

*Little Verses
and Big Names*



LITTLE VERSES AND BIG NAMES



HUGO BALLIN

A PERSIAN MOTHER

LITTLE VERSES
AND BIG NAMES



NEW YORK : : : M C M X V
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THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

April 13, 1915

I wish I had the wit to send something which would add interest and vivacity to this little volume. As it is, I can only express my deep and sincere interest in the work to which it is dedicated and the hope that it may bring rich returns to those who are seeking to help the little children.

Woodrow Wilson

NOTA BENE

THE proceeds from the sale of this book will be devoted to providing pure milk for sick babies and the maintenance of a Visiting Nurse. This fact is its excuse for being. Therefore, the purchaser is bound to get his money's worth one way or another.

But the book itself is unique. Every name in it is that of a notability in some walk of life, from the professional litterateur to the business magnate; from the well-known teacher, artist, statesman, actor, scientist, soldier, musician, lawyer, doctor or divine, to some famous publican and caterer. There are more than 57—there are 40-11 varieties of mental pabulum, not to mention others that are *sui generis*.

In one sense the book is a topsy-turvy miscellany of rhymes and jingles, personal anecdotes, business axioms, moral aphorisms, and the like; in another sense it represents the sweet and tender compassion of democratic America; the common and growing desire to help the helpless. And what so helpless as a baby! And what so

dynamic in its possibilities! The victims of national hatred—of pitiless War—are no more deserving of the manna of human Charity than these little victims of sickness and poverty and silent suffering: and they are nearer home—they are our very own! Some day that word “charity” (but not its spirit) will be swallowed up in the word Duty—or better yet, in Paul’s word, Love. For it is duty we owe—it is love we owe, and the offices of both are always compensated.

The appeals for contributions by the women having this undertaking in charge have met with generous response, as the Table of Contents bears witness. But many were abashed at the very idea of appearing in print. For example, one man of big affairs wrote: “Bless me! I never had a sick baby, and I never made a rhyme in my life! What am I going to do?”

Why, he was going to make a rhyme, of course! Like Silas Wegg, *with* a wooden leg, he took to rhyming like a duck to water—and if you don’t believe it, buy the book and see for yourself!

THE PRAYER AND THE ANSWER

LORD, I am weak with working, weak with weeping.

My voice faints on my lips.

It cannot reach to Thee in Heaven if Heaven be far away;

Else would a cry startle the singing hosts to silence,

Whilst Thou shouldst listen—listen to me, Lord!

But now Thy name is but a whisper in my heart.

Lean to me, bend down thine ear to me—

I must feel Thee, I must hold to Thee in the blackness of my night.

Lord, hear and comfort me!

My baby, Lord, my baby—mine—and Thine!

For I was but the soil Thy spirit quickened with his life;

As humble—as exalted—as the ancestral clod

That felt Thy breath and quivered in the consciousness of being;

As virgin-pure as she who bore thine only Son—
Nay, I mean no profanation—only I am weak
with weeping.

Is it Thy will that I should bear alone the adventure of a soul—

So filled with Thee for good, yet mixed with all the passions of the earth?

I am ready, willing, eager, Lord—be Thou my Guide!

I know Thou hast given all—All Power could do no less.

I know Thou lovest all—All Love could do no less.

But I am weak with weeping, my faculties are in eclipse,

And all Thy glory seems but a shimmering blur of dread and mystery—

Only my suffering and fears seem real; Lord, help and comfort me!

* * * * *

Yes, Almighty Love hath given all—to whom?
 O ye who have! How joy in what ye have?
 A Voice from Heaven made ye God's almoners
 And doomed you to perdition if ye heeded not!

GOD LOOKS TO YOU!

THEN shall the King say unto them on His right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer Him, saying, Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered, and fed Thee? or athirst, and gave Thee drink? And when saw we Thee a stranger, and took Thee in? or naked, and clothed Thee? And when saw we Thee sick or in prison, and came unto Thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even the least, ye did it unto me.

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LITTLE VERSES AND BIG NAMES

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY

IN bed I am, an' mama finks
'at I am fas' asleep
Jes' cause she heard me say "I
Pray the Lord my soul to keep."
But I'm awake, all right, I am,
'Cause hones' secrets, say!
The mos'est fun is 'memberin'
What happen'd fru' the day.
'Iss mornin' I des waked myse'f
'Fore any folks wuz 'round
An' dress'd myse'f all inside out
An' never maked a sound.
I didn't wash my ears a bit
Like mama says I should
An' nen I tippy toed down stairs
'Thout sayin' I'd be good.
I chased the chickens all around,
'Nen frow'd stones at our cow,
'Nen "sick'd" our dog at her awhile—
I love to hear 'em yow.
An' nen it came on breakfus' time
An' I jes' et an' et,
An' didn't use my napkin
An' my milk got all upset.

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY—(*Continued*)

Pa ast me if I fought a spankin'd
 Do me any good.
 I des told him no, I didn't
 Really fink it would.
 'Bout half ten I found a worm
 An' got a fred an' stick
 An' started fishin'—talk 'bout fun—
 I fell right in the creek.
 I dry'd myse'f, mos' nearly
 But I jes' would seem to sneeze
 Until I jes' fergot to, 'cause
 I stepp'd among the bees.
 'Bout later on I scared my Ma
 To finkin' I wuz dead
 'Cause I fell down our cellar steps
 An' bump'd my nose an' head.
 'Iss afternoon wuz awful fun—
 My Gran'pa's knife I found
 An' whittled all our furniture
 An' ev'ry-fing around.
 Ma caught me jes' the wronges' time—
 I'se awful mad at 'at
 'Cause if she'd stayed away I'd cut
 The tail right off our cat.
 But anyway before Ma took
 The knife away from me

THE END OF A PERFECT DAY—(Continued)

I cut myse'f free times an' how
 It bleded! Goodness, Gee!
 An' now I'm all tucked up in bed
 My fingers bandaged too,
 Some smelly stuff is on my head
 Where it turned black an' blue.
 I hope all little boys an' girls
 When they go out to play
 Can 'member back on what I call
 A perfectestest Day.

—JOHN EDWARD HAZZARD.

WHY?

ONC'T little Wesley Offut watch
 His mamma wif the cow,
 An' ask her whur cows git their milk,
 An' why it wuz an' how?

She puzzle some, an' nen she ask
Him whur he got his tears?—
 “Oh! so you has to spank the cow?—
 How funny that appears!”

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

MY TWIN

THERE is a little girl I know,
Her face I often see;
I look into the looking-glass,
And she looks out at me.

She's just my size, she has my eyes,
She does the things I do;
I wonder, when I go some place,
If she goes somewhere too.

—ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.



CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Illustration to
MY TWIN

THE WHOLE FAMILY

WHO is soft, pink and fat,
But a great acrobat?
Who everything knows,
But plays with his toes;
And sleeps day or night,
And eats not a *bite*—
Baby!

Who is it that can
Wear form of a man;
Be a cat—mee-ow yow,
Or a dog—bow wow wow?
Gives ride on his knee
Over country and sea—
Father!

Who is it, I pray,
Can sing all the day?
Who understands Goo
And other tongue new,
And cures without drugs,
By kisses and hugs—
Mother!

—EDWIN L. SABIN.

WHEN BABY SAT UP

MOTHER, dearest, come and see me,
Come and help me, Mother dear,
For the world's all topsy turvy
And my head feels very queer

What has happened to the ceiling?
I can't find it anywhere,
Though I twist and turn my body,
Twist and turn and twist and stare.

What is Father doing, Mother?
See him move his feet and legs!
See, he's really hanging on them
And they hold him up like pegs.

Oh, is that what you call "walking"?
Doesn't Father really fly?
Can you walk the wall like Father?
And when I grow big, shall I?

"Not a wall that Father walks on,
"But a floor, a bottom-wall?"
Why I never knew there was one
And I thought Pa told me *all*.

WHEN BABY SAT UP—(*Continued*)

Mother, Mother, come here quickly!
Oh, my dear, what shall I do?
My poor body's bent completely—
Bent or broken into two!

No more stunts for Baby, Mother—
Put me back into my bed,
I am tired now and sleepy;
Let me rest my weary head.

—DR. S. S. GOLDWATER.

MARY'S GRAND

MARY had a little grand,
It had two rows of keys,
The one was black—as black as ink—
The other as white as snow.
When they were touched by Mary's hand
They gave out tunes with ease,
And everywhere at Mary's wink
The grand was sure to go.

—FANNIE BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER.

EXPLORATION

MY nursie said, this afternoon
While playing on the sand,
That if I'd dig, and dig, and dig,
I'd get to China-land.

So, with my spoon and spade, I dug
Until my arm was lame,
And in the bottom of the hole
A little water came.

Now I'm afraid that maybe p'raps
My shovel may have hit
Against a Chinese laundry tub
And made a leak in it!

—MARY STREET WHITTEN.

TO BABIES THE WORLD OVER

From the Hindoo:

BABY, baby, go to bed,
Tea and sugar and milk and bread,
Milk and bread and sugar and tea,
And then, little baby, wake for me!

From the Japanese:

A big bamboo grove, *(the hair)*
And a little grove one sees, *(the eyebrows)*
A window for the light, *(the eye)*
And a hive for the bees; *(the nose)*
A road to the hive, *(down between eyebrows)*
With a pond just below, *(the mouth)*
Full of pretty little pearls, *(the teeth)*
And a piece of jelly too,— *(the tongue)*
With a ku-tzu-ku-dzu-ku! *(tickling)*

From Chinese Mother Goose:

MRS. Chang, Mrs. Lee,
Mamma has a small baby,
Stands up firm,
Sits up straight,
Won't eat milk,
But lives on cake.

TO BABIES THE WORLD OVER—(*Continued*)

LITTLE baby, tell me why,
When I put you down you cry,
When I take you up you coo,
Tell me, baby, tell me do.
Mamma, have you never thought,
Babies do as they are taught?
Teach us in our crib to lie,
And we'll coo instead of cry.

—ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND.

THE YOUNG MAN OF MONTROSE

THERE was a young man of Montrose
Who had pockets in none of his clothes,
When asked of his lass
Where he carried his brass,
He said: "Darling, I pay through the nose."

—ARNOLD BENNETT.

LULLABY

O BABY dear, hurry to shut-y-eye land,
Beautiful things are there!
Little gold trees in the silvery sand,
Little blue birds you can hold in your hand,
Little pink fairies that come at command!
Pretty things everywhere!
Baby, go there! Go there!
Lullaby, baby, go there!

O baby dear, shut-y-eye land is so near,
Almost my baby's there!
The little star-flowers are out in the sky,
The little blue birdies come fluttering nigh,
The little waves sing, "Hush-a-by! Hush-
a-by!"
Sleepy things everywhere,—
O baby, go there! Go there!
Lullaby, baby, go there!

—AMÉLIE RIVES.

(Princess Troubetzkoy.)

SUPPOSED MEDITATIONS OF AN INFANT OF EIGHTEEN MONTHS CONCERNING GRAMERCY PARK

GRAMERCY Park is pleasant
And full of pleasant things,
Children and birds and flowers
And little dogs on strings.

I play out there in the morning
When the streets are full of men,
And when it is time for luncheon
I go back home again.

I like to watch the fountain
With its spray blown all about,
And see the funny houses
Where the birds go in and out.

Oh, it's nice to be my father,
And sit up after dark,
But it's nicer to be a baby
And play in Gramercy Park.

—ALINE AND JOYCE KILMER.

SLEEPY TOWN

CLOSE those pretty eyes of brown,
It's time to go to Sleepy Town.
Eyes of gray must follow too
Also pretty eyes of blue.
Black eyes we must not forget
Tho' they *are* as black as jet.
Whether blue, gray, black or brown
All must go to Sleepy Town!

—MARY LEE FISK.

(Mrs. Harvey Edward Fisk.)

NAUGHTY FLY

A Baby sat up in its crib
And howl'd a merry roundelay
So sweet, so sweet, so sweet.
It got a bottle so warm, so warm,
And it slept again, so quiet, so quiet.
Thank Heaven, Thank Heaven.
A fly came and sat on its nose,
Poor Baby's nose, I mean.
Oh mean fly, Oh mean fly,
Fly away, fly away.

—ROBERT B. MANTELL.

A MESSAGE

KEEP close to Jesus all the way.
—BILLY SUNDAY.

ALWAYS THE BEST

GIVE people the best that God has
given you—your heart.
—NAZIMOVA.

KINDNESS

THE greatest coward is he
Who treats with cruelty any help-
less living thing.
Be kind to all dumb animals—
Defend, protect them.
—MINNIE MADDERN FISKE.

OH, MY!

Words and Music by MRS. JULIAN EDWARDS.

Once a fun - ny, fat man, With a lit - tle, tin can, Ran to

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Oh, My!'. It consists of a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in eighth notes. Below the treble staff is a bass clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bass staff contains a series of chords, with some measures marked with an 'x' to indicate a specific chord or rhythm.

fill it with bran With the help of a fan; When a

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody from the first system. The bass staff continues the accompaniment, with chords and some 'x' marks.

sil - ly, wee fly Com - ing down from the sky, Flew right

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

in - to his eye; Then he shout - ed, "Oh, my!"

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody, ending with a final note marked with an accent (^). The bass staff continues the accompaniment, ending with a final chord marked with an 'x'.

I have sympathy for the babies, but no knack of writing verses, so I fell back on my son, Charles, who is the family poet. I hope his verses will answer your good purpose.

—THOMAS A. EDISON.

PARENTAL DISCIPLINE ·

AT night when I've been awful bad
And sent to bed by papa,
I think of what I might have had
If I had acted proper.

The big folks got such queer ideas
Of just what's "good" or "naughty,"
'Cause what is "good" for kids my age
Is "bad" for folks that's forty.

So till they get things straightened out
There ain't much use to worry;
I'll get my lickin's "good" or "bad"
But, gee, I wish they'd hurry.

SHYNESS

WHEN I was small, my blackest doom
Was strangers in the drawing-room;
I couldn't tell you how I used
To shrink when I was introduced.
My little hand went cold and limp,
I showed a painful lack of gimp!
And said each night upon my knees
"Don't let them introduce me, please!"
I never got it through my mind
That grown-ups were quite humbly kind,
And only wished they had the knack
To make me smile and like them back.

—JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

NAMES

THE little girls on our street,
When I go out to play,
Have *lovely* names like Marguerite
And Muriel and Mae,
And though my parents had them all
To choose from—names like these,
Of *course* they had to go and call
Me, Abigail Louise!

My mother smiles at pretty names
Like Ruby or like Rose,
She says that no colonial dames
Had names at *all* like those.
Why *didn't* they have lovely names?
No wonder people tease
To hear her call me from our games,
“Come, Abigail Louise!”

My mother says I should be proud
Of great-grandmother's fame.
How *can* I when I'm not allowed

NAMES—(Continued)

To change her awful name?
When I have children they shall get
Whatever names they please,
Nice names like Pearl or Violet,
Not Abigail Louise.

—THEODOSIA GARRISON.

THE ROSE TO THE LILY

WHAT of the rose
When the night wind blows?
She dreams little poems that nobody knows;
And into the ear
Of the lily-bud near
She sings little melodies no one can hear.

—MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER.

IF

IF Little Miss Muffet
Had sat on her tuffet
Eating a Christmas pie,
Would Little Jack Horner
Have jumped from his corner
When that big spider came nigh?

If Little Jack Horner
Had had in his corner
A big dish of sweet curds and whey,
Would Little Miss Muffet
Have sat on her tuffet
And found a big plum that day?

—ARTHUR CAPPER.

(Governor of Kansas.)

NEW YORK

NEW York is such a restless town,
Its back's so long it can't sit down.
—DR. B. L. GILDERSLEEVE.

DISINTERESTED

I WISHT my Pa was little
Instead of being big,
Say just about as big as me
So we could play and dig.

Of course there's lots of fellows
That *I* can go to see,
But think what fun my Pa would have
If he could play with me!

—ALICE HEGAN RICE.

BREAD AND MILK

EVERY morning before we eat,
My mother prays a prayer sweet.
With folded hands and low bowed head:
"Give us this day our daily bread."
But I'd like tarts and ginger cakes,
Puffs and pie, like grandma makes.
So 'smorning I said my appetite
Must have cake, or 'twouldn't eat a bite.
Then mother said: "'Fore you get through,
You'll find just bread and milk will do."

She always lets me think things out,
But I went to the yard to pout.
What I saw there—Upon my word!
I'm glad I'm a boy,—not a bird.
Redbreast pulled up a slick fish worm,
To feed her child: *it ate the squirm.*
Bee-bird came flying close to me,
And caught a stinging honey bee.
She pushed it down her young, alive.
She must have thought him a bee hive.

BREAD AND MILK—(*Continued*)

Old Warbler searched the twigs for slugs,
Rose Grosbeak took potato bugs.

Missus Wren snapped up a spider,
To feed her baby, close beside her.

Little Kingbirds began to squall,
Their mother hurried at their call.

She choked them good, with dusty millers.

Cuckoos ate hairy caterpillars.

Bluebirds had snails, where I could see,
For breakfast, in their apple tree.

Then little Shitepoke made me squeal,
Beside our lake he ate an eel.

When young Screech Owl gulped a whole
mouse,

I started fast for our nice house.

Right over me—for pit-tee sake,
Home flew a hawk, with a big snake!

So 'fore my tummy got awful sick,

I ran and kissed my mother quick.

I acted just as fine as silk,

And asked polite for bread and milk.

—GENE STRATTON-PORTER.

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MARY C.

THERE was a little girl, three years old, with grey eyes and rather red hair. Her first name was Mary and her middle initial was "C," so her brother Langston, who was five, and her magnificent sister, Eunice, who was seven, used to call her "Mary C." Sometimes they would tease her by singing in shrill voices:

"If Mary C. saw a see-saw,
Where is the see-saw that Mary C. saw?"

On various occasions this little girl had listened approvingly while her mother tried to teach Langston politeness to ladies. One day at a birthday party the children were gathered behind folding doors waiting to see the big cake with candles on it and, as the doors opened, Langston crowded through ahead of the girls. Whereupon Mary C. called out:

"Good-bye, lady!"

"What do you call me '*lady*' for?" he asked, much insulted.

She tightened her little mouth and said severely, "'Cause 'oo goin' in ahead o' me."

At this Langston stepped back, rather dis-

concerted, and Mary C. scored a triumph of mind over matter.

* * * * *

One day Mary C. was in the back yard watching her brother climb over a high picket fence.

“When I’m a little bigger,” announced Langston, “I’m going to jump over this fence.”

Mary C. shook her red curls solemnly. “Only Farver and God can jump over that fence,” she declared.

* * * * *

Mary C. had a great idea of her father and thought everything about him was exactly right, so there was a sensation one day when the head of the house came home after having had his moustache shaved off in a weak moment. Mary C. ran to the door to greet him as usual, but when she saw this very much changed father she stood perfectly still, staring out of frightened eyes.

“What’s the matter, Baby?” he asked with a smile that seemed strangely twisted.

Mary C. tried to be brave and control her feelings, but her voice quivered as she said loyally:

“You know, Farver, I luv ’oo very much, no matter how *homely* ’oo is.”

—CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

BOYISH ASPIRATION

I GUESS they take me for a fool
The kind of things they teach in school!

It's not what teacher *says* is true—
But what I see the grown-ups *do*.

When I am big enough to fight
I'll show the world that might makes right.

I'm going to sail my airship high
And drop a big bomb from the sky!

Gee! how I'll cheer her as she hits
And blows a bunch of kids to bits!

I'd like beneath a trench to creep
And spring a mine while soldiers sleep.

What fun could any boy think finer
Than watch a warship sink a liner?



CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

Illustration to
BOYISH ASPIRATION

BOYISH ASPIRATION—(*Continued*)

Or be an airman in the dark
Who makes a sleeping town his mark?

And what can gratify desire
Like smashing a cathedral spire?

Instead of love, I'd like to state
That I intend to live on hate.

They seem to think I do not know
That what they tell me isn't so.

I guess they take me for a fool—
The kind of trash they talk in school!

—GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER.

GLADNESS

POLLYANNA Says:
Just Be Glad, for

Be it meals or measles,
Or a poverty purse,
There's nothing so bad,
That it couldn't be worse.

—ELEANOR H. PORTER.

THE SICK HIPPOPOTAMUS

A sore-hipped hippopotamus, quite
flustered,
Objected to a poultice made of custard:
“Can't you doctor up my hip
With something else than flip?”
So they plastered on his hippopotamus-
tard.

—ANDREW F. WEST
(*Dean, Princeton University.*)

THE MONSTER OF GEVAUDAN; OR, THE
CHILDREN OF VILLARET

(A true story.)

A LONG time ago in a part of France called Gevaudan a monster had his lair. He began to be known because he killed so many sheep and calves. Then one day when it was almost dark, two men saw him rush out from the woods and pull down a heifer. When they shouted to scare him off, he raised his gleaming eyes and white tusks from the heifer's throat and snarled, and they ran away as fast as their legs could carry them. They told their friends that the monster was as big as the heifer he killed and that smoke came out of his mouth and fire from his eyes. After that everyone ran without stopping to look, even when they thought he was near.

Then he grew bolder. A woman, who with her little girl started to cross the hills from one village to another at sunset, was found dead the next morning and no one ever saw the little girl again. The ground where the woman lay was trodden down by great claws. Two more women and an old man who walked with a stick and four children, were found torn and dead, some in one

place, some in another, and a great fear fell upon everyone. They said a devil was in the monster, for the people who lived in those parts did not know how to read and no one had taught them that the only devils who can harm anyone are the bad spirits that get into the heart.

The tiny village of Villaret, where some children that I shall tell you about lived, was just across some low-wooded hills from that part of the country where the monster was doing all this killing and, of course, everybody in the village had heard about him.

The children took care of the cows and, as soon as the sun was up, drove them every day on to the hills nearly three miles away. John was the eldest of the children and he was thirteen, the next was Jeanne, two years younger. Then came Andrew, who was just seven, and then little Simon, who was not much use in taking care of cattle, but they liked to have him go along; the cows went slowly and when Simon grew tired John and Jeanne took turns in carrying him a little way.

It was the early Spring. The grass was fresh and green, the flowers were open and the skylarks sang all around. While the cattle grazed, John made a new pipe out of a piece of willow and played on it shrilly sweet little tunes of

merry music. Jeanne made a cage of woven grass to keep a cricket in to hear him chirp by the hearth when the fire was lit at night. Andrew plaited a long wreath out of flowers and leaves for the baby. When they grew hungry they sat down in the shade of a big oak tree where there was a little spring of cold water, and began to eat their bread and cheese.

Then the monster, who had watched them for a long time, crept out of the woods and stole up behind them, crouching low to the ground and treading softly. The first thing that they knew, he sprang into their midst, grabbed the baby in his jaws and started for the woods. Andrew just hid his face in his sister's dress. Jeanne gave one scream and put her hands before her eyes. John sprang to his feet and stared for a minute with both his mouth and eyes wide open. Near by lay his goad, a stout oak stick tipped with iron to drive the cows, and, running after the monster, he picked it up, crying: "Devil, or no devil, he don't get Simon. Come on, Jeanne." Jeanne picked up her goad and ran too, and Andrew trailed along behind as fast as his short, fat legs would let him. Jeanne tripped over her goad and fell down and cut her face on a sharp stone, but she was up in a moment and prodded the

monster in the back; and for every prod she gave at least three screams. But John made no sound. He gritted his teeth hard, his lips curled back in a sort of grin like a dog's when he wants to bite, and he pounded away at the monster's neck and shoulders, and every time he struck he gave a sort of hard pant as he did when he was trying to split a tough stick with his hatchet to make faggots.

Meanwhile the monster kept on dragging little Simon, one of whose legs trailed on the ground, toward the woods, and he was almost there when fat Andrew caught up. He saw Simon's foot beyond the beast's tail. He grabbed it tight with both hands and hung on like a good fellow, pulling and bawling as hard as he could. Now, the monster found all these goings on very strange. He had grown used to seeing two-legged things run, and the very short kind and the kind that had things hanging about their legs ran the fastest. To have short, two-legged things scream and run after him instead of screaming and running away from him, was new and he did not quite like it. So he opened his jaws and let go, and Andrew was pulling so hard at Simon's foot that he fell over backwards, and Simon landed in a heap on top of him. Jeanne turned to grab up Simon in her arms, and the mon-

ster whirled around to the other side, facing John. John could see his great tongue, red and smoking, lolling out between his long white teeth as he bent his broad head down and crouched for a spring, but John's sister and little brothers were behind him and he just forgot to be afraid. He flung his two hands high above his head. For the first time in the fight he opened his mouth. With a great shout, he sprang straight at the beast and brought his goad down with all his might and main right on his snout; for John was a herds-boy and he knew that even the wildest bull is afraid of being hit on the nose. With a howl, the monster reared upon his hind legs till he almost fell over, and when he came down on all fours his tail was towards John and between his legs, and he was making off lippeticut for the woods. He was never seen within five miles of Villaret again. Little Simon was not hurt at all, for the beast had caught him by a thick woolen scarf tied around his waist. The scarf slipped up under his arms, the knot held tight, and the sharp teeth had not even broken his skin.

But in a short time the monster, though he did not come near Villaret again, was worse than before, everywhere else. He killed so many people and did so much harm, that word came at last to the King away off in Paris, and the King

sent down an Officer of the Royal Hunt, with horses, men and a big pack of dogs, to see what he could do with the monster. The King's huntsman rode a big bright bay horse, and wore a hat with a broad brim and a long plume, and a dark green coat with tails trimmed with gold braid; a ruffled shirt showed at his neck, lace cuffs at his wrists; he had dark green breeches and tall buff boots, and a thick twisted sash of pale green stuff knotted round his waist in which he carried his long hunting knife with the King's arms on its hilt. They told him how fire flashed from the monster's eyes and that it was sure death to face him, for the devil was in him and no steel could cut him, and no dog seize him and no ball pierce his skin. They told him, too, about the children of Villaret and how it was only a miracle they were not killed; for it was really their patron saint who drove off the monster. They forgot that it is no miracle at all and no very strange thing, that God helps those that are not afraid of man or beast or devil when they can help the helpless.

I don't know what the fine gentleman from court thought about the devil or the miracle, for he didn't say. He only smiled, bowed, and took a pinch of snuff, shutting his silver snuff-box with a snap; flicked the snuff off the ruffles

of his shirt; set his plumed hat a little to one side and, thrusting his hands into his sash, began to whistle a gay little air they sang at court. But whatever he thought about the monster, the fact was that, hunt as hard as he could, he had no luck in finding him. The monster would kill a calf in one place and the huntsman would move all his men, horses and dogs there and hunt for a week and no one would see hide nor hair of him. Then would come word from ten miles across the hills that the beast had carried off a child. This went on for six weeks and the King's huntsman grew so cross that his men hardly dared to speak to him. For one night as he came into the big room at the Inn he heard the son of the richest cattle owner who lived around,—a young man who loved to talk and thought he knew it all,—say in a loud voice that the King's man did not want to meet this devil monster any more than anyone else did. The King's huntsman grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and kicked him with his long buff boots across the room, through the long hall and out of the door, but it didn't do much good and he felt sorer over it and for a longer time afterwards than the young man did.

“Fine feathers do not always make fine birds,” but this gay gentleman from court was no fool

and knew very well how to hunt all sorts of wild beasts. He made up his mind that he would have a better chance to catch this one if he didn't try so hard. For ten days the horses pawed in their stalls, the dogs tugged at their chains and the men smoked and yawned on the benches at the Inn. Then, when word came early one morning that the monster had killed two calves in the night, six miles away, the huntsman started off, not with his train of horses and dogs and men, but very quietly with one man and his two best hounds. They were called Castor and Pollux, because they were brothers, and they always ran a trail mute, though the rest of the pack bayed until the woods rang with the noise.

With the dogs in leashes, they slowly worked out the monster's track for hours, until it brought them to a place where years before a patch of great trees had been cut down. Strong stiff shoots had sprung up from the roots and made a thicket so dense a man could hardly force himself through. The huntsman thought the monster might be hidden in this thicket, so they slipped the leashes from the dogs and each went to one end of the thicket to lie in wait. The Officer of the Royal Hunt watched with all his eyes, for he hoped to get a shot at the monster when he slipped out of the thicket. But a wild

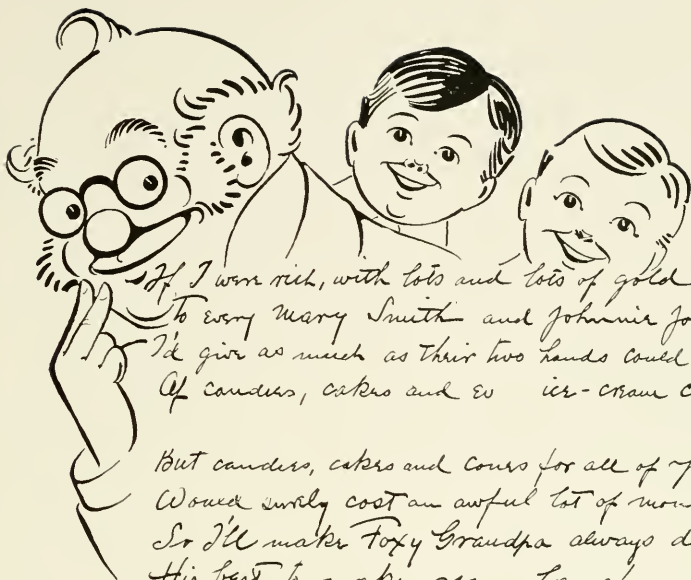
burst of snarls from the middle, told him that his dogs had found the monster and that the beast would not run but was fighting. Louder grew the noise, then there was a long howling cry and all was still. The King's huntsman knew that at least one of his best dogs was killed, and he ran along the edge of the thicket until he saw a little crooked path made by woodcutters. As he ran into it, he heard from the other end of the thicket the blast of the horn they give on the Royal hunts when the stag breaks out of the woods into sight, and he knew his man had seen the monster. He made his way down the path as fast as he could and almost fell over the body of Castor as he lay on his back where he had fallen in the fight. The huntsman stopped to see if he was quite dead and heard a little whimper. He turned and there was Pollux trying to crawl into the path. His master went to him and bent down to stroke his head; Pollux sank over on his side, licked his master's hand, slowly wagged his tail and died.

