the house. "What is the errand?"

"I have some good things for you to take to your grandmother's" said Mother Porcupine. "They are in this basket, and you can haul it on your sled."

She brought the basket from the house and placed it on the sled. "Do not let it fall off," she said to Billy, "and be sure to leave it safe at your grandmother's. The good things in it are for your grandmother's dinner."

Then she kissed Billy good-bye and watched him from the door whilst he trudged off down the road. Not far from the house the road entered the big woods, and when Mother lost sight of Billy among the trees, she shut the door and went back to her work in the kitchen.

Billy went gladly on his way. He could smell the good things in the basket, and knew well that his grandfather would ask him to have a bite.

Billy was not afraid of the woods, for he passed through them every day on his way to school. Yet he did have a sudden feeling of fear that morning when he saw Jack Wolf coming down the road toward him—not fear exactly, but a sinking of the heart as if something unpleasant was going to happen. Jack Wolf was bigger than Billy and was the bad boy of the neighbourhood. Billy had often been told by Mother Porcupine never to play with him, and Billy had been very willing to obey her.

"Good morning, Bi[illegible]" said Jack Wolf when he was a[illegible]e nearer.

He spoke pleasant[illegible] enough, but Billy noticed that he [illegible] sniffing the air as he walked along.

"He smells the good things in my basket," said Billy to himself, but aloud he said very pleasantly, "Good morning, Jack."

Then Jack Wolf said, "Isn't that sled too heavy for you to haul?"

"No, indeed," answered Billy Porcupine. "I can pull it quite easily, thank you."

Then Jack Wolf stopped being polite He drew back his lips in a snarl and said in a very unpleasant voice, "Anyway, I guess I shall take charge of it for you."

He reached out his hand and tried to snatch the sled rope away from him. He was stronger than Billy, but Billy clung to the rope bravely.

"It is my sled," said Billy stoutly, "and you shall not have it! Besides, I have an errand to do for my mother."

He tried to pull the rope away from Jack Wolf, and the bad boy tried to

pull it away from him. Suddenly Jack Wolf dropped the rope and said, "You may keep the sled! I don't want it anyway; it is the basket I want."

Now when Billy Porcupine saw that Jack Wolf was about to take theb asket of good things that his mother said he was to take to his grandmother's for his grandfather's dinner, he became very angry. And when he became very angry, he remembered a weapon which he had never used, but that his mother told him how to use when he was in great danger. The weapon was the goodly number of quills that grew along his back. He suddenly made those quills stand up stiff and straight from his body, and then he threw himself against Jack Wolf, when Jack Wolf stooped to pick up the basket.

"Oh! Oh!" cried Jack Wolf in great pain, as he sprang away from the sled. He tried to run away then; but Billy pressed him hard, and every movement that Jack Wolf made he found more of the sharp quills sticking into him.

"I will be good!" he cried. "I don't want either your sled or your basket! Please let me alone!"

Had not Billy been so angry he could have laughed to see Jack Wolf, the bad boy of the woods, so afraid of him Jack Wolf, with his great size and his gleaming teeth, and he himself wiht only his sharp little quills.

Then he said, "Perhaps next time you will not wait so long to decide that you do want the things which do not belong to you. Good-by."

He picked up the sled rope and trudged off along the road through the forest, hauling the basket of good things along on his sled, to his grandmother's.

And Jack Wolf, feeling very sore, and very foolish, sat on a stump beside the road, and pulled out the many quills which were still sticking in him. He had learned a lesson which he did not readily forget.

No matter how strenuous our days, we all love our hours of rest, and we all attempt a lyric flight at that time of day when we may slip into a nothingness of chiffon and lace, or a near-negligee of silk mull and indulge in a moment of retrospection or anticipation. For the week-end guest there is a filmy affair of canary chiffon with ribbon knots scattered nonchalantly about in shades of pale blue and lavender. A saucy negligee of ruffled organdie sports a lining of flesh Jap silk, and a sash or orange ribbon. For the tailored woman come becoming morning packets of dotted Swiss, with an elastic in the waistband, and trim collars and cuffs of scalloped voile. Flowered organdies and mulls are used quite a bit this season.

Bath robes of colored toweling have slippers to match, if you please. Of course, both are impervious to water. Slippers of straw and of satin are heeless and cool for summer wear.

CONTEST COUPON

Name .....

Address .....

School .....

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

Name of Teacher.....