

JANUARY 1928

'35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

On Uncle Dick's big
ranch there were baby
kittens,
puppies,
calves,
chickens,
turkeys,
and ducks.

And of them all, Littlebits
liked the baby ducks the
best because they were so
yellow and downy with eyes
like bright, black buttons.



Black and white reproduction of full-page color plate from "Littlebits"

This is Littlebits, herself, with the
small, yellow, baby ducks.



LITTLEBITS

Written by
EDITH J. CRAINE and ALBERTA N. BURTON

Attractively illustrated in color
By DOROTHY LAKE GREGORY

Published by RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

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NEW YORK

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Telling the Story in Pictures

of the great influence the "growth element" in food
has on the lives of children

Where to find that element in a breakfast cereal



THAT correct breakfasts make a tremendous difference in the mental and physical development of children every person knows. Few, however, know how great that difference is.

Whether or not your children measure up to the mark of those photographed here depends largely on how carefully they are supplied with essential food elements.

At breakfast that means well-balanced food—as deliciously served as you know how—which supplies the usual energy elements PLUS food's great Growth Element, protein.

16% is protein

Quaker Oats contains 16% protein—vegetable meat. The oat contains more of this element than any other cereal known.

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70% of the day's school work crowded into 4 morning hours!

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George Nichols, a sturdy specimen of richest breakfast now the Quaker Oats boy quickest.

lessen the need for laxatives also is importantly combined.

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than toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the Quaker Oats boy quickest.



Hot oats breakfasts are wisely provided by most mothers for body building, during the important growing years



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Number I

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY

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ESTABLISHED 1921—Entered as second-class matter December 28, 1922, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. ROSE WALDO, Editor, F. L. McNALLY, Managing Editor and Business Manager, MARJORIE BARROWS, Associate Editor, E. DWAYN CRISTOFORINI, Advertising Manager, ARTHUR H. GORTON, Circulation Manager.

TERMS: To the United States, Canada, Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Porto Rico, Cuba and Mexico, \$2.00 per year; single copies 35 cents. Other foreign countries, \$4.00 per year. Change of address should be received not later than the first of the preceding month and should give the old as well as the new address. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations.

H. B. CLOW President
F. L. McNALLY Vice-President

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
526 S. Clark Street
CHICAGO

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220 Madison Avenue
NEW YORK



559 Mission Street
SAN FRANCISCO

CHILD LIFE and its editors receive manuscripts and art materials, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.

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CLEOPATRA SIPPED A PEARL

FAMOUS PEARLS IN HISTORY

MANY YEARS ago there lived a beautiful queen in Egypt called Cleopatra. History tells us that she inherited from the kings of the East, two pear-shaped pearls perfectly shaped and so large that they were worth a fabulous sum of money. Because of their great beauty and value they became the first famous pearls in history. Cleopatra used them as earrings.

Mark Antony, a great Roman general, was invited by Cleopatra to a banquet given in his honor. During the feast Mark Antony told of the many extravagant entertainments he had given. Cleopatra smiled as she listened to Mark Antony's tales. Suddenly she called one of her attendants and ordered him to bring her a golden goblet of wine. Then to the surprise of everyone, she removed one of the priceless pearls from her ears and placed it in the goblet. Even Mark Antony, most extravagant of mortals, was surprised and protested against this act.

But the famous queen was determined to excel even Antony. And history tells us that Cleopatra only smiled, raised the goblet to her lips and swallowed the pearl.



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The ADD-A-PEARL Idea

Through the ages, pearls have been the most cherished gem of kings and queens. Today, girls and women instinctively want them—genuine oriental pearls. And through the ADD-A-PEARL IDEA, it is possible to own a necklace of genuine oriental pearls. The initial necklace may be secured with five or more perfect pearls on a fine gold chain. Each year on all gift occasions, additional pearls are given the happy girl who possesses an ADD-A-PEARL-NECKLACE, to make the string grow. The beautiful necklace becomes more precious with time. It is—"The Gift That Lives and Grows"—and will make *your* girl happy every time you give her ADD-A-PEARLS, which are genuine oriental pearls, perfectly matched and of finest quality.

To Father and Mother

This year start an ADD-A-PEARL Necklace for your girl. On birthdays and all gift occasions give ADD-A-PEARLS, genuine oriental pearls, to add to the necklace—"The Gift That Lives and Grows."



WELCOME

WHY, here you are, you baby year,
On top of all my Christmas cheer!
And have you really come to stay
And make me happy every day?
Well then, I'll see what I can do
To keep you very happy, too.
The year that went away last night
Kept all the days full of delight
And I learned how to do it, too,
So I can play the game with you.
I'm glad the lights on my Christmas Tree
Lit up the way for you to me.

Rose Walds
Editor





BIRTHDAYS

By MARJORIE BARROWS

THE snow is full of sparkles,
The sky is fairy blue;
It is the New Year's birthday
And it's my birthday, too.

So I am going to wish and wish
Till presents come, then maybe
I will get some squeaky shoes
And a brother baby!



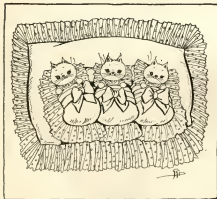
THE WEE SQUIRRELEES

By GRACE DRAYTON



1. "Mr. Stork is advertising three baby squirrels for sale," said Mr. N. Nutto Squirrel. Mrs. Squirrel was doing the weekly washing, way up on one of the tiptest-top branches of the old apple tree, and Mr. Squirrel was reading the *Treesy Times* aloud.

3. Mr. Squirrel went to the grapevine telephone and ordered the babies delivered C. O. D. And late that afternoon a shadow darkened their own particular piece of sky. It belonged to the stork who had sent it on ahead to announce his coming.

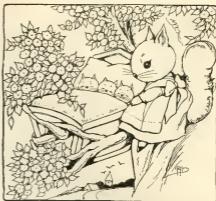


2. "Is that their picture?" asked Mrs. Squirrel, peeping over his shoulder and straightening his collar with a squirrely pat. "Oh, aren't they just beautiful?" And beautiful they were—the squirrels in the picture the *Treesy Times* had printed.

4. Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel could hardly wait to unwrap their squirrely babies. And when they did, they were so delighted that they spent several hours a-hugging them and rubbing noses, which was just their way of kissing.



5. But after awhile the babies became cross and one of them cried so hard that he almost took the stiffening out of his whiskers. "Dear me!" said Mother Squirrelee. "They need a nap and they have no bed to take it in. What shall we do?"



7. They hung the cradle where the wind could rock it gently back and forth. Mother Squirrelee tucked the babies in and hummed a squirrely lullaby. And after the children had their nap, they were so happy that even their whiskers turned up in a smile.