Something ruffled the leaves, and as the huntsman got to his feet there not far from him stood the beast who had killed his dogs—no devilish monster, only a wolf—but a huge wolf, for, though the huntsman had seen a great many wolves in his time, he had never seen a wolf

half so large as this one. He took good aim with his long gun and when he pulled the trigger the wolf fell, got up and walked towards the huntsman. He could not use his gun as a club, for the wood was too thick, so he dropped it, drew his great knife, and stood firm on his feet leaning a little forward, for he knew the wolf would leap for his throat and try to knock him down. Slowly the wolf drew near and the man felt he must either stretch him beside his dogs or lie there himself. Then a gun cracked. The wolf fell, raised himself on his haunches as if to get up again, rolled over, kicked two or three times, stretched out straight and lay still. The other man, seeing the wolf turn toward the thicket, ran up the winding path and got in his shot just in the nick of time.

They buried Castor and Pollux under a big beech tree on the edge of the thicket and the huntsman cut on the smooth bark, "Here died Castor and Pollux, brave brothers." They took the skin of the wolf to the King, who was so much pleased that he gave the Officer of the Royal Hunt a gold snuff-box to carry instead of his silver one, and the man who shot the wolf the second time got five louis d'or. That was the end of the monster of Gevauden. But I have never heard what became of the children of Villaret.

—PAUL VAN DYKE.



If I were rich, with lots and lots of gold,
To every Mary Smith and Johnnie Jones
I'd give as much as their two hands could hold
Of candies, cakes and ev'ry ice-cream course.

But candies, cakes and courses for all of you
Would surely cost an awful lot of money;
So I'll make Foxy Grandpa always do
His best to make you laugh.

Yours Truly
BUNNY.



DAY DREAMS

WHY can't they let me have an elephant to
pet?

I love them so.

They're rubber and if they get wet

Why they don't even know.

If I get wet they scold.

But elephants are big; they can't catch cold.

Why can't I have a snake that's big and long?

He wouldn't take up room at home.

Umbrella stands make lovely homes for snakes.

Land's sakes!

Why can't they understand that I'm a man

And brave and strong?

Why can't I have a spider that can jump?

I love them so.

They're little and they never yell,

Nor whoop nor crow.

If I just yell they scold,

But spiders are so nice and quiet, you know.

Why can't I have a bat with hooks and claws?

He wouldn't have to have a special home.

In closets or in bureau drawers he'd hide his face,

Most any place.

I ask them every day but they just say:

"Because, because."

—MRS. BORDEN HARRIMAN.

THE MIGHTY MAGIC

YOUR Grimms makes you stop and ponder
But listen, my little man,
I can show you a greater wonder,
A page out of God's big plan.
It's a story of transformation,
A magic that's really true:
A princess in creation
Astounding to me and you.

Begin with an egg on a petal
No weightier than a dot,
The color of rusty metal,
And if you will watch the spot
You'll soon see a caterpillar,
Squashy and fuzzy and warm,
He's a horrible horny thriller,
A dragon in capsule form.

He stuffs himself and meanders,
Then pauses and sheds his skin;
He stuffs some more and philanders,
Pauses, and sheds again.
And when he is tired of repeating
He rolls himself in a ball,
For sleeping instead of eating,
But listen! this isn't all!

THE MIGHTY MAGIC—(*Continued*)

The ball shows a startling feature,
Its surface begins to peel
And out steps a gorgeous creature
From the cocoon automobile,
Trailing garments enfold her,
A mantle of silken sheen,
In gold and purple behold her,
A beautiful fairy queen!

Then up in the light where fun gleams,
In the fraction of an hour
She will travel the paths of sunbeams
With a message from flow'r to flow'r.
And Oh, little lad, learn the story:
There's a butterfly in your heart
That will spread its wings in glory
If you will but do your part.

—JOSEPHINE DODGE.

(*Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge.*)

NURSERYLAND

THERE'S a nursery world at the top of the
stair,

But it's sleepy and solemn and still up there,
For the queen of three, whose rule is law,
Has gone away for a week or more,
And things are just as a plump little hand
Placed them, and left them in Nurseryland.

It is lonely there,

It is quiet there,

Waiting the rule of a queen that's fair.

A doll with a scalp half-off her head,
And a broken-back soldier who must be dead;
A fluffy young maiden all dressed in white
Is lying out flat, with eyes shut tight,
While a fort of blocks and sentinel stand
Guarding the fortunes of Nurseryland.

But never a smile

For a long, long while,

When the queen's away, it is not the style.

NURSERYLAND—(*Continued*)

A little low table is set for tea,
With covers for “mother and daddy and me;”
The dishes are pewter and china and tin,
And the best is used when a guest comes in;
There is never sugar enough on hand,
But there’s always tea in Nurseryland.

It is tea for me,
And it’s tea for thee,
But the queen takes mostly sugar, you see.

But oh, what a topsy world is there;
Dolls with tangled and unkempt hair;
One is erect, but her head is gone,
And some haven’t even their night-clothes on;
How they manage to live, I can’t understand,
But they all *do* live in Nurseryland.

The frail and the fit,
The dented and split,
There’s nothing so bad but there’s good in it.

NURSERYLAND—(*Continued*)

And all are gentle, and all are kind,
They are well behaved and they always mind,
The horse on rollers, the elephant fat,
The cow on wheels, and the sawdust cat,
And the camel who walks o'er the red-rug sand
Of the make-believe desert of Nurseryland.

Both cattle and man
Enjoy the plan
Of living together as best they can.

Yet the little toy world is mute and still,
Awaiting the rule of an absent will,
And the moo-cow looks an impatient thing,
Her horns tied up with a knotted string,
And the big white bear and piano grand
Are watching and waiting in Nurseryland.

For everything must
Be true to its trust,
Regardless of temper or time or dust.

NURSERYLAND—(*Continued*)

But soon the curly-crowned head will come
To the world of people and animals dumb.
They will live again in a strenuous whirl
Of fashion and fury and hurly-burl,
When the sceptre-sway of a dimpled hand
Shall govern the fortunes of Nurseryland.

 When the dolls will wake,
 And the bent will break,
And the world will dine on candy and cake.

Then “me and mother and daddy and me”
Will all sit down to a cup of tea,
The cow will moo, the piano will play,
And the dollies will change their clothes all day;
And may God’s all-loving and mighty hand
Be over the spirit of Nurseryland,

 In the hours with me,
 In the days to be,
In the years to come which I may not see.

—REV. KARL REILAND.

OUR BEST FRIEND

PUSSY cat looked wise,
With her yellow eyes,
As she purred and lay in the sun.
For she thought a fat mouse
Would come out of the house
And she'd gobble it up in fun.

Now the mothers of mice
Are really quite nice,
And their babies they prize and adore,
So while searching for food
Bade the children be good
And not stir away from the door.

A tiny fat mouse
From its snug little house
Peeped at Pussy and laughed overjoyed.
And when Mother brought cheese,
Nibbled away at its ease
While the cat looked glum and annoyed.

If you only think twice,
This story of mice
Has a moral indeed at its end.
For a boy or a girl
In life's giddy whirl,
Can count always on Mother as friend.

—MRS. CARTER H. HARRISON.

LITTLE JOHNNY-JUMP-UP

LITTLE Johnny-jump-up is a fine young man!

He tries to help his mother every way he can.

He brings her gloves and handkerchiefs from the bureau high,

And if he tumbles off the chair you'll *never* hear him cry.

Even when he bumps his head he'll bravely laugh and chatter,

For little Johnny-jump-up always says: "No matter!"

—MARY STEWART CUTTING.

PLAYFELLOWS

O LITTLE wave, don't run away!
I wish so much that you would stay
With me a little while to play,—
Please, little wave, don't run away!

O little wave, you touch my hand
And then run back along the sand
And curl your tongue and laugh at me,
And disappear where I can't see.

O little wave, where do you go?
I'd love to keep you with me so!
I wish so much that you would stay,—
Please, little wave, don't go away!

—ALICE C. D. RILEY.

PLAYFELLOWS

Words, Alice C. D. Riley

Music, Horatio Parker

Allegretto.

O lit - tle wave, don't run a - way! I wish so

much that you would stay with me a lit - tle while..... to

play,..... Please, lit - tle wave, Don't run a - way.....

“POPPER”

LITTLE children, it is proper
If your milk is really pure,
You should give a drop to “popper”
Who has so much to endure.

Little children, when you're grown up,
Tall or short or stout or thin,
Mind you have the milkman blown up
When he uses Formalin.

—GEORGE ARLISS.

THINGS WORTH WHILE

LITTLE children learn to serve
Heart within and God above.
Fiery spirits flitting by
Toil for beauty and for love.

—OSCAR.

UNCLE JIM

WHEN I grow up I mean to be
Just like my Uncle Jim.
You never knew another man
You can compare with him.

He's handsome and he's very smart,
He's strong as he can be;
He knows an awful lot of things,
And thinks a heap of me.

He's good as gold; he loves a joke;
He sings us jolly songs;
Wherever Uncle Jim may be
You think that he *belongs*.

A lot of boys I know would like
To be the President;
But if I *could* be Uncle Jim
You bet I'd be content!

—TUDOR JENKS.

HOW THE FROGS LEARNED TO SING

(A Sioux Legend)

WITH the first warm days of April, all the frogs who had been thawed out by the warmth of the vernal sun travelled leisurely toward "Chokan-meda." The old bullfrog, Nashka-be-doka, took up his chosen abode, with his wife, on the sunny shore of their favorite lily pond. He took particular pains to select a spot where many leafy lily pads were spread upon the placid surface of the snow-water, so soft and clear.

Underneath the shallow water was soft, loose soil, and so gradual was the slope that even this mire soon became comfortably warm. In this hot-bed the little froglets would ere long awaken as tiny long-tailed creatures. There were heavy rushes near by, which it takes but two jumps to reach, for protection for the parent frogs if danger should come near them, also for shade when the sun is too warm. The little pond itself lay hidden in the deep woods.

Mrs. Frog thought it beautiful, and appreciated her husband's thoughtfulness in selecting so beautiful a place for their Summer home. They were both very happy. They had all the sunshine and all the fresh air they needed, and

at evening they watched the moon and the stars together. They were people of leisure. They did not have to worry. They were not in the least concerned about the rest of the world.

One fine night, Nashka-bedoka remarked to his wife, "My dear, you should sing!"

"Sing! why, what is that?" she innocently replied.

"Oh, it is to speak in sweet, high and melodious voice, as the trees talk when the wind blows!"

"Ah, but I am bashful! Why do you not sing first, so as to show me how?" she asked.

"How shall I sing?" inquired her husband.

"You must sing," she replied, "as the Spring rain talks with the spirit of air among the deep, moist clouds!"

It was then the frog man sang his first Spring song, like the thunder, full and deep and resonant. Soon the frog woman joined in a higher key, and in alternating bass and treble rang out their hymn of thanks to the "Great Mystery." Afterward the frog babies were taught to add their tiny pipe; and since that day none of them has forgotten to sing, every evening and morning of the glad Springtime.

—DR. CHARLES A. EASTMAN.

A FABLE

THE EQUINE AND HIS EQUAL

A Lean Horse once Looked over the Fence into the Next Field, and Saw a Lean and Ragged Man Spading up the Ground. "Let Me In There," he said. "I will Work the Soil for you while you Feed me, and we will both grow Fat and Sleek."

"You're On," said the Man; and He and the Horse were Pros-per-ous and Happy until they both Waxed Fat and Saucy. Then they Got Mad at each other, and the Boss said he would Show that Plug that a Man can Kick Harder than a Horse. He Put a Muzzle on the Poor Beast, and Gave him Oats at the Rate of One Grain a Day, and the Neigh-bors Sat up Nights to Keep Him Off the Grass.

Soon the Horse was too Weak to Work any More. So the Field was Ne-glect-ed, and He and the Man both starved to Death. Before he Died the Wise Guy said to the Weeping Crowd, "This is Your Funeral, too, my Fool Friends. Let me Hand you this Moral, to Frame and Hang over your Empty Dinner Tables":

THE MARE MAKES MONEY COME JUST AS
FAST AS MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO.

—JAMES J. HILL.

THE SNOW WEAVER

I HAVE watched a queer weaver at work all
the day
On a cloak which he makes in a wonderful way
Of tiny white feathers laid one upon one
In a velvety pile till the garment is done.

With the sky for a roof, and the world for his
room,
In slippers of ermine he works at his loom,
While Boreas shakes the whole house with his
tread
Till one frightened girlie creeps down in her bed,

And covers her little pink ears out of sight
When she hears his rough voice in the dead of
the night,
And even the daffodil hearing him scold
Hides deeper down still in her blanket of mold.

O weaver, before you have finished your task,
A child at the window this favor would ask:
Be good to the dear little under-ground folk
And wrap them up warm in a fold of your cloak.

—MAY RILEY SMITH.

CHRISTMAS THREADS OF GOLD

WHY Honey-chile, ain't you been tole
How de Christmas-tree got trimmed
wid gole?

Land Sakes! den I must sholy tell
Dat story to you, Honey! Well,

One Christmas-eve long time ago
Ole Santa Claus was pow'ful po'

An' say he couldn't bring no toys
To my three little gals an' boys.

So I jes 'lowed as how I'd sell
My weddin'-ring fer a dress fer Nell!

An' den my Nell she up an' say
She'd do widout to give to Ray!

Den Ray he up an' say he'd go
Widout new shoes, an' give to Joe!

Till pretty soon we all agree
To use our *love* to trim dat tree!

So up we set it by de bed
An' kneelin' 'round, our prayers we said.

Den laughin' gay we made like we
Was tyin' *bundles* on dat tree!

Den, Honey, when we'd gone to sleep,
 A little spider 'gin to creep;
 'Cause in his heart he say wid glee:
 "I'll hang *my* love, too, on dat tree."

So den a web he 'gin to spin
 A-creepin' 'round, an' out an' in,
 Till pretty soon dat tree was drape
 Wid webs all dark like mournful crêpe.

Den I riz up an' scole him hard
 Fer ruinin' dat green Tree-o'-Gawd!
 He look at me an' droop his head.
 "My web was all I *had!*" he said.

An' den I seen a wondrous light!
 De Christmas-angel shinin' bright
 Step in dat room and touch dat tree,
 An' such a sight you never see!

Fer when he touch dem webs like coal,
 Dey turned to shinin' threads o' gole!
 An' dat is what you see to-day
 A-hangin' on de Christmas-tree.

Fer eve'ything dat's gave wid *love*
 De Christ-chile blesses frum above.

Hit's only *love* dat counts, my chile,
 Fer hit's de onlyest gif' wu'th while!

—HELEN S. WOODRUFF.

INDITED

JUST why should the actor indite
A group of lame verses, in spite
Of his obvious unfitness,
As here you may witness
In the faltering Limerick I write?

—OTIS SKINNER.

LIFE'S LOGIC

THE logic of life is so simple
It leaves all the theories behind;
It's just to be honest and kind, lad,
Just to be honest and kind.

—WALT MASON.

THE SPRING BONNET

A FAIR lady bought a fine bonnet in May,
Intending to wear it each sunshiny day,
“But,” she argued, “Fair weather or foul may
destroy it,”

So indoors she now wears her out-of-door toilet.

—AMY BROOKS.

FOR THE SPELLING CLASS

ONE night an obstreperous leopard
Was fired at twice by a sheopard.

Next morning was found,

Lying dead on the ground,

The leopard the sheopard had peopard.

—FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

WHEN I GROW UP

WHEN the circus comes to town
I begin to think I'll be a clown.
P'raps I'll be an acrobat
Over the elephants on to the mat.
Fun to ride a bareback horse
An' tame lions—but o' course
When I grow up an' the circus comes,
Cymbals an' cornets an' beatin' drums,
I'll be too old like Pa, I s'pose,
Who says he's glad when the circus goes!

JAMES BARNES.

CIRCUS



JAMES BARNES

Illustration to
WHEN I GROW UP

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

AS the Sun stepped up, on her golden beams,
And the soft Winds hastened to greet
The Morning, which 'wakes the Earth from her
dreams,
And the Grey and the Blue Skies meet,

I was strolling alone by my garden wall,
(Which winds through the woods to the brook)
When I heard a wee voice, and a wee, soft call,
And I stopped to listen and look.

And looking I saw such a fairy-like sight!—
I doubted my eyes seeing true:
Of purple and gold there swayed a wee mite
With a nod, as I said, "Who are you?"

"I'm Jack-in-the-Pulpit,—I've lost my way,
In search of the fair bride to be,
'Tis Marigold,—she is to wed to-day,
And the sermon must wait for me!"

"Sweet-William (the groom) started off as guide,
To show me the way to her bower,
But he climbed so fast—(he's petalled with
pride!)—
Hark! Blue Bells are ringing the hour."

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT—(*Continued*)

“I’m in such a plight,—O, I cannot say
Just what they are thinking of me!
Would *you* take me on, or show me the way?—
I’m late, just as late as can be!”

Down went my hands in the ground where he
stood—

I lifted him up with great heed.
His red-root feet held the earth of the wood,
And I carried him off with speed.

We reached the garden—an altar to me,
Made sacred through buds that I raise,
And there, all a-flutter, flower guests looked to
see,
And seeing, raised incense of praise.

Daisies were honor maids, stately and fair,
As groomsmen the Golden Rods bowed,
Violets hid ’neath the fern, Maiden-Hair,
And eyed Bachelor-Buttons so proud.

I planted wee Jack in their midst, and then,
Uncovered my head for the vow,
Spreading his leaves, he started to read, when
He stopped—he’d forgotten to bow!

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT—(*Continued*)

Tulips proceeded to sing a short verse,
Then Jack (in the pulpit) did say:
“Who gives Marigold for better or worse?”
And the Sun Flower gave her away.

The Humming Birds catered a royal menu
And served them a gold sun-shine stew!
(The Bees were busy as waiters, too.)
And Butter Cups wined them with dew.

Forget-Me-Nots always remember the date,
And call for the wedding guests fair
To greet the new Summer, and also relate
How Jack-in-the-Pulpit came there!

—ARTHUR NEVIN.

UNDUTIFUL MICE

“JUST listen to Ma!” said the mouse to her
son,
As he frisked about at play;
“Be prudent and half of life’s battle is won;
You will catch it, if you disobey!”

“The same warning to you!” And she frowned
at her daughter.

“Think of something but pleasure and dress!
Just ’tend to your duty the way that you ought
to
And your shadow will never grow less!”

And the cat gave a smile, that inscrutable smile
Cats have smiled through the centuries past,
For he knew mighty well for how long a while
Ma’s advice would be more than a jest.

For pussies will watch and mice will play
And mas will give splendid advice.
And poets will sing, Ah! many a lay
Of the fate of undutiful mice.

—CARTER H. HARRISON.

TO ANY AMERICAN BABY

BLESSED baby in your cot,
Who may one day—or may not—
Be in years so far away
President of U. S. A.;

Or, if of the softer sex,
May—Regina 'stead of Rex—
With the White House for your tent
Rule as Madam President,

Dream your dreams of glory: still,
Be you Jack or be you Jill,
There's a better game to play
Than the Presidential sway.

Play the game of being young
Other baby folk among,
Just as long as e'er you can,
Little maid or little man.

—JUSTIN HUNTLY McCARTHY.

IN THE DARK

SOMETIMES I waken in the night, when all
is still and dark,

I hardly dare to breathe, so many frightful
things I see,—

A ghost, a monstrous shape, an eye that glistens
like a spark,

And searches all around the room to get a sight
of me.

I call, and Mother comes to turn on the light,
and I find

The fiery eye is just the night-lamp, watching
while I sleep.

The ghost is but my window-curtain, blowing in
the wind;

The fearful shape, my desk, where I my dearest
treasures keep.

And Mother says, "'Tis always so. The things
we mostly fear

Are kindly, dear, familiar things we fail to see
aright;

That when it's darkest I must feel a Friend is
very near,

And every evil thing will fly when Love turns
on the light."

—REV. HENRY EVERTSON COBB.

MAYBE I JUST KINDER DREAMED IT

DOWN near the pasture in the big dark wood
I saw a great bear, an' he growled at me!
He growled an' he reared up's high as he could,
An' I come away pretty quick—yes, Sirree!—

Or maybe I just kinder dreamed it.

Out on the road a knight galloped by
On a coal-black charger with trappings of red!
His shield flashed bright an' he swung his sword
high

Calling me to help kill a fierce dragon dead!—

Or maybe I just kinder dreamed it!

In a corner of the garden where the moon shines
white

I watched three fairies dancing inside a fairy
ring!

They were bright as fireflies, but vanished out
of sight

When I crept up close to try an' hear 'em sing!—

Or maybe I just kinder dreamed it!

—HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE.

WOULD YOU RATHER PICK THE CLOCK
TO PIECES OR WORK IN THE
GARDEN?

THE people who have accomplished the most in life are those who have done what they liked best to do. Those who are happy in their work will always succeed better than those who force themselves to do what they do not enjoy. If you like to take the kitchen clock to pieces and try to put it together again, it may be that you ought to study to be an engineer, or at any rate to do something with machinery. If you would rather draw pictures, you may be designed for an artist or an architect. If you love to work in the garden, you may be a florist or a farmer; while, if you like to study the ways of birds, bugs, or animals, you may become a great naturalist or physician. This does not mean that you should never do anything you do not like to do, but that you should have all your work and study bend toward that for which you are best fitted, so that your work in life will amount to something. To be efficient, you must be happy; to be happy, you must do the work which God intended you should do.

—ROGER W. BABSON.

OUT AT GRANDPA'S

IN the country, out at Grandpa's, there are
yellowbirds in May—

There are meadowlarks and hummingbirds
and bobolinks and wrens;

In the fields among their mothers woolly lamb-
kins are at play,

And the pinkest little piggies squeal and
squabble in the pens.

In the barnyard there are spotted calves with
funny wobbly legs—

Little colts that kick their heels up and go
frisking round about;

And the bronzy turkey mother has a stolen nest
of eggs

With the tiny baby turkeys picking, pecking,
to get out.

In the garden there is lettuce up and corn and
beets and beans,

And the berry rows are blossoming between
the strawy walks.

Oh it's fun to go with Grandma out for radishes
and greens,

And to cut the stout asparagus and rosy pie-
plant stalks!

OUT AT GRANDPA'S—(*Continued*)

Oh the quarts of frothy yellow milk in Grandpa's
milking pail!

Oh the fluffy baby chickens with their mother
in the coop!

Oh the darling little kittens playing with old
Tabby's tail,

In the Springtime, out at Grandpa's, on the
sunny kitchen stoop!

All the orchard is a-humming with the sound of
Grandpa's bees—

Little brown and yellow fellows with their
dusty legs and wings;

And among the falling petals of the snow-ball
cherry trees,

You can see the black and orange of the oriole
that sings.

Out at Grandpa's, in the meadow, in the pussy-
willow pool,

All the little toads are trilling in a chorus
loud and sweet;

In the brook are silver minnows in a shiny, scary
school—

Oh what fun to wade among them with your
merry, naked feet!

OUT AT GRANDPA'S—(*Continued*)

In the wood lot, out at Grandpa's, there are
windflowers, white and pink;

There are cowslips, big and yellow, by the
edges of the stream;

And the bluebells and white violets grow all
along the brink;

And wake robins, tall and stately, in the
shady thickets gleam.

Grandpa's pasture field is sprinkled with sweet
bluets, far and wide;

And a million dandelions make the grass and
clover gay.

Oh there's nothing half so glorious in all the
joys beside,

As to visit out at Grandpa's, in the country,
when it's May!

—MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN FENNER.

INFANT'S PRAYER

JESUS, tender Shepherd,
Be Thou ever near!
Hear my prayer and bless me
Every day this year.

—RT. REV. THOMAS J. GARLAND.



CARROLL S. TYSON, JR.

Illustration to
INFANT'S PRAYER

OH, CHILDREN DEAR!

OH, CHILDREN DEAR! All mankind
throws
A kiss to you! The nation shows
How glad it is to greet the fair!
Your music fills the chastened air,
And kindness in beauty glows!

The world now pays the debt it owes
Unto the Child, and ev'rywhere
Man's purest love its grace bestows,
Oh, children dear!

As through the years the spring-tide flows,
Caressing you where'er it goes,
You will be blest, for Love's sweet prayer
Will have its answer; earthborn care
Shall turn into a heavenly rose,
Oh, children dear!

—LOUIS MANN.

BROTHERHOOD

IN forest and in meadows green
Are many little folks unseen
Who dress in fur and feather.
They ask but love of you and me
To make them happy as can be
In every kind of weather.

They go to school and work and play,
A few by night, but more by day,
From danger often fleeing.
They quarrel and make up again;
They hurt themselves and suffer pain,
Just like a human being.

But most of all they live in dread
(I'm sorry that it must be said)
Of those who should be kindly—
Of heedless man and thoughtless boy,
Who seem to count it as a joy
To chase and hunt them blindly.

Now Peter Rabbit asks of you,
For self and all his neighbors too,
Just this—that you will love them.
Your love they will return in kind
And then some day you'll surely find
How little we're above them.

BROTHERHOOD—(*Continued*)

For just as God made you and me
He made these little folk to be,
And so, somehow or other,
I feel that in His all-wise plan
It is His purpose to have man
To be their elder brother.

—THORNTON W. BURGESS.

APOLOGIA

It's a little bit short of a crime
To ask me to turn to a rhyme,
But I send this to you
With apologies too
For taking so much of your time.

—LEO DITRICHSTEIN.

WHOSE FAULT?

A BRAND-NEW wooden rocking-horse, a
lovely dapple gray—
His owner stood beside him in an owner's proud-
ish way;
“And yet,” he said, “I think I'd like him better
with a few
More shiny dark spots in his coat—I'll try what
I can do.”

The reason that he thought so was because he
chanced to spy
A fine new hammer and some tacks left tempt-
ingly near by;
And as he loved to hammer more than anything
on earth,
He set about his happy task with chuckling,
gleeful mirth.

He took those tacks with quite the air of one
whom conscience guides,
And pounded them and pounded them into the
pony's sides,
Until an object more forlorn you would go far
to see—
Then sister came—and suddenly there was an
end of glee.

“Oh brother dear how could you? What, what
will Mother say?

You’ve made a perfect scare-crow of your little
dapple gray.”

And sister looked so troubled and seemed so
grieved and sad

That brother looked a little as though perhaps
he had.

At any rate, he found no words his conduct to
defend,

While sister drew the tacks out with the ham-
mer’s other end.

Then Mother came—and stood aghast at such
a woeful sight.

“Why did you make these holes?” she said. “Your
pony is a fright.”

“Yes, yes, I know, but Mother dear, it’s not my
fault at all,

You see I just drove in the tacks and they were
very small;

And sister made these great big holes because
she pulled them out.”

That brother felt quite free from blame there
was no room to doubt.

—RUTH OGDEN.

OPTIMISM

MY old colored mammy used to say:

“Don’t borrow trouble.
Every cloud don’t rain!”

May it encourage others as it did me.

—ALBERT MORRIS BAGBY.

A PROGRESSIVE YOUNG HEN

A VERY progressive young hen
Marked all of her eggs with a pen,
Where each one was laid,
Of what it was made,
The how, and the why, and the when.

—RT. REV. C. B. BRENT.

I have not been able to write any little verses, but my big daughter, Louise Homer, Jr., wrote some for me which you may use in your little book.

With best wishes for its success,

—LOUISE HOMER.

TO MOTHER

WITHIN the stillness of the room
A gentle rocker creaks,
Outside across the lifting gloom
The lightning comes in streaks,
And now and then a gentle boom
Of distant thunder speaks.

Within the room a child cries;
The mother, full of fears,
Catches and kisses the sweet eyes;
Her own are full of tears,
As, gazing up the leaden skies,
She thinks of future years.

Singing, she rocks the child to sleep,
But absently she sings;
Her thoughts are on the gentle sweep
Of dripping, rain-soaked things—
The orchard trees—a robin's cheep—
The whirr of passing wings—

TO MOTHER—(*Continued*)

The suff'rings of her child, the harm—
 Then, suddenly, the sky
 Breaks and the great sun, red and warm,
 Shines out, the clouds slip by.
 The sleeping child flings out his arm,
 And gives a little sigh.

