

Motto: Kindly Deeds Make Happy Lives

Uncle Dick's Chat
With the Children

My Dear Kiddies:—
Now that spring has at last arrived not only in name but actually I am sure you will all be getting out into the open air, and be interested in the various ways in which nature is gradually arousing from her winter slumber.

Did you ever think of watching the developments in connection with the butterfly? Let me tell you a little story of the cabbage caterpillar and the surprise it received when it saw the changes taking place in connection with its growth; I am sure you will find much to interest you if you watch for similar incidents as the early summer approaches.

Once upon a time there was a big garden. It was not a flower garden, but a vegetable garden. In it there grew potatoes, asparagus, beans, peas, and cabbages. Down on one side there was a strawberry bed and along by the fence there was a row of plum trees, all white with blossoms.

In the middle of the garden, on a cabbage leaf, there lived a creepy, crawly, fuzzy, wuzzy, green caterpillar. All day long this little caterpillar crept and crawled, and ate cabbage leaves. He never looked up at the sunshine, nor out across the garden—the only world he knew was made of cabbage.

One day a beautiful white butterfly came flitting over the garden and landed on the cabbage leaf, close beside the caterpillar. He lifted up his head and looked at her. "How wonderful!" he said, as the butterfly flew lightly away toward the plum trees. "Oh, dear, I wish I could fly, instead of crawling in this slow way! It must be a splendid thing to have wings!"

Just then he saw twelve little round green eggs on the leaf where the butterfly had lighted. "Now what shall I do?" he said. "That butterfly has left these eggs here and gone away. The baby butterflies will hatch, and who will take care of them? I don't know what they should eat, and I could never teach them to fly. Oh dear! Oh dear! and he worried and worried about the baby butterflies that he was sure would come out of those eggs."

One day the eggs did hatch, and out came—what do you suppose? Not baby caterpillars at all, but twelve little creepies crawly, fuzzy, wuzzy, tiny green caterpillars, just like the old caterpillar.

"Well, well," he said, "I should never have been so troubled if I had only known that baby caterpillars were coming out of those eggs! I know exactly how to teach them to crawl and eat."

By and by the old caterpillar began to feel very sleepy. Then he found that he could draw silken threads from his body, and he began winding them round and round himself. Pretty soon, he had a house made for himself, and he went to sleep inside it. He slept and he slept for days and days.

At last he woke up, and thought he would like to come out of his house, but it was so tightly sealed that it was very hard for him to get out. So he pushed and wriggled until at last he broke a hole through the walls at one end. Then he dragged himself slowly out on to the cabbage leaf. After him, on one side, he pulled a white wet thing; and after him, on the other side, he pulled another white wet thing. He said, "Whatever is this?" he said, "I didn't have those things fastened to me when I went to sleep!"

The sun shone down on him, and the white things began to dry. He lifted them up straight, and just then a little puff of wind struck him. He tumbled off the cabbage leaf, and fluttered over to the asparagus bed. "Why he panted in excitement. 'I do believe I've waked up with wings.'"

He lifted his wings again, and flew over to the strawberry bed. "What a world! What a world!" he said. "It's not a cabbage after all!"

Then he smelled the fragrant plum blossoms, and somehow he knew that in them he would find something he wanted very much. So he flew over to them, and sipped honey until he felt wonderfully strong. Over in the field beyond the garden, he saw clover nodding in the wind. That smelled sweet too, and he was about to fly over to it, when he remembered the little caterpillars. He fluttered back across the garden, and lighted on the cabbage leaf, close beside them. "Eat and grow, little caterpillars, eat and grow," he whispered to them. "By and by you too will sleep and you will wake with wings! It is a wondrous thing to do! Now, good-bye, I'm off to see the great world!"

He lifted up his wings, and flitted away, past the plum trees, and over into the clover field beyond.

Next week I shall tell you another interesting story in connection with nature's study and meanwhile I must close for the present.

With best wishes from your

Uncle Dick

Children's Editor.



He started drilling at once.

THE THREE BEARS

One morning Mother Bear looked up from her work just in time to see a very-looking young black bear walking up the garden path from the river. He carried a stick over his shoulder, and a bundle swung from the end of it.

"Who can he be?" asked Father Bear, in his big bear tones, as he left his work to look through the open window.

"Who can he be?" asked Mother Bear, in middle-sized bear tones. "Who can he be?" said little Blueberry in shrill baby-bear tones, while the younger sang:

"Trala-la, Trala-la, Trala-la, Trala-la, Oh, let me live in the greenwood, The greenwood, the greenwood!"