6. "I'll fix that," said Father, and he built a cuddly cradle, big enough to hold three squirrely babies all at once. Then he went to work and painted it a bright and shiny green—just like the leaves in the tiptop of the old apple tree.



8. Father was so proud of them that he invited all the neighbors in; and Mrs. Squirrelee welcomed them, holding the triplets in her arms. And everyone said, "Oh!" and "Ah!" and agreed that there never had been such babies in the woods before.





★
ABRA
CADABRA
★

MILDRED PLEW
MERRYMAN



ABRA CADABRA the day he was seven,
He hopped on his hobby and zipped up to heaven
And picked him a star out of leventy-leven;
Oh, what a silly was he!

And as he rode homeward admiring the sputter,
"I'll keep it," said Abra, "and shut up its flutter,
And when I'm with Mother I'll let it go splutter
Just for my mother and me."

Then Abra Cadabra returned with his riches
And Mrs. Cadabra took two little stitches
And knitted his star to the belt of his breeches—
Knitted it neat as could be.

The poor little starlet, a moment it frizzled,
It panted for panic, it squinked and it sqizzled,
Then all of a sudden it fainted and fizzled,
Fizzled as flat as a flea!

And though Abra shook it to shake out its shimmer,
And though Abra gave it a poke in the glimmer,
It merely grew dimmer and dimmer and dimmer;
Oh deary, oh deary me!

At length when he saw it was useless to pound it,
He took out his hanky and wrapped it around it
And hustled it back to the hook where he found it,
Up where it longed to be.

And there as it sputtered and started to twinkle,
In Abra Cadabra, as crisp as a crinkle,
A new little notion went tink, tinky, tinkle;
"At last," murmured Abra, "I see.

"It isn't a star when it loses its tether;
My star was intended to wink in the weather
And shake-down its shine on the whole world
together—
Not on just Mother and me!"



John
Fee



THE BROWNY
and the
BUTTERFLY

MILDRED PLEW
MERRYMAN



Now once when Brownie Peekaboo awakened from a nap,
He noticed that a butterfly had lighted on his cap.

"Heigho," sighed Brownie Peekaboo, "of all the happy things,
I think the truly happiest would be some little wings!"

"Oh, shush!" replied the butterfly, her manner very firm,
"I tell you frankly, Peekaboo, I'd rather be a worm!"

"To-day I'm just a butterfly with butterflitting ways,
But, oh, I never shall forget my caterpillar days!"

"I used to rock the willow boughs that overhung the streams
And think me up the slickest little caterpillar schemes!"

"But now it's flutter here and there and flutter in and out,
And when you come to think of it, why, what's it all about?"

"I'd rather be a crawler with a caterpillar's wits
Than twenty little addle-pated flutter flutter flits!"

"Already, sir, you'll notice I'm as restless as a wren,
I've only sat a minute and I've got to flit again."

Whereat, the lady butterfly she rose upon the air
And mounted most impatiently a honeysuckle stair.

"How nice," remarked the brownie when the butterfly had done,
"To know that even caterpillars have a little fun!"

"I'm sure there's nothing finer than to drowse above the streams
And spend your summers dreaming little caterpillar dreams!"

But barely had he spoken when the brownie gave a yawn,
And there in just a jiffy on the Glickendoodle lawn,

He dreamed he was a caterpillar wrinkled in a
wreath,
With forty little fuzzy legs that folded
underneath.



BUMP'S FIRST PARTY

IT WAS growing dark in the hollow of the rock where Mother Bear and the cubs lived. The cubs (there were six of them) were pushing and crowding one another in their desire to get next to Mother.

"It's my turn, it's my turn," they growled.

Mother Bear silenced them by saying, "There is going to be a party the day after to-morrow near the old swamp, in a beautiful woody place. Miss Possum thought of it first. The creatures are coming from near-by and far away to play and feast together at the picnic—I suppose you'd call it that. I have decided to take all of you cubs. Yes, even you, my bumptious boy," she added, playfully pulling the ear of the fattest, jolliest, littlest bear of all.

The cubs never understood why Mother Bear used that funny word so often. But somehow they felt that one of them was different from the rest of the crowd, more daring, more naughty, more cocksure, and so they too had taken up that word, and called him Bump for short. And it was Bump who answered, "Mother, what shall I wear to the party?"

"Wear, child? Just the finest little fur coat in all the world—that little coat upon your back. What else *would* you wear, my bumptious one?"

"Oh, Mother," wailed Bump, "I want to wear clothes like folks. I want to look grand!"

Then Mother Bear laughed a great growly

laugh, and the five furry cubs caught up that laugh and roared and roared, even louder than when they were hungry.

"He wants to look like folks!"

"He wants to look grand!"

"Oh, oh, oh!"

"How silly!"

"Listen to Bump, Mother!"

So they roared on to one another, while Bump, clever cub, found a place delightfully snug next to Mother, and fell fast asleep, growling low, "You'll see—I'll be *so* grand!" And that night he had a strange enough dream for any bear cub.

By and by it was time to go to the party, their first party. How happy and excited and proud were those cubs! And they all had to take a nap before they started, all except Bump. He had been sent on an errand with Father Bear down to Farmer Glover's.

I suspect Father Bear was on the lookout for something especially toothsome to take to the party as a treat. Anyway, Father Bear made straight for a certain spot in the farthest corner of Farmer Glover's garden. It was in a spot that he knew well, and he was busy there for a while, so it wasn't until he was ready to start for home that he missed Bump. Bump was gone! Where? Father Bear pondered. He never worried. He left that usually to Mother Bear. "Gone along home ahead of me, I guess," he said to himself. "Well, that cub always could take care of himself better than the rest of the lot. He'll



turn up." So he plodded along through the wood road to the great hollow in the rock.

"Where is Bump?" cried Mother Bear the first thing.

And "Where's Bump?" echoed the cubs. "It is time to start for the party, isn't it, Mother?"

"Oh, he is somewhere about. If he is late I'll switch him," growled Father Bear, well aware of the worried glint in his wife's eyes. "He will be along, theascal! Shall we start, Mother? No need for the entire family to be late, you know."

"We might start if you are sure he will find the way and follow us. I am not certain he knows all the way, Father."

"He is old enough to find it, then; and remember, if he is late—I'll switch him. Bad habit—bad habit," he growled with his eyes resting

upon his five neat and jolly little bear cubs.

So they started. Half an hour later they all came to the woody place, and the five cubs began to feel extra perky. It was going to be a splendid party. Anybody, at a glance, could tell that something wonderful was taking place. There were creatures everywhere, busy, bustling creatures, every one of them with fur coats all shined up for the occasion. Long hair and short hair mingled together quite happily, and

everybody put their best paws first, as they say. And there was music, real music! That was Miss Fox's idea. She loved to startle the creatures. Every frog from the pond was there with his croak, and they had brought katydids to assist them, with thrushes for an encore, while as a glorious surprise a mocking bird had promised them a solo.