* * * *

“ALWAYS IN THE WAY”

MY nursie scolds and says I'm bad,
 My great big brother teases me,
 And does his best to make me mad,
 And pulls my hair, and squeezes me.

Big sister says: “Oh goodness me!
 Why do you always hang around,
 Just when I'm busy's I can be!
 It bothers me to hear a sound!”

It seems I'm always in the way,
 I'm always botherin' somebody;
 They say: “Oh run away and play!”
I'm going to run away to sea!

“ALWAYS IN THE WAY”—(*Continued*)

I'll be a sailor tall and dark,
And sail the ocean black as ink;
Then they'll be awful sorry,—hark!
My mama's callin' me, I think.

My mama's never bad to me;
She always loves to have me there.
I guess I won't run off to sea;
I guess I'll go play by her chair!

IF

(A Song For Good And Bad Children)

Words and Music by ANICE TERHUNE

Allegretto.

1. If
2. If
3. If
4. Now

I were a kit - ten with vel - vet paws, I'd try to for - get there were
I were a dog, with a jui - cy bone, I wouldn't be self - ish and
I were a bee, with a gau - zy wing, I wouldn't be naugh - ty and
I'm nei - ther kit - ten, nor dog, nor bee; But sure - ly, there's something to

LITTLE VERSES AND BIG NAMES

IF—(Continued)

such things as claws And when e - ver a hand stroked my
eat it a - lone; But I'd look for some poor lit - tle
use from my sting; But from ear - li - est dawn, till the
learn from all three! I know you can find what it

glos - sy fur, I'd rip - ple my back, and say:
hun - gry pup, And we'd growl to - geth - er, and
set - ting of sun, I'd give my sweet hon - ey to
is if you try; So I'll leave you to think, and I'll

First ending. *Fourth ending.*
rit. *f*
"Purr! Purr! Purr!" bid you good-bye!
eat that bone up!
ev - 'ry one!
rit. *ff a tempo.*

CONSIDERATION

“SATAN finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do,”
But that is not why *I* am writing
Little verses here, for you.

But if mischief, or idle hands,
Have made these little verses,
I don't know which to punish most,
For I don't know which the worse is.

It matters little what we write,
If we try in all our dealings
To please each one, and never hurt
Other people's feelings.

For children dear, remember this—
(We learn it from our mothers)
The only things which really count—
Are those we do for others.

—BRUCE McRAE.

WOODCHUCK DAY

OUT from his burrow in the ground
Softly (you cannot hear the sound)
The woodchuck comes—so people say—
On February's second day.
And then he looks around with care
To see if his own shadow's there
Lying beside him on the snow.
And if it is, back he will go,
And six weeks more he will abide
In the warm hole where he doth hide.
What makes the tiny creature run
Seeing his shadow in the sun?
He knows that Winter cannot bring
So soon the promise of the Spring;
He will not let the sunshine's smile
His prudent little soul beguile,
But burrows deep to keep him warm
From icy blast and wintry storm.
So, children, if you seek to roam
Too early from your cosy home,
Look for the shadow at your side,
And if you see it, run and hide.
You'd better not come out to stay
Until your childhood melts away.

—WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE.

THE FLYING FISH

LISTEN while I tell a legend,
As to me it once was told,
How a fish, I don't know which one,
Long ago in days of old
Saw a sea-gull swiftly flying
Up above him in the sky,
Thought: "I'm tired of this water,
How I wish that I could fly!"
Then the sea-gull looking downward,
Straightway made an inward wish,
That he might swim in the ocean,
Like that smoothly gliding fish.
Now, a fairy hovering near them
Slyly smiled at what she heard,
So she made them both one body,
Partly fish, and partly bird.
And, of course, that's how it happens
Flying fish are in the sea—
If it's not the explanation
Don't you think it ought to be?

—HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, JR.

“WASTE NOT—WANT NOT”

NEVER waste, no matter what, for be it
 large or small
One never knows in future times what fortune
 may befall;
And if to-day you cannot find a use for some
 small thing,
There's always a to-morrow, and it some want
 may bring.
Then if it comes you'll not be forced with heavy
 sigh to say:
“I wish I hadn't wasted it, I had it yesterday.”
 —S. R. GUGGENHEIM.

BENEVOLENCE

EACH morn, if you would rightly live
 On this terrestrial ball,
Name o'er your foes, and them forgive—
 Else don't get up at all.

—ELBERT HUBBARD.

WHEN THE BIRDS WENT AWAY

A BUTCHER farmed in the down-trodden
West,
With a grouch beyond all words;
And he hated the world with such bitter zest
That he even swore at the birds.

He said: "These birds are a curse to me!
They would rob me of my bread.
They eat my cherries, and cumber the tree;
And I wish that they all were dead."

A woodpecker heard it and told a crow
(For the truth of this I can vouch),
And the crow cawed out both high and low,
"Get away from the Man with a Grouch!"

The news of the wish flew from bill to bill,
And the birds heard the curse in affright;
Then they gathered their flocks with unanimous
will,
And the whole of them vanished by night.

Next morning the cut-worm saluted the mole,
And bade the corn-weevil good-day.
The field mouse awakened the villainous vole
With the news that "The birds are away!"

WHEN THE BIRDS WENT AWAY—(*Continued*)

Then, my! how the insects, the rats and the
mice

Poured out for the doing of harm.

Ten million destroyers appeared, in a trice,
And swarmed on the crops of that farm.

Aghast stood the farmer, with impotent hand,
Appalled and dismayed beyond words.

He had cursed and offended the Lord's chosen
band,

And lost his defenders, the birds.

Now the hopes of that farmer are riddled with
holes,

And his fortunes have gone to the bad,

For the bugs and the mice, the rats and the
voles

Have eaten up all that he had.

—WILLIAM T. HORNADAY.

FELICITY

SIS chooses Christmas ev'ry time,
Joe likes the circus best,
Fred says the picnic on the Fourth
For him beats all the rest;
But I say that in all my life,
The very nicest thing
Was those five days the painters came
To paint our house last Spring.

They piled their outfit on the stoop,
And oh, the smell of paint!
It made my Mother pretty sick
And made Aunt Mary faint;
And Father said it seemed too bad
With all he had to do
If he must stop his work to plan
About us children, too.

They talked about where we could go,
But we're two miles from town,
And even there there's no hotel
Since Bogg's Hotel burned down.
And Grandpa Baker lives up state,
And Grandma Rose has died,
And Great-Aunt Sarah's pretty old,
And rents her rooms beside.

FELICITY—(Continued)

And so we moved out to the barn!
We took our clothes and all,
And Father drove in nails and hooks,
And hung things on the wall.
They cooked down in the harness-room,
It was the greatest fun,
And Father wiped the dishes, too,
And didn't break a one!

Lilacs and bridal-wreath were out,
Down by the orchard gate,
And Mother let us play 'til dark,
And dark was pretty late.
She and Aunt Mary sat and rocked
With Father, in the door,
It seemed to us they never laughed
And fooled so much before.

And nights, the big hay-door upstairs
Let floods of moonlight through,
And with it came the smell of grass
And lilac-trees, and dew.
We heard the old bull hook the gate,
We heard Bob rouse and growl,
And once a bat came bumping in,
And twice we heard an owl.

FELICITY—(*Continued*)

And when I'm bigger, I don't want
A house to clean and sweep,
And parlor curtains to be washed,
And jam and milk to keep.
I don't want dishes, rugs and chairs,
I'll never sew nor darn,
Because I'm going to take my things
And live out in the barn!

—KATHLEEN NORRIS.

CONTRAST

IF you were a bunny and I were a dog,
How fast I could make you run;
But if I were the bunny and you were the dog
I wouldn't think that would be fun.

If you were a skeeter and I were a hand
I'd try to come down on you flat;
But if I were the skeeter and you were the
hand
I'd very soon light out of that.

If you were a piggy and I were a bear
What a very nice meal you would be;
But if I were the piggy and you were the
bear
I'd think it real mean to eat me.

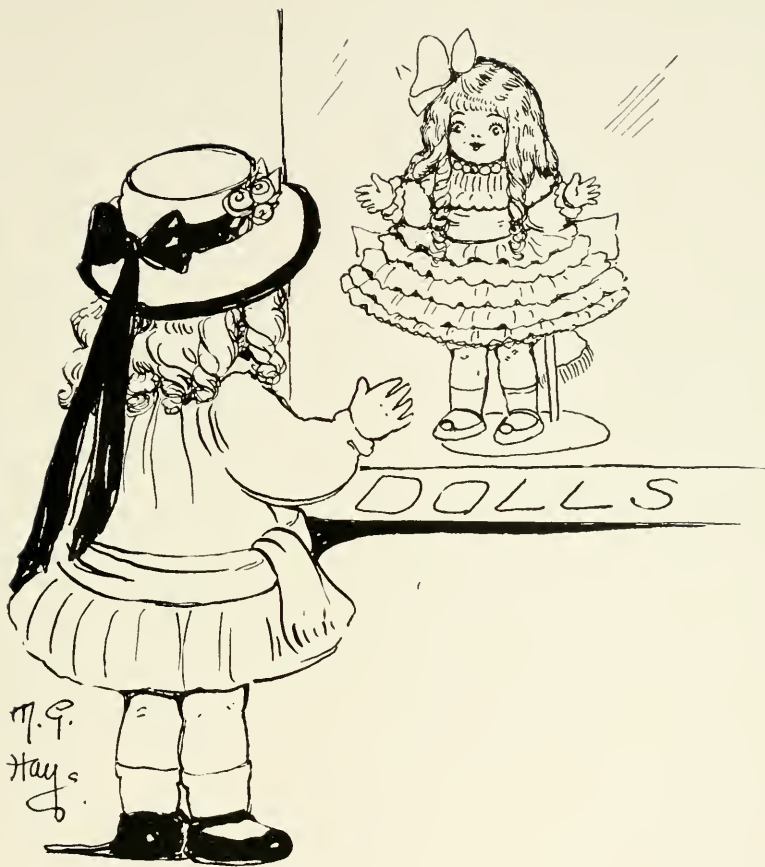
If you were a sparrow and I were a boy
I could shoot or throw stones at your head;
But if I were the sparrow and you were the
boy
I'd say, "How would *you* like to be dead?"

—REV. A. J. BONSALE.

DOLLARS FOR DOLLIES

I saw a little Dollie
In a toy store 'cross the way;
Her eyes were blue and shiny
And her clothes were bright and gay.
If I had ten cents o' dollars
I'd go and buy her right away!

—G. G. DRAYTON.



M. G.
Hayes

M. G. HAYES

Illustration to
DOLLARS FOR DOLLIES

HOW THE LITTLE INDIAN BOYS KILLED THE PRAIRIE DOG AND WHY THEY DIDN'T KILL THE WILD TURKEY

TWO little Navajo Indian boys, elated with their success as mighty hunters, rushed into the ho-gan of their grandfather, the old Medicine Man, to tell him how they had outwitted the prairie dog, and also to tell him that they had flushed up a big gobbler wild turkey who flew over their heads too high for them to reach with their arrows.

The old Medicine Man, who had been a mighty hunter in his day, when the buffalo roamed the plains and could be counted almost in the millions, urged them to tell him everything about their day's sport and how they had succeeded in bringing home the trophy of the chase where so many other of their playmates had failed.

The prairie dog (which isn't a dog at all) is a little animal, with round, fat body and stubby tail, who lives in a hole on the desolate prairies and shares his home willingly with the little prairie hoot owl and sometimes unwillingly with the rattlesnake. He is a great little fellow to pop out of his tunnel house when he hears an

unusual noise, such as a lonely cowboy riding along, and, sitting up on his hind legs, he barks at the stranger in a little, chattering voice, thinking perhaps that he can scare the intruder away, and then, when danger comes, he scoots back into the tunnel away from harm. Sometimes the cowboy tries to shoot the little fellow, but when he comes up to the place where the little dog sat barking at him the little dog has disappeared entirely. The little fellow has such an instinct for getting back under cover that even when shot he succeeds in rolling back into the hole so that the hunter cannot get him.

The little Indian boys, with their bows and arrows which their grandfather had made for them and taught them how to set the arrow, hold the bow and hit the mark, had tried many times to bring one of these little prairie dogs home, but whether they had ever succeeded in hitting him or not, they always found that he had disappeared when they got up to the hole. They thought there must be some way to get him, because they really believed they knew more than a little, fat, barking prairie dog, and so they went day after day to study the habits of the little fellow. Then it occurred to them that there was a way to outwit him. They must not let him drop into the hole when he was shot.

So they hunted around for a long time until they found a thin, flat stone, that would cover the entrance to the prairie dog's home, and then they crawled up to the hole where an old fellow always came out and barked at them, and they put up the stone on one side of the hole so that when it was hit by an arrow it would drop over and stop the entrance, and then they sat down and waited quietly and patiently like all good hunters do.

Presently the old fellow popped his head out of his house and seeing the stone there, popped it back again, but after awhile curiosity got the better of him and out he came again and began to investigate why it was that the stone was there. He didn't see the little Indian boys that time and so didn't know they were trying to play a trick on him. He was a foolish little prairie dog for being so curious, for the first thing he knew there was a sharp striking sound on the stone, which fell over the hole of his house before he could even bark, and then he felt a stinging pain in his little side and fell over dead. The two little Indian boys were smarter than the foolish prairie dog. One of them agreed to shoot at the stone with his bow and arrow as soon as the prairie dog came out, while the other boy was to shoot at the prairie dog. Both

hit the mark they were striving for, and the old grandfather was very proud that they were such good hunters and promised them that when they were a little older he would teach them how to stalk and kill the wild deer and the elk and the grizzly bear, but they were not old enough now.

Then they asked the old Medicine Man to tell them how to kill the wild turkey, and he told them they should not do so as the wild turkey was sacred to the tribe. He said that they should study all animals and birds so as to know their habits and how to find them and kill them when they were in need of food, but they must not kill the wild turkey. Like the little prairie dog who wanted to know why the stone had been placed at the entrance to his house, the boys wanted to know why the wild turkey must not be killed, and this was the story the grandfather told them:

“My children, many ages ago the Great Spirit told one of his sons that he could come to the earth with his wife and children and that they could hold dominion over all living things, but that they must obey the commandments that he would give them; that everything on earth was pleasant; the streams filled with fish, the woods with birds and fruits and the plains and valleys with animals and corn. So they came

to the earth and were the only people on the earth. Their days were pleasant and they could hunt and fish and eat of the plenty of the earth; but two of the children quarreled and one killed the other. The Great Spirit grieved and then became angry, and told the father he would visit trouble upon him and his children for what he had permitted the children to do; and so he opened the heavens until all the earth, but one of its mountains, was covered with water. As the floods grew the earth man and his children hurried to the high places on the mountain and at last reached its top, which was still above the water, but the waters grew higher and higher until they reached the roots of a *hoshkon* plant that grew at the very crest of the mountain.

The *hoshkon* plant throws out leaves shaped like a sword, with sharp edges, and in its center grows a long stalk, and on its stalk grows a fruit which the Indians eat in time of famine. When the plant withers the stalk becomes hollow. As the waters rose the father thought that the only way he could save his children would be to climb up the stalk and if it was hollow they could go down the inside of it and perhaps the waters would not cover it. One of the younger children climbed up the stalk and found it was hollow, and so the father had them all

climb up and go down inside the stalk where it was dry and where they could live until the waters receded. But the flood rose and they could see through the stalk that it came higher and higher until it commenced to trickle down on the inside, and then the father and his children believed that their last day had come and they called on the Great Spirit to forgive them for their wickedness and to let them live. Presently they heard a great whirring sound and then darkness fell over them and the top of the stalk was covered.

After a time that seemed ages, one of the children told his father that he could see light under the great darkness above them, but they could not believe it at first. But presently all saw it, and through the stalk they saw the waters receding and they then knew they were saved. At last, as the waters kept getting lower and lower, the great darkness above them was lifted and the light of the sun came down through the top of the stalk. The father climbed to the top to see, if he could, what great thing it was that had covered them with darkness but had also saved them from the great waters, and as he put his head out into the sunlight he saw, away off in the distance, a wild turkey that was flying to a tree whose top-

most branches now stood above the waters, and he knew that the Great Spirit had sent the bird to roost on the *hoshkon* top to cover it, so that the earth children might be saved. He also saw that the tips of the tail feathers of the wild turkey were no longer black, as they had always been, but were white, where they had rested in the water. And so, my children, when you want to kill the wild turkey, remember that the Great Spirit sent it to save your great ancestors, the first earth children.”

—SIMON GUGGENHEIM.

BOOKLAND



WHEN I was a little girl, I'll
 tell you what I did,
 I stepped into a pretty book and
 shut down the lid!
 The things that happened then
 are what I'm telling now,
 They truly, truly did, though I
 cannot tell you how!

I rode on Dapple Grey to see
 the Sleeping Beauty,
 Likewise the Queen of Hearts, as was our bounden duty!
 Bo Peep was there, and King Cole well and hearty.
 We sang a Song of Sixpence, and they gave us
 all a party.

Next day we went to Miley Bright, and then to
 Phippen Hill;
 Simple Simon showed the way, I think he's
 showing still.
 We called on Mary Quite Contrary, and rang a
 silver bell;
 It was her Day; she gave us tea in a rosy cockle-
 shell.



JOSEPH CLEMENT COLL

Illustration to
BOOKLAND

BOOKLAND—(*Continued*)

Then in the House that Jack Built we played at
Puss in Corner,
With Jumping Joan and Curlylocks and Little
Jacky Horner.
And then we drove to Fairy Wood in Cinderella's
carriage.
We reached it just in time for Robin Redbreast's
marriage!

'Twould take a mint of time to tell you all I did,
Within those pleasant pages, beneath that pic-
tured lid.
If you are a little girl, go try it for yourself,
Jump into each pretty book that lies upon your
shelf!

—MARY JOHNSTON.

WISHING AND FISHING

LITTLE Eric went a-fishing
With his rod and line and hook
And his wishing cap, for wishing
Half the minnows in the brook.

This is what he caught by wishing,
Trout and flying-fish and whale!
This is what he got by fishing,
One small tadpole by the tail!

—DAVID STARR JORDAN.

SONG

A SAUCY, cock-tailed little wren
Kept singing again and again
Such a ripple of notes,
He seemed to have throats
Where head, feet and wings should have been.

—“NELTJE BLANCHAN.”

(Mrs. F. N. Doubleday.)

BUILDERS

O LITTLE hands that build the Day to be,
Take thought and build a better than
you see.

—EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON.

HONOR AND BEAUTY

IF you would keep your “honor bright,”
Employ it every day;
Honor, like the silverware,
Grows dull when laid away.

Beauty of the “skin-deep” kind
Leaves much to be desired;
Beauty of the soul and mind
Is what is *most* admired.

—WINFIELD SCOTT HALL.

MAY

THERE'S a robin 'neath the trees.
Catch him if you can!—
Chasing butterflies and bees,
See how fast he ran!

Speak in whispers as you look,
Or he'll fly away
To the willows by the brook
Where all the robins stay.

Buttercups with shining rims,
Meadows turned to gold,
Fill your bonnets to the brims,
Full as they can hold!

Violets in a shady place,
Daisies in the sun.
When the wind comes out to race,
Watch the shadows run.

How I wish I were a bird,
Or a butterfly!
Flitting, while the daisies stirred,
As I frolick'd by!

MAY—(*Continued*)

Or, perhaps, a golden bee,
Sucking at the flowers,
Hiding in a wild rose tree,
For the Summer showers.

Then I'd never go to bed,
Playing night and day,
Sleeping in a rose instead,
If 'twere always May!

—ELLEN GLASGOW.

NATURE'S LESSON

HOW wise the plants are! Much wiser, I think, than the animals.

Plants are so wise that they can take sand and water and air and convert them into living matter, but animals can only feed on what has already had life.

Plants seem to live almost forever, as in cutting of geraniums, and some trees in California are over 3,000 years old, but no animal, man included, is known to have lived as much as 110 years.

If size is a virtue, trees are far superior to animals. Some of the big trees are thirty feet through and three hundred feet high. I have heard of an octopus as large as a Pullman car attacking a whale, but both octopus and whale are babies compared to the big trees.

The poor animals have to give a large part of their bodies to their legs or wings or tails or other organs of locomotion. They have to chase around in order to live, burying themselves away in Winter to escape the cold, or traveling thousands of miles in Summer to escape the heat.

The big tree calmly stays in one place and

wastes no strength in running around. No wonder it lives so long and grows so big.

Animals attack plants and destroy them, but plants make use of insects, birds and animals and force them to serve them.

The clover beckons to the bee by perfume, color and honey, and the bee better and straighter than any postman carries the clover's love messages to other clover blossoms.

Birds and animals carry the seeds far away. I have seen a little tree growing sideways out of the top of a tall, tall fir tree. Some bird or squirrel had carried the seed up there.

Perhaps if we knew them better plants could tell us many valuable secrets so that we also could learn to live in peace and harmony with our neighbors, give the power of life to earth, air and water, live long, long years and grow as big as we wanted to.

—HARRINGTON EMERSON.

THE HALLOWEEN STORY

WE sat around the hearth in the firelight,
And Mother was away upstairs,
So we cuddled close, and shook, and we didn't
dare to look

At the shadow-places back of chairs;
For Tommy told a real ghost-story—

A story that'd scare *you*, too,
About seven little ghosts sitting up on seven
posts,

Saying "*Woo! Woo-oo! Woo-oo-o!*"

The nuts and the apples wouldn't sizzle

And the clock-face looked frightened-like and
wise,

And our big black pussy-cat sat straight upon
the mat

And looked knowingly with her big green eyes;
And when Tommy came to where in the story

A witch had a black cat too

She got up and waved her tail all around like a
flail

And said "*Mew! Mew!-w! Mew-w-w!*"

THE HALLOWEEN STORY—(Continued)

There was something that howled around the chimney

And something that rattled on the wall. . . .
And it wasn't wind, the thing, or a tick-tack on a string,

Nor anything they said it was, at all!

We all stopped talking loud, and whispered,
 (And if you'd been there you'd have whispered too!)

For we heard those seven ghosts, come to get us,
 off their posts,
 Moaning "*Woo! Woo-oo! Woo-oo-o!*"

There were Imps looking in at all the windows. . . .

There were Goblins out by the kitchen door!
 And the fire dropped down low, and the clock began to go

As loud as a coach-and-four!

Oh, we all screamed and ran upstairs to Mother
 (And if you'd been there you'd have screamed more, too!)

Or they'd gotten us, those ghosts, down from off their dreadful posts,
 Howling "*Woo! Woo-oo! Woo-oo-o!*"

—MARGARET WIDDEMER.

A BIG TREE

MEASURE off 127 yards, or 381 feet, on a stretch of level ground. Standing at one extremity of this long line, note carefully the distance to the other limit. Well, picture in your mind that same line pointing straight upward in the air from where you are standing. It will be the exact former height of the big tree that I am telling you about. I say "former height," because some years ago a tornado, which might have been in better business, came along and snipped off 75 feet from the top of the tree, leaving only 306 feet of the trunk standing upright. That's the forest monarch upon whose stupendous proportions I gazed with wondering awe, and which, through the simple process described above, I have tried to set before you.

The drowsy town of Santa Cruz, California, lies seventy miles south of San Francisco, and six miles north of Santa Cruz is the famous grove of big trees. They are of the sequoia, or redwood species, and a dozen of them are marvels in their way, such as the Seven Sisters, the Fremont and the Jumbo. You will admit that the Fremont is entitled to respectful mention,

when I tell you that in the hollow base seventy-five men have found room to stand without inconvenient crowding. It was named in honor of the great American explorer, who visited this grove some seventy years ago.

But I must confine myself to the "Giant," as it is appropriately named. Above I have aimed to impress its prodigious height upon you. Now, suppose you take your station at the base, so close that you rest one hand upon the shaggy bark, and then walk around the trunk until you come back to your starting point. How far do you suppose you will have walked? Exactly twenty-two yards.

Retreating a score of feet, you gaze upward, until you get a kink in the neck. You cannot see the mangled top, for the intervening foliage shuts it from sight, but you note the billows of corrugated bark, more than a foot in thickness, which follow a long spiral course, probably winding once around the trunk in the first hundred feet.

The Mariposa Grove near the Yosemite has several redwoods, of greater diameter than the "Giant" of Santa Cruz, but I think none equals its height. The scientists, who know all about such things, say it is at least 4500 years old. No imagination can form a true idea of

that vast expanse of time. The "Giant" had climbed far toward the sky when the foundations of the pyramids were laid during the Fourth Dynasty. It was six hundred years old when Abraham with his family and flocks left the land of Ur and passed into Canaan, and it had attained more than half its present age when the Saviour lived among men.

What revolutions have swept over the world since this veteran broke the crust of earth and pushed his tiny head toward the sunlight! Somewhere in the coming centuries he must bow to the fate of all things that are born and crash downward in ruin and death. But when shall the bell strike that sounds his doom?

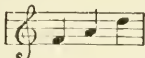
—EDWARD S. ELLIS.

A MUSICIAN'S LIFE


Words and Music by MME. LILLIAN BLAUVELT

If successful—


He soon becomes the



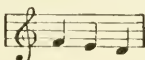
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Sleeps in a downy

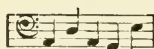


And is always well

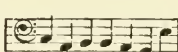


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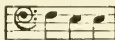
According to an old



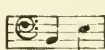
Must live on cold



For he seldom receives a



And soon ceases to



A GOOD LITTLE BOY

SAID Willie, "If a Lion
I should meet upon the plain,
I'm resolved to treat him kindly
So as not to give him pain.

"And I'll never tease the Crocodiles
While sailing on the Nile;
Nor chase the poor Rhinoceros,
Nor Bengal Tigers rile.

"It's wrong to torment animals,
And I'll shun the Rattlesnake;
The slumbering of the Panther
I never will awake.

"But if a fierce Mosquito
Should try to do me harm,
I will frown upon him fiercely
To fill him with alarm."

—TUDOR JENKS.

THE MOLE AND THE BUTTERFLY

I N the garden at night
I trod on a mole;
When the world lost its light
He crept from his hole.

He exclaimed in his wrath,
"You can't have a soul—
I must creep in the path,
God made me a mole."

"Oh, I once had a soul!
I've lost it," I cry;
Jeered the mole from his hole,
"Like me you will die."

But the butterfly white
Said, "Turn from the mole;
Lift your face to the light
Whence cometh your soul."

—ISABEL ANDERSON.

(Mrs. Larz Anderson.)

THE PROUDEST MOTTO FOR THE
YOUNG

WRITE it in lines of gold within thy heart,
And in thy mind the sterling words en-
fold,

And in misfortune's dreary hour
Or fortune's prosperous gale
'Twill have a holy, cheering power,—
There's no such word as fail.

—ELSIE JANIS.

HEAD, HAND AND HEART

*THE Tuskegee Institute stands for the training
of Head, Hand and Heart.*

To think with head, to work with hand,
To love with heart that's true,
Are all that God and men demand—
Are *all* that one can do.

—BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

FAVORITES OF H. J. HEINZ

TO do a common thing uncommonly well,
brings success.

Always place yourself in another's shoes and never expect from anyone that which you yourself would not do.

Make all you can honestly, save all you can prudently, give all you can wisely.

The bee goes to the same flower for its honey where the spider goes for its poison; if you are seeking honey, you will find it.

Work every day as though you would live forever; live every day as though you expected to die to-morrow.

—H. J. HEINZ.

THE SEED BABIES

THE babies of the milkweed
Are all wrapped up in silk;
I'm sure they're never hungry,
For they have just lots of milk.

They must be very comfortable
With covers warm and light,
Just like the little Summer cloud,
So fleecy, soft and white.

—CHARLOTTE DELIGHT VANDERLIP.

A BETTER USE OF INK

YOUR request that I write verse,
Dear madam, is flattering indeed,
Prose has always been my creed—
So I'd rather ope my purse
And send you a modest check—
Which I fain would think
Is a better use of ink
Than to mount the poet's steed
And write what none will care to read.

—JAMES LOEB.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

(A Boy's Composition)

THE King of Spain said to Columbus, "Columbus, can you discover America?" "Yes, Your Majesty," said Columbus, "if you will give me a ship." So the King gave him a ship and he sailed, and he sailed, and he sailed in the direction in which he knew America ought to be found. But when the grog gave out the sailors began to quarrel and said they did not believe there was any such place as America. But Columbus told them to be good for a little while until they got round the next corner and then they would see America. And when the ship got round the next corner, there was the shore, and on the shore were a lot of people and they were black people. And Columbus called out to the people that were on the shore, "Is this America?" and they answered, "It is." And then the chief of the black people on the shore called back to the ship, "Are you Columbus?" and he said, "I am." And then the chief turned to the people who were about him and said: "There's no help for it; we are discovered at last."

—GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

A PARTY of Americans boating on the Thames insisted that Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin rhyme the names of the villages along the river brink, as they offered peculiar difficulties. Here is the Limerick that she wrote on Medmenham Abbey, which, however it is spelled, is pronounced Meddenam.

THE VICAR OF MEDMENHAM

Few hairs had the Vicar of Medmenham,
Few hairs, and he still was a-sheddin' 'em;
But had none remained
He would not have complained
Because there was far too much *red* in 'em!

THE SNOW BABY

SOMEWHERE in far north Canada lives the Snow Baby.