Then he came with a hop and a skip and a jump to knock at the back door. "Why, Blueberry Bear?" exclaimed

over to the asparagus bed. "Why he panted in excitement. 'I do believe I've waked up with wings.'"

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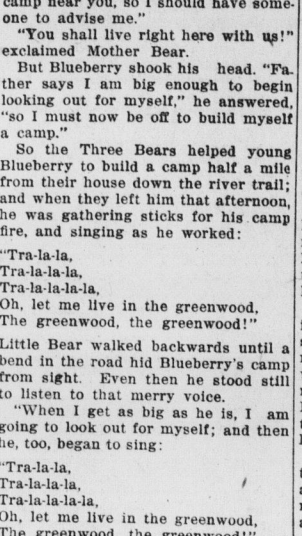
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Every day after that the Three Bears went to see Blueberry, and every day Blueberry came to see them. He used to thump Little Bear on the head and say, "How are you old man?" but he never played with him. No swinging in grapevine swings for him, no running races, no playing skipping games. He used to push his cap to the back of his head and talk with Father Bear about fishing and hunting, as if he were old enough to be the grandfather of the whole family.

But Little Bear liked to have Blueberry thump him on the head and say, "How are you old man?" He used to wish he were tall enough to thump back, but he could not reach the top of Blueberry's head without standing on a stump.

After Blueberry came to camp in the ancient forest, Little Bear began to talk from morning until night about leaving home and looking out for himself, and he walked round with a stick over his shoulder, singing his loud, est:

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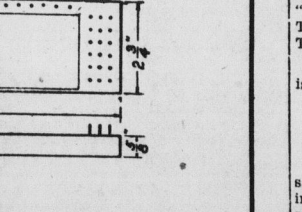
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In this day of increased costs in every direction, Manual Training Departments are confronted with the question of expense and in many places efforts are being made to design useful articles that require a minimum of lumber. The two articles presented herewith were especially designed to meet this need, and the result of their use have been so satisfactory it is thought every boy will be interested in making them for his home.

The first article is the handy telephone pad. In every home where the telephone is in use, there is practically every home in these days, there are numbers that it is necessary to call frequently. Instead of hunting through a directory each time, it is very convenient to have these numbers easy of access. Of course, some people with remarkable memories can remember many numbers, but this is not usual.

If you happen to have a telephone stand, it will be well to use the same wood from which the stand is made. Otherwise, use any wood available. Get the piece to the required dimensions as shown on the drawing. Lay out the corners that are to be cut off and remove with a chisel. If this tool

is not in your outfit, saw off the corners carefully and then smooth with sandpaper. DO NOT ATTEMPT TO DO ANY WORK WITH DULL TOOLS. If your chisel is not sharp, you cannot get good results. To attempt to do any cutting with a dull chisel requires so much pressure to force it into the wood that the proper control of it is not possible and accidents may result. The pad may be suspended at any convenient place by boring a small hole at the top or by inserting a screw eye as shown. Of course, it is hardly necessary to say that the pad is not complete until it is well smoothed with sandpaper. If desired the pad may be stained to suit.

Next prepare the paper and mark off as shown on the drawing. The paper may be fastened to the pad by means of a small drop of glue at each corner or by a brass headed upholstery nail. The latter method makes the pad very attractive. Fill in the numbers desired. New numbers can be filled in at any time, or the paper can be removed very easily and a new one put in place.

The tool operations for the grocery



CONDUCTED BY UNCLE DICK.

Mother Bear, as the stranger lifted his cap and walked in. "I didn't know you! How you have grown! Why, Father Bear, this is your Cousin Blueberry! How you have grown child!"

Blueberry shook hands all round, and then stood smiling from ear to ear until he was asked to be seated. "You shall live right here with us!" exclaimed Mother Bear.

But Blueberry shook his head. "Father says I am big enough to begin looking out for myself," he answered, "so I must now be off to build myself a camp."

So the Three Bears helped young Blueberry to build a camp half a mile from their house down the river trail, and when they left him that afternoon, he was gathering sticks for his camp fire, and singing as he worked:

"Trala-la, Trala-la, Trala-la, Trala-la, Oh, let me live in the greenwood, The greenwood, the greenwood!"

Little Bear walked backwards until a bend in the road hid Blueberry's camp from sight. Even then he stood still to listen to that merry voice.

"When I get as big as he is, I am going to look out for myself; and then he, too, began to sing:

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The tool operations for the grocery

The greenwood, the greenwood!" Blueberry laughed when he heard about it; and one day, after talking with Father Bear, he thumped Little Bear on the head and said:

"Old man, why don't you live with me, and learn to look out for yourself?" "For always!" inquired Little Bear. "Certainly," was the answer. "You are big enough. Pack up and come along."