Field mice and rabbits and squirrels were decorating the table. This looked very fine with its masses of leaves and grasses and wood flowers and berries. There were to be pancakes to eat with pure molasses, and Mother Bear was already busy mixing batter to flap onto the great sizzling griddle. She was so busy that for a time she even forgot to worry about Bump. As for the five cubs, they were having too much fun romping with the baby creatures and



watching the preparations for the feast to give a thought to their brother. But Father Bear was pondering and sniffing the air and keeping very still.

Flap, flap, sizzle, sizzle, went the first pancakes onto the griddle. The guests had their eyes on Mother Bear's pancake turner, and their mouths were watering. Miss Porcupine stood along by the side of a huge barrel of pure molasses with a bucket in her hand, just waiting for the first dip in. And then—and



then—like a nightmare something suddenly came into their midst, something neither man nor beast, something the woods folk had never seen before. After one long look

they fled, terrified, in all directions. And poor Miss Porcupine was so upset that she fell ker-plunk into the barrel of pure molasses.

Then nothing was left of the gay party, and only the nightmare thing with the purple velvet waist, great top hat, and pink feather fan, waving wildly, was left to adorn the feasting table. But there was not a creature left in sight to see—to see—Bump. Yes, truly, it was Bump, dressed up like folks and looking grand. For just a minute he didn't care, he was so proud to strut back and forth around the feasting table on parade, looking grand. Then he began to wonder where the party had gone. Why didn't the creatures come back? Suppose not even Mother and the cubs saw him looking grand—like folks! How awful that would be after all his trouble

to get the clothes and dress up in them! Oh, what would he do if nobody ever came back to see him? Then suddenly he was just a baby cub again, crying for his mother. He didn't want to be alone. The tears came first, then boo-hoo-boo-hoos. "Mother!" he shouted. And in all his finery he sat right down upon a plate of cold brown pancakes.

Mother Bear heard the cry and came lumbering through the thicket. "Bump, is it really you? Oh, Bump, you

silly cub! How could you be so naughty! And what a sight you are, my dear. Take-off-those-clothes-this-minute-and-take-them-right-back-to-the-folks-from-whom-you-took-them. Scoot now!"

And Bump, who looked grand just like folks, had to do just what his mother told him.

Then the party began again. Mrs. Bear apologized so nicely for the mischievous behavior of her bumptious cub that the good creatures laughed and said it certainly was a great joke on them. And the five cubs whispered among themselves, "Just wait until we tell Bump about this party. Um! He'll be sorry!"

Mr. Fox had to help fish Miss Porcupine out of the barrel of pure molasses, and his nerves being still a bit edgy, he said sharply, "My! My! Trying to eat up all of it, were you, Miss Piney?"

"'Twould have been a sweet thing to do, even if it wasn't of my own choosing," she snapped back, bristling molasses in every direction. Fortunately, some of it landed on a batch of pancakes. Mrs. Bear had to bake one thousand and nine to go around.

When Mother Bear and Father Bear and the cubs reached home after the party, they found Bump there alone and very unhappy.

"Mother, why didn't they like me?" he wailed.

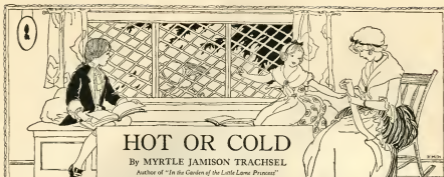
"Because you didn't look natural, my dear. It never does in this world for bears to act like folks or folks to act like bears. Remember, my son, to be just yourself always, and you won't find the creatures running away from you then."

"I'll remember, Mother," Bump sniffed, and he did not sound the least bit bumptious.

And he *did* remember!

And Mother Bear, who saw that Bump had been punished enough for his folly, didn't let the five cubs tease him about that party *ever*.





HOT OR COLD

By MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL

Author of "In the Garden of the Little Lane Princess"

NANCY, peering through the window, saw a peddler making his way along the snow-covered walk.

"Mother, oh, Mother!" she cried. "'Tis the packman with his wares. May I not have a new striped Persian?"

Her brother, Edward, turned away in disgust. "She speaks of finery when there is ne'er a ha'penny to be had for buying mackerel." Nancy saw her mother glance quickly at Edward and noted his shamed look. She was puzzled. There were so many things she could not understand since Father had joined General Washington's army. No one played with her any more. Edward was busy all day with tasks about the house or was off hunting odd jobs to do for the neighbors. Mother was busy making bandages for the soldiers. Sometimes Nancy helped with this, but lately Mother did not talk nor sing as she worked and it was very dull fun.

What was wrong?

"What means he, Mother? Is there no money? Father has much trade."

Her mother put an arm about her, comfortingly. "Edward and I thought you too young to be bothered about it, but perhaps it is as well for you to

know. There has been naught of trade for many a day, and we have used all of the sovereigns that were hidden in the mattress and those that were in the iron box behind the loose brick of the chimney."

"Are there no more?" Nancy questioned fearfully.

Mother patiently explained that Father had left so suddenly he had forgotten to tell her about other hiding places, and he had not been able to return on leave as he had expected. Nancy wanted to search for hidden money. Mother was sure she and Edward had looked in every possible place, but they decided to make one more search. First, they closed all the blinds to make

certain no one could see them find the money and later, perhaps, take it from them.

Then they searched each room, looking under the edges of the carpets, between the books in the cabinet, and all through the high desk. It was a tiresome search and not one shilling was found.

But the next morning a very



delightful and unexpected thing happened. A letter came from Nancy's father!

Letters from the soldiers were, indeed, rare. This one came through in an envelope made of a piece of rough paper. The moment Mother looked at it she said, "'Twould seem this may have been opened.'" But the excitement of hearing from Father made her forget about it.

It was so comforting to know he was well and that soon he might be able to get the furlough he had hoped for and be able to see them for a day or so. He told of the bravery of the men during the hard winter and the hopes they held of victory with the coming of spring. At the very last of the letter he told them to "look in the corner of the deer pasture" if they needed money.

"Oh," cried Nancy, "now we will find it!"

"I knew naught of his having buried money," said Mother. "But he must have done so."

They asked each other where the "deer pasture" might be, but no one knew. Nancy wished her father had told them exactly where the money was.

"In truth, that would have been bad," spoke up Edward. "If any did open this letter, as Mother thinks, they could take the gold away from us."

They sat in silence for a time, before the fire, each one trying to think where the money might be.

"I know," cried Edward, suddenly. "'Tis the pasture out beyond the rocky hillside—

the one with the deer lick."

Mother thought he might be right, and they decided to go out that very night and hunt for it. They felt it was better to go at night, so no one would know. It was not a cold night, so Nancy was bundled up in a coat, hood and muffler, and allowed to go along. Edward carried a spade on his shoulder and Mrs. Purcell carried a lantern. As they went along she now and then glanced behind her.