In the Summer when the south winds wave the long pointed tops of the spruce; when the wild rice grows in the marsh and the trout lies deep in the pools, then the Snow Baby lives with the ferns and the leaves and the carpet of moss.

But when the great white blanket of Winter settles upon the plain, upon the frozen river and lake and sifts through the somber forests, then the Snow Baby is hurried by his mother into the tent-home the Indian father has made of pieces of birch-bark, laid about a frame of poles. Here, upon a carpet of fresh balsam boughs, the little brown babe crawls about in comfort, for a wood fire is burning and it is snug and warm within the teepee. Just outside this thin protection of bark, a still killing cold of fifty or more below, compels not only the trappers of the North to seek shelter but the animals they hunt as well. Underneath old windfalls, under the snow itself they burrow, for strange as it may seem, the snow is a warm blanket and often protects life. But among all the furry



FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

Illustration to
THE SNOW BABY

animals that hide beneath this blanket of nature, there is one (in name at least) that lives within the man-made shelter.

So, when the thin cold yellow of the Winter sun has faded and the purple of the coming night creeps over the frozen land, when the birch trees crack from the bitter cold, then it is that you are glad to be with the Snow Baby and his mother safe within the shelter of thin bark.

With the coming of the night, a single candle is lighted. It throws great hunched shadows on the yellow bark walls of the home. From out these shadows peer the bead-like eyes of the Indian trapper as he watches the mother prepare the Snow Baby for the long sub-arctic night. The little hunter is wrapped about and about in a big furry blanket, made from more than a hundred skins of the white rabbit—the snow-shoe rabbit of North Canada. She draws upon each foot little lynx-skin socks with fur inside and pulls well down over his head a cap of fur. And when the furry bundle is put into a cradle made of a single blanket thrown across two ropes that are tied to stakes—it is then you love him best, for the little bead-like eyes are the two dark spots in all that soft mass of white and they watch you, wondering what sort of a stranger you are—this reader, who has wandered into

their outlandish world of stillness and whiteness.

But now the Indian mother swings the Snow Baby back and forth, singing the while a song that has been sung in just this same way, in the North, for hundreds of years. And the mighty hunter—the setter of traps for the big bear—looks on and watches and smokes and you hear him say with the trace of a proud smile:

“Le gros uapoosh! Le gros uapoosh!”

Which means, “The big white rabbit!”

Yes, the big white rabbit that some day will go with him along the frozen trail and help him set the traps.

And that is why, when the bitter Winter cold settles over the northland and when the animals seek shelter and do not move about—that is why some “big white rabbits” live in the man-made shelters of far North Canada.

—FRANK E. SCHOONOVER.

THE RIME OF THE YOUNG LADY
A-CAMPING

A YOUNG lady who camped on a hill
Said: "I simply *cannot* eat my fill!
My dearest fond hope
Is to eat *all* the dope."
(She did; but it made her quite ill!)

She's a natural child, and will learn,
Even now her hot water don't burn,
And she serves cold boiled rice
In a manner quite nice,
And boils tea in a manner all her'n.

To eat grub of her noble construction
You either use hatchets or suction.
It is known at its best
As the "hog-butcher's jest,"
At its worst as the "sudden destruction."

When she offers the dog her fresh bread,
He won't even turn back his head,
But with howls of disgust
Disappears in the dust,
And will not come home 'til he's led.

THE RIME OF THE YOUNG LADY A-CAMPING—
(Continued)

To wash dishes she firmly refused,
And looked as though she'd been abused.
"Although they're not bright
I know they're all right;
They're not dirty, they've only been used!"

—STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

A LIMERICK

THE CHI-MERICAN FARM

THERE was a young farm in the West,
So much overworked and hard-pressed
That it wearily said:
"I'll just take to my bed
And drop through to China to rest."

But, alas, when the roots of its trees
Caught the eye of the frugal Chinese,
They proceeded to pounce,
And to plant every ounce
Of that farm to potatoes and peas.

—JAMES J. HILL.

A MOTHER'S WORK AND HER HOPES

THIS is written for men, and for boys; for the millions who fail to appreciate the work that mothers do, for the millions that ignore the self-sacrifice and devotion upon which society is based.

On a hot night, in the dusty streets of a dirty city, hundreds of women sit in the doorways, *taking care of babies*.

In lonesome farm houses, far out on monotonous plains, with the late sun setting on a long day of hard work, you find women, cheerful and persevering, *taking care of babies*.

In the middle of the night, in earliest morning, when men sleep all over the world, in ice huts North, in southern tents, in big houses and in dingy basements, you find women awake, cheerfully and gladly *taking care of babies*.

We respect and praise the man selfishly working for himself.

If he builds up a great industry, a great fortune, we praise him.

If he risks his life for glory, we praise him.

If he shows courage even in saving his own carcass from destruction, we praise him.

There never was a man whose courage, or devotion, could be compared with that of a woman caring for her baby.

The mother's love is unselfish, it has no limit this side of the grave.

One man in a thousand will risk his life for a cause.

A thousand women in a thousand will risk their lives for their babies.

Everything that a man has and is he owes to his mother. From her he gets health, brain, encouragement, moral character, all his chances of success.

How poorly the mother's service is repaid by men individually, by society as a whole!

The individual feels that he has done much if he gives money for board and a little kindness to her who brought him from nothingness into life, sacrificed her sleep, youth and strength for his sake.

Society, the aggregate of human beings, feels that its duty is done when a few hospitals are opened for poor mothers, a little medicine doled out in cold-hearted fashion to the sick child.

Fortunately, the *great* man is almost always appreciative of his *greater* mother.

Napoleon was cold, jealous of other men, monumentally egotistical when comparing himself

with other sons of women. But he revered and appreciated the noble woman who bore him, lived for him, and watched over him to the end. He said: "It is to my mother, to her good principles, that I owe my success and all I have that is worth while. I do not hesitate to say that the future of the child depends upon the mother."

The future of the individual child depends upon the individual mother, and the future of the race depends upon the mothers of the race.

Think what has been done for mankind by thousands of millions of devoted mothers.

Every mother is entirely devoted, entirely hopeful, entirely confident that no future is too great for her baby's deserts.

The little head—often hopelessly ill-shaped—rolls about feebly on the thin neck. The toothless gums chew whatever comes along. The wondering eyes look feebly, aimlessly about, without focus or concentration. The future human being, to the cold-blooded onlooker, is a useless little atom added to the human sea of nonentity.

But to the mother that baby is the marvel of all time. There is endless meaning in the different mumblings, endless soul in the senile baby

smile, unlimited possibilities in the knobby forehead and round, hairless head. She sees in the future of the baby responsibilities of government, and feels that one so perfectly lovely must eventually be acclaimed ruler by mankind.

As a result of perfect confidence in its future, the mother gives to every baby perfect devotion, perfect and affectionate moral education. Each child begins life inspired by the most beautiful example of altruism and self-sacrifice.

Kindness has gradually taken the place of brutality among human beings, because every baby at its birth has found itself blessed with absolute kindness.

The mother's kindness forms moral character.

The mother's confidence and encouragement stimulate ambition and inspire courage.

The mother's patient watchfulness gives good health, and fights disease when it comes.

The mother's wrathful protection shields the child from the stern and dwarfing severity of fathers.

Truly, a man may and should be judged by his feelings towards his own mother, and toward the mothers of other men—of all men.

In the character of Christ, whose last earthly thought on Golgotha was for his mother, as in the characters of the hard-working, ignorant man

whose earnings go to make his mother comfortable, the most beautiful trait is devotion to the mother who suffers and works for her children, from the hours that precede their birth, through all the years that they spend on earth together.

Honor thy father and thy mother.

And honor the mothers of other men. Make their tasks easier through fair payment of the men who support the children, through good public schools for their children, through respectful treatment of all women. The mother is happy. For she knows "the deep joy of loving some one else more than herself."

You honor yourself, and prove yourself worthy of a good mother and of final success, when you do something for the mothers of the world. The duty of to-day is to give women the only weapon that will protect them—the ballot, and the right to share in making laws.

—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

ME AND MOTHER

WHO cries and cries when I'm lying sick,
In a ragged nightie with pins that prick,
And nothin' to eat but a painted stick?
I 'do—and so do Mother.

Who wonders what God, in His high decree,
Was thinkin' of when He made all we—
Made cows to give milk—but not to me?
I do—and so do Mother.

They say our land has oodles of money,
That it flows with milk and oozes with honey;
Don't you think that statement sadly funny?
I do—and so do Mother.

If a mother's heart is his only joy,
Which he breaks and tears as he would a toy,
Will baby grow up a brave, good boy?
I wonder—and so do Mother.

Who wants to become a better Pote—
To fight the Devil and get his goat—
And improve the world with a free man's vote?
I do—and so do (censored).

ME AND MOTHER—(*Continued*)

Who thanks those dear ones who really try
To wipe the tears from a sick babe's eye,—
To give him pure milk, and his mother pie?
I do—and so do Mother.

—HENRY D. ESTABROOK.

I am much interested in your unique idea of a book of "Little Verses and Big Names," and I wish that I had the inspiration of a poet, that I might contribute something worthy of the cause, but my long campaign for the babies has been conducted entirely in prose and I do not think in metre. Still this may do—

PRECAUTION

MOTHER should be careful,
Mother should be wise;
Every bit of baby's milk
She should pasteurize.

—NATHAN STRAUS.

FIDDLERS

THERE once was a man called Clementi,
Who wrote Sonatinas a-plenty,
Which are practiced a lot
By the children who've got
The desire to be artists at twenty!

Old Nero they say played the fiddle
While Rome burned from outskirts to middle,
But the strings shrunk with heat,
So he beat a retreat,
Though what he did then is a riddle!

There once was a fiddler of York,
Who could stand on one leg like a stork,
But his attitude rare
Was naught to compare
With his eating his soup with a fork.

—MAUD POWELL.

A HYMN

O H, God, pray keep from wrong
The soul of one who sings Thy heavenly
song;
Keep my footsteps in the path of right,
Guide me safely through this world's dark night.
Come—God and King of peace and love,
Stretch forth Thy hands from Thy throne
above—
Breathe Thy strength round me when I would
be weak,
The path you trod is the path I seek.
I know Thy love is good and wide and great;
I worship Thee, I praise Thee—Thou art com-
passionate.

—WILLIAM FAVERSHAM.

THE MOO-COW

SEE the cow and goat running a race!
Why set such a furious pace?
When babies are sick
There's need to be quick
In bringing pure milk to the place.

—KATHARINE BEMENT DAVIS.

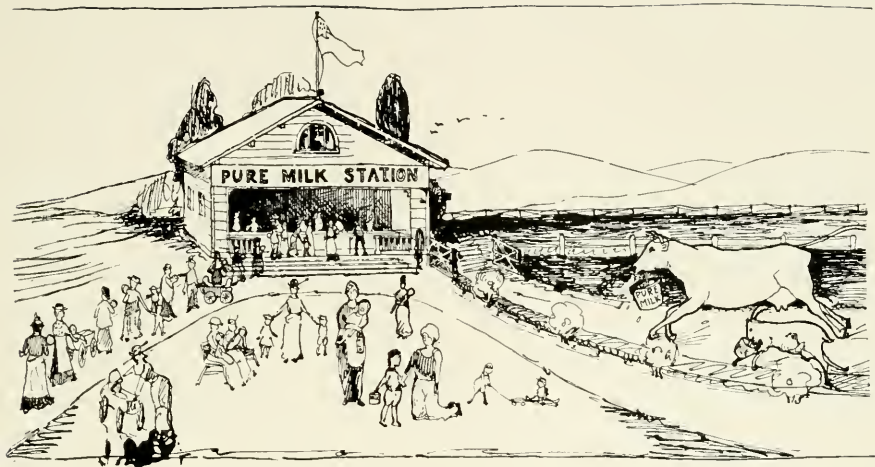


Illustration to
THE MOO-COW

THE CALL OF THE CHILDREN

KINDNESS, Kindness, come this way—
Children call to you!
Haste, O Kindness, to obey,
Make their dreams come true!
Let them know, though they are small,
On the big round earth
There is happiness for all,
Light and hope and mirth.

Haste away, O heart of blindness,
Seek the dark and hide;
Children's hands reach out to Kindness
And in Love confide.
Suns are bright on pastures green,
All the world is glad;
But poor and vain the harvest's gain
If any child be sad!

—MEREDITH NICHOLSON

A VERSE FOR A CHILD'S ALBUM

THEY that write on canvas,
How soon they're but a name!
They that write on paper,
They pay a price for fame.
They that write on granite,
At them the lichens smile;
But they that write on human hearts
Write for a long while.

—JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON.

FOR THE KIDDIES

THERE is a fair lady in Trenton,
And what do you think she is bent on?
To get milk for the kiddies
By poems and griddies—
This clever young person at Trenton.

—GENERAL FRANCIS V. GREENE.

THE MERBOY

I WISH I was a merboy
With jelly-fish instead
Of jelly from a tumbler
To eat upon my bread.

I'd rise up with the sunfish
Beneath the bright green seas
And go and pull the seaweeds
From the sea-anemones.

(Of course it would be horrid
To have to feed and pat
A catfish and a dogfish
For my dear dog and cat.)

But though they've schools for fishes
And porpoises, I know
There'd be no school for merboys,
So I would never go!

—MARGARET WIDDEMER.

THE TELEPHONE SPARROWS

THE wires run North where the wild-goose
flies

With the clouds of the early Spring,
And the wires run South where the marsh-crane
cries

And the song-sparrows flit and sing.
Fly away, bluejay! Fly away, hawk!

The wire runs from sea to sea,
Where the telephone sparrows can sit and talk
While the song-sparrow sings in the tree.
The wires run East where the snipe snoops low—
Flying from sea to sea—

And West where the partridge and woodcock
go—

Chickamy, Chickamy, Craney Crow—
Whisper me, whisper me, quick and low,
All of the news of the world you know.
The telephone sparrows are sitting arow
And the song-sparrow sings in the tree.

—EDITH WYATT.

BUNNY COTTONTAIL AND MR. HAWK

BUNNY COTTONTAIL was a little rabbit who lived on a sandy flat in Texas many, many miles away. There he romped about at play, kicked up his heels and had the finest kind of a time.

There was very little rain in that country, and no streams nor ponds, but the water that Bunny found in the green plants that he ate, kept him from being thirsty.

I was riding along in one of those big stage wagons such as you see in wild west shows, when I first saw Bunny sitting up and looking about.

It was so early in the morning that the sun was not in sight, yet it was nice and light.

I think that Bunny had just crawled out of his bed and was looking about for some breakfast. Suddenly a big hawk bird came flying along. He had a long hook on the end of his bill and four very long and very sharp claws. He, too, was hungry and was looking for something to eat.

Now, Mr. Hawk is very fond of little Bunnies. So when he saw Bunny Cottontail, he must have said to himself:

“There is a nice warm breakfast for me wrapped up in rabbit fur, he will taste nice.”

Well, sir, Bunny Cottontail saw Mr. Hawk coming. So he said to himself:

“There comes Mr. Hawk. He is no friend of mine, for he once tried to catch me. I had better be going.” So off he started toward some bushes, and off went Mr. Hawk after him.

The driver of the stage stopped the four horses and we both stood up on the seat and watched the chase.

Oh my, how Bunny did run! and how fast that naughty Mr. Hawk did fly through the air above him.

Bunny’s ears were flat on his head. His short stubby tail stuck up over his back, and his hind feet just made the sand fly every time they struck the ground.

But Mr. Hawk was big and strong and flew very fast, so he was getting closer to Bunny all the time.

Bunny, too, was getting nearer and nearer the bushes all the time. He thought that if he could get there before Mr. Hawk caught him he could hide and would be safe.

Well, sir, when Bunny was almost to the bushes, Mr. Hawk dove down through the air

to pick him up and we thought poor Bunny was surely going to be caught.

But no, sir, not a bit of it. That Bunny scooted into the bushes just in time to save himself.

Mr. Hawk would not give up the chase. He was very hungry. He flew high in the air overhead and circled about looking for Bunny.

While we could not see Bunny, Mr. Hawk must have spied him, for again he darted right down into the bushes. When he flew up, we both shouted with joy, for there was *no* little Bunny Cottontail dangling from his cruel claws.

Bunny must have been wild with fright after Mr. Hawk had tried three times to catch him. He suddenly jumped out of the bushes and scooted over the ground as fast as he could go, and Mr. Hawk right after him all the time.

“Run, Bunny, run, run for your life!” we both shouted. I have seen a great many Bunnies run, but never before have I seen a Bunny run as fast as that little Bunny ran.

Well, sir, Mr. Hawk swooped down again. Just as he was about to catch Bunny, Bunny stopped short in his tracks. Mr. Hawk missed his mark and passed right over Bunny’s back. He was going so fast that he almost bumped his

head on the ground before he could turn and fly back into the air to get another good start.

As soon as he was a few feet away, off started Bunny again as fast as his legs could carry him.

Where was he going and what was he thinking of? to run out in the open where there were no bushes to hide behind, and where it looked as though Mr. Hawk would surely catch him.

But Bunny knew what he was doing all the time, even if we did not.

Well, sir, three times Mr. Hawk tried his hardest to catch poor Bunny. Three times Bunny stopped short and squatted flat on the ground and Mr. Hawk passed right over his back without touching.

All this time Mrs. Cow was standing near by chewing her cud and watching everything.

Well, sir, what do you think that Bunny did? It was the funniest thing I ever saw a Bunny do. He suddenly ran right up to Mrs. Cow, who looked at him as though she had been his friend for years. Then Bunny suddenly scooted right under Mrs. Cow's four legs and he sat right down and there he stayed.

Mrs. Cow turned her head and looked down at Bunny as though to say:

"Bunny, you may stay there just as long as you want to. I will not let Mr. Hawk hurt you.

He is afraid of me, I am so big and strong. He will not dare come near while you are there, so I will protect you until he goes away."

Mrs. Cow must have told the truth, for Mr. Hawk did seem to be afraid of her. He circled about over her several times, but mad as he must have been, he dared not come near Mrs. Cow. Finally off he flew into the clouds and out of our sight.

As we drove on, we kept turning to look back. The last thing that we saw was Bunny still sitting under Mrs. Cow.

How we did laugh at the cute way in which Bunny Cottontail cheated Mr. Hawk out of his breakfast that morning.

—J. ALDEN LORING.

LOVE'S LULLABY

LULLABY, baby dear, cradled in blue,
Angels, and mother-love watch over you.
Under your slumber-robe, precious one, rest,
Lullaby, sleep-a-bye in your soft nest.

Lullaby, little one, soar in your dream
Over the house top, the mountain, and stream,
Higher and higher, love, soon you will fly
Into the dream-land on love's lullaby.

Lullaby, baby-bye, cradled in blue,
Sleep on and dream on your nap-a-bye through,
In your sweet slumber love's lullaby hear,
God and His angels and mother are near.

* * * * *

Lullaby, lullaby, mother-love sings
Over the cradle of peasant and kings.
"God is the Father and Mother of all,"
This is Christ's message to great and to small.

Love clothes the lily in radiant white,
Love feeds the lambkins, and guards through
the night,
Love broodeth over each hamlet and hall,
Love never faileth, but careth for all.

—AUGUSTA E. STETSON, C.S.D.

LOVE'S LULLABY

Words and Music by AUGUSTA E. STETSON, C.S.D.

Andante. p

Lull - a - by ba - by dear, cra - dled in blue, An - gels and

moth - er love watch o - ver you. Un - der your slum - ber robe,

rit.

pre - cious one, rest, Lull - a - by sleep a bye in your soft nest.

rit.

THE LITTLE FABLE OF THE ACTOR
WITH THE BIG NAME, AND THE
LITTLE GIRL WHO HAD A LITTLE
BROTHER

ONCE upon a Time there was an Actor with a big name who was playing an Engagement in Chicago. When not upon the Stage it was always his Pleasure to study Men and Women in the Hope of seeing Something that would brighten the Day, or of learning Something that would help Him love Mankind more, and serve all Men and Women better as a Student and an Interpreter of Character.

One Day this Actor and a good Friend were obliged to cross the Chicago River at Rush Street, but just before They reached the River the Bridge was opened to permit the Passage of a large Fleet of Lake Michigan Vessels. And it happened that the Friend of the Actor was annoyed at the seeming Delay. But the Actor said: "Never be impatient. What seems to You to be a Delay is one of God's many Blessings in Disguise. Before We leave here We shall have learned some good Lesson!"

And lo! and behold, at that very Moment one of the huge Steamers began to blow a Series of

thunderous Sounds whose Message only a Sailor could understand. And some People placed their Hands over their Ears so that They would not hear what seemed to Them mere discord meaning Nothing.

At that Moment the Actor and his Friend saw a little Boy of six standing close to the River's brink, clinging to the Hand of his Sister aged eight, and the little Boy asked: "Sister Blanche, why does that Boat make all that noise?"

And the little Girl answered: "That's not Noise, Henry! It's a Song It sings as it goes along!"

The Actor shook the Hand of the little Girl and thanked Her. He beamed upon His Friend, as the Bridge was being closed, and said:

"Didn't I tell you?"

And as the Friend went through Life He always listened to the Song that He soon learned to hear everywhere. He discovered Music in all Things and lived a helpful, happy Life.

Moral: Let us all listen to Song as We go through Life, and We will find that the sweetest Melody is voiced by the little Children, God bless Them!

—LOUIS MANN.

FLIVERS' DOG

I'M McGillicuddy. That's French for nurse girl. You wouldn't take me for a nurse girl, would you? *You* think I'm just plain dog. Well, I *am* a dog, but I'm not plain. I've had lots of compliments in my time. But I'm not joking—I'm a nurse girl too. I'm in charge of little Flivers. But I don't call him little Flivers. Sometimes I call him Chow-Chow, and sometimes Small Sir—I like words like that; much easier to pronounce, I think.

Small Sir is big Flivers' little boy. And I'm big Flivers' dog. *You* know big Flivers. You've seen him many times. He was the clown in Barnum's circus. Funny—well, I don't know how you felt, but I used to laugh myself almost to death two times a day. But after Flivers married, he left the circus—and here's where I come in. We went on the stage—Flivers and me—we had an act on the big-time circuit. We got big pay. I don't know how much Flivers got, but they paid me seven pounds of lamb chops every week—that's just about as much as any dog can get. Our act was a scream. Let me tell you how it was. Flivers would lead me out by a heavy chain—he'd drag me across the

stage, and I'd lie down by his feet with my head between my paws. Then Flivers would point at me.

"Sit up and beg," Flivers would say.

Do you think I did as he told me? Did I sit up and beg? Not much. I'd just lie still, with my head between my paws. And Flivers would bow to the audience.

"Good dog," he'd say to me, "good dog. Now," he'd go on, "stand on your head." And I'd just lie there, blinking.

"Good dog," Flivers would say again. Then he held out his foot. "Jump over," he'd tell me. But I'd lie still. "Now back again," he'd say, "good dog—good dog." And all the time I hadn't moved.

"Now turn a somersault," he'd say. And I'd lie still.

"Good dog—good dog," he'd say again. It was a scream. By the time I hadn't done the dozen tricks he put me through, the audience was on its feet—or else doubled up with laughter. It was a knock out. It wasn't long before Flivers' dog—"good dog"—was known all over the country. And we deserved it. You don't know how hard we worked, rehearsing that act. It took us months. For at first I naturally wanted to do everything he said—I'd beg and I'd turn a som-

ersault. But finally I saw the point. Ar-g-g-h—it was good fun—it was a great act.

Well, big Flivers got married. We were rich, him and me, and we picked the finest lady we could find. And the lady liked us at first. But Flivers and me were always clowns, and always will be—and Mrs. Flivers found out we couldn't be much else. Besides, she was a suffragette. I don't blame her. My father was a Democrat and my mother belonged to the Salvation Army, but I'm a Suffragette, and I don't care who knows it, either. Well, the first thing we had to do was to leave the stage—the lady said so. We left it. But Flivers growled deep down in his throat. He'd been accustomed to the glad hand—and now he was getting the cold shoulder. He wasn't used to it. He just sat and smoked his pipe and laid his head against the wall. It led to words. I didn't like it. I like fun and excitement. So I went my own way. There was a big yellow Persian cat around—she had paws like a battering ram. She had claws an inch long. I chased her—if you don't believe it, look at those deep scars on the top of my head. I hated that cat—I hate her still—feathery, yellow catty thing. A-r-r-gh.

Well, little Flivers came along after a while—and the first time I saw him I called him Chow-

Chow—just like that. I was so glad. So was big Flivers glad—and so was the fine lady, his wife and little Flivers' mother. And for maybe two years we were happy—except me when that old stuck-up Persian cat was about. I've seen enough of Persia, let me tell you that.

But after awhile, I felt something in my bones. Big Flivers spent all his time with little Flivers—and little Flivers, he did the same. That made his mother mad. She was a very good mother, but she couldn't understand how any living being could like big Flivers better than herself. So she let out a few stingers that made big Flivers wince, and hired a French nurse girl for Small Sir. Then she went out and hobnobbed with the Suffragettes. And the French nurse girl—well, give me a strong-arm Persian cat. The nurse girl left Small Sir to me—and I took care of him. I—took—care—of . . . now don't begin picking on me before you hear me out. What's a McGillicuddy going to do, even if she *is* playing hide and seek with Small Sir—what's she going to do, I ask you, if a low down Persian cat comes along and slams her against the wall, and cuts her head down to the bone. Yes, that's the scar—but before you talk about that scar, you look that Persian cat over *carefullee*. Don't pick. I just *had* to chase that cat.

Well, when it was over, all I remember was Marie's white face—and Small Sir's mother asking questions—looking white and scared—and then big Flivers coming in, with red eyes and pale face.

Little Chow-Chow had been stolen—he was nowhere to be found. They called up the police, the hospitals—they scoured the neighborhood, then they looked at me.

“Good dog,” says Flivers, his face twitching, “where's Chow-Chow—where's the boy?”

Drat me. All I could smell was my own blood trickling down my face, and the dratted chemicals that they washed that Persian cat with. I couldn't look at 'em. I couldn't wag my tail.

They telephoned some more. Then big Flivers caught up a little toy that Small Sir had played with and held it to my nose. “Good dog,” he said, “follow it up.” I shut my eyes and made myself forget all the other smells. Flivers was watching me. “He's got it, mother,” he cried—and even then I knew it was the first time he'd ever called her mother. But he was right. I had it. I kept my nose to the ground and I darted out of the door like a flash. I suppose I wormed through twenty clumps of bushes—we had a big place, we Flivers—and then—yes, I was right. That smell—that clean, dirty, nice-

little-boy smell of Chow-Chow led me back into the house, through the cellar, up the stairs, up—up—up—. Was I right? It led me to the garret. I looked around. Small Sir was nowhere to be seen. And behind me those three white-faced people—whimpering, every one of them. And I whimpered too—where was he—where was little Chow-Chow?

And then I had it—it took me half a second to get there—there at the big trunk in the corner—the big closed trunk—for *he* was there. I knew it by the smell. He was there—inside that trunk—hiding from me. I heard a groan behind me.

“It’s half an hour—an hour,” I heard big Flivers cry. He swept me to one side, undid the catch, for it was fastened, and flung back the big cover of the trunk. And there he was—Small Sir—lying there, with his head between his—I was going to say—paws. I was so glad I barked and wagged my tail and called him by his name—Chow-Chow—Small Sir—Small Sir—just like that, short, happy barks. But I stopped. He didn’t move.

Big Flivers carried him downstairs and laid him on a lounge. A doctor came—somehow—I don’t know when. They worked for an hour. The doctor shook his head. “Don’t give up,

man!” cried big Flivers, “we’ve got to win—we’ve got to, understand——.”

I don’t know how it happened, but I slipped in through them somehow and whispered in Small Sir’s little ear, “Good dog—good dog,” then I licked his cheek. And then it happened—Small Sir opened his eyes and took a long deep breath—I thought he’d never stop. Then he stuck his dirty little hand right into my mouth—same as he used to do—and I made believe it was a broiled lamb chop—same as I used to do, and chewed on it until it was all cleaned off.

I don’t know—it seemed as though we all had our paws around everybody else’s neck for the rest of the afternoon—it was like, well I don’t know what it wasn’t like, to tell the truth.

“Mother,” said big Flivers, “let’s—let’s go away and—live somewheres—live, all of us—I don’t care where.”

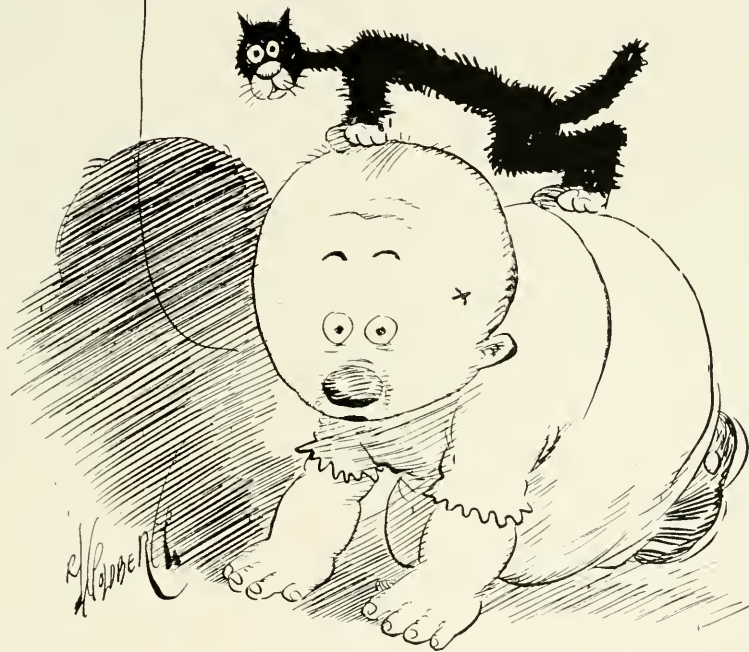
I heard her sob. “Yes, we’ll all live—we’ll begin to live, for little Chow-Chow’s sake.”

