

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

The Sad, Sad Tale of the Cassowary

"IF" IS A BIG LITTLE WORD

"Roughing It" With Hal

HE sign above the enclosure into which little Donald was starting, in open-mouthed amazement, at its queer inhabitant read:

—oh, no! But he was curious. Like some people nowadays, Donald, he had a perfect mania for always sticking his nose into other people's business.

He was a regular Peeping Tom. He not only wanted to know but also to see everything that went on in the jungle.

And did not work the live long day. He wouldn't get a bit of pay.

And then what would he do? We'd never have a single dime.

Nor milk to drink nor bread to eat, And prap we'd live out in the street; Now isn't that quite true?

shape and brought it to a point at the top—just as you see it today on the head of Cassowary.

one comes out of the hill, he does so at the risk of his own life, for almost immediately he appears he is caught in the long tongue of Mr. Toad, and, presto, pass! he's gone from the scene of his labor.

Therefore, boys, and girls too, be very thoughtful of the welfare of the hop-toad. See that no other child abuses him by stoning or clodding him.

And from that day to this, Donald, Cassowaries have had pointed horns combs and bright red wattles and shoddy red dresses.

And I daresay she will say you fell asleep on the soft green grass and dreamed all this! But don't you see, I must hurry. Good-by, little son!

And the "ranchers" wife knows the value of toads in and about her chicken coops, and she sees to it that one is never mistreated or driven away.

Among the insects devoured by these little benefactors are the cut-worms, house-flies, horse-flies, roscobetics, myriapods (the common household centipedes), army-worms, gipsy-moths, celery worms, mosquitoes and ants.

When they returned they found a roaring fire going, pretending to find the matter vast.

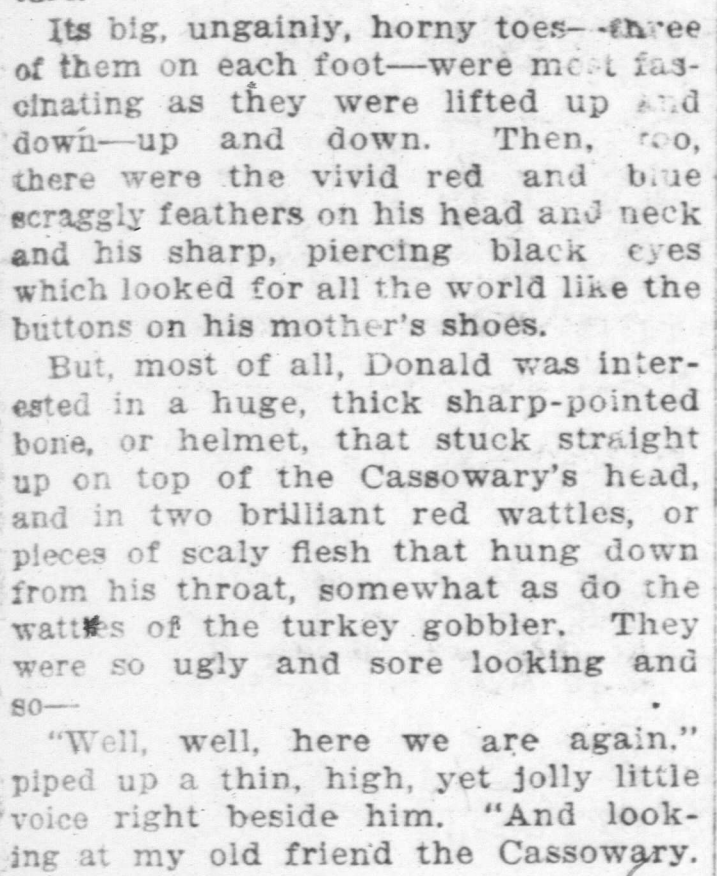
"Well, I dunno," he said presently. "It kinder looks as though that glacier up there on the mountain might break loose tonight and come sliding down and bury us—so I guess we better make sure when tent poles is planted deep."

"Baby kittens got some little cats. And what's the best surprise. They waited nearly nine whole days To open up their eyes.

They're just the softest little things With purry, patty, paws, And when I stick my finger in A little mouth—it gnaws!

They cry just like a baby lamb, Or baby anything, But I can quiet them right off, If I begin to sing.

There's something 'bout a little thing That grows tight in my heart, I guess it's cause I member just How small I was to start.



OUR PUZZLE CORNER

CHANGING INITIAL LETTERS. Change a rodent to a domestic pet. Change a pointed instrument for punching small holes to a bird that sees best at night.

DISCOVER THESE INVENTORS. 1. Ed (father's boy). 2. Step (egg-layer) son. 3. M (horse without the h).

Answers. Changing Initial Letters: Rat, cat; Owl, owl; pain, r-ain; nap, n-ap; and head, went, t-ent, Cornet.

Discover these Inventors: 1. Edison. 2. Stephenson. 3. Morse. 4. Wright. 5. Fulton. 6. Whitney. 7. Franklin.



Doctor Foster went to Glo'ster In a shower of rain; He stepped in a puddle up to his middle, And never went there again.

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It was almost dusk of the first day's ride when Hal, his younger brother Jack, his father and Goldie, the guide, "made camp" in the heart of the Rocky Mountains.

They were hungry—goodness, yes! You young fellows won't get no quail-on-toast nor no ice cream," said Goldie as they stood watching him untie the ropes around the "pack" on one of the pack horses.

Hal gasped. Jack snickered. And Goldie smiled again—good-naturedly—for he hadn't meant to be unkind but simply to have his little joke at the expense of a "tenderfoot," lest aforesaid tenderfoot become too "rambunctious."

So Hal, red of face, swallowed his surprise and went around to the other side to work on a refractory knot; while little Jack, not knowing quite what to do, stood, poised for a fight, watching the guide tug and pull of the rope and addressing remarks that were quite personal to the restless, flidgety pony all the while.

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Some Interesting Facts about TOADS

It would be rather an unusual thing for one to read such an advertisement as this in the papers:

"Toads supplied to farmers at reasonable prices," but it may come to pass in the very near future, for the rearing of toads would be of service to the farmer in particular and to the general public through the farmer.

It has been scientifically proved that the common hop-toad—the sort which naughty little boys love to chase about with sticks and stones—is the greatest bug destroyer.

Therefore, for one's own welfare—if not for a humane cause—be kind and considerate of the well-being of the little garden toad. He helps to furnish your table with vegetables, fruits and flowers, in that he devours the onslaught of various kinds of insects.

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