"I believe someone is following us," she whispered. Then she put the lantern out and they went on by the faint light of the stars. They came at length to a woodland pasture in which was a salty place where nothing grew.



The deer sometimes came to lick the salty earth, for they liked the

flavor of the salt. Edward started digging in one corner of this pasture and lifted out spadefuls of dirt easily enough, too easily, his mother thought. She glanced uneasily at the fringe of deep woods bordering the pasture.

"There should be frost in the ground and yet it is loosened. Does it not seem that someone has ventured here before us?"

Edward tried the soil some distance away and found it much harder to work. He examined the ground all around.

"Someone has been digging there in the corner, and that but recently."

"Then we need not go on," said his mother in a loud voice. "This is where the money was buried and it has been taken away now or at some earlier time."

Edward and Nancy did not wish to give up the search, but when they were well on

their homeward way Mrs. Purcell told them she was sure they had been followed. While Edward was digging she had caught sight of a moving figure in the edge of the wood. She had spoken loudly, hoping to convince the listener that she was giving up the search, but she promised the children they would go again and dig in all the corners.

"Had we found it to-night I am almost certain it would have been taken from us. No doubt they sent the letter on to us, after they failed to find it. They figured we might be more successful and they could then take it from us."

"Then," said Edward, "if they searched there before us and found nothing, surely we have not guessed aright. We must think of some other place."

It was a silent little group that later sat before the open fire, trying to think where the money could be hidden. Nancy sat on a low stool, her chin resting on the palm of her hand, her eyes gazing into the fire. She was trying so hard to think. Presently she sighed.

"Children," said Mother at last, "we must not be thus. Presently we will think of the right place. Come, shall we play a game to sharpen our wits?"

"Aye," spoke Edward. Nancy added, "May it be 'Hot or Cold'?"

The others were willing and went out of the room while Nancy hid the fragrant tonka bean that had

flavored her father's snuff. She could hide it out of sight since she would tell them they were "hot" if they were close to it and "cold" if far away. She hid it in a ball of yarn. It had been hid there many times before, so Edward found it with little trouble. Nancy decided the next time she would hide it where it had never been put before, and she had that place picked out by the time she was allowed to hide it again.

Standing on a chair she reached behind the oil painting that hung above the fireplace and laid the bean on the wooden frame that held the canvas.

"All ready," she called.

Mother searched among the things on the table but Edward went to the chairs beside the fireplace and began to look among their cushions.

"Am I hot or cold?" he asked.

"Hot." Nancy giggled, for he was close to the fire as well as the hidden tonka bean. Mother and Edward both searched the mantel, looking behind the old Dutch candlestick and inside the prized pewter pan that had been Grandmother's.

"You are very hot," Nancy told them. They all laughed, for the searchers were now directly in front of the blazing logs in the fireplace. Edward suddenly stood on tiptoe and ran his fingers along the back of the big picture frame.

The tonka bean fell to the mantel.

"There!" cried Nancy.

(Continued on page 48)





THE MOON FOR A PRINCE

By GRACE H. RUTHENBURG

CHARACTERS

THE PRINCE, dressed as the prince in your story book always is—with doublet, hose, cape, crown and everything.

THE MAGICIAN, in a long, flowing robe and tall peaked cap, sprinkled with gold paper half moons and stars.

THE KING, more fussy dressed than the prince, and very proud of the white cotton ermine on his cape. He carries a scepter that you can make out of a gilded broomstick.

THE MOON, a boy holding before him by concealed wires a large gold-paper-covered disk, on which has been painted a jolly moon face.

SCENE: The castle roof, where everyone drops into both prose and verse. The moon can be seen beyond a dark cardboard parapet, which keeps the Prince from falling off and breaking royal bones on the flaggings below. The boy who plays the part of the Moon stands behind the parapet, so that only his large cardboard face is showing. In the background is a dark curtain, on which you have pinned gold-paper stars.

THE PRINCE (*to the MOON*,
which is rising):

O Moon through the restless trees,
I'd like for my birthday, please,
Just to play for a while
With your golden smile
And to sit on your golden knees.

I've begged it in Timbuctoo,
In Spanish and Latin, too,
But they think it unpleasant
To ask as a present
A birthday with nothing but you.

O moon like a golden flask,
What's the good of a kingdom, I ask,
If His Highness, your father,





Won't go to the bother
Of handling so simple a task?

MAGICIAN (*appearing before the Prince very suddenly*): What's this? What's this? The royal prince wanting something that nobody gets for him? (*awning*) This will never do.

PRINCE: O, Magician, is it you?

MAGICIAN (*thrusting a long neck down in chatty fashion into the PRINCE's face*): And what might the trouble be, pretty

sir?

PRINCE: Why, it's just this. To-morrow's my birthday and nobody's asked me what I want.

MAGICIAN: Have you not counted the enormous number of packages already lying under the sofa in the royal nursery?

PRINCE: What I want is not there.

MAGICIAN: O Prince, I trust you have not been punching them. Punching packages, you recall, is forbidden by the royal rules of manners.

PRINCE: What I want is the Moon.

MAGICIAN: The Moon? (*with satisfaction*) Ah!! Why not ask your royal father for it?

PRINCE: Oh, I didn't mean that. It just fitted into my song. If I were to ask him he might promise, and that would be dreadful, because if the king ever goes back on a promise it is written that his throne shall be hacked into bits and he'll be forced to lead the life of a ragpicker.

MAGICIAN: Never mind, pretty prince. Just leave the moon to me and I'll see what a magician can do about it. Go down now and sit on the royal bottom step until I call you.

PRINCE: Good, noble magician! [*He goes.*]

MAGICIAN (*wickedly*): The King will come shortly to take the evening air on the castle wall, and then watch me trick him into losing his kingdom.

The royal magician

Is now in position

To comfort his itchy fingers,

For an ancient decree

Most important to me

In my wickedest memory lingers.

The King, can I whet him

To vow this, I'll get him

For once where I want him to be.

If he will but promise

This moon, by St. Thomas,
His kingdom is coming to me.

[*He lowers the trap door and vanishes as the KING enters, holding up his robe.*]

MAGICIAN (*coming up behind him*): Your Highness?

KING: What is it, Magician?

MAGICIAN (*sighing*): I'm very sad.

KING: What's the matter?

MAGICIAN: The Prince. The poor little Princeling. Nobody can get him what he wants for his birthday.

KING: Why can't they?

MAGICIAN: The kingdom is not wide enough.

KING: What do you mean by saying that the kingdom is not wide enough? It's so wide that a thousand black horses can trot themselves lame one by one without reaching its outermost boundary.

MAGICIAN: Well then, not deep enough.