That was a month ago. We pull up stakes to-morrow, and we’re going far away, away from the Suffragettes, and from French maids. That’s what I had to tell you, and it’s told and . . . drat it, *excuse me*, if you please.

There’s that cat!

—WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE.

WHEN FOOLISH WORDS COME FROM
MY LIPS,
THEY SAY, "HOW CUTE AND CLEVER!"
BUT—
WHEN I GROW UP THEY LISTEN AND
THEY SADLY MURMUR "HE'S A NUT!"



SPECULATION

I OFTEN lie awake at night
And wonder how 'twould be
Had Adam not cared more for fruit
Than for Posterity.

TEMPTATION

YOU should not lie awake at night—
And get truth all awry;
Had Adam a dislike for fruit
There'd be no you nor I.

—ELBERT HUBBARD.

*I enclose a little statement that my wife gave me,
and which you are more than welcome to use.*

—BEN B. LINDSEY.

A LITTLE INCIDENT IN THE PUBLIC WORK OF MY HUSBAND

IN twelve years, Judge Lindsey had to contest for the Juvenile Judgeship ten times; seven times at elections and three times by appointment. This is due, in a measure, to legislation, and court decisions reversing themselves, that was in turn due to the desperate effort of Judge Lindsey's enemies to oust him from the Juvenile Court.

In one of these elections, when it looked very dark for the Judge, when he was opposed by both old party political machines and the bosses, and even the Judge's best friends were in despair, a group of newsboys came to see him at his chambers. They came of their own volition and without suggestion. The Judge had always opposed the activities of the children in his behalf; not that he didn't appreciate deeply their interest, but he disliked even the appearance of intentionally taking advantage of his well-known

strength among them. But in this instance, the boys persisted that they had a right to be heard in the campaign. The leader of the group, a cherub-faced little fellow of eleven, rather frayed out at the elbows of his coat and the knees of his trousers, but otherwise wearing an uninterrupted smile, insisted that it was time for a new phase of suffrage in Denver. He thereupon pulled from his coat pocket a slip of paper upon which was neatly written:

RESOLVED: That all kids over ten years of age shall have de right to vote for de Juvenile Judge.

This question was actually debated seriously among the boys, but the negative insisted that it was quite impossible to get such a law before the election. Whereupon one of the older heads of the group proposed that "In Colorado, his mudder could vote, and his sister could vote, and she married a fellow and he could vote and dey would see that he voted right." They organized themselves into the Lindsey Campaign Club. With delightful imitation of their leaders, they opened campaign headquarters, elected their secretary, campaign manager and "boss." They painted their own banners and proceeded to make life miserable for the real boss before whose club they paraded, shouting their defiance,

shaking their little fists, waving their campaign banners and singing their own campaign cry:

Who, which, when,
Wish we were men,
So we could vote
For our little Ben.

Varied at times as a yell that would make one imagine they were at a football game and then lengthened into harmony as a little song, they had the time of their lives and proved to be one of the big winning features of a desperate battle. From that little group developed a number of genuine campaigners—boys in knickerbockers who could make a real campaign speech of their own composition.

History now records that due in a large measure to the kids and “dere folks”—as explained by Master Bennie Bloom—Juvenile Orator-in-chief—the Judge won an overwhelming victory against both of the political machines and the bosses who were then controlled by the evil combinations that the Judge had offended in his fights for childhood.

The result was looked upon, in the language of an old-time politician, as a political miracle. In explaining it the day after election to the dazed bosses, whose expert opinion had pronounced it

impossible, a disgusted but wise denizen of the underworld accounted for it thus:

“It wuz them —— kids—and their mothers, that’s what it wuz. Say, if you ginks (to the bosses) think you are going to beat a combination like that, you gotta nudder guess comin’.”

—MRS. BEN B. LINDSEY.

THE SONG OF THE BIRD

The song of the bird as it floats through the air
where does it go?

And the breath of the wind and breezes that
blow? No one does know.

The fragrance of flowers and blush of the rose
where does it blow?

The sweetest of smiles, whispers and sighs I
used to know.

The song of the bird as it floats through the air
where does it go?

—FLORENCE PARR GERE.

I quote the following thought from Goethe because it cannot be repeated too often, and every repetition brings this truth nearer home and helps us all to a better appreciation of the beautiful.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL

“**W**E should do our utmost to encourage the beautiful, for the useful encourages itself.”

—LOUIS C. TIFFANY.

REFERRING to your letter of _____,
will the following verse which I read a year
or two ago serve your purpose?

THAT WISE OLD BIRD

“A wise old owl sat in an oak;
The more he saw the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard:
I think I will be like that wise old bird.”

—SETH LOW.

THE WISH-DOG

SOMEWHERE, I know, there's a dog, meant
for me;

The wonderf'lest dog in the world, he will be.
I want him so much!—And, between me and you,
If you want things enough, they are sure to
come true.

I've named him, already. His name will be Jim;
And I'm saving to buy a gold collar for him.

Some fine day or other, I'll find him, I know.

I look for him, always, wherever I go.

When I see him, I'll know him; and he will
know me,

And you wouldn't believe what good chums
we will be.

He'll be furry and friendly, with soft, loving eyes,
And as brave as a lion and playful and wise.

Once I brought home a little stray dog from the
street.

He was scared, and had fleas. There was mud
on his feet.

But Ma said, "My clean floors! Oh take him
away!"

THE WISH-DOG—(Continued)

I didn't care—much—for I'm certain, some
day
I'll find my own beautiful doggie named Jim.
And then I'll be glad that I waited for *him!*

—ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

GOD'S BIRD

BRIER and vine,
The tinkling murmur of a stream;
Then, of a sudden, deep in the dim swamp's
quiet depth,
That pæan bursting buoyantly:
O be jubilant! Jubilant!! JUBILANT!!!

—MAXIMILIAN FOSTER.

TRUST MAD

THERE'S the Fool Trust
And the School Trust,
The Beetle and the Fly;
There's the Poodle Trust
And the Noodle Trust,
The Pudding and the Pie.

There's the Cat Trust
And the Rat Trust,
The Bathtub and the Switch;
There's the "Hot Air"
And Commission Trust,
Ad nauseam, add Itch.

There's the Donkey Trust
And the Monkey Trust, '
The Rockinghorse and Top;
There's the Hat Trust
And the Tip Trust,
The Catnip Trust and Hop.

Now, I could mention many more,
But in mercy I refrain
From wounding your poor hearts too sore,
And starting salty rain.

TRUST MAD—(*Continued*)

But ere I close the record,
And escape far down the hall,
I *must* speak of the “Baby” Trust,
The “howlingest” of all.

—JOHN D. ARCHBOLD.

ESSENTIAL FACTORS

THE essential factors in all great art are its
truth and its beauty.

And its purpose is to make him who beholds
it aware of the capacity for truth and beauty
within his own consciousness.

—BERTHA J. TAPPER.

A RHYME FOR CHARITY

AT making rhymes, I've said at times,
I'd never try to do it;
But, for the sick, I'll try the trick,
And trust I'll never rue it.

For I've the hope, helped by my "dope,"
Weak babies may get stronger,
And, as they grow, with healthful glow,
They'll need my rhymes no longer.

—GEORGE A. POST.

IF A BODY

IF a body hear a baby
Give faint, hungry cry,
Surely, surely not a body'll
Pass that baby by!

If each body help some baby
In this world of strife,
Babyhood will bless that body,
Bless her thro' all life!

—KATE LANGLEY BOSHER.

UPSIDEDOWNIA

THE strangest things now come to pass,
O how can such things be!
High in the air men fight, alas!
Or kill beneath the sea.

The soldier is a troglodyte*
And thus avoids the Krupp;
Yet if he does the thing up right
He blows an air-ship *up*.

And when he's threatened from below
He turns with vision keen,
And with a well-directed blow
He *sinks* a submarine.

Quite topsy turvy all of this;
Now, Edison, please strive
To make a gun (O joy, O bliss)
To shoot the *dead alive*.

—DR. HARVEY W. WILEY.

*One who lives in a cave.



PETER NEWELL

Illustration to
UPSIDEDOWNIA

THE ANSWER

WHAT is it stirs the leaves and buds, as one,
To brighten up and lift a heavenward
crest?

What wakes the song when birds of Springtime
nest?

What keys the call of Nature's orison?

What kills the dreaded germs that mortals shun?

What wields a magic by dark things confessed

And, ending some of them, makes pure the rest?

You know, I know; it is the blessed Sun.

Again, what cheers the soul of youth and age?

What melts the bars that form the Ego's cage?

What bids us claim the Christian's heritage

Of charity that veils no patronage?

You know, I know; the clouds are rent apart;

It is the blessed Sunshine of the Heart!

—CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN.

IF I WERE MAYOR

IF I were the Mayor of a City,
Where only the grown-ups remained,
And nowhere were voices of children,
And nowhere the infant reigned;
If baseball, and coasting and marbles,
Were labeled "The Law Forbids,"
I'd close up my desk in a minute
And move to a Country of Kids.

We boast of our painters and poets,
Our leaders in science and law,
Our bankers and brokers and statesmen,
Our captains of commerce and war,—
If you gathered all great names together,
Since Cæsar held sway over Rome,
I'd not take the whole of their glory
For one kiss of the kiddies at home.

—JAMES ROLPH, JR.

(Mayor of the City and County of San Francisco.)

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS

“**T**HE Mother of necessity is certainly Invention,”

The financier will surely say, and this without contention;

Yet when you drink your glass of milk, remember it's dynamics

That's helped the gentle cow to milk, by up-to-date mechanics.

And when you eat your breakfast food so you will never get ill,

Remember it's not Nature's grain, but Science and a sawmill.

The more we learn the less we know about the things around us,

But yet we've learnt to know by now that nothing should astound us.

—JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, JR.

ORIGINAL SIN

I HAVE no more genius for verse
Than will go on the point of a pin;
And the only original gift I possess
Is the gift of original sin.

—ANNE RITTENHOUSE. .

MY VERSE

AT your request I write this verse
To assist your good endeavor;
Remember that it might be worse
As well as be more clever.

—JAMES WITHYCOMBE.

(Governor of Oregon.)

ANCESTORS

SOME years ago I was reading to some of my grandchildren a story in which occurred the word "ancestors." My little granddaughter, aged then seven years, turned to me and asked: "Grandpa, what are 'ancestors?'" I explained to the child that everybody, as she knew, had parents, grandparents and great-grandparents, and that all beyond great-grandparents' parents in the ascending line were termed "ancestors," so everybody had "ancestors." The child quickly turned around and said: "But, Grandpa, how about Adam and Eve?"

POETS

SOME of my grandchildren, with other little friends before they entered school, had a little private class at home. The young lady teacher one day read to them a little poem and explained that the poem was by Longfellow, adding: "Children, I want you to remember the name, as this was one of the great American poets." The following day at the opening of the class, the teacher asked: "Children, do you

remember the name of the poet of whom I spoke to you yesterday?"

My young granddaughter promptly answered, "Yes, Miss ——, his name is Rockefeller."

—JACOB H. SCHIFF.

CONTENTMENT

THE best rule for content discovered yet
Is, never want a thing you cannot get.

—ALBION FELLOWS BACON.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURE

THE holy Scripture is your weapon in time
of war,
Your companion in time of peace.

—JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

BURROS AND BUREAUS

A GOOD many years ago when I was traveling in Arizona with the late Mr. Jay Gould, who controlled the Western Union Telegraph Company at that time, he purchased two burros and shipped them to two of his sons at Irvington. On arrival there the agent, not understanding the situation and supposing burro spelled *bureau*, telegraphed the superintendent in New York as follows:

“Am short two bureaus and ahead two jack-asses. Answer.”

—ROBERT C. CLOWRY.

FROM A FRIEND

I KNOW of no two verses more admirable than those of one I rejoice to remember as a dear friend, Matthew Arnold.

“Children of men the unseen power whose eye
Forever doth accompany mankind,
Hath looked on no religion scornfully
That man did ever find,

Which has not taught weak wills how much they
can

Which has not fallen on the dry heart like rain,
Which has not cried to such self-weary man:
“Thou must be born again.””

—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

SONG TO THE BLESSED MOTHER OF
GOD

In remembrance of the occasion of the presentation of her Baby
at His Father's temple.

SWEET Mother, awaiting
While Joseph's debating
The gifts you can safely afford:
Wits all a-wander,
I know what you ponder—
The little pink toes of the Lord.

Wellaway, maybe,
A little live baby
Is more of a creed than a "Cord
Threelfold unbroken,"
Unworthily spoken:
So kiss the pink toes of the Lord!

—CHARLES RANN KENNEDY.

“I WOULD IF I COULD”

IF I could write fables for babies,
I'd let all the grown-ups alone;
For the babies would cry when my stories they'd
try,
And with *their* tears I'd mingle my own.

—JAMES LANE ALLEN.

AT CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

TWO pelicans sat on a wave-washed rock,
While the sea-spray dashed them o'er.
Said one old pel. to the other old fel.,
“This splashing's a dreadful bore.”
“Yes, old fel.,” said the other old pel.,
“This is quite too wet for me.”
So they heavily flopped from that slippery rock
For a swim in the nice dry sea.

—VERNON LYMAN KELLOGG.

SUZANNE'S MUSIC BOX

To the children of all time.

Words and Music by ALBERT SPALDING



IN Suzanne's praise
I beg you raise
Your voices one and all!
Heartily, merrily,
Cheerily, joyously,
Sing for Suzanne's Wonderland!

FOR A.

GOD of the daylight, love her,
And guard her tender ways!
Make gentle skies above her,
And give her sunny days!

God of the dark defend her,
And keep well in Thy sight
Her happy feet, and send her
The Kiss of sleep at night!

—JOHN GALSWORTHY.

FICKLE FORTUNE

APOKER and bridge, young man,
A taxicab, young man.
But fortune is fickle;
Lost all but a nickel;
A “pay-as-you-enter,” young man.

—DE WOLF HOPPER.

“LITHPING”

A LEARNED child onth had a lithp.
Her thpeaking wath otherwithe crithp.
She knew all about Marathon,
Thaxon, and Tharathen,
And Warthaw, and Ragathz, and Vithp.

—OWEN WISTER.

SONG AT TWILIGHT

THE star is over the steeple,
The slug is under the sod,
And a peace is on the people
Asleep there, waiting for God.

The hare and her brown litter
Leap by the brooklet's bed,
And little birds still twitter
Though the great sun be dead.

—PERCY MACKAYE.

A FRIEND INDEED

HE is my friend who loves me true,
Whate'er I do;
Who loves me, and yet more than me,
What I might be;
Whose trust in me's not even stirred
By my own word;
Who's loyal to me even when I
Myself belie.
I think, with such a friend, I'd be
Even such as he.

—DR. FRANK CRANE.

A YOUNG MAN FROM CHICAGO¹

THERE was a young man from Chicago,
Who tried to make all that he saw go
Into two hours' talk,
Which was drier than chalk
Though he called it a terse travelogo.

—BURTON HOLMES.

HER FIRST FRECKLE

SHE is sweet as the perfume that fills the air,
When the roses begin to bloom;
But her soul is steeped in a deep despair,
And her manner but lately so debonair
Has changed to a settled gloom.
Can the birds that are merrily singing aloft,
Or the lambs that are nibbling the grass in the
 croft,
The cause of her sorrow disclose?
They can't, but I can, I can and I will!
So listen, dear Jack, and listen, dear Jill,
A freckle bedecked like a daffodil
Is perched on the tip of her nose.
 So loudly she cries,
 With spasmodic "Oh my's,
Don't look at the tip of my nose."

—JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

THE SCIENTIFIC BABY

PLEASE somebody notice me, if just a little
bit!

I'm still so awful little that I cannot even sit
Up in a lap, or in a chair, or anything like that,
And all I've ever done as yet is just to lie out flat.

I'd like to be up kicking, and I'd like to look
around,

But no one seems to think I would, and if I
make a sound,

Nobody pays attention, for everybody knows,
A model baby mustn't play with even its own
toes!

I'm being reared by Science, which is doubtless
very good;

But with it I'd mix other things if just I only
could!

I'd put old-fashioned Love in, for that under-
stands so well,

All babies need a lot of things of which books
do not tell.

—KATE LANGLEY BOSHER.

LITTLE WAVE

HURRY, little wave, hurry on, I say
For the West Wind's close at your heels;
Don't imagine that you've time to stop and play,
And to toss your white caps in the sun, I pray,
For he's close at your heels in a cloud of spray,
So, hurry, little wave, hurry on.

Hurry, little wave, hurry on, I say,
For the West Wind's close at your heels,
And he's running in a race with the clouds to-
day,
And the old sun has given him the right of way
So you'll never dare to stop till he says you may,
So hurry, little wave, hurry on.

—JESSIE L. GAYNOR.

MODERNISM

WHEN Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
At hide and seek they played a while,
Jill laughed while Jack he sought her.

But that good time, alas! has gone;
Hill climbing? Jill's not taught to.
When she would see the great outdoors,
Jack takes her in his auto!

LITTLE Bo-Peep, who lost her sheep,
Had much hard work to find 'em,
And when she did the day was done
And she plodded in behind 'em.

But now when Bo-Peep's sheep are lost
She seeks 'em as she's taught to:
Instead of walking all the day
She rounds 'em up by auto!

—SAMUEL V. STEWART.
(Governor of Montana.)

MY WISH

SUCCESS and then the things to fight us
Here I am with tonsilitis.
But if I thought *my pain* could lessen
Some other pain, I am confessin'
I'd like to take out of each year
Say, two, three, months with real good cheer
And give it to some tired soul
Who had no strength to pay the toll.

Coming from me, this should be funny.
My public wish me bright and sunny,
But when I meet these things so sad,
Somehow my "funny bone" gets mad.

—MARIE DRESSLER.

A TREASURE

A GOOD little child
Is a treasure indeed;
I admire her—as everyone should.
But my heart's love goes out
To the dear little child
Who *tries* very hard to be good.

—ROSE STAHL.

THE HOME COMING OF NELSE AINSLEY

IT has been many a year since any public event brought t' th' surface as much lively interest as the home comin' exercises at Melodeon Hall in honor o' th' home comin' o' Mr. Nelse Ainsley. Mr. Ainsley settled in Bloom Center, Indianny, in th' early forties an' introduced th' first organ int' th' state. After a residence o' a few years he pushed forward int' th' far, an' at that time hardly known, West. At th' solicitation o' th' Merchants' Association he kindly consented t' pay his ole home town a visit an' ever' effort wuz made t' make th' event notable. Th' hall wuz crowded an' th' band played liberally, th' selections bein' interspersed by th' Rusty Hinge quartette, whose numbers evoked much applause. Th' address o' welcome by Prof. Tansey, of our schools, wuz unaffected an' delivered without th' aid o' notes or a Prince Albert coat. Th' Professor arose as he would naturally arise an' his remarks revealed a surprisin' amount o' knowledge o' th' conditions here an' in th' far West in th' early days. He said:

“Ther has been in my life four particularly bright epochs, if I may say so, that stand out on memory's scroll, so t' speak, like four golden

pillars on some desert fastness. Th' first wuz my privilege in introducin' William Jennings Bryan at Shoals, this state, in 1896. Th' second, th' distinguished honor, if I may say so, of havin' been selected t' perform th' same function four years later at Tulip, this state. Th' third, so t' speak, wuz th' still further distinction o' bein' called to introduce th' Peerless Nebraskan, if I may say so, four years later at Rensselaer, this state. Now, ladies an' gentlemen, so t' speak, an' members o' th' band, th' comin' splendid epoch, which will make a total o' four, is th' genuine pleasure o' bein' permitted t' introduce t' you t' night that rugged old successful ex-citizen an' unparalleled frontiersman, if I may be permitted t' say so, Mr. Nelse Ainsley.

"Mr. Ainsley has weathered all th' vicissitudes o' th' early West an' now, in th' evenin' o' life, he comes back t' us unscathed an' well fixed, so t' speak, t' talk t' you o' his memorable career an' express his great gratification in bein' able t' be among th' friends, so t' speak, o' his early manhood. My friends, I introduce to you Mr. Nelse Ainsley." (Uproarious applause lastin' some minutes.) As Prof. Tansey took his seat near th' floral horseshoe th' guest o' th' evenin' arose with some effort an' said: "Ladies an' gentlemen, I hain't no speech maker."—ABE MARTIN.

CHIVALROUS BOBBY AGED SIX

ONE day when the whole family were seated at luncheon, Mother noticed that the spoon in the jelly-dish was not in the condition it should have been, whereupon she reprimanded the waitress quite sharply.

Before the disconcerted maid could mend matters, little Bobby piped up: "Does it look as if somebody had licked it?"

—D. L. ELMENDORF.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM

OH Tommy Cats, My Tommy Cats,
What *do* they mean by "ism?"
They talk about 'em all so queer—
My papa and my mama dear—
And something called a "schism"—
But Pussy Cats they say are wise,
Then what's a *catachism*?
And if the *catachism*'s short
Why, then, it truly truly ought
To be a *kittenchism*.

—ETHEL WATTS MUMFORD.

THE DOLL'S HOUSE

LITTLE maids of tender age
Feel that all the world's a stage.
Earnestly they play their part
Learning Mother's useful art.

In a doll's house all complete
They are taught to keep it neat.
There they learn to boil and bake,
Mould a jelly, ice a cake.

Their reward when all is done,
Is Mother's smile, which is their sun.
The world is such a happy place,
When lit by Mother's smiling face.

Little maids do well your part
In learning Mother's useful art,
The blessing of the human race
Is a Mother's smiling face.

—THETTA QUAY FRANKS.

'SPERIENCE

A Banjo Song

WHEN de moon shines froo de pines
An' de fros' lays white all night
On de hill,
An' de swamp am cole an' still,

Ole Man Skunk comes er scuffelin' aroun'
A-diggin' in de groun',
A-diggin' in de groun';
But I isn't gwine out fur to see what he foun',
Not me!
When Ole Man Skunk comes a-callin' in de yard
Leave him be! Leave him be! or he gwine to
leave he card!

When de sun shines froo de pines
An' de li'l lizards play all day
'Roun' de shack,
An' de blue bird done come back,

Ole Man Skunk comes a-shuffelin' aroun'
A-scratchin' in de groun',
A-scratchin' in de groun';
But I sits right tight fur I knows dat sound—
Yaas, me!

'SPERIENGE—(*Continued*)

An' I knows jess 'nuff to be on mah guard
When Ole Man Skunk comes a-callin' in de yard.

—ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

TO MY VALENTINE

AS many as the Stars that shine,
As Billows on the ocean brine,
As Needles in the Woods of Pine,
So many Kisses, long and sweet,
I'd give, and take, and then repeat
If you were only, only mine,
And I your chosen Valentine.

—WILLIAM BELLAMY.

FANCHON

THERE was a little maiden
When the moon was shining bright
Who danced with her shadow
Throughout the long night.

She lived with a witch
In a dark, gloomy glen,
And her only companion
Was a little brown hen.

If you wish to know more
Of this merry little sprite
Come down to Cricket Lodge
In the stillness of the night.

There you'll hear the crickets singing
Their soft and sweet refrain,
And if they whisper "Fanchon,"
That was the maiden's name.

—MAGGIE MITCHELL.

KINDLY ACTIONS

THERE is no Royal Road to heaven they say,
But little kindly actions done each day
Must lead, methinks, that way!

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

MY JEWELS

THERE are goldfish that glitter and shine in
the light,
And swim 'round and 'round from morning till
night,
In a crystal bowl like a bubble in air,
And they, dear child, make my world seem fair.

There's a bird that hangs in the window too,
In a little cage all painted blue.
And he chirps and sings, and if he were gone,
My world, dear child, would seem forlorn.

There's a wee little dog named Kickapoo
Whose love for me is strong and true,
And his only wish is to be with me,
So these are my jewels, dear child, you see.

—MRS. VERNON CASTLE.

DAWNS

A SPIRIT moved in the world's first night,
Over the waters, madly stirred,
And the calm which followed the birth of light
Thrilled to the song of a little bird.

So through the dark of war and fear
A spirit shall move, and the chaos cease,
The shuddering world awake to hear
A bird-song trilling the dawn of *Peace*.

—EMMA CECELIA THURSBY.

MAXIM

A WOMAN of the world should always have
been but should never be in love.

She should always have a grief, never a grievance.

She should always be the mistress of her sorrow, never its servant.

—ELSIE DE WOLFE.

CHRISTMAS DAWN

THE years have darkened o'er our lives,
The songs of morning stars have ceased;
Faith trembles at the step of Death,
When, lo! His star shines in the East!

The fresh wind blowing o'er the sea,
Across gray waves of rushing spray,
Brush back the mists of years, and slow
Unfolds the blossom of the Day!

Oh, radiant Day! When all the world
Would bend to kiss a Baby's hand—
And sudden burst of singing joy
Thrills through the sin-swept, sleeping land!

And once again we're young and glad,
Again our heavy eyes have smiled;
For all the earth has caught the light
That shines about a new born Child!

—MARGARET DELAND.

ODE TO SPRING

O H, Spring!
We welcome
Thee
With glad-
Some smile!
The shift from
Virgin snow
To
Slop-
Py slush
We greet
With child-
Ish glee,
Oh, Spring!
Al-
Ready are the
Sombre sa-
Ble and the
Scented skunk-
Skin com-
Muning
With the pun-
Gent ball
Of cam-
Phor,
Oh, Spring!

As sure thy har-
Binger as the
Robin-red-
Breast
Is the scar-
Let flannel
Airing on the
Sway-
Ing line!
Oh, Spring!
We welcomb
Thee
With glad-
Somb smile!—
Albeit with
Con-
Gestion id
Our doze
And fever
Of the spec-
Ies hay
Withid our sys-
Temb.
Yea, verily
With oped arbs
We wel-
Comb you
Oh, Sprig! —RICHARD CARLE.

A LOVE SONG

*(Translated by Mr. Kennan a number of years ago
from the unwritten literature of the Caucasus.)*

The Young Girl,

“COME out of doors, O Mother, and see
what a wonder is here.
Up through the snows of the mountains, the
flowers of Spring appear.
Come out on the roof, O Mother, and see how
along the ravine
The glacier ice is covered with the Spring-time’s
leafy green.”

The Mother replies,

“There are no flowers, my daughter.
’Tis only because thou art young
That the blossoms from under the mountain
snows appear to thee to have sprung.
There is no grass on the glacier—the blades do
not even start;
But thou art in love and the grass and the
flowers are springing in thy heart.”

—GEORGE KENNAN.



HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

Illustration to
A LOVE SONG

DOUBLE LIMERICK

A LADY with pious intent
To pre-eminent people has sent
A request for a rhyme,
“Just a bit of your time
For beneficent purposes spent.”

So to offset the Teutonic rabies,
And help nurse the many sick babies,
I contribute this verse—
—Which could hardly be worse—
For all who refuse would be Gabys.

—REGINALD DE KOVEN.

BOTHERATION

HOW one suffers indignation
When a-trav'ling in vacation.
One's laid over at some station
Vainly waiting transportation.

“Train is late.” No explanation
Satisfies interrogation.
You can swallow your vexation
Longing for your destination.

Friends await with expectation
To join you in recreation,
Wond'ring why in all creation
You have “bust” the combination.

Hours lag by. Exasperation
Leaves no room for moderation.
Ev'ry form of objurgation
Fills the air with profanation.

Do not utter condemnation
On one who, losing veneration,
Forgets himself in perturbation
And uses words of desecration.

BOTHERATION—(*Continued*)

Depressed by dreary isolation,
Overcome by aggravation,
One sinks at last into stagnation
And loses pow'r for imprecation. 1

But Time at last brings termination
To good and evil situation.
The train arrives. A new elation
Soothes the heart with resignation.

Home again. The old location
Reached at last. What agitation!
Friend greets friend with animation.
For travel, this, the compensation.

—LYMAN J. GAGE.

AS my stock of poetry is rather low, I thought it would not be a bad idea to refer the matter to the children of the Orphan Asylum in which I am greatly interested, and enclose something by Hazel Wilfer, for your proposed book, hoping it will serve the purpose.

—ADOLPH LEWISOHN.

TO MY OLD HOME

(Dedicated to the old institution buildings of the H. S. G. S. at Broadway and 150th St., N. Y. C.)

No more thy loving form we see, old home;
Forever banished is thy flush of life,
No more thy grounds, thy halls, thy chambers ring
With laughter gay and merry childish shout.
Thy structure tall with mem'ries sweet endowed
By human hand, alas! is fast destroyed.

Grieve not because the hand of man, in toil
Progressive, tears thy breast and bids thee die.
So taketh God the life of man himself.