"Shall I run away? Do you mean that?" "Certainly not! Never run away from home. Ask your father and your kind mother, and then start out like a brave young bear."

Little Bear was much astonished when Father Bear said, "You may go my son," and Mother Bear said, "Yes, you may go."

So he went, with a stick over his shoulder and a bundle swinging from the end of it, while he sang the same old song of the greenwood.

Blueberry Bear welcomed Little Bear with open arms, and all that first day Little Bear had a merry time. By night he was so tired that he went to sleep before the Man in the Moon looked down upon the camp.

The next day the two bears came visiting. They found Little Bear getting sticks for the camp fire and having a merry time. Mother Bear, when she went home, walked backward until she reached the bend in the river road. Even then she stood still for a moment to hear Little Bear singing in his shrill happy voice.

That night at bedtime Blueberry said to Little Bear, "Old man I may get up after moonrise and go fishing, so do not worry about me if you wake up and find that I am not here."

Little Bear did wake up in the moonlight. Blueberry was not in his bed, but Little Bear did not worry about him. But he did want his mother. He wanted her so much that he stepped lightly out into the moonlight and started on the jump for home. He was half way there when he ran bump into a big soft somebody; it was his mother.

"O Mother Bear!" exclaimed Little Bear, with both arms round her neck. "How did you know I wanted you?" "I didn't know you wanted me," was the answer. "But I wanted you so much that I was coming after you."

Then the two laughed so long and merrily that Blueberry heard them from his cave, for he was nearby, fishing in the river.

Immediately Little Bear jumped up on a stump and thumped Blueberry hard on the shoulder. "Old man," said he, "I am going home with my mother. She needs me, and I need her. We cannot get along without each other, and I don't care if you do laugh."

"I am not laughing," said Blueberry. "Do you suppose I should be so far from home if I had a mother? No, sir! but I have no mother, or big as I am, I should toss my fish pole over the moon and start for home this very minute."

"Come home with us to-night, Blueberry," urged Mother Bear, "and sleep on the couch at our house. It will be pleasant going back to camp in the sunshine than by moonlight."

So that night Blueberry slept on the couch in the Three Bear's house and went back to camp in the morning sunshine, singing merrily:

"Trala-la, Trala-la, Trala-la, Trala-la, Oh, let me live in the greenwood, The greenwood, the greenwood!"

But as for Little Bear, he danced all that day and sang the old home tune with his Father Bear and his Mother Bear:

"Tad-dum, Tad-dum, Tad-dum-dum-dum!"

Little Bear had learned that there is no place like home.

MARY'S GARDEN

On the doorstep of the back porch sat Mary Belle with her doll Nancy in the pleasant spring air while the sun dropped down into rosy and peach-colored cloud blankets. Mother was cultivating her tiny lettuce plants, and Father was setting out tomato plants. When he had finished, there was little space between the last sturdy tomato stalk and the lettuce bed.

"There's almost room for another bed here," he said.

"Hardly a whole bed," said mother, smiling. "Just a little crib."

That caught Mary Belle's ears. She jumped down the stairs calling, "Oh, give it to me, please, for my own little garden crib. Please say it is mine before Curtis wants it for carrots or Helen begs it for peppers."

"Will you try to make it grow something that people will eat?" asked his mother.

"I truly will," answered Mary Belle, "and I shall have more time, because I go to kindergarten only in the morning."

And indeed it seemed that whenever Mary Belle was wanted it was wise to look first for her in the backyard. And every day doll Nancy wore her oldest gingham dress, so that she could go out, too, and sit in the grape basket while her little mother watched and weeded the five short rows. The outside rows and the one in the very middle were going to be beets, as round as a ball and as red as a ripe

apple. The two rows in between were to be radishes.

"That's a fine plan," said father, who had thought there could not possibly be two rows of anything in the crib garden.

"The radishes will grow quickly and give you something to eat this spring, and they will be gone in time to give the beets more room when they get big enough to need it. And they will give you a crop for the summer."

But there were troubles, too, with the garden crib. Even before the tiny plants were up Dorothy came over from next door with her hand full of big, flat white seeds.

"I brought them for your garden crib," she said. "They will grow into big squashes. Let's plant them before school."

"Oh, I wish that I could have squashes growing in my garden," said Mary Belle.

Belle, "but there isn't any space left." The next week Cousin Beth came over with a pill box full of surprise, more big seeds which were gray in color. "Even the seeds are good to eat," she told Mary Belle, "but if you plant them they will grow as high as the garage in one summer."