KING: Not deep enough? It's so deep it reaches to the middle of the earth where the rocks boil up like soap on a Monday.

MAGICIAN: At any rate, not high enough.

KING: Not high enough? It's so high the largest eye of the oldest magician has never observed its upper edge.

MAGICIAN (*doubtfully*): If that were true he could have it.

KING: Of course, it is true. There is nothing the Prince can ask for his birthday that his father can't give him.

MAGICIAN: Don't be rash. Suppose he were to ask for a white horse with golden fringe on the bridle—

KING: There are seven such in the royal stables.

MAGICIAN: Or a miraculous pudding in which the maraschino cherries were inexhaustible.

KING: He prefers raisins.

MAGICIAN: O royal sir, do you not realize what becomes of a king, who goes back on his august word?

KING: Naturally I do. (*quoting from the Second Statute*) That King's throne shall be broken to bits and he himself be forced to take up the life of a ragpicker.

MAGICIAN: Your Royal Highness, you do not hesitate?

KING: I vow that whatever he asks be shall have it.



MAGICIAN: You vow that?

KING: Certainly, I vow it.

MAGICIAN: On the golden border of your sacred beard?

KING: On the golden border of my sacred beard. What does he want?

MAGICIAN: I have no idea. Perhaps it might be well to ask him. *[Stretching his neck he calls, "Prince."]*

KING: Send him up.

MAGICIAN *(disappearing, although we can still hear him talking)*:

Thoughtful magician!

He has no suspicion

Of what his Magician's about!

As sure as fire crackles

I'll have him in shackles

And put his retainers to rout.

[The PRINCE comes up beside his father.]

KING: Now, sirrah, what's this you're asking for your birthday, going around letting people think I can't give it to you?

PRINCE: Oh, but you couldn't, sir. Why, if you promised that, you'd have to break your word and you know what would happen.

KING: What is it?

PRINCE: I wouldn't even tell you, sir.

KING *(nervously)*: Out with it.

PRINCE: For fear you might be tempted to promise it, sir.

KING: Come, come.

PRINCE: By royal decree, if the King were to break a promise his throne, you remember, would be broken to bits and he would be forced to take up the life of a ragpicker.

KING *(fearfully)*: Ah!

PRINCE: I would not tempt you to vow it, sir.

KING: I have already vowed. What is it?

PRINCE: You haven't vowed, sir? Not without knowing?

KING: Yes.

PRINCE *(weeping)*: Alackaday! I asked for the Moon.

KING: The Moon?

PRINCE: Yes.

KING:

O lovely and elegant Moon

This vow was most inopportune!

To beg I have forced me;

My throne has unhorsed me;

They'll smash it to smithereens soon.

PRINCE: Call the Magician. He will get the Moon down.

KING: Yes, yes. The Good Magician.

[The PRINCE hurries off, calling "Magician! Magician!"]

MAGICIAN *(entering and bowing)*: What will you, O King? Have you found out what the Prince wants for a birthday present?

KING: The Moon. You'll have to get it down.

MAGICIAN: Get the Moon down? I? You amuse me. My magic is confined to earth as your Most Excellent Highness knows well enough.

KING: I can't help it, man. Use a fishing pole. Use a broom handle. Climb on the parapet and jump for it. But get it down.

MAGICIAN *(bowing and standing still)*: Yes, Your Highness.

KING: Hurry!

MAGICIAN *(bowing and standing still again)*: It cannot be done.

KING: Dolt! Do you realize that if I go back on my word my throne will be broken to bits and I shall have to turn to a ragpicker?

MAGICIAN: Regrettable, I am sure. I shall do my best. *(turning to the MOON)*

Abra ca bree brooo

Balaga doodle boloni

Inglenook golobru tinklanium

Zigelobruski clam chowder.

[The Moon stays where it is.]

I am very sorry, I'm sure, Your Majesty. But it doesn't seem to be coming down, does it? *[He stretches his neck up to look.]*

KING: You tricked me into this. *[He goes toward him to beat him.]*

MAGICIAN *(avoiding him)*: After all, you made your own vow, you know. You said you owned everything above or below your kingdom and the Moon at the moment is undoubtedly above it. However! However! *[He starts to bustle off.]* I'll go down and see about getting your bundle ready. Ragpickers always carry bundles, you know. *[He bows skimpily and goes.]*

PRINCE *(reappearing)*: Oh, Father, Your Majesty

did he get the Moon down?

KING: No, my son.

It's absolutely no use, you see.

I'll simply have to beg.

So take my scepter away from me,

And the tassels from my leg.

PRINCE:

Oh, Father, by your kingly crown

I'll ask for the Moon no more.

I can't have you going about the town

Begging from door to door.

KING:

I'll go with a dog about the town

And ask for scraps of bread.

Faith, there are worse lives, I'll be bound,

Than a beggar's, when all is said.

PRINCE:

Oh, Father, by your kingly throne,

I'd rather no present at all

Than see you with a beggar's bone

Sit in a beggar's stall.

KING:

Alack, my son, the word is said

Nor can the King gainsay it.

The promise was on my royal head

And I shall not betray it.

So bring me, son, my beggar's staff

And bring my beggar's wallet

And let the village children laugh

At my tattered what-d'ye-call-it.

A blessing on you, O my son,

Though a beggar's blessing is slender—

PRINCE:

Oh, Father, think, what have I

done?

KING (*gaily*):

I may rise to be scissors mender.

Be not cast down, my noble youth,

Nor trouble about the morrow

For I shall rather like, forsooth,

To beg instead of borrow.

PRINCE: The road is dark, Father. Let me go with you.

KING: You must stay and comfort the Queen. Kiss me farewell, my son. Here comes the Magician.

[*He kisses him and the Prince goes.*]

MAGICIAN: The throne is all ready for the chopping, Your Highness. Sorry.

KING: What did the Queen say?

MAGICIAN: I warned her that by the sacred order the throne will be broken to bits, and told her not to be sitting on it at the time.

KING: You might try again.

MAGICIAN (*ungraciously*): I'll do my best.

[*He stretches his neck to the moon.*]

Abra ca bree brooo

Abra ca dum di dinger

You see it's no use.

Similacrum bilibu

Tiddledywinks by ginger.

[*withdrawing his neck*] Your beggar's staff is ready in the hall.

(*Continued on page 50*)



THE SECRET OF BELDEN PLACE

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

By FRANCES CAVANAH

would say was "Pretty! Pretty!"