Thy structure gone, but mem'ries bid recall
The happy moments lived within thy wall.
The lordly Hudson flowing on to sea,
The Jersey hillside, dreamy, and the day
When all old friends, now gone, together
played.

TO MY OLD HOME—(*Continued*)

Ah! let them then in ruin lay thee low,
Let all thy beams in twain be cruelly torn.
Long years thou hast not lived and served for
naught.
Dear home, sweet flow'r, thou dost not die in
vain,
Dear home, sweet flow'r, tho' faded, crushed and
torn,
Forever on my heart shalt thou be pressed.

TO OUR CANAL ZONE CHILDREN

WHEN we came to the Isthmus to dig the
big ditch,
To make our great "man-machine" run without
hitch,
We brought down the wives and induced them
to stay,
By making them homes in this land far away.

A steam shovel runs with coal, water and oil,
But men need more than food to keep them at toil;
So, to keep Mike from rum—and from taking a
"hike,"
Why we sent to the States and we got Mrs. Mike.

We cleared up the jungle and built houses there,
Supplied them with food and with something to
wear,
We kept the grass cut and burned out the ants—
Did nearly everything 'cept mend Mike's pants.

At times there was trouble; Mrs. Mike wouldn't
rest
If her ice box or stove wasn't good as the best;
And if Mrs. Neighbor got rugs and she none,
Right quick there was trouble down there on
the Zone.

OUR CANAL ZONE CHILDREN—(*Continued*)

But all things considered the system worked
fine—

And our “by-product” is children; out “on
the line”

I’ve seen hundreds grow up from the toddler’s
class

To barefooted schoolboy or lusty young lass.

Here’s luck to them all, wherever they are—

They are scattered from bleak Maine to warm
Florida;

May they live happily and do their work well,
Just as their daddies did on the Canal.

—GENERAL GEORGE W. GOETHALS.

*LINES ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE
A COUPLET ENDORSING COSMIC
AMELIORATION*

I AM for Better Babies, Purer Milk
And Nobler Souls—and all of that there ilk.

—FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.
(F. P. A.)

A MESSAGE FOR ALL TIME

O WONDROUS Babe of Galilee!
Pure milk of Love Divine brought He
To feed a starving world of old
And cleanse all men from greed of gold.

To-day we need this message, pure
As little children we must be
To catch the chord of Love Divine
And feed again humanity.

—KITTY CHEATHAM.

THE GREEN WIG

WHEN she turned to look at me,
Eyes she had as blue as sea—
The most fetching girl I've seen,
But her hair was sea weed green.

She had garments rather frail
Ending in a "fish's tail."
I felt just a bit afraid.
Could she be a strange mermaid?

No! she's not a strange mermaid,
Dressed in sunlight and in shade.
Not a mermaid after all—
Just a "smart" girl at a ball.

—ISABEL ANDERSON.
(Mrs. Larz Anderson.)

STAR-DUST

THEY tell us we are made of dust—
Dust of the earth! What if we are?
It is a stuff that shines afar,
And ever will, *for shine it must,*
Earth is a star!

—ALBION FELLOWS BACON.

THE SICK BABIES TO THEIR BIG
BROTHERS

HERE is something you can do
If you care to soothe our throats
With nice pure milk to nourish us,
Perform your duty as good men,
By giving mothers votes.

—WITTER BYNNER.

INVOLUNTARY SONNET TO THE
WORKERS FOR

“*LITTLE VERSES AND BIG NAMES*”

Mesdames:

YOUR compilation is a book
I would have taken pride to figure in,
if it had not, unfortunately, been
beyond my powers, by hook or crook,
to write in verse,—or, rather, what might look
like verse if printed so as to begin
each line with capitals. I hate like sin
to have to say so, but you much mistook
my capabilities—and tickled me
thereby, of course,—in thinking that I would
have skill to fashion verses fit to be
identified with any cause so good
as your most meritorious charity,
which I would gladly further if I could.

—JAMES BRANCH CABELL.

TO SARAH BERNHARDT

THE art of acting is a vagrant art;
Its triumph's writ in water on the sands
of time—

A perfect product of the brain and heart,
So quick disclosed, so soon forgot
As to be like the chanting of a rhyme
Into deaf ears that hear it not.

But you, O lady of the Golden Voice,
Whose liquid magic paints all shades of joy and
pain,
Whose slightest smile bids ev'ry man rejoice,
Within whose tears a thousand woes are pent,
Will live this æon through, and live again—
Your perfect art its perfect monument.

—CHANNING POLLOCK.

A LITTLE GOOD FELLOW

Words and Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

p

There must be a mil-lion good fel-lows From
If it was-n't for all these good fel-lows Who
So I'm try-ing my best to be gen-'rous, To

p *rall.* *p*

all the kind things that I hear,.... Who are think-ing of poor lit-tle
send lots of gifts Christ-mas Day,.... A mil-lion or two lit-tle
help all the poor that I see,.... And I hope, when I'm grown up, my

mf

chil-dren.... And what they can give them this year....
chil-dren.... Could-n't have an-y fun, could-n't play....
pa-rents.... Will have made a Good Fel-low of me....

rall. *pp*

rall. *pp*

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A STORY IN NATURAL HISTORY

IT was a morning of bright sunshine and a little bird sat on the branch and caroled up to the skies and rejoiced in the sunshine and in his song. And there came along, creeping towards the bush, a bad, wicked snake, and the snake looked at the little bird and the little bird looked at the snake. And when a little bird has looked at a snake it cannot take its eyes off the snake until the snake has turned its head away; and the snake kept getting nearer and nearer to the bush. And the little bird said to himself, "What shall I do to make the snake turn away his head? I will tell the snake a whopper," so he said, "Mr. Snake, Mr. Snake, there's a beautiful landscape just behind your tail"; but the snake did not care anything at all about beauty or landscapes, and he kept getting nearer and nearer to the bush.

And then the little bird tried again; "Mr. Snake, Mr. Snake, there's a man standing close beside you with a great big club"; but the snake didn't scare worth a confederate dollar and he kept getting nearer and nearer to the bush.

And then the little bird, with a last effort for

liberty and for life, threw away his conscience altogether, and he told an awful whopper. "Mr. Snake, Mr. Snake, there's a really interesting young woman standing close behind you." Now, the snake said to himself, "There are a thousand chances to one that the little bird is lying, but there are ten thousand chances to one that if I do not see a really interesting young woman now I never shall." So he turned his head and the little bird flew away, rejoicing. And there was no really interesting young woman there. And why not? "Because," said the bold bad bachelor who told me the story, "there never was a *really* interesting young woman anywhere."

—GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM.

CROSS WAYS

MAY your "*Little Verses and Big Names*" prove to be a safe and sane "Cock-horse" for carrying these little children of the future past "Banbury" and all other crosses.

—BRIGADIER GENERAL ANSON MILLS.

A HYMN IN PRAISE OF THE PACKE

NOW lette us syng like everything,
& lyft uppe hearte & voyce,
Give prayse unto the Kyng & Queene
& in theyre strengthe rejoyce.
Mayhappe the Knave wee yette shalle save
Yette see hym ful of grayce,
Tho wee may rue thatte 'tis hys due
To falle before the ayce.
To Tenne and Nine and Eightspotte too,
Be honour givn alway,
To Seven and Sixe and Five and Foure
& eke to Deuce and Traye.

—H. E. KREHBIEL.

AFTER ALL

THE old men babble and the young men sing,
What comes between is a very little thing!
A white hand waving and a blue eye glancing,
Tired head for home, or a gay step dancing.
Dust in the road, and a red sun falling,
Love's first kiss, and a babe's first calling,
The young men act, and the old men chatter,
All life is this, and it's no great matter!

—HELEN HAY WHITNEY.

JUNE

THE roseate cloudlets flying,
Have caught in the orchard trees;
And deep in the red, red clover
Are humming the honey bees;
The dearest bud of a baby
Laughs under a flowered bough,
Oh, the sweet things are out in the orchard,
The blossoming time is now!

—CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM.

CHARITY

O CHARITY, O Charity,
By God and angels blessed,
What nobler can we on this earth
Than aid the poor distressed?
When youth and riches all have flown,
How happy yet is he
Who loved his suffering fellow-men,
Immortal Charity!

—OSCAR S. STRAUS.

ONE OF MY FAVORITES

I AM not a poet and am not sufficiently familiar with poems to comply with your request. As the object seems to be a commendable one, I will, however, copy one that might under some circumstances be timely and useful.

“SWEET as the song the robins sing,
Pure as the flow of the crystal spring,
Deep as the depths of a mother’s love,
True as your faith in the God above,
With a harvest of smiles and a famine of tears,
Through all the course of the coming years,
So sweet, so pure, so deep, so true,
Be the joys that fate holds in store for you.”

—GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

I WISH you great success in your most commendable undertaking. The people of our country are our best natural resources and we cannot too faithfully conserve them. Who knows but that, in saving one of those little mites from a crooked spine or an early death, we may be creating a captain of industry, a statesman, or a philosopher, someone who will shed lustre upon our country?

TIMIDITY

Great owls, weird goblins and large bats
May terror add to many a night;
But worse by far than these to me
Are verses that I'm *asked* to write!

They haunt me not by night alone;
They also make the days a fright;
They follow me where'er I go;
Those verses that I *hate* to write.

The Muse comes not at my command;
Take pity on my wretched plight;
Relieve me of that awful load
Of verses that I *cannot* write.

—MYRON T. HERRICK.

THE STRANGE LADY

MY name is Rebecca Mary,
As all of our fam'ly knows,
But a Strange Lady called on Mother,
Who kissed me and called me Rose.

Just in a whisper she said it,
Holding me very tight,
So that I couldn't tell her
She hadn't got it right.

"Rose—little Rose!" she called me
And Mother said, "Is it so?"
And she said, "They might be twin sisters,
But that it was years ago!"

I didn't understand her,
But Mother did, I suppose,
'Cause she smiled at me sort of gently,
When the Strange Lady called me Rose.

—KATHLEEN NORRIS.

THE TRAVELLERS

A NEEDLE of pine and a little red Leaf
(And the Leaf was very young)
Grew tired of their trees and wheedled the Breeze
Till free to the ground they flung.
“This is all very well,” they exclaimed as they
fell;

“Mr. Breeze, you are more than kind!
But it’s not enough, for we understand
There’s nothing like seeing a foreign land
To broaden a thoughtful mind.”

“Travel’s the thing,” said the little red Leaf
(For the Leaf was very young)
“To give *savoir faire* and a jaunty air
And a foreign twist of the tongue.”
So the two that day without delay
Took passage aboard the Chip,
The staunchest boat of the Forest Line,
Ballast of moss and keel of pine,
Just ready to leave the slip.

“Oh for a storm!” sighed the little red Leaf
(For the Leaf was *very* young)
He cried elate, “This is simply great!”
When at first they pitched and swung.

THE TRAVELLERS—(*Continued*)

Said the Needle in fright, "Waves inches in height
Are a terrible sight to see!
Look—up on a foaming crest we go—"
But the little red Leaf had gone below
And wished himself back on the tree.

The Needle of pine and the little red Leaf
(The Leaf was incurably young)
Came back again from the perilous main
With a foreign twist of the tongue.
They were very *blasé* and *distingué*,
By home they were horribly bored,
And the little red Leaf was heard to declare
"I'm sorry I didn't have *mal de mer*!
You ought to go, for really, you know,
You can never be utterly *comme il faut*
Unless you have been abroad!"

—AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION

I HATE to have my muvver ill,—
 The house is sorta dark and still.
 The doctor comes two times a day,
 And I don't feel like any play.
 But then,—here's somepin' makes me glad,—
 I don't feel quite so awful bad
 When neighbors come around and bring
 'Most every lovely sort of thing!
 Maybe some jelly, stuck with grapes;
 Or pretty little custard shapes;
 Or broth, all steamy in a bowl,
 Or whipped cream in a cakie roll.
 Or anything to be polite,
 And temp' my muvver's appetite.
 And frekintly,—'most every day,—
 My muvver, she will sorta say,
 "It's very nice indeed,—I'm sure,
 But now my appetite's so poor,
 I can't eat but a little bit,—
 So, just let Junior finish it!"
 Ah, yes, it makes me awful sad
 To have my muvver feel so bad;
 But it does cheer me up, you see,
 When the leftovers come to me!

—CAROLYN WELLS.

UNCLE WIGGILY'S PHILOSOPHY

IF you've ever had rheumatics,
The gout or other aches,
And taken quarts of medicine
For chills and fever shakes;
And if it hasn't aided you,
Or helped to ease your pain,
But, rather, made the matter worse,
And brought you ill again—
Just take a page from out the book
Of Uncle Wiggily's verse,
And say with that old rabbit chap:
"Oh, well! It might be worse!"

A poor old limping rabbit; this
Is Mr. Longear's plan:
He scuffs along our vale of tears,
And does what good he can.
He hired Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy, who's
His muskrat lady nurse,
And she agrees with Wiggily that
It easily might be worse.



LOUIS WISA

Illustration to
UNCLE WIGGILY'S PHILOSOPHY

UNCLE WIGGILY'S PHILOSOPHY—(*Continued*)

A crutch must Uncle Wiggily use.
It's striped red, white and blue.
As jolly as a barber pole
That's just been painted new.
But he's a great philosopher—
When once he lost his purse,
He only smiled and gaily said:
"Oh, well! It might be worse!"

So, if you can, I really wish
You'd follow his advice.
'Twill make 'most any trouble seem
Much better in a trice.
And thus I'll bring unto an end
My simple little verse,
And say, with Uncle Wiggily:
"Oh, well! It might be worse!"

—HOWARD R. GARIS.

A RHYME

I'M about to compose a fine rhyme
With deep thought and plenty of thyme,
Although if I do it
I'll probably rue it,
Should the sentence at all fit the chryme.

—JAMES F. FIELDER.

(Governor of New Jersey.)

THE BABES OF JERSEY

WHY give them fresh milk, and why dress
them in silk?

To save them,—how much is it worth?
Some time, without doubt, the truth must come
out,

That New Jersey's the place of their birth.

—MELVILLE E. STONE.

THE WEE LIFE

I SEE it first, how small it seems,
Begging so hard a right to live,
Seeking for strength to fight its fight,
Pleading for me its chance to give.

Come, little soldier, take up your arms,
Milk is your musket for weeks to come;
Pure it must be, I'll see to that,
Just a bit of sweet and a little fat.

The world is wide, you're weak and frail,
You'll drop by the wayside and lose the trail;
Your foe is so fierce with germs and things
To take you off on its spirit wings.

Just look at their forces, this precious throng!
Can we let them go, can we do them wrong?
Must they struggle alone as the arrows fly?
Can we see them fall so soon and die?

Oh, hail to the Baby, and make him grow,
Give him the best you have and know;
His God and his State demand his life
With a baby strong for his manhood strife.

(DR.) CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY.

DISCONTENT

A WEALTHY man named Oscar Kling
 Owns all the mines in Ishpeming;
 His house, his books, his *objets d'art*,
 His limousine, his open car,
 His furniture, his clothes, his wife,
 His children and his social life
 Combine to make him thought of, there,
 As Fortune's favorite and heir.
 And yet I've sometimes had impressions
 That he is sick of his possessions
 And bored with all the things he owns.
 At night he lies in bed and groans,
 And envies Hadj, the orange man
 Who sells his wares in Ispahan.

And as for Hadj, the orange man,
 The poorest wight in Ispahan,
 He has no family, no wife,
 No children and no social life.
 At night he finds an alleyway,
 A packing-box or pile of hay,
 And dreams he is an iron king—
 The richest man in Ishpeming.
 He's bored with wearing tattered togs
 And being growled at by the dogs;

DISCONTENT—(*Continued*)

He'd like a fifty-cent cigar,
A butler and a private car,
Champagne, and a soft bed, at night.
—It seems to me that Hadj is right.

—JULIAN STREET.

BEYOND

A DARKENING sky and a whitening sea
And the winds in the pine trees tall!
Soon or late comes the call for me
Then let me lie where I fall.
And a friend may write, for friends there be,
On a rock from the black sea wall,
“Jungle and town and reef and sea,
I have loved God's earth and God's earth loved
me,
Take it for all in all.”

—DAVID STARR JORDAN.

DESTINY

SINCE Bethlehem's Child was born
And angels sang their song,
There is no manger so forlorn
Men dare to say, "It holds a wrong."

From out that manger came our God.
From ooze of swamp the lily springs.
There is no high nor lowly sod,
'Tis sacred soil where love begins.

Let us beware how we pass by
That which we think is evil fate.
Within the vision of His Eye
That child may be the future State.

—THOMAS R. MARSHALL.

(Vice-President.)



Lines suggested during the Reunion of the Veterans at Gettysburg, 1912, when standing in the barn that had served as a hospital, at which the author attended the wounded of both armies.

THE GETTYSBURG REUNION

THE God of Battles hath decreed,
What love of Country bids us heed,
That from this strife shall spring the seed
Of *Reunion* in thought and deed.

East, West and North shall stand as shield,
With Southern men on Battlefield,
When called upon their arms to wield,
No Alien Foe shall make them yield.

—SIMON BARUCH, M.D.

PRAIRIE MEMORIES

O MEMORY, what conjury is thine!
Once more the sun shines on the wheat,
Once more I drink the wind like wine,
When bursts the lark's song wildly sweet—
From out the rain-wet, new-mown grass;
I hear the sickle's clattering sweep—
And peals of laughter lightly pass
From lip to lip; again heap
The odorous windrows rank by rank.
Silent the tumult of the street
From granite pavements ceaseless clank,
From grinding hooves and jar of car
I flee—and lave my boyish feet
Where bee-lodged clover blossoms are!

—HAMLIN GARLAND.

SWEET SAINT CHARITY

I cannot do what you propose: because e'en what I write in prose they say could scarce be worse. Did I essay a lyre to use, I'm very sure my limping muse would make no limpid verse.

I'm not averse, you understand, to give the bairns a helping hand for needed milk and nurses; but by experience I've learned that love, so far as I'm concerned, can't be expressed in verses.

You may, however, in due time, expect a check not writ in rhyme, for "Sweet Saint Charity"; and with it this enheartening word, "Who helps my bairnies, saith the Lord, hath done it unto me."

—REV. DAVID J. BURRELL.

THE GOLDEN RULE IN BUSINESS

WHEN the ambitious boy of the present day
Becomes potential in commerce and
trade,
He will not be busy in trying to slay
The dragon we fought thro' a long crusade—
Cutthroat competition.

The Golden Rule will be his guide,
In business as well as living;
He will take advantage of what we've tried
And have no fear nor even misgiving
About co-operation.

—ELBERT H. GARY.

WHEN YOU'RE AWAY

From "The Only Girl"

Lyrics by Henry Blossom

Music by Victor Herbert

Rather slowly.

When you're a-way, dear, how wea-ry the lone-some

hours!..... Sun-shine seems gray, dear! The fragrance has

left the flowers..... Ev-er I hear you, in seem-ing. etc.

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A YOUTH OF MANASSAS

SAID a Young Litterateur of Manassas,
“Some Poets catch flies with molasses.
I’m for ‘red blood’ and snap
And no ‘highbrow’ pap;
So I’ll feed my wild oats to Pegasus.”

—JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.

A TOAST

A LONG road, a short road, ’tis quite the
same,
Some good luck, some bad luck, ’tis all in the
game;
So here’s to things that are and here’s to things
that seem,
Life may not really be war, mayhap ’tis only a
dream.

—GRACE GALLATIN SETON.

(Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton.)

THE CHILDREN

After Fifty Years

I DWELL in the midst of immortals;
The years are rolled back like a scroll;
Each morning the manna from Heaven
Comes down and refreshes my soul;
For the little white arms still encircle
My neck in their tender embrace,
And the smiles that are haloes of heaven,
Shed their sunshine of love on my face.

The High Tor still shelters the valley;
The Hudson flows on to the sea;
And there, every morning, the children
Are coming and waiting for me;
The bloom is still fresh on their faces;
The light is undimmed in their eyes;—
Untaught, yet such marvelous teachers;
Unthinking, yet wondrously wise.

Aye; wiser than all of the sages
Are God's little women and men;
Ah, could we but lose half our knowledge,
And be as the children again!
For nothing have we but world wisdom,
While they the infallible test;
For the love of a child goes unerring
As a mother-bird's flight to her nest.

THE CHILDREN—(*Continued*)

And these are but types of all children;
Ever trusting, where trust can be given;
Ever happy, for they have no sorrow;—
They had none to bring out of heaven;—
Ever loving, yet never mistaken;
If a child slips its hand into mine,
I am thrilled with a sense of God's favor,
For that is an impulse divine.

These, these are the beautiful beings
God planned for this world without sin;
Fit companions of birds and of flowers,
And the sweet things still growing therein;
And what have we done with the millions
He has sent from the heavenly goal;
Each bearing the seal of the Father
Impressed on its innocent soul?

We have taken His beautiful angels,
Crushed all the God out of them; then,
We have made of them frivolous women,
And selfish and murderous men;
And brothers are killing their brothers,
And sisters are stopping their ears,
To hear not the cry of their sister,
And shutting their eyes to her tears.

THE CHILDREN—(*Continued*)

O, God! From this crime of the ages,
We know as we never have known,
Thine infinite measure of mercy;
For still Thy forbearance is shown
To those who've offended Thy little ones,
And defied Thy commandments and Thee;
While Gomorrah makes laws for the nations,
And Sodom sits throned by the sea.

—CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

FROM "MANHATTAN"

THEY tear them down—the little homes—
They cannot leave them long;
It is as if they robbed the world
Of every little song.

Turrets and towers leap in their places
When frantic Commerce calls;
And underneath Trade's ruthless hand
Each little homestead falls.

Too soon we lose them—little friends—
Too soon their faces go;
Not Time, but Man has crushed them all,
And laid their beauty low.

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

CONTENTMENT

I HAD my dream and so I lived content—
A dream beneath the wide, kind sky of old—
Out in the orchard where the soft winds bent
The swaying branches, and strange stories told
Of life within the far-off town of men—
Mad music on the highway—and the gleam
Of glory on life's firing line—and then
I lived content because of such a dream.

I have my dream and so I live content—
A dream within the gray walls of the town
Of old-time orchard lanes—the fragrant scent
Of mignonette and roses—fields of brown
And golden harvest—the remembered glow
Of God's lost sunshine waning to the gleam
Of star-lit dusk, back home again—and so
I live content because of such a dream.

—GRANTLAND RICE.

AN ANGLER'S EPISTLE

DEAR BROTHER ANGLER:
 Not a fin
 Appears enliquidate within
 These local depths,—whether of trout
 (False phantoms I begin to scout)
 Or of the lordly land-locked salmon
 Of whom they prate the merest gammon.
 So, like my line, intransitive—
 Fixed to no object—here I live,
 Pent in hall bed-room nine by four
 Or vagrant on a vacuous shore.
 If such delights your soul may stir
 You're not the man I thought you were.
 Though they are just as well for me—
 Arrear of tranquillity—
 As haling monsters to the pan
 Or snarking old Leviathan.

And so I shall not play the lyre
 Strung with mendacious telegraph wire
 That you may cheer my solitude
 While vainly questing finny food.

Ah, but I can't forbear a dream
 Of Shinn Pond and of Hobart Stream,

AN ANGLER'S EPISTLE—(*Continued*)

And how if we were luring out
At every cast a lusty trout,
With partridge clucking in the bushes
And bull moose snorting in the rushes.

Alors, let's have some fishing yet!
Meanwhile do not your friend forget;
And may you ne'er slit letter awf'ler
Than this, from

—ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

HIDE AND SEEK

AS I glanced from my study window,
From my work on a busy day,
I looked out on a beautiful garden,
Filled with flowers, and with birds at play;
And I heard my boy at my elbow,
As he whispered soft and low:
“Be careful and do not disturb them,
For it is ‘Hide and Seek,’ you know.”

From the topmost branch of an elm tree,
Which stood on a little knoll,
A glimmer of red in the sunlight,
Showed the Golden Oriole;
A robin, the dear little red breast,
Sat hidden upon the berm,
But he gave his hiding place away,
By seeking an angleworm.

From an oak a jay screamed shrilly,
He couldn't keep still a minute,
For he wanted every one to know
That he was surely in it.
A flutter of wings and they scattered,
And a small voice said with glee:
“That squirrel must have done the hunting,
And I guess ‘All that's out is in free’.”

—L. B. HANNA.

WHO'S WHO

WHO'S WHO

ADAMS, FRANKLIN P. (F. P. A.)

Mr. Adams' daily flashes of wit which he sends forth from the famous "Conning Tower" of the *New York Tribune* are helping to increase the national fund of good humor by giving several thousand people a laugh before breakfast every morning. During the decade and more in which he has been editing columns in various newspapers he has proved that a man of sane ideas can be consistently humorous; also that there is only one F. P. A.

ALDEN, CYNTHIA WESTOVER

Mrs. Alden has the distinction of being the first woman to obtain a political position in the State of New York. She has been a U. S. Inspector of Customs, an interpreter with five languages at her command, and then a journalist and an editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. She is founder and president of The International Sunshine Society, the largest philanthropic newspaper club in the world. In her spare moments Mrs. Alden has managed to find time to write two books.

ALLEN, JAMES LANE

One of the most distinguished and delightful authors America has produced. Mr. Allen was born in the South and writes of the South. Kentucky is the background of most of his work. He has written over a dozen novels, the latest of which is "The Sword of Truth."

ANDERSON, ISABEL

Mrs. Larz Anderson is the daughter of a Commodore of the United States Navy and the wife of a prominent American diplomat. In her well-known book, "The Spell of Japan," she has written of her experiences while her husband was Minister to Japan, and in addition has written several books descriptive of court life in the European capitals.

ARCHBOLD, JOHN D.

A capitalist who has been instrumental in the development of one of the greatest American industries. He has been for a long time president of the Acme Oil Co., and since 1911 a director and president of that flourishing concern, the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey.

ARLISS, GEORGE

Mr. Arliss is an Englishman who has been adopted by the American stage since his first visit to America with Mrs. Patrick Campbell. He is a versatile and finished actor, qualities that are unfortunately only too rare in these days. His performances in "The Devil" and in that universal favorite "Disraeli" will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Arliss is a playwright as well as an actor.

BABSON, ROGER WARD

The greatest American statistician. President of Babson's Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., with branch offices in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and London, and lecturer on statistics and economics in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Mr. Babson is the publisher of "The Moody Manual of Railroad and Corporation Securities", and the author of several well-

known books on statistics and economics. He is a special writer for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Country Gentleman*, *The New York Times*, and other periodicals.

BACON, ALBION FELLOWS

A social reformer and an active propagandist for better housing conditions, Mrs. Bacon has been prominent in social service work for many years. She has founded many welfare societies, among them the Anti-Tuberculosis League and the Working Girls' Association. She is a lecturer and writer on tenement reform.

BACON, JOSEPHINE DASKAM

Mrs. Bacon is an author with many novels to her credit. She has the double gift of being able to charm young people with her delightful stories, as well as to cheer up their elders. She is a poet in addition to being a novelist and a short-story writer.

BAGBY, ALBERT MORRIS

Mr. Bagby is a well-known musician of New York, who studied music many years in Berlin and in Weimar under the famous Franz Liszt. He is originator of a series of over two hundred performances for subscribers at which many famous musicians have played. He writes for the magazines and has produced a musical novel.

BALLIN, HUGO

Mr. Ballin was awarded a scholarship of the Art Students' League, and has studied in Rome and Florence. He has also been awarded a number of art prizes, including the Shaw Prize Fund, Thomas B. Clark Prize, Architectural

League Medal, medal from the Buenos Aires International Exposition, Hallgarten Prize, Isodor Gold Medal. His work has been reproduced in the Critic, Century, Kunst und Kunstlerwerke, International Studio, etc.

BARNES, JAMES

Author, former editor of *Harper's Weekly* and literary editor of the publishing firm of Appleton and Co. Mr. Barnes spent two years in South Africa as a war correspondent during the Boer War. Most of his books deal with the deeds of the American navy and are of historical value. He has also written of the English navy and the Boer War.

BARUCH, SIMON, M.D.

A prominent New York physician and specialist on chronic diseases, lecturer in the College of Physicians and Surgeons and a writer on medical topics. Dr. Baruch was born in Germany and began his career in this country as a Civil War surgeon in the army of General Lee. Since that time he has caused the world a great deal of trouble by being the first to discover and operate for that popular malady, appendicitis.

BELLAMY, WILLIAM

An author who has been gifted with the astonishing ability to write four separate volumes of charades, a feat which will certainly never be duplicated. Mr. Bellamy is a Bostonian.

BENNETT, ARNOLD

Arnold Bennett needs no introduction to the American reading public, for those of us who began with the first of

his "Five Town" novels have been busy keeping pace with him ever since. He is unquestionably one of the greatest living novelists.

BLANCHAN, NELTJE

Under this pen name Mrs. Frank N. Doubleday, the wife of the eminent publisher, is known to countless nature lovers through her books and articles on birds and gardening. One of Mrs. Doubleday's specialties has been the life of the American Indian, a subject on which she has written extensively.

BLAUVELT, MME. LILLIAN

A noted American prima donna and soprano. Her début in opera was made in Brussels after several years of study in New York and Paris and many concert tours. Since then she has been an annual visitor to the capitals of Europe and to America. She has received decorations and honors from England, Italy, Germany, France and Russia, and has sung before many of the European rulers.