"They are sunflowers," said Beth, "and I brought them to plant in your garden."

"But I have to stick to the beets and radishes. They take all the room I have," said Mary Belle.

Beth was not very polite about it. "You're a regular Mary Contrary about your old garden," she said.

It was a week or two later that Curtis brought home from the grocer's a package with a handsome picture on it of cut-open melons.

"Muskmelon seeds," he said. "I'm going to raise a bushel of melons."

"But your space is given to sweet corn and carrots," said Helen.

"And later if it's too crowded I'll decide which I want to pull up and throw away," said Curtis. But he came to Mary Belle with some of the tempting seeds, too.

"Let me plant some of my muskmelon seeds in your crib garden, won't you? I'll share up even with you on the melons, and you know how well you like muskmelons."

"But I can't now. My beets are so big and strong," Mary Belle felt almost like crying. "I wish I had a whole farm full of land; but I can't have muskmelons this year."

Curtis was a good deal disappointed, or he would never have said, "Cousin Beth is right. You ought to be named Mary Contrary."

After that, some of the other children picked up the nickname and used to sing it at her, "Mary, Mary, contrary, and how does your garden grow?"

Mary Belle wished she could talk it over with her father, but she did not wish to tell tales. She did not know that he knew all the time.

One day the whole family were out looking at the garden after supper. Mother's rows had all grown very well, and had been giving them many good things to eat. Father's tomatoes were ripening fast, and his string beans had climbed all over the iron fence. Then they came to Curtis's space. It looked like an African jungle, crowded with a dozen new things that he had planted since he had put in his carrots and corn in the spring. None of the plants could grow well; so there was not anything good to eat either above the ground or beneath it. Curtis just made a funny face at it and said, "Next year I guess I'll stick to what I choose in the spring."

Then they came to the crib garden, with the forest of tomato plants on one side of it and hugging it close on the other side the safety that mother had planted after her lettuce was gone. The radishes had been served for breakfast for weeks before, scarlet and crisp, but the beets had grown so big that they filled all the space between the rows. Mary Belle pulled up one. It was as round as a ball and as red as a ripe apple. Mother and Helen and Curtis all said, "How fine! How big and red!"

Daddy said nothing for a moment. Then reached down and took Mary Belle's hand and squeezed it hard as he said, "I wish we had more Mary Contraries in this family. It would be good for gardens and for our country."

And Mary Belle told doll Nancy all about it because she was so very happy over it.

SOME TONGUE TWISTERS.

A group of children were having the

A Regular Saturday Page for the Kiddies

greatest fun over some new TONGUE TWISTERS. Each one was trying to see whether she couldn't say the following sentences better than her neighbor and most of them made a mess of them:

Try for yourself, and see whether you will have better luck. Say them quickly.

A big black bold on the black back of the black bear bent on breaking things badly for big brother.

Twelve tall tad loads tried to toddle to Tatletown together.

Stop at the shop at the top of Sloane streets and get a mixture of mixed biscuits for Peter Piper's petted panthers.

Firm flesh of fleshy fresh fried fish forms a fine foundation.

She stood at the same spot serving the same sauce several Saturdays.

Short socks shook simple Susan as short socks are sure to do.

THE TEA APRON

Bess excitedly caught her mother's sleeve.

"Mama do look," she whispered. "That dear little tea apron!"

"Come away dear," said Mama. "I must get that twirling before I get home. Didn't bring any money for tea aprons today so you will have to go without it. I am sorry," she continued as a tear stole down Bess's cheek.

Bess said no more, but followed her mother to the towel counter. Mother found a clerk to wait on her, and was soon surrounded with a large assortment of towels. Bess didn't care to see these so she watched the other customers with interest.

An old lady seated right next to mother was buying linen. Bess watched her fumbling for her purse.

The old lady's hand was feeble, so she didn't make out very well. A stray puddle dashed beneath her feet suddenly. She screamed and dropped her purse. The contents rolled in different directions all over the floor.

Bess quickly went to the old lady's aid. She rescued first purse and then as much of the contents as she could, and took it to its owner. The old lady beamed her thanks.

"How kind of you," she said. "Yes, dear the most of it is here. Never mind the rest. It doesn't amount to much. Now how can I show my thanks properly?"

Bess shook her head as a sign that she didn't wish a reward but the old lady wouldn't pay any attention to her. "Let me see," she said. "Weren't you the little girl who admired a certain little apron at the other counter?"

Bess nodded, wondering how the old lady knew. The latter laughed as she guessed her thoughts.

"I heard you," she explained. "Now I like to see little girls industrious. If I give you this little apron will you promise to wear it?"

Bess said