Patsy Spaulding is staying with her cousin, Patty Morrison, at Belden Place, the old ancestral homestead in the little town of Fayetteville on the north bank of the Ohio River. Here they are under the care of Mrs. Fisher, the housekeeper, and have many good times with Jean, her little year-and-a-half-old girl, and with Jimmy, her ten-year-old son. With his help the cousins organize a treasure-seekers' firm, call themselves the T. S. Company, Incorporated, and begin a thorough search for Great-grandmother Patricia Belden's jewels, which had disappeared very mysteriously shortly after the Civil War. One of their most important discoveries is Mrs. Belden's diary, with its fascinating accounts of the days of the Underground Railroad and her own experiences in helping Jake and other runaway slaves escape to Canada; but most interesting of all to the treasure-seekers are the pages telling of the disappearance of the jewels. From the diary and certain old letters, which they find, they learn that old Jake had hidden the jewels when he found robbers in the house, but that the hiding place he selected had never been discovered. Several pages had been cut from the diary; but after an exciting search, the treasure-seekers find them. Then, what is their surprise to learn that Jean had made a discovery, too, for they find her playing near the old Sheraton desk, with the topaz and diamond brooch, which had been part of the lost treasure.

PART IV

MRS. FISHER took the brooch away from Jean. "Is this your mother's?" she asked Patty. "Oh, no," my cousin explained. "This is one of the pieces of jewelry my great-grandmother lost nearly sixty years ago."

"Then how could Jean have gotten hold of it?" The housekeeper seemed worried.

"That's just it," I said. "But if a year-and-a-half-old baby can find the brooch, I guess that two eleven-year-old girls and a ten-year-old boy can find the other jewels."

We thought perhaps John could help us, but when we called him into the library he was as surprised as we had been. "By jiggers!" he exclaimed. "Where did she find that?"

And that was all the information we could get from him. Of course, he had taken care of Jean all day, he said, but who could keep an eye on that little grasshopper every second.

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Fisher, rather exasperated but smiling in spite of herself at the rueful expression on her brother's face. "I wish you were more observing, John."

Jimmy took the brooch from his mother, looking just a tiny bit scared at the idea of holding such a valuable piece of jewelry in his hand, and held it out before his little sister. "Tell us where you found it, Jean," he begged.

Jean held out her hands eagerly for it, but all she

"That won't do any good, son," his mother interrupted. "She's too little to tell you. And now suppose, before we have any more treasure seeking we find a safe place for that brooch and have some dinner."

Mrs. Fisher sounded tired and Patty jumped up quickly. "We'll help you," she said, and we hurried upstairs to wash and change our dresses.

After dinner, quite a stiff breeze blowing from the river made the evening chilly, mid-August though it was. We didn't really need it, of course, but after we returned to the library, Patty asked John to light a fire in the old fireplace. It made everything seem so much cozier and our mystery so much more important. Mrs. Fisher was putting Jean to bed, and we three children sat down on the floor before the fire to read the missing pages to the diary.

"We shouldn't call them that now," I said. "The pages aren't missing any longer. Why, look here! Great-grandmother has written something in pencil at the top of the first sheet."

Patty peered over my shoulder. "She's just copied a little of what we read on the page that came just before this. I suppose she didn't want to tear out a whole sheet from the diary, just for the sake of a few words, and yet she wanted Governor Randolph to have the whole story. Read it out loud, won't you, Patsy?"

"A very strange thing happened to-day," I began, stumbling over the words a little at first, because the penciled lines were blurred now and hard to read, "and I believe it throws much light on the loss of the jewels."

"Oh, we've heard that once," my cousin broke in. "Let's begin where we left off last time. She told, didn't she, about how old Jake called and found none of them at home."

"But he did find—" I began to read again.

"Yes," Jimmy cried excitedly. "What did he find, Patsy? That's what we want to know."

"But he did find robbers in the house," I went on reading, "and a heap of jewels on the desk in the library."

"It must have been that very desk," my cousin interrupted to point out to Jimmy the old Sheraton desk over in the corner. "It belonged to Great-grandfather Belden."



"Fellow treasure seekers," I said in just as business-like a way as I knew how, "shall I presume with the reading?"

"Oh, she means resume," Patty giggled. "Yes, Patsy, darling, please presume!"

I threw a sofa cushion at her, and the minute I had done it I was sorry. It certainly was not a good time to start a pillow fight when the T. S. Company was just about to make an important discovery. But Patty showed her usual presence of mind. Instead of hurling the sofa cushion back at me, she sat down on it, and I went on with the diary.

"The robbers were in the kitchen," I read, "when old Jake arrived, and, thinking themselves quite alone, no doubt, were helping themselves to a feast out of our cellars.

"Jake had only a few minutes before he must return to his boat, and there was no time to call for help. He heard one of the robbers coming down the hall, and, knowing he would fare ill if caught there, he hid the jewels and escaped.

"But the tragedy is that we do not know where he hid them. It was only after much difficulty and several hours of careful questioning that we were able to get this much information from the little boy. But all our questioning simply did no good when it came to finding out the hiding place of my lost jewels—the child simply could not tell us.

"The boat had docked only a short time about ten miles down the river, and the old darky had just a few minutes to give the message to the boy. Poor old man who was once a slave! Of course, he could not write, and it probably never occurred to him to ask someone else to write a letter for him or that the child was rather young to be entrusted with such a secret. At any rate, all we could learn as to the hiding place of the jewels was that the old man had 'stuffed them in, yes, sah, stuffed them right in' and had laughed over the joke he had played the robbers.

"This message, incoherent though it was, gave us fresh heart to make another search. And searched we have—in every room—but these last efforts have proved as fruitless as the others. Either the hiding place old Jake chose is too hard for *anyone* to find, or it was so easy that the robbers themselves discovered it."

I laid the diary down. "Oh, do you suppose those terrible old robbers could have found the jewels *after all*?" I cried.

Jimmy shook his head. "I don't believe your Great-grandma was right there," he said.

"It's perfectly clear to me where those jewels are," Patty interrupted, although the way she said it didn't sound half so cocksure as the words themselves did. "Old Jake probably discovered another secret room or cubbyhole and hid them in that."

I reminded her that, since Great-grandfather had built the house



himself, he would have known about all the secret places, even though other folks didn't, and that they would have looked in those places first of all.

"But there might be a hidden place in some of the furniture," Jimmy suggested. "You said that your Great-grandpa brought some of it here from his home in Virginia."

"That's a dandy idea, Jimmy," I said. "Some of the furniture even came from England and there might have been some secret compartments that Great-grandfather didn't know about."

We wanted to start in then and there, looking over the furniture, but Mrs. Fisher came downstairs and insisted that we'd better go to bed. It had been an exciting day, and she said that a good night's rest would make us feel refreshed for our search.

The next morning right after breakfast—which she insisted that we eat, though none of us felt the least bit hungry—we began our examination of the furniture, starting in with the old bureau down in the basement, since we had to clear out the rubbish anyway.

"There's no need wasting time on any of the new pieces," Patty said, after our search had brought us

nothing but worthless odds and ends and we had gone upstairs to the music room. "Just the things that were here in Great-grandmother's day—for instance, that piano."