BOND, CARRIE JACOBS

A composer who has published several books. She is the author of "Ten Songs," "The Path of Life" and "Stories in Verse."

BONSALL, REV. A. J.

The Rev. Mr. Bonsall is an eminent clergyman and pastor of the Sandusky Street Baptist Church in Pittsburgh. He has published a small book of delightful nonsense rhymes.

BOSHER, KATE LANGLEY

Mrs. Boshier is an author whose work is marked by optimism and good humor. "Mary Cary" is perhaps the best known of her novels. Her latest is "The Man in Lonely Land."

BRENT, THE RT. REV. C. B.

Bishop Brent has taken an active part in the great humanitarian interests of the day. He was president of the International Opium Congress and of the conference at The Hague. He has been a lecturer at Harvard, and since his ordination has been twice elected Bishop of Washington, but has declined that honor. He is the author of several books and is at present the Alexander Duff lecturer at Edinburgh, retaining the bishopric of the Philippines.

BRISBANE, ARTHUR

A brilliant journalist whose editorials, read daily by hundreds of thousands, have become a vital force in moulding public opinion all over America. He is the editor of *The New York Evening Journal*.

BROOKS, AMY

Author and illustrator. Miss Brooks is a writer of children's books. Since she first entered literary work in 1900, she has produced over thirty volumes. All of them are written for girl readers. Perhaps the most-noted is the Dorothy Dainty Series.

BURGESS, THORNTON WALDO

Mr. Burgess' quaint tales of rabbit and fox and bird delight children everywhere. Mr. Burgess was formerly

on the editorial staff of Phelps Publishing Company and Orange Judd Company. He was also for a number of years Associate Editor of "Good Housekeeping." He is the author of several children's stories, and is now a contributor of juveniles to the leading magazines.

BURNHAM, CLARA LOUISE

Mrs. Burnham is the daughter of a well-known composer. She is the author of many excellent stories and poems and has written the text of several of her father's cantatas. Her "Jewel" stories have enjoyed an immense vogue.

BURR, AMELIA JOSEPHINE

The author of two volumes of verse, "In Deep Places" and "The Roadside Fire." The lyric quality shown in Miss Burr's poetry is also in evidence in her fiction. She is the author of many short stories which have won for her the reputation of a mastery of romance.

BURRELL, REV. DAVID J.

One of the leading preachers of the metropolitan pulpit. As minister of the Marble Collegiate Reformed Church for the last quarter of a century he has exercised a powerful influence on the philanthropic and religious development of New York. For two years after his ordination Mr. Burrell served as missionary in Chicago. His sermons are published every week and many volumes have appeared from his pen.

BYNNER, WITTER

Mr. Bynner's poetry is familiar to everyone who keeps in touch with modern verse, for he is a leader in the movement

to free American poetry from the shackles of conventionality and formalism. For several years a successful editor in New York, Mr. Bynner is now established at his home in Vermont where he writes in bucolic ease and comfort.

CABELL, JAMES BRANCH

Mr. Cabell is a novelist of tried ability. His work reflects the splendor of the aristocratic days of the past. He has written "The Soul of Melisande," "The Cords of Vanity," "The Eagle's Shadow" and other novels.

CAPPER, ARTHUR

Governor of Kansas. The citizens of Kansas are never backward in proclaiming the virtues of their great state. They should be proud of their present governor, who is a home grown product. Governor Capper began his career in the humble capacity of compositor on a Topeka newspaper. In eight years he owned the paper, and soon began acquiring seven other journals of which he is proprietor at present. He has now modestly acquired the highest office in the state.

CARLE, RICHARD

One of the chief fun makers in America, Richard Carle is known not only to Broadway audiences, but to almost any American town that is big enough to boast an Opera House. He has the gift of making an audience laugh by merely looking at it. Mr. Carle has written or adapted most of the plays in which he has appeared.

CARNEGIE, ANDREW

To give a biography of Mr. Carnegie is as unnecessary as to give a biography of Napoleon, for he has scattered public

beneficences and libraries prodigally over the land. The great steel-maker, financial captain, and philanthropist has succeeded in every undertaking except that of bringing peace to Europe by his palace at The Hague. He offers the amazing spectacle of a man who has acquired so much wealth that he cannot give all of it away.

CASTLE, MRS. VERNON

Mrs. Castle is probably, in the estimation of most people to-day, a more famous dancer than Isadora Duncan or Pavlowa. She has, with her husband, turned the dance from a rather dull pastime into a mad whirl into which everyone, young and old, has joined. Yet she is to-day still a girl, a charming hostess and a devoted home-keeper.

CHAMBERS, ROBERT W.

Few novelists are better known in America than Mr. Chambers. His name has stared at us from the covers of magazines and novels at every bookstore for years. Mr. Chambers started in as an art student in Paris and had the honor of exhibiting in the salon. Later he became an illustrator, and then plunged headlong into fiction.

CHEATHAM, KITTIE

By her holiday recitals, Miss Cheatham has popularised a good share of the songs best loved by children to-day, and at story telling she is an artist to her finger tips. Thousands of children look forward every year to listening to her ballads and stories.

CHRISTY, HOWARD CHANDLER

The Gibson Girl, the Christy Girl, the Underwood Girl, the Harrison Fisher Girl, and the Stanlaws Girl, are the

most famous of all the pretty girls today, and of these none is more filled with splendid outdoor spirit and clean, long-limbed grace than the Christy Girl. As illustrator also, Mr. Christy is of great importance.

CLOWRY, ROBERT C.

Covering a period of over half a century Col. Clowry served the Western Union Telegraph Company in every capacity from office boy to president, and has probably done more than any other one man in making the telegraph business what it is in America today.

COBB, THE REV. HENRY EVERTSON

Minister of the West End Collegiate Church of New York. A trustee of Vassar and Rutgers college and the Red Cross hospital, he is associated with many philanthropic and academic institutions. Mr. Cobb is also the author of several books, including "Victories of Youth" and "The Ships of Tarshish."

COLL, JOSEPH CLEMENT

Pen and ink is one of the most difficult as well as one of the most subtle of mediums for an artist, and of that medium Mr. Coll is a master. His illustrations to Conan Doyle's "The Lost World" marvelously added to the mystery and power of that book; his pictures for Doyle's "Sir Nigel" had all the swing of the text, and his illustrations of characters from Dickens have a wonderfully true Dickens flavor. Besides his book illustrations, much of Mr. Coll's work has been featured in the Associated Sunday Magazines.

CRANE, DR. FRANK

Dr. Crane is best known to the public at the present time through his daily editorials appearing in the *New York Globe* and other papers. He is an optimistic and cheerful writer with the ability to back up his optimism with common sense and an unprejudiced attitude. He has accomplished the feat of maintaining a refreshingly novel viewpoint, an incredibly difficult task in daily journalism.

CUTTING, MARY STEWART

Mrs. Cutting has been constantly engaged in authorship for over twenty years. She has written many short stories and serial novels for the magazines. Among the novels that she has published are "The Wayfarers," "The Unforeseen," while the last book from her pen was "Refractory Husbands."

DAVIS, DR. KATHARINE BEMENT

As Commissioner of Charities and Corrections for the city of New York, Dr. Davis holds one of the most important posts ever given to a woman. Although nominally her work is only municipal in its scope it has attracted attention throughout the whole country, partly because of the novelty of having a woman in control of criminal institutions, but primarily through her own personality and the genius she has shown in handling difficult and dangerous situations that have arisen in the course of her work.

DE KOVEN, REGINALD

Mr. de Koven is known principally through the melodies he has composed which have through the years become familiar to everyone. He is at the same time a musical

editor and the conductor of an orchestra. His songs appeared first in "Robin Hood" and other famous comic operas. Some of them, like the ever popular "O Promise Me" we can never forget.

DELAND, MARGARET

Mrs. Deland is one of the greatest novelists in America. She is one of the few writers we possess whose work shows a sympathetic understanding of the human heart and yet is not weakened by a single trace of sentimentality. "The Awakening of Helena Richie" and "The Iron Woman" are perhaps the greatest of her novels, though her readers have found an even greater charm in the delightful characters in "Dr. Lavander's People." Her novels have also been successfully dramatised for the stage.

DE WOLF, ELSIE

Miss De Wolf is an artist whose work has taken the form of interior decorating. The novelty of her designs and her exquisite taste are in evidence in many of the most famous country houses and clubs in this country. She is also a philanthropist who has attempted to solve difficult problems by helping the poor to help themselves.

DICKINSON, CHARLES MONROE

Mr. Dickinson is a diplomat who was a very successful journalist earlier in his career. It was on his suggestion and initiative that the various news organizations of the country were combined to form the great organization called the Associated Press. He has been U. S. Consul General to Turkey. In Bulgaria as Diplomatic Agent of the United States he succeeded in forcing the amiable

brigands in that country to release their American captive, Ellen M. Stone. Mr. Dickinson's famous poem, "The Children," finds its sequel in his contribution to this book.

DITRICHSTEIN, LEO

Leo Ditrichstein is an Austrian. His début on the American stage was made in 1890, and since then he has become one of the most popular personalities on our stage and has created many important rôles. He is a dramatist and has produced five plays in this country.

DODGE, JOSEPHINE (MRS. ARTHUR DODGE)

Though Mrs. Dodge is best known as president of the National Association Opposed to Woman's Suffrage, yet she has taken an enduring part in the promotion of child-welfare, and she is president of the National Federation of Day Nurseries, vice-president of the Associations of Day Nurseries of New York City, member of the board of directors of the Child Welfare League, etc.

DRAYTON, GRACE GEBBIE

When Mrs. Drayton's name is suggested one immediately thinks of dozens of pop-eyed but very adorable kids consuming gallons of Campbell's Soup. While she is not the only one who has discovered that children are the funniest creation of man, she seems to have made more of her discovery than anyone else. She has illustrated books and endless newspaper series crammed with hundreds of infants and there is even a Grace Drayton doll. She is an artist and caricaturist of great ability.

DRESSLER, MARIE

Born in Canada, Marie Dressler's first appearance on the stage was in operatic rôles in that country. She soon descended, or ascended, to comedy rôles in which she made an immediate success. In 1906 she became the leading feature in Weber's famous company in New York. She is known equally well abroad.

EASTMAN, CHARLES A., M.D.

Dr. Eastman is an authority on Indian life and the author of books on that subject. He is the son of a Sioux Indian Brave, Many Lightnings, and has spent a great part of his life working for his people. He started as a government physician on an Indian reservation, and later became Indian secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in charge of the entire Indian population, and was also government physician to the Crow Creek Indians in South Dakota.

EDISON, THOMAS A.

The services of Thomas A. Edison to civilization have been so great that it is difficult to imagine what the world would have been like at present if he had not been born. He is a kind of beneficent Jove who has snatched the lightning out of the heavens and has presented it as a gift to the peoples of the earth. He came into the world when it was illuminated with a tallow dip and he has made it blaze with electricity. His splendid personality and tireless industry have become traditional. He is in many ways the greatest of living Americans.

EDWARDS, MRS. JULIAN

Mrs. Edwards, the former Mlle. Philippine Siedle, and prima donna, has sung in opera, oratorio and concert in

England, France, Germany and Holland. On her marriage in 1889, in New York, to the late eminent composer, Julian Edwards, Mlle. Siedle retired from public life.

ELLIS, EDWARD S.

Mr. Ellis has devoted himself for the last thirty years to the writing of innumerable text books and stories for juveniles. Through his school histories generations of school children have been taught the meaning of patriotism.

ELMENDORF, DWIGHT L.

It is unnecessary to state that Mr. Elmendorf is a lecturer. His travel talks and marvelous views have carried shoals of people around the world with him for the small price of a seat at one of his lectures. One of the dominant traits of the American used to be his aggressive insularity. His country was the greatest in the world and his town was the greatest in the country. Not everyone can trip to Europe on a Cook's Tour and Mr. Elmendorf has provided a substitute that is almost as good and has helped make Americans a cosmopolitan people.

EMERSON, HARRINGTON

Mr. Emerson has gained a wide reputation in a new field, and one that is badly needed in this land of waste and national extravagance. He is an efficiency engineer who is devoting himself to raising the standard of the nation by making the individual more systematic in his daily life and work. One of his first and greatest successes was won through his work in reorganizing the system of the Santa Fé Railroad. He is president of the Emerson Co. and the author of many works on efficiency.

ESTABROOK, HENRY D.

A noted lawyer and member of a well-known law firm. For years Mr. Estabrook was the solicitor for the Western Union Telegraph Co. at New York. He is a public speaker and orator and has delivered addresses on many political and patriotic occasions which are of such a high order that some of them have been collected under the title of "The Vengeance of the Flag."

FAVERSHAM, WILLIAM

Mr. Faversham's phenomenal success in Shakespearean rôles is comparable only to that achieved by the late Sir Henry Irving and W. Forbes Robertson. Mr. Faversham was born in England and served for a time with the English army in India. He came to America with Mrs. Fiske's company and for six years was leading man for Frohman at the Empire theater. His latest appearance in America was in the title rôle of "The Hawk."

FENNER, MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN

Mrs. Fenner began writing as a child and in 1899 won the literary prize offered by the *Century Magazine* to the college graduates of that year. "Theodore and Theodora" and "Loyalty Island" are perhaps the most popular stories that she has written.

FIELDER, JAMES F.

Governor Fielder is a lawyer whose political career in New Jersey has been a continuous record of success. He has been a member of the Assembly, of the State Senate, and then President of the Senate. In the latter capacity he succeeded President Wilson as governor, and in November, 1913, was elected to serve for the next three years.

FISKE, MINNIE MADDERN

Like many of our most popular actresses, Mrs. Fiske belongs to the stage by birth and early training. Her father was a theatrical manager and her first bow before an audience was made at the age of three years. By the time she had attained the great age of twelve years she was alternately playing leading rôles and old women parts. Three years later she was a full-fledged star. Mrs. Fiske has created many famous title rôles. She is the wife of Harrison Grey Fiske, the author and producer.

FOSTER, MAXIMILLIAN

Mr. Foster has been eminently successful as a journalist, novelist, and short-story writer, and is a regular contributor to many of our popular magazines. "Keeping Up Appearances" and "Whistling Men" are good examples of his work.

FOULKE, WILLIAM DUDLEY

A successful journalist and author, Mr. Foulke has been a member of the U. S. Civil Service Commission and a former president of the American Woman's Suffrage Association. He is the president of the National Municipal league and a member of the Progressive Party. He is the author of several historical and biographical works. Indiana is his adopted state.

FRANKS, THETTA QUAY

Mrs. Franks is an authority on the proper management of homes, a subject of great importance in these days when domestic economy is being taught in almost every woman's school. She has written an interesting book on household management entitled "Domestic Efficiency."

FURNESS, HORACE HOWARD, JR.

Aiding and completing the work of his father, the celebrated Shakespearean scholar, Mr. Furness has built up a solid reputation for himself among students of Shakespeare. He began to assist his father in the great work of editing and preparing the "Variorum" edition of Shakespeare in 1901. Since then he has edited several of the historical plays and has written extensively on the subject.

GAGE, LYMAN J.

Mr. Gage is a prominent financier and former Secretary of the Treasury in the cabinets of McKinley and Roosevelt. He started in work at the age of seventeen as an office-boy. He became book-keeper, cashier, and then president of the First National Bank of Chicago in 1891. For four years he was president of the U. S. Trust Co. and he has been three times president of the American Bankers' Association. Mr. Gage has now retired and lives in San Diego, California.

GALSWORTHY, JOHN

The author of "The Dark Flower," "The Patrician," "Fraternity" and many other novels, ranks with Bennett, Wells, Hardy and Conrad as one of the major novelists of England. His work is remarkable for the purity and beauty of his style. He is also a dramatist and has written several remarkable plays, of which "The Pigeon" and "Strife" are perhaps the best known in this country.

GARIS, HOWARD ROGER

An author and journalist, Mr. Garis is a special writer for the newspapers. He has produced a tremendous number of children's books, between three and five a year for sev-

eral years. He is the author of "With Force of Arms," "The Isle of Black Fire" and a host of juveniles which celebrate the interminable adventures of Dick Hamilton, Uncle Wiggily and other favorites.

GARLAND, HAMLIN

Hamlin Garland, novelist and dramatist, is a product of the Middle West. He was one of the first writers to reveal the romance and drama of that great region where he has lived all his life, with the exception of a few years in Boston. Mr. Garland is undoubtedly one of the foremost novelists of the United States. As an additional claim to fame he was the founder and first president of the Cliff Dwellers Club of Chicago.

GARLAND, THE RT. REV. THOMAS J.

Bishop Garland has been the editor of a prominent religious paper for two years, and later the secretary of the Diocese of Pennsylvania. He was consecrated Bishop of that State four years ago.

GARRISON, THEODOSIA.

A contributor of many poems and stories to prominent magazines. She is the author of two books of verse which have won for her an enduring reputation, "The Joy of Life" and "The Earth Cry."

GARY, ELBERT H.

As all the world knows Judge Gary is the chairman and chief executive officer of that great corporation, the United States Steel Co. For twenty-five years he practised law in Chicago and was general counsel to several railways and

manufacturing concerns. He organized the Federal Steel Co. and retired from law to become its president, and later aided in the formation of the corporation of which he is at present the head.

GAYNOR, JESSIE L.

Mrs. Gaynor is a composer. After several years of study she taught music in conservatories and music schools of Chicago and St. Louis. She is the author of "Songs of Child World" and "Elements of Musical Composition," in addition to many songs and operettas for children.

GERE, FLORENCE PARR

After an extensive musical training abroad Mrs. Gere, who is one of the younger American composers, has met with much success and her songs are being sung by well-known opera and concert singers. She is the author of operatic and orchestral music, which works are spontaneous with originality and charm. Mrs. Gere writes the lyrics for her own songs, among her best-known numbers being "My Song," "My Garden," and "As a Flower Turns to the Sun." Among her compositions for piano are "An Inspiration," "Three Silhouettes," "Romanza," and "Legend," and a work for chorus and orchestra entitled "Mother Earth," which Mrs. Gere has just completed.

GIBBONS, CARDINAL

Cardinal Gibbons is one of the most distinguished leaders of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. Shortly after he was ordained he became the private secretary to Archbishop Spaulding. In 1886 he was nominated Cardinal and was invested with the princely insignata.

Cardinal Gibbons is a most eloquent preacher and the author of several works.

GIBSON, CHARLES DANA

Mr. Gibson is the dean of all American illustrators; the first to make the "typical American girl" famous by his charming pictures of her. He is still probably the foremost depicter of that charming lady. Not merely with pretty girls, however, but with delightfully humorous series, and faithful character studies of Average People—as seen at the theatre, in the subway and the car—Mr. Gibson is at the head of his profession. No picture is more often seen on the American walls than the famous sketch of Mr. Gibson which represents a chess game interrupted by Dan Cupid.

GILDERSLEEVE, DR. B. L.

Since 1876 professor of Greek at Johns Hopkins University, Dr. Gildersleeve is one of the foremost classical scholars in the country. His early training was gained in Princeton, and at the universities of Bonn and Göttingen in Germany. He has received honorary degrees from most of the prominent universities in America, and also from Cambridge and Oxford.

GLASGOW, ELLEN

Ellen Glasgow is a distinguished novelist who was born in Richmond, Virginia, and who still lives there. She is the author of "The Descendant," "The Romance of a Plain Man," and other novels, and has published several volumes of verse. Her last novel, "The Miller of Old Church," appeared in 1911.

GOETHALS, GENERAL GEORGE W.

General Goethals belongs to that small company of great men whose services to civilisation are so important that they can never be forgotten. In the eyes of the world he represents personally the greatest engineering achievement of all time, for the successful and timely completion of the Panama Canal is undoubtedly due to his mastery of the problems which it created.

GOLDBERG, R. L.

To anyone living within the range of the New York newspapers it is hardly necessary to state that R. L. Goldberg is a cartoonist. The question, "Have you seen Goldberg in the *Mail?*" has started more conversations among Gothamites than the state of the weather. His cartoons are slanderous caricatures on the human race, but for some reason his victims love him for it. Mr. Goldberg publicly professes to be an authority on pugilism.

GOLDWATER, DR. SIGMUND S.

Hospital administrator and advisory expert to many hospitals. Dr. Goldwater has been Commissioner of Health for the City of New York and is considered one of the foremost authorities on questions of public hygiene in the United States. He is a municipal expert in the construction and administration of hospitals and the author of many pamphlets on the subject.

GREENE, GENERAL FRANCIS V.

General Greene, Major General of U. S. Volunteers, graduated from West Point in 1870. During his successful military career in the service of the country he has held

many important posts. During the Spanish war he served as Colonel of a New York regiment and then as commander of the second division of the Seventh Army Corps. Before the war he had been military attaché to the U. S. legation in St. Petersburg, and had been with the Russian army during the Turkish war. He is the author of several important books dealing with military tactics and campaigns.

GUGGENHEIM, SIMON

Senator Guggenheim is one of the members of that remarkable family of financiers whose name stands more than any other for the tremendous development of gold and silver mining on the North American continent during the last generation. He has been a United States Senator from Colorado, and has owned and developed mining properties from Central America to the Arctic Circle.

GUGGENHEIM, SOLOMON R.

Mr. Guggenheim is president of the Yukon Gold Co. and one of the directors of the American Smelting and Refining Co. With his brother he has been associated in the discovery and development of mining industries in this country.

HALL, WINFIELD SCOTT, M.D.

Dr. Hall is professor of physiology at Northwestern University and has been junior dean of the medical faculty since 1901. He is a well-known lecturer and the author of several medical books, including his text book of "Normal and Pathological Physiology." Dr. Hall is a constant contributor to prominent medical journals, but best of all he is president of The Child Conservation League of America.

HAMMOND, JOHN HAYS

Mr. Hammond has had a lively and most successful career as a mining engineer. His early technical training was gained at Yale and at the School of Mines in Freiburg, Germany. He is at present a purchaser of mines, and has even had a narrow escape from being forced to run for the vice-presidency of the United States. He was with Cecil Rhodes in South Africa, and had the honor conferred on him of being imprisoned after the Jameson Raid and having to pay a fine of over one hundred thousand dollars.

HAMMOND, JOHN HAYS, JR.

Mr. Hammond, the son of the famous engineer, is an inventor. Although he is still in his twenties, Mr. Hammond's device for the wireless direction of torpedoes and boats has been taken up by the United States government and has attracted world-wide attention. Almost two hundred patents have been issued in his name in this country and abroad.

HANNA, L. B.

Governor of the State of North Dakota. Mr. Hanna was born at New Brighton, Pa., and has been president of several banks, one of which is the First National Bank of Fargo, N. D., and also president of the Pioneer Life Insurance Company of North Dakota. Mr. Hanna's political career has included the representation of North Dakota in both the House of Representatives and the Senate, and his political services to the whole of the Middle West have been of inestimable value.

HARRIMAN, MRS. J. BORDEN

Mrs. Harriman is prominently identified with charitable and philanthropic organisations. She is a tireless worker in behalf of social legislation. She was appointed by President Wilson as a member of the Industrial Relations Commission.

HARRISON, MRS. CARTER H.

Mrs. Harrison has found time in the midst of her many social duties to weave some of her charm into two novels of which "The Lady of the Snows" is the most popular. She is also the author of many delightful fairy stories. Mrs. Harrison has been decorated by the French government for her work among the French people.

HARRISON, CARTER H.

Mr. Harrison, like his father before him, was five times mayor of Chicago. He was at one time publisher and editor of the *Chicago Post*.

HAWTHORNE, HILDEGARDE

Miss Hawthorne is the author of essays, poems and books, and a constant contributor to *St. Nicholas* and to the *Associated News Syndicate*. In addition to this she is a short-story writer and a literary critic whose work regularly appears in the book review of *The New York Times*.

HAYS, M. G. (MARGARET GEBBIE HAYS)

Mrs. Hays began writing newspaper comics for the *Philadelphia Press* in 1906, and has also written advertising

jingles, verses, etc., as well as being the author of several juveniles. She is a sister of Grace Drayton of Campbell Kid fame, with whom she collaborates.

HAZZARD, JOHN EDWARD

Mr. Hazzard is an Englishman, though this does not prevent him from being an excellent comedian. He appeared last year in New York in one of the chief rôles in "The Lilac Domino," a successful comic opera. He has written a great deal for the magazines, and has published two volumes of verse, "Poetry and Rot" and "Verses and Worse."

HEADLAND, ISAAC TAYLOR

Professor Headland was ordained a minister of the Presbyterian Church in 1890. He went to China as a missionary and has been professor of science at Peking University for several years. He is a contributor to magazines on Chinese subjects, a lecturer on Chinese history, art and literature, and in addition he has gathered the splendid collection of Chinese paintings that is now on view at the Boston Museum of Art.

HEINZ, H. J.

The "57 Varieties" have been to the food problem what the automobile has been to the real-estate problem. The corporation of which Mr. Heinz is president has fourteen branch factories, seventy salting stations, forty-two branch houses and agencies in all parts of the world.

HERBERT, VICTOR

The distinguished composer and conductor was born in Ireland and is the grandson of Samuel Lover, a famous

Irish novelist. Mr. Herbert began his musical career at the age of seven and has studied under leading masters. Before coming to the United States he was heard in concerts throughout Europe. He is a composer of comic operas and orchestra compositions.

HERRICK, MYRON T.

As ambassador to France Mr. Herrick's recent services to citizens of this country and to France at the outbreak of the European War need no comment. In a short time he became the most popular man in our diplomatic service. His invaluable work was recognized by the French government and he has been given one of the highest honorary orders at their command.

HILL, JAMES J.

In August, 1915, the State of Minnesota selected James J. Hill as its most prominent citizen, to be honored on Minnesota's behalf at the San Francisco Exposition. Mr. Hill might easily have been accorded the same honor by the Dakotas, Montana, and other Western states, for he is the "Empire Builder of the Northwest." As president of the Great Northern Railway, he saw that line pushed through to the Pacific, thereby opening up millions of acres to profitable mining, and to farms and homes. The name "Jim Hill" is the most familiar one in all that territory. Not only as a great railroad builder, but as an enthusiast for agricultural development, he has been a godsend to about one-sixth of the entire United States.

HOLMES, BURTON

Mr. Holmes is an indefatigable traveller and a lecturer of whom the American people can never hear enough. He

has invented and brought the word "travelogue" into popular use. Mr. Holmes has published a set of travel books in twelve volumes, describing his journeys around the world.

HOMER, LOUISE

Mme. Homer is one of the greatest opera singers that America has produced. She made her *début* in Paris in 1898, and was immediately engaged for a season at Covent Garden for the next year. For some time she was the star of the Royal Opera in Brussels, but her fame is principally due to the ten seasons in which she has sung at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Mme. Homer's great success has been in contralto rôles.

HOPPER, DE WOLF

To state that De Wolf Hopper is a comedian does not half describe the extraordinary hold that he has over his audiences. He is more than that; he is a humorist whose scintillating wit is so well known that, despite Shakespeare, the play often seems a mere interlude to the real business of the evening, his speech before the curtain. Mr. Hopper is now going about the country in the Gilbert and Sullivan Operas.

HORNADAY, WILLIAM T.

The country owes Mr. Hornaday a debt of gratitude which it can never repay. Through the Audubon Society and through the new laws which he created he has done more to awaken sentiment and to protect the bird life of the continent from the ravages of commercial hunters than any other man. He has aided in creating several of our

great national parks, and is the author of many nature books.

HUBBARD, ELBERT

The death of Elbert Hubbard in the *Lusitania* disaster has been widely mourned through the United States by the countless friends he had made through his magazine and through his lecture tours about the country. The independence of his thought and the vigor of his style had given him a throng of sincere followers, and also a few devoted enemies in whom he took great delight. For many people life will be a little dull without him.

JANIS, ELSIE

This dainty comedienne starred in "The Belle of New York" when only fourteen years of age and two years later achieved tremendous success in "The Vanderbilt Cup." Her charm and beauty have made her a great favorite on the English stage as well as at home. She is a delightful mimic and showed her cleverness in this way to perfection in her most recent success, "The Lady and the Slipper."

JENKS, TUDOR

Tudor Jenks has been popular for a good many years with boys and girls of almost all ages, including many grown-ups who have not forgotten that they were once young. He was on the staff of *St. Nicholas* for some time and is the author of humorous poems and children's books. He is a contributor of prose and verse to leading magazines.

JOHNSTON, MARY

Mary Johnston is unquestionably one of the greatest woman novelists in America. Her fame began at the time

of the vogue of the historical novel with two immensely successful books, "To Have and to Hold" and "Prisoners of Hope." Recently in "The Long Roll" and "Cease Firing" she has shown such a mastery of her subject that the Civil War lives again in her pages.

JORDAN, DAVID STARR

President of Leland Stanford University until 1913, Dr. Jordan is now chancellor of the University. His specialty is zoology, a subject on which he had lectured as professor before he became president. The country knows him best through his wide interest and his endeavors in the cause of world peace. He is the chief director of The World Peace Foundation and the author of many scientific works and books relating to war.

KELLOGG, VERNON LYMAN

A noted zoologist and the author of authoritative books on insects and animal life in the United States. He is the author of "Elements of Insect Anatomy" and other works. Professor Kellogg is a lecturer in bionomics and professor of entomology at Leland Stanford University.

