

Young People

Empty Troubles

When I blow away a bubble, and then
gladly watch it float,
I forget that I have trouble. It is like
a fairy's boat,
But it's gone in just a minute,
For, you see, there's nothing in it;
Like an empty bit of nothing, lighter
than a drop of dew,
Dancing sunbeams glimmer through it;
Very often, if we knew it,
Light might shine through troubles, too.

When you have a foolish trouble, why
not treat it as a bubble
To be blithely blown away?
Just draw in your breath and blow it,
and almost before you know it,
You will treat your task as play;
Even though it may be raining,
You may cease to sadly fret,
And contentedly forget
To be sighing and complaining.

Come, let's blow away our troubles as we
blow away the bubbles
That so quickly disappear,
Leaving no sad traces here;
Trouble's gone in just one minute, for,
you see, there's nothing in it,
When we give up sighing sadly
And keep looking upward gladly,
Speaking only words of cheer.
—St. Nicholas.

Politeness in Little Things

There is a little rhyme that defines
politeness better than the dictionaries
define it:

Politeness is to do and say

The kindest thing in the kindest way.
Most of us are willing, even anxious, to
be kind in great matters and on special
occasions; but we often forget to be
polite in little things.

"How many shall I provide for?"
asked a caterer of the woman who em-
ployed him.

"I don't know," she answered. "I
sent out three hundred invitations, but
I have received answers from only half
that number. I really don't know what
to do."

Doubtless each of the one hundred
and fifty delinquents, if reproached,
would have made the excuse that the
presence or absence of one person could
not matter among so many; but when
the one is multiplied by one hundred
and fifty it matters much.

"I haven't heard from Alice since she
bade me good-bye last fall," said the
mistress of a summer home in which
she entertained many guests. "For a
time after she left I was anxious, but I
know that she is all right, because she
spent Christmas with a friend of mine."

Doubtless the girl who neglected to
write the note of thanks and apprecia-
tion meant to do it promptly; but she
was busy, or she forgot.

Sometimes we owe our lack of
thoughtfulness in the every-day affairs
of life to the unfortunate habit of con-
sidering "our own" as somehow less en-
titled to consideration than others.

"I'm so sorry my rapid rocking has
made you nervous," said a young girl to
an elderly visitor. "I would not have
done it knowingly for the world."

"It always makes me nervous too, to
see anyone rock so fast," said the girl's
grandmother quietly. The girl blushed
crimson. It had never occurred to her
to consider her dearly loved grand-
mother in such little matters.

There is, moreover, another side to
the matter. "I can tell you why Myra
is so popular," said a woman of wide
sympathy and experience. "She's con-
siderate. She is neither too early nor
too late. She is always in good humor.
She tries to do whatever is wanted of
her, but she never pushes herself for-
ward. She acknowledges invitations
and courtesies promptly, and never
changes her mind, for her own conven-
ience, at the last moment. She never
intrudes her moods upon her friends."

It may not be easy to earn such a
reputation, but it is possible. Politeness
in little things always brings large and
sweet rewards. The girl who is con-
siderate will never lack social pleasures
or warm friends.

I Sent a Letter to My Love

The children form a ring, leaving out
one to send the letter. She folds a pocket-
handkerchief in oblong shape to suggest
an envelope and walks around the inside
of the ring, singing:

"I sent a letter to my love;
I lost it, I found it."
holding it first behind and then before her,
"I sent a letter to my love;
Oh what is this around it?"
She looks doubtfully at the packet in
her hand, then around the circle, and
sings:

"Who will take my letter, my letter, my
letter,
Who will take my letter to my love
from me?"

Having chosen a boy, she approaches him,
singing:

"You will take my letter to my love
from me."

At the same moment she drops the hand-
kerchief at his feet and springs across to
the other side of the ring; the child who
received the handkerchief runs and breaks
through the ring after her. If he can tap
her with the handkerchief before she gets
back to his place, she must send the letter
again; if not the new holder sends it, and
so on until all have had it.



Offspring of a Famous Fighting Race. Three little
Gurkha boys, their fathers are now fighting
in the ranks of the British Army

I want to see the World

There was once a young Pig, who wished
to see the world. He lived in a sty with
his mother, and he used to talk of his great
plans, and of what he would do by-and-by
when he went out into the world. He had
been born in the sty, and the door was too
high for him to see the yard.

One day the farm boy did not shut the
sty door.

"Ho! Ho! now is my time!" cried the
Pig. "Now I'm off! It is no good for
you to come, you poor old thing," he said
to his mother. "You will be in my way,
and in your own as well, for I know you
do not care to see the world. I will come
back and let you have a look at me when
I am a great Pig."

"Take care, take care," said his mother.
"It may be well to go out into the world,
if you must, but it is best to stop at home
if you can."

"Poor old thing!" was all the young
Pig said, and he turned up his snout as
he said it.

He went through the door, out in the
yard. It was a square yard, with a high
wall all round it, and a high door in one
side of the wall.

"Re Wincarnis"

Mr. Frank S. Ball, P.O. Box 577,
Toronto, the Canadian representative
of Wincarnis states that he has stocks
in various parts of the Dominion, and
anyone unable to procure supplies
will kindly note to write him. The
price of Wincarnis has not been ad-
vanced.

A 25-cent Size

Quaker Oats is put up in both the large 25-cent package and
the 10-cent size. The larger size saves buying so often—saves
running out. Try it—see how long it lasts.



Fires of Youth

Are Best Fed by Delicious
Quaker Oats—You Know It

You mothers know that youth needs Quaker
Oats—needs an abundance of it.

As an energy food—as a source of vitality—
nothing can take its place.

Nothing else grown is so rich in the elements
needed for brains and nerves. Nothing so supplies
the needs of study or of play.

But most children get too little. Most grown-
ups, too. Find out what a difference it will make
in a month to serve at least one *big* dish per day.

These flakes are so luscious, so rich in their
flavor, that most folks want more than they get.

Quaker Oats

The Best-Loved Morning Dish

These flakes are not made of assorted oats. We pick just the
big, plump grains—just the cream of the oats. We get but ten
pounds from a bushel.

We treat them with dry heat, then steam heat. This adds to
the natural flavor. The result is a rare, delicious dish, tempt-
ing in taste and aroma.

Quaker Oats has won the world by this matchless flavor. The
peoples of a hundred nations send here now to get it.

Yet your grocer supplies it at no extra price if you simply
specify Quaker.

The object of all this is to make this dish delightful. To
win children to it, to hold them, and to tempt them to eat
enough.

You'll be glad that we make this food so inviting when you
learn how people like it. Serve a trial meal to-morrow

10c. and 25c. per Package, Except in Far West