And my cousin lifted up the top of the old square, rosewood piano and peered inside, then began running her hands over the shining surface, as though searching for a spring or a secret opening. I opened the door of the old mahogany clock on the mantel. On the lower part of the long glass door there was a picture of a field of daisies with a little girl about my age gathering a big armful of them, but the painted daisy field concealed nothing more alarming than the pendulum. Jimmy began examining, in turn, the three high-backed rush-bottomed chairs. After that we tried the quaint little carved table over in the corner and the old Queen Anne highboy—but without the least success.

It was pretty discouraging, and presently Jimmy stopped working altogether. He looked out of the window, whistling softly under his breath, but when suddenly he turned to us and began to talk, we saw that he hadn't just been idling.

"Has your great-grandpa's old desk always been in that room across the hall?" he asked.

"I suppose so," I answered. "That room has always been the library. At least, I think so, because some of the bookcases are built right into the walls."

"Then wouldn't the jewels be in there near the desk, where old Jake found them?" he went on.

"I don't know," Patty was doubtful. "I don't imagine the desk itself has been moved, because Great-grandfather used that room for his study. But lots of the other furniture has been changed about, and we're likely to find the piece we want most anywhere—in here or up in the attic—"

But Jimmy stuck to his point. "If Jake found the jewels on the desk," he interrupted, "wouldn't the first place he'd think of hiding them be in the desk? And wasn't Jean near the desk when we found her with the brooch?"

Patty and I stopped short. "Of course," I cried.

"And in the stories, the old desks are always having secret compartments and things like that,"

added Patty, as excited as I was.

Aunt May had often joked about the furniture in her house. There was a time when having so many old-fashioned things had been considered rather shabby. But now she said she had learned that if she would just wait long enough, everything she had would come back in style. It was that way with Great-grandfather's old Sheraton secretary-desk, made of inlaid mahogany. A few years ago it was worth practically nothing, so far as money goes. But now, if Aunt May had wished to sell, it would have brought almost any price she cared to ask. It was a roomy old affair, with a place for books on top. We had no difficulty opening the glass doors, but the top shelf was so high we had to stand on a chair to reach it.

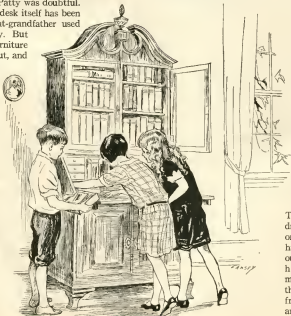
Although we took out all the books, we could find nothing of interest here. Below the desk proper, two doors opened into a roomy compartment, consisting of several shelves, now unused. We examined these carefully, too, but there seemed to be nothing to discover.

"We'd better look at the desk part," Patty suggested as she sat down in Great-grandfather's old chair and pulled back the lid. What we saw were two thick columns, dividing the back part of the desk into three sections. There was a tier of four drawers on either side and, in the middle part, two drawers, one on top the other, and, above these, four pigeonholes.

We tried to pull the drawers out all the way, in order to examine them more thoroughly, but they opened so far and no farther. Whether they were stuck or were not intended to open all the way, we could not tell.

We looked through all of them, one after the other, but found only useless odds and ends.

Then in the last drawer, the lower one of the left-hand tier, we made our discovery. It had seemed to move more easily than the others, from the start, and Jimmy kept



(Continued on page 51)

How Teddy oiled his automobile



TEDDY was out in the garage, oiling his small automobile. He had often seen Michael, the chauffeur, oil the big car, and he knew just how to go about it.

With the hug oil-can that Michael used, and a large greasy cloth, Teddy crawled under his car, just as far as he could. He oiled the pedals and he oiled the wheels—and he certainly oiled himself! His clean tan suit was very dirty indeed, when he heard a voice shout—

"F'r mercy's sakes! You're a sight f'r the angels, Mister Teddy! Whattver will your mother say, when she sees your nice clean suit all spoiled?" Michael looked very stern in the doorway.

"But Michael," protested Teddy, climbing to his feet, "you get just like this when you oil the car."

"'Tis different, me lad, for I wear overalls, and me wife has a way o' washin' them clean. Fels-Naptha Soap, she uses. Better run in and tell your mother to have the laundress use it on your suit, Mister Teddy—it'll make all that grease and dirt come out!"



This is Teddy, with his tan suit greasy and dirty from oiling his automobile

(Color Teddy's suit with a brown crayon—very lightly, to make it tan)



This is Teddy's suit, after it had been washed with Fels-Naptha Soap

Paste this page on a piece of cardboard, and cut out Teddy in his soiled tan suit. Then cut out Teddy's suit, washed clean with Fels-Naptha Soap, and put it on Teddy.

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FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE
CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Fels-Naptha will bring extra help to your washday problems—the extra help of good soap and plenty of naptha, working together. The naptha loosens even greasy dirt—and the soapy suds wash it away.

Fels-Naptha works in machine or tub—in cool, lukewarm, or hot water—or when the clothes are boiled. And it's easy on hands! Next wash-day—let Fels-Naptha do the hard rubbing! Order from your grocer today.



RIGHT-ABOUT RHYMES

by Rebecca McCann



LITTLE TOM WILK

THERE was a little boy
And his name was Tom Wilk.
He wouldn't eat crusts
And he wouldn't drink milk.

His face grew so white
That he looked most ethereal,
But never a bite
Would he take of his cereal.

And paler and paler
And thinner and thinner
Grew little Tom Wilk
As he pecked at his dinner.

He couldn't go skating
Or slide on his skis,
So weak were his ankles
And wobbly his knees.

On his way home from school,
On a cold winter day,
Came a snowstorm that blew him
Clear up and away.

For Tom was so light
From his failure to eat
That a strong wind could lift him
Right up off his feet.

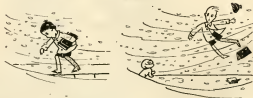
It wafted and tossed him.
It whirled him around.
"If I ate more," thought Tom,
"I could stay on the ground."

At last the wind stopped
And the weather grew calm,
And down in a snowdrift
Dropped feather-light Tom.

"Well, at least," he thought bravely,
"This snow isn't hard,"
And he crawled out and found himself
Right in his yard!

He rushed in to dinner,
All cold and excited,
And ate till his mother
Was simply delighted.

And now Tom can skate
And can ski and can run,
For he eats twice as much
And has twice as much fun.





He thinks he's so big . . . *but you know he isn't*

Now, more than ever, he needs your guidance in things like this

HE knows so little of the real world for which you are preparing him!

Much of the time he lives in a land of make-believe. How lovable he is! How difficult to care for!

So many problems he cannot understand! At the breakfast table, for instance, he cannot realize how much he handicaps himself if he eats too little food, or the wrong kind.