KENNAN, GEORGE

Mr. Kennan is an author, lecturer and traveller who started life as a telegraph operator in the Middle West. Early in his career he went to Siberia as an explorer and telegraphic engineer. Later he explored the Eastern Caucasus and studied the exile system of Siberia. He has lectured extensively in the United States and Great Britain. For a number of years he has been associated with *The Outlook*, reporting the Russo-Japanese war for that magazine. Since 1907 he has been a member of its staff.

KENNEDY, CHARLES RANN

Charles Rann Kennedy is one of the foremost dramatists of to-day, although the list of his plays is not long. His career has been extraordinarily diverse. He has been an office boy and clerk, a lecturer and writer of short stories, and then a dramatic press-agent and theatrical manager. For the last ten years he has devoted himself to playwriting. His "Servant in the House" was extremely successful in America. "The Idol Breaker," his last play, was produced last year.

KERLEY, CHARLES GILMORE, M.D.

Dr. Kerley is a specialist in children's diseases and one of the most noted practitioners in the East. He is a professor in the New York Polyclinic Medical School, a lecturer, and an author of books for the public and for the profession on the care of children.

KILMER, JOYCE

Mr. Kilmer is a journalist, poet, author. Formerly the literary editor of *The Churchman*, he has been for some time a member of the staff of the Sunday magazine of the *New York Times*. He is the author of a novel, "The Summer of Love." His most recent volume of poems, "Trees," is being widely discussed. Mr. Kilmer's wife, Aline Murray Kilmer, is also a writer of some note.

KREHBIEL, H. E.

Mr. Krehbiel is a musical critic whose work is recognized as authoritative. For thirty years he has been on the staff of the *New York Tribune* in this capacity. He is the author and translator of several musical works.

LEUPP, FRANCIS E.

Mr. Leupp is a journalist and author and former editor of the *Syracuse Herald*. He has been actively interested in the work of Civil Service Reform and is an authority on Indian affairs. At one time he held the important post of U. S. Commissioner to the Indians. He is the author of "The Indian and His Problems" and other works. His latest book appeared last year and is a biography of President Taft written for *Scribner's* "Lives of the Presidents."

LEWISOHN, ADOLPH

A prominent American capitalist who was born and educated in Hamburg. Mr. Lewisohn is president of the United Metals Selling Co., vice-president of the Utah Consolidated Mining Co. and a director of banks and trust companies. He has given generously for educational and philanthropic purposes and is the founder of the School of Mines of Columbia University. He has presented to the College of the City of New York that magnificent stadium situated to the south of the college buildings.

LINDSEY, BEN B.

Since 1901 Judge Lindsey has been at the head of the Juvenile Court of Denver, Colorado. During that time he has won an enduring reputation for himself as a champion of the rights of childhood. In fact, the juvenile court of to-day is largely modelled on his work. He has become an international authority in juvenile delinquency, and has lectured and written extensively on this subject.

LOEB, JAMES

Mr. Loeb is a retired banker and a former member of the famous banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. He is a mem-

ber of the English Society of Promotion of Hellenic Studies. He is a graduate of Harvard University and a member of many clubs. His home is in Dobbs Ferry, New York.

LORING, J. ALDEN

Mr. Loring is a naturalist who first came into public notice by accompanying that mighty hunter Theodore Roosevelt on his celebrated expedition to Africa for the Smithsonian Institute. While there he performed the remarkable feat of collecting and preserving almost a thousand skins of animals and birds inside of two months. It would almost be an honor to be skinned by so distinguished a naturalist as Mr. Loring, for in addition to his other work he is also an author.

LOW, SETH

This prominent educator was president of Columbia University and has been equally influential in political spheres as mayor of Brooklyn and then of Greater New York. He has rendered valuable public service in connection with the Carnegie Foundation at Washington and the Peace Conference at The Hague.

MACKAYE, PERCY

Mr. Mackaye is a poet and a playwright whose work has commanded more attention than that of almost any other American dramatist. Since 1904, when he joined the colony at Cornish, New Hampshire, he has devoted himself entirely to dramatic work. He has produced historical and spectacular pageants and many plays in prose and verse, and has lectured on poetry and the drama at many universities.

MANN, LOUIS

Like many prominent actors, Mr. Mann began his stage life as a child. At eighteen he began to travel with small companies and spent more than one season "barnstorming" in classical drama. He has starred in many plays and was a leading member of Weber and Fields famous company. He is the author of several short stories and a comedy, "The Cheater" in which he played the leading rôle.

MANTELL, ROBERT B.

Mr. Mantell has probably the largest Shakespearean repertoire of any living actor. For many seasons he has toured the United States with his splendid productions. Without him, the plays of Shakespeare would have been forgotten in many communities in this age of the movies. In his work he is a direct inheritor of the traditions of Booth and Barrett. Macbeth and Lear are perhaps his greatest rôles.

MARSHALL, THOMAS RILEY

It is quite unnecessary to state that Mr. Marshall is Vice President of the United States. He was admitted to the Indiana bar in 1875 and became governor of the state in 1909. Before the end of his term he was elected to the Vice Presidency of the country.

MARTIN, ABE

Abe Martin is the pen name of Frank McKinney Hubbard, caricaturist and newspaper paragrapher. His humor has charmed the thousands who have read the various install-

ments of "Abe Martin's Almanac" and "Back Country Folks."

MASON, WALT

Walt Mason is so familiar a name to almost everyone that it is almost a shock to discover that he is a real person. He is, in fact, a humorist and poet, and is associated with William Allen White on the *Emporia Gazette*. His prose poems are published daily in about two hundred papers in the United States and Canada, so that he is believed to have the largest daily audience of any author.

MATTHISON, EDITH WYNNE

Whether as the wife of Charles Rann Kennedy, or as the star in "Everyman," "The Servant in the House," and many other famous plays, Miss Matthison has a definite place in the stage world of both England and America. Admirable though her acting ability is, she is, perhaps, best known for her beautiful voice.

McCARTHY, JUSTIN HUNTLEY

An English novelist, dramatist and historian. He has travelled extensively in Europe, Egypt and America. In this country, "If I Were King" is perhaps his most popular drama. His history of the French Revolution has become a classic. He has also written a history of Ireland and a history of the United States.

McRAE, BRUCE

Mr. McRae is an actor, who was born in England. His support of Ethel Barrymore in "Lady Frederick," Blanche Bates in "Nobody's Widow," and of Jane Grey in that

howling success, "Nearly Married," has made Mr. McRae what he is to-day in the theatrical world.

MILES, GENERAL NELSON A.

In the long list of the military heroes who gained a reputation in the Civil War no man showed his genius for war more rapidly than did General Miles. He entered the war with a regiment of Massachusetts infantry, became a Lieut. Colonel in 1862 and Major General of Volunteers three years later. For his meritorious and gallant conduct Congress granted him a medal of honor. General Miles conducted many campaigns against the Indians. He retired from active service in 1903.

MILLS, BRIGADIER GENERAL ANSON

After a long service in the army of the United States, he attained his present rank of Brigadier General. During his long campaigns in the Civil War General Mills was never absent on leave or sickness. He has been engaged in the major Indian wars. He is the inventor of the woven wire cartridge belt used in the U. S. army and navy and in the British army.

MITCHELL, MAGGIE

Maggie Mitchell is an actress who was famous in our mothers' days. She began her career on the stage as a baby over eighty years ago and played her first child's part before she was five years old. She has played the title rôles in "Jane Eyre," "Fanchon," "Nan, the Good for Nothing" and other plays.

MOFFETT, CLEVELAND

Mr. Moffett is a newspaper man, an author and a playwright. His articles and fiction appear in many of the prominent magazines. Among his most popular books are "Careers of Danger and Daring" and "Through the Wall." His latest work, published serially as "The Conquest of America in 1921" and about to be issued in book form under the title of "Saving the Nation," is a remarkable example of imagination combined with realism.

MUMFORD, ETHEL WATTS

A novelist, playwright and woman of affairs. She has travelled extensively in Europe and the Orient and combines an incisive wit with an unusual knowledge of international politics.

NAZIMOVA, MME. ALA

Mme. Nazimova, the great Russian actress, conquered the audiences of this country in her first season on the American stage. Her interpretation of "The Doll's House" and "Hedda Gabler" showed her art at its highest point. In Robert Hichen's "Bella Donna" she played the sinister rôle of the heroine so brilliantly that she forced the American public to forego its traditional hostility toward unpleasant plays.

NEVIN, ARTHUR

Arthur Nevin is an American composer whose work has gained an immense popularity in this country. He studied in the New England Conservatory of Music and in Berlin. He has written many songs and compositions for the orchestra and piano. In 1910 a North American Indian

opera of his was produced in Berlin. He has lived for several years among the Indians and has rendered a valuable service by writing down and orchestrating their wonderful and vanishing music.

NEWELL, PETER

When John Kendrick Bangs' "A Houseboat on the Styx" was popular, the whimsical illustrations of Mr. Newell were as responsible for its success as Mr. Bangs' clever text. Ever since then whenever an art editor has wanted a quaint, round-eyed youngster to enliven his pages, he has called upon Mr. Newell.

NICHOLSON, MEREDITH

Mr. Nicholson is a novelist whose books have more than once attained the high-water mark of popularity as "best sellers." The author of "The House of a Thousand Candles" and "The Port of Missing Men" is not content with being a novelist, and has also written a book of poems and one of essays. Mr. Nicholson is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

NORRIS, KATHLEEN

Formerly a newspaper woman, Mrs. Norris' greatest novels, "Mother," "Saturday's Child" and "The Treasure" have been written within the last few years. Their success has given her a high rank among the writers of to-day and a national reputation among the reading public.

OGDEN, RUTH (MRS. FANNIE OGDEN IDE)

Mrs. Ide is a writer of juveniles and author of "His Little Royal Highness," "A Loyal Little Red-Coat," "A Little

Queen of Hearts," "Courage," "Little Homespun," "Tattine," "Loyal Hearts and True," "Friendship," "The Good and Perfect Gift," etc.

OSBORNE, WILLIAM HAMILTON

Mr. Osborne is a member of the New York bar. Occasionally he finds time to write a novel or a few short stories when his legal duties are not too pressing. He is the author of "The Red Mouse," "The Catspaw," "The Running Fight" and other novels.

"OSCAR"

In his own way "Oscar" is a great artist, though his work is in mixing condiments and sauces rather than paints. He enjoys the distinction of being the most famous maître d'hôtel in the United States. "The Waldorf Cook Book" is a proof of his experience and skill.

PAINÉ, ALBERT BIGELOW

Mr. Paine is an author with many volumes to his credit. His splendid biography of Mark Twain which appeared two years ago will perhaps constitute his chief claim to fame. Mr. Paine has seemed to absorb some of the spirit of the great humorist in his description of the life of his old friend.

PARKER, HORATIO

Mr. Parker is an organist, a noted composer and professor of Music at Yale University. In 1910, his opera "Mona" received the prize of ten thousand dollars offered by the directors of the Metropolitan Opera House. During the last year he has won another competition for the best opera

by an American composer. He is the author of cantatas and compositions for the orchestra, among them the familiar cantatas, "Hora Novissima" and "King Trojan."

PEPPER, GEORGE WHARTON

Mr. Pepper is a distinguished lawyer who has written several books dealing with his profession. Among them are "The Borderland of State and Federal Decisions," "A Digest of the Laws of Pennsylvania," etc. Mr. Pepper has a facile wit and humor that has made him a most popular after-dinner speaker.

POLLOCK, CHANNING

Before he became a playwright Mr. Pollock had been a dramatic critic for the *New York Times*, and a press representative for William A. Brady and the Shuberts. Nine years ago he retired to devote himself to dramatic writing. Since then he has produced many plays, of which "The Beauty Shop," "Such a Little Queen" and "The Little Gray Lady" are the best known. He is also the author of several books of dramatic stories and criticism.

PORTER, ELEANOR H.

Mrs. Porter is a novelist. One, at least, of her books has attained an immense popularity that few living authors can duplicate. Her universally loved novel, "Pollyanna" illustrates the charm of her characterization and style. Mrs. Porter has contributed fiction to all the important magazines, and is the author of some two hundred short stories.

PORTER, GENE STRATTON

An illustrator who has become a popular author, Mrs. Porter was for two years editor of the camera department

of *Recreation* and later on the staff of *Outing*. She is an authority on natural history, and has written books on birds in addition to her novels. She is the author of "What I Have Done with Birds," "Laddie," "The Girl of the Limberlost," and others.

POST, GEORGE A.

Mr. Post is a manufacturer and a capitalist who began his career in the freight office of the Erie Railroad. By studying law at night he was admitted to the bar. Shortly after this he tried journalism for a time, and then deserting both these professions, went back into business. He is now the president of the Standard Copper Co. and chairman of the Railway Business Men's Association. He is universally known as "an apostle of good humor."

POWELL, MAUD

Maud Powell is a violinist and one of the greatest in the United States. Her musical education was gained at Paris and Berlin, and also in Chicago, for she is an American. Miss Powell has toured the European continent at least twice, and she has been heard through the cities of South Africa and Russia. For twelve years she spent every musical season in this country, and has introduced more violin music to the American public than any other artist.

PUTNAM, GEORGE HAVEN

Mr. Putnam is a distinguished publisher and president of the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons. He was educated in this country, in Paris at the Sorbonne, and at the University of Göttingen in Germany. He was influential in securing uniformity in international copyright laws and is one of the best-known authorities on the subject. He was deco-

rated by France with the cross of the Legion of Honor. Mr. Putnam is the author of a book on Abraham Lincoln, "Books and Their Makers in the Middle Ages," and other volumes and he has written numerous works on copyright besides being a contributor to several encyclopedias. He rose from private to major during the Civil War.

REILAND, THE REV. KARL

The Rev. Dr. Reiland is one of New York's leading clergymen. He is the pastor of St. George's Church, 16th St., New York, and for eight years was associated with the Rev. Dr. Huntington, as special evening preacher at Grace Church, New York. He is a Doctor of Laws.

RICE, ALICE HEGAN

The famous author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary" was born in the South and lives in Louisville. She is the wife of Cale Young Rice, the poet and dramatist. Mrs. Rice's latest novel is "The Honorable Percival."

RICE, GRANTLAND

Grantland Rice is a friend of all baseball fans as a result of the columns that appear daily in the press under his name on that greatest of American games. Occasionally, when he happens to feel in a poetic mood, he writes in verse. He is now on the staff of the *New York Tribune*.

RILEY, ALICE C. D.

She is the author of charming songs for children. Some of her latest verse has been published with the music for the songs written by the famous composer, Horatio Parker.

RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB

Mr. Riley is a great American poet. Like Lowell some of his best and certainly his most popular work is written in the dialect of the people among whom he lives. He has been long known as the Hoosier poet. He is the author of a great number of books of verse. A biographical edition of his complete works was published in 1913. He is to American poetry what William Dean Howells is to prose.

RITTENHOUSE, ANNE

Editor of the woman's section of the *New York Times* and many other journals. Her work is syndicated throughout the daily press and thus reaches thousands of women whom she tells what they want to know. Her real name is Harradele Hallmark.

RIVES, AMÉLIE

Amélie Rives, or the Princess Troubetzkoy in real life, is a well-known novelist. Her first novel, "The Quick and the Dead" was published about the time of her marriage to Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy of Russia. She is the author of "Pan's Mountain," "The World's End" and other novels, and a contributor to many magazines.

ROLPH, JAMES, JR.

From office boy to Mayor of San Francisco is a step that makes the career of Mr. Rolph worthy of one of Horatio Alger's heroes. He has been president of banks and director of many prominent companies in the west. As if being mayor of the great city at the Golden Gate was not enough honor for one man, he is at the same time vice-president of the Panama Pacific Exposition.

SABIN, EDWIN L.

Edwin L. Sabin is the author of several books for boys, describing the life and growth of the west. His last book, "On the Plains with Custer," was published in 1913.

SCHAUFFLER, ROBERT HAVEN

Mr. Schaufler's talents are many and varied. He is best known as a musician and as an author. In 1906 he had the honor of being decorated by the Queen of Italy for winning the national tennis championship and he represented America at the Olympic Games in Greece. He is also an amateur sculptor whose work has been exhibited. He has represented various magazines abroad. Among his books are "Scum o' the Earth, and Other Poems," "Romantic Germany" and "Romantic America." His essays have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and *The Century*.

SCHIFF, JACOB H.

Mr. Schiff is a prominent financier and capitalist. He was born in Germany and came to this country at the age of eighteen. He is a member of the banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Co., director of the Western Union Telegraph Co. and of several banks. He is a philanthropist, the founder of the Jewish Theological Seminary and of the Semitic Museum at Harvard.

SCHOONOVER, FRANK E.

Mr. Schoonover's delightful illustrations appear in the current magazines and also in books. In addition he has written several articles on the life of the Canadian trapper in the far North.

SCHULTZE, CARL EMIL

Mr. Schultze, under the name of "Bunny," became famous as the originator of that well-known series "Foxy Grandpa," which was first published in the *New York Herald*, and then continued in the *New York American*. Mr. Schultze is the author of numerous books relating to the "Foxy Grandpa" series.

SETON, GRACE GALLATIN

Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton is a writer and a book designer. She began in 1897 to design the covers and title pages of books. She is prominent in suffrage work and is the vice-president of the Connecticut Suffrage Association. She is the wife of Ernest Thompson Seton, the author.

SKINNER, OTIS

Otis Skinner's professional début was in the Philadelphia Music Hall in 1877. For several years he played important rôles with the famous actors, Augustin Daly and Lawrence Barrett, in London, Paris, Berlin, etc., and was for many seasons Mme. Modjeska's leading man. Since that time he has been starring in romantic plays, and is one of the most popular actors in America.

SMITH, MAY RILEY

The author of several books of verse. Her poems have appeared in compilations and in many newspapers and magazines. The most noted of them are "The Last Christmas and Other Poems," and "Some Time and Other Poems."

SOUSA, JOHN PHILIP

John Philip Sousa conducted his first orchestra at the age of seventeen, and was for some time a violinist playing in a famous orchestra. He has toured Europe as director of Sousa's band five times, and, with his band, has toured the world. He has been decorated by England, France and Belgium. He is the composer of famous and stirring marches, a symphonic poem, and several comic operas.

SPALDING, ALBERT

Mr. Spalding is no doubt the greatest violinist America has yet produced. He was educated in Italy under the best teachers and at the age of fourteen took the examination for Professorship at the Conservatory of Bologna, passing this examination with ninety-seven points out of a possible one hundred. It was thought for a long time that he was the youngest student to pass such an examination, but it was later discovered that one hundred and thirty-three years before that Mozart had passed a similar examination at the same age. Mr. Spalding has appeared in every musical country in the world. He has written many numbers for the violin, and his recent composition, "Alabama," has won high favor in the hearts of the American public.

STAHL, ROSE

From her early childhood, Miss Stahl showed a remarkable ability on the stage that prophesied her future success. The theatre-going public is proverbially short minded, but it has not yet forgotten the sensation which she created in "The Chorus Lady." A short time ago her sympathetic

rendering of the part of a department-store girl still further increased her popularity.

STETSON, AUGUSTA E., C.S.D.

For over thirty years Mrs. Stetson has been a preacher, teacher and practitioner of Christian Science mind healing. Among her publications on this subject are "Reminiscences, Sermons and Correspondence" and "Vital Issues in Christian Science." She is also the author of a book of poems.

STEWART, SAMUEL VERNON

As a lawyer Governor Stewart followed the political path through the county attorney's office and the chairmanship of the Democratic State Central Committee, which brought him to the Gubernatorial Chair of Montana in 1913.

STONE, MELVILLE E.

Mr. Stone probably knows more about the American newspaper than any man in the country. He has been a reporter, an editor, and has started two newspapers in Chicago, *The Chicago Record* and *The Daily News*. Since 1893 Mr. Stone has been the general manager of the greatest news organization in the world, The Associated Press.

STRAUS, NATHAN

A New York Merchant and one of the most far-sighted philanthropists in the United States. Mr. Straus is a partner of the firm of R. H. Macy and Co., and part owner of Abraham & Straus, both of them great department stores. He has been president of the Board of Health of New York and originated and has financed the

system of providing the city's poor with sterilized milk which has undoubtedly saved the lives of thousands of children. He has also maintained a system of lodging houses in the city, and has established soup kitchens and a health bureau in Jerusalem to relieve the suffering in Palestine.

STRAUS, OSCAR S.

Mr. Straus is a brother of Nathan Straus, and is a prominent diplomat. His first appointment sent him to Turkey and in 1909 he became ambassador to that country. He is a member of the permanent committee on arbitration at The Hague. Under President Roosevelt he was the Commissioner of Labor. He is the author of "The American Spirit" and six other works of similar nature.

STREET, JULIAN

Mr. Street is an author, and a former reporter and dramatic editor of *The Evening Mail* of New York. He is a contributor to the magazines and the author of novels and humorous tales of travel, like his "Ship Bored," etc. Mr. Street is the author of "The Gold Fish," a book which created a sensation when it appeared in 1912.

SUNDAY, BILLY

Mr. Sunday, as everyone knows, is an evangelist with a remarkable gift for oratory and a power over his audiences that has not been equalled since the days of Dwight L. Moody. Formerly a baseball player, Mr. Sunday has preached for over ten years, though it has only been in this last year that his campaigns have attracted universal attention. He is an evangelist of a new type, and although

many disapprove of his freedom of speech in the pulpit, the masses are the final judge and they come to him in thousands.

TAPPER, BERTHA J.

Bertha J. Tapper is Mrs. Thomas J. Tapper in private life, and like her husband she is a musician. Mrs. Tapper has studied in Leipzig and in Vienna under Leschetizky. She has taught in music schools in Boston and New York, and is the author of many songs and compositions for the piano.

TERHUNE, ALBERT PAYSON

An author and prominent in journalism in New York. Mr. Terhune has travelled on horseback through Syria and Egypt investigating leper settlements, and has lived for a year among the Bedouins of the desert. He is the author of several novels, the latest of which, "Dad," appeared last year. With his mother—Marion Harland—Mr. Terhune wrote "Dr. Dale, A Story Without a Moral," being the first instance on record of a mother and son writing a novel in collaboration.

TERHUNE, ANICE

The children's verse and children's music of Mrs. Terhune, as well as her more serious music for grown-ups, has a standard position and is known to every American student of music to-day. Mrs. Terhune is the wife of Albert Payson Terhune.

THURSBY, EMMA CECELIA

A prominent singer who made her *début* at the time of the Centennial Exposition. She refused many fine offers to sing in grand opera and remained for many years a

leading dramatic soprano in oratorios. At present she lives in New York and is in great demand for coaching operatic singers. Miss Thursby was the first teacher of Geraldine Farrar and has had many other noted pupils.

TIFFANY, LOUIS COMFORT

Mr. Tiffany is an artist and the son of Charles Tiffany, the famous jeweler. He is a painter largely engaged in decoration, but he is perhaps best known throughout the artistic world for his discovery of new formulas for making decorative glass, such as the beautiful Tiffany Favre glass.

TOMPKINS, JULIET WILBUR

To almost anyone who has followed the contemporary magazines, Juliet Wilbur Tompkins is a familiar name. She is the author of novels which have won a warm welcome from the public in addition to being a writer of many short stories. She was once an editor of *Munsey's Magazine*.

TOWNE, CHARLES HANSON

That poets are proverbially unbusiness-like is a rule that does not fit Mr. Towne, for he is the author of several books of verse and at the same time is one of the most successful editors in New York. Formerly the editor of *The Designer*, he is now the managing editor of *McClure's Magazine*. A juvenile by Mr. Towne, "Jolly Jaunts with Jim," appeared in the fall of 1915.

TYSON, CARROLL S., JR.

After years of study in Munich and Paris Mr. Tyson has returned to America as an artist of prominence, and in 1915 took the gold medal at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts with a landscape of rare beauty.

UNDERWOOD, CLARENCE

The tall, superb American girls by Mr. Underwood, which appear upon the covers of our greatest magazines, reappear every Christmas in calendars which are sold by the hundreds of thousands, and thus the Underwood Girl is ever pleasantly with us. As an illustrator as well, Mr. Underwood is everywhere known.

VANDERLIP, CHARLOTTE DELIGHT

Miss Vanderlip is a recent adventurer in authorship, as she is only eight years old. She is the daughter of Frank A. Vanderlip, the wealthy banker and capitalist, who, upon confessing that versification is not numbered among his many accomplishments, proved that it is after all one of the family talents.

VAN DYKE, PAUL

Professor Van Lyke holds the chair of European History at Princeton University. He is a minister of the Presbyterian Church and is the author of authoritative historical works, such as "The Age of the Renaissance" and "Renaissance Portraits."

VAN RENSSELAER, MRS. SCHUYLER

Mrs. Van Rensselaer is a writer whose articles have appeared in prominent magazines for many years. She is an authoritative art critic, and has written a book of poems. She is the author of a book on English cathedrals and a history of the city of New York.

WASHINGTON, BOOKER T.

Mr. Washington is one of the most prominent and useful citizens in the United States. His educational work among

the colored people of the South has done much to lift his people from the depths into which race prejudice and lack of advantages had sunk them. He has pointed the way toward the solution of one of the most difficult problems that confronts the nation.

WELLS, CAROLYN

Carolyn Wells has written a great many books, but the public loves her best as a humorist. She has written more nonsense rhymes than anyone on this side of the world. Some of them have been collected from the magazines in which they appeared and have been published under various titles, such as "Idle Idyls," "The Jingle Book," "A Nonsense Anthology," etc. She is the author, among other books, of "The White Alley," "The Rubaiyat of a Motor Car" and "The Lover's Baedeker."

WEST, ANDREW F.

Dean West is a noted classical scholar and authority on Latin literature. Besides being the professor of Latin at Princeton University, he is the Dean of the new Graduate School at Princeton.

WHITE, STEWART EDWARD

Mr. White is one of the most successful novelists in the country, author of "The Conjuror's House," "The Claim Jumpers," "Gold," "The Mystery," "The Riverman," etc. He is a Westerner, an apostle of the outdoor life who spends most of his time in the mountains, or in African jungles.

WHITNEY, HELEN HAY

An author whose books appeal to everyone, including young people. She is the author of "Birds and Beasts,"

"The Little Boy Book," among others, and has written a book of sonnets and other poems.

WHITTEN, MARY STREET

Mrs. Whitten is a writer of juvenile literature. She is a sister of Julian Street, the author.

WIDDEMER, MARGARET

Miss Widdemer is a contributor of short stories and poems to the current magazines. She is now devoting herself largely to novel writing. This year she is bringing out three books, two novels and a volume of poetry, entitled "The Factory."

WIGGIN, MRS. KATE DOUGLAS

Mrs. Wiggin's great success as an author dates from the publication of "The Bird's Christmas Carol," which has long become a classic. Other books are "The Story of Patsy," "Timothy's Quest," etc. Her early experience as a public school teacher has enabled her to write many popular books for boys and girls in addition to her other productions.

WILCOX, ELLA WHEELER

Mrs. Wilcox is primarily a poet whose work appeals to an immense number of readers. A great deal of her verse appears in the daily newspapers so that she is doubtless more widely read than any other American poet. Mrs. Wilcox is also a writer of short stories, etc.

WILEY, DR. HARVEY W.

When he was the pure food expert for the government Dr. Wiley discovered a few things about the methods of the

conscienceless manufacturers of food products that led him to prosecute them so relentlessly that they have been forced to stop poisoning the people for profit. Our present pure food laws are directly the result of his efforts to save the digestion of the American public.

WILSON, WOODROW

A scholar of rare attainments, Mr. Wilson has disproved that ancient theory that a scholar is never a statesman. By his admirable handling of the nation's affairs in the crisis arising from the European War, he is proving himself to be a maker as well as a writer of history.

WISA, LOUIS

Louis Wisa is an illustrator who makes animal pictures and cartoons his specialty. His work has become widely known through his association with various newspapers throughout the country.

WISTER, OWEN

The world knows Owen Wister as an author, though he started life as a lawyer. As long as the cattle country of the West is a land of romance and adventure to most readers of books, his novels will be in demand. In "The Virginian" he produced a novel which has had such an extraordinary success and which was so remarkably good that it started an entire school of fiction. Many people religiously read it over and over, and doubtless will keep on doing it until he writes a better one.

WITHYCOMBE, JAMES

Governor of the State of Oregon. He is at the head of the Agricultural College of that state, and has done a great

deal toward improving the laws and creating new legislation for the improvement of agricultural conditions in the northwest.

WOODRUFF, HELEN S.

Mrs. Woodruff is a remarkable instance of a woman of high social position who has succeeded in writing delightful books. The proceeds of much of her work are devoted to the New York schools for the blind. Among her books are "The Lady of the Lighthouse," "Mis' Beauty," "The Little House," and "Really Truly Fairy Stories," the last a book for children, published in the fall of 1915.

WYATT, EDITH

A member of the Ethical Culture Society and the Consumer's League. She is the author of several books, including "Making Both Ends Meet" and "Everyone His Own Way."

ZEISLER, FANNY BLOOMFIELD

A noted American musician. She is a pianist who has studied abroad and has played in the principal German and American cities during many tours. She is a distinguished member of many musical clubs.

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