So common among children of his age are bad habits at breakfast that school

authorities have now made it the subject of a nation-wide health movement. They are today urging mothers everywhere to see that their children eat a hot cereal in the morning.

This rule hangs today on the walls of over 60,000 school rooms:

"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast"

Many tests have shown that children fall short of doing their best in studies or at games when they fail to have a hot cereal breakfast regularly.

How sure you feel, yourself, that your children are really prepared for a day of work and play, when you start them off

with a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat.

For 30 years, authorities as well as mothers, have recommended Cream of Wheat as the ideal hot cereal for children for these reasons:

1. It is unusually rich in energy. 2. Cream of Wheat is exceptionally easy to digest. 3. Children love its creamy goodness.

It is so simple to safeguard your children in this way at breakfast. The easy plans, described below, will help you to arouse their enthusiasm for a hot cereal. Send them to school every day really ready for the effort of work and play. Give them regularly a steaming bowl of Cream of Wheat. Your grocer has it.

© 1928, C. of W. Co.

FREE—Mothers say this plan works wonders!

To Mothers: A plan that makes your children want to eat a hot cereal breakfast regularly. A youngster's club, with badges and a secret, with gold stars and colored wall charts. All materials free—sent direct to your children together with a sample box Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to Dept. R-10, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name of child _____

Address _____

To Teachers: A plan that brings remarkable results—prepared by an experienced teacher to interest children in eating a proper breakfast. Successfully used in 40,000 schools to teach the idea of a hot cereal breakfast to groups of different ages. Entire plan sent free to teachers or any school official. Mail coupon to Dept. R-10, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name _____

Address _____

Grade _____



THE LITTLE SNOW MAIDEN
PUZZLE—
FIND HER FOSTER FATHER AND MOTHER

By HELEN HILDSON



HELEN HILDSON



CHOCOLATE!

Horlick's Chocolate Malted Milk is the wonderfully nutritious beverage that children love. Made by the exclusive Horlick process . . . all the choice ingredients of the Natural Flavor expertly blended with richer, smoother chocolate.

Of course you've seen them on "Ben Hur," "The Way of All Flesh," or "Peter Pan." Left to Right: Tap Ross, Elmo Williams, Don Maroon Federico, Mickey Rupp, Philippe de Lary, Betty Anne Davis, Mickey McLean. Front Row: Carmelita Johnson, Gordon Thorpe, Rachel Hannah Smith, teacher in charge of the Paramount School.

When the movie children go to school they must be "up" in health as well as lessons

There's a school in Hollywood . . . a rather unusual school.

All of its pupils are children who act in the movies. They may be stars, they may be earning fabulous salaries for their ages—but each of them must go to school just like other children.

In addition, they must keep well and strong. Unless they are physically fit, they are never allowed to appear before the camera.

And that is why Horlick's Malted Milk has become an important part of the Paramount-Famous-Lasky school program.

Miss Rachel Smith, the teacher, knowing of the wonderful results obtained in many other schools, and by mothers at home, gives each child a

glass of Horlick's Malted Milk during the recess period. Experience has taught her its value as a weight-building, health-giving food for growing children.

What it gives your child to grow on

In a perfectly natural way Horlick's Malted Milk will also help your children to develop sound, active little bodies. There are no secrets.

It simply supplies, in a form children love, certain valuable food essentials which authorities urge for growth and health.

First, the precious elements of fresh, full-cream cow's milk—including the vitamins which promote growth.

Second, the extracts of choice malted barley and wheat—dextrin and maltose, so high in easily assimilable food value, also essential minerals.

Why it builds up quickly

Thus an ounce of Horlick's Malted Milk has the caloric value of a full glass of fresh cow's

milk—plus important factors not contained in milk alone. Mixed with a glass of milk, Horlick's Malted Milk doubles the energy value of the milk alone.

And it is much more easily digested. No tough curds form in the stomach. It is quickly turned into rich red blood and firm tissue.

You can be sure

And you can be sure that your children are getting the purest and most wholesome of foods.

Horlick's is the original malted milk. It is made in the country under ideal sanitary and hygienic conditions by the exclusive Horlick process which retains all the vital elements of fresh milk, barley and wheat.

For more than a third of a century Horlick's Malted Milk has been endorsed and prescribed by the medical profession.

Make this test

Buy a package today and start giving your children Horlick's

Malted Milk systematically, at least once a day. They will love it with meals or as an after-school lunch.

If your children are underweight, but free to gain, a substantial weight increase should occur in a surprisingly short time.

If your children are of normal weight, give them Horlick's Malted Milk to fortify them against the energy demands of work and play, to build up resistance against illness—and because they like it so much!

Prepared in a minute at home. Sold everywhere in hermetically sealed glass jars

FREE SAMPLE

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CORP.
Dept. D-4, Racine, Wis.



Check sample wanted Chocolate Natural

Name _____

Address _____



Horlick's Malted Milk is sold in either natural or chocolate flavor in powder or tablet form

A nourishing, delicious table drink for adults. Induces sound sleep if taken before retiring. An ideal food beverage for invalids, convalescents, nursing mothers, the aged and infirm



By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library
Present Librarian, Edison Junior High School, Long Beach, California

Look! Look at me!
To-day's my birthday, Tree!
See, let me stand up, so,
Beside you. How you grow!
I'm tall, but oh,
I'll never be as tall as you, I know!
Tree, when's your birthday, please?
Why don't you speak?
I seem so small,
And you're so tall,
Perhaps you have a birthday every week!

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

IN THAT month, when the New Year comes dancing over the snow, do you, by any chance, happen to celebrate your birthday? And is it part of a secret, part of that magical, mystical day, to laugh for very happiness—to find that day fairer than others, with more sunshine and joy in it than in any other day in the year?

It may be that you have had an experience very similar to that which we read about in certain favorite stories—*Billy Barnicoat*, for instance, *Peter Pan*, or *Eliza and the Elves*. At the very beginning of the story, James Barrie says to us, "If you think Peter Pan was the only baby who ever wanted to escape it shows how completely you have forgotten your own young days. Perhaps, by pressing your hands to your temples, you can remember, a youthful desire to return to the tree tops, and of lying in bed, planning to escape as soon as Mother was asleep.

"Peter Pan is always the same age. His age is one week, and though he was born so long ago, he has never had a birthday, nor is there the slightest chance of his ever having one. The reason is that he escaped from being a human when he was seven days old; he escaped by the window and flew back to Kensington Gardens." In the same story, for those who did not escape and who keep having birthdays, there is an explanation for certain acts of conduct. David says that all children were birds before they were human, that "they are naturally a little wild during the first few weeks, and very itchy at the shoulders where their wings used to be."

Eliza MacPann in *Eliza and The Elves*, was one of those children the Elves were possessed to have from the very first moment they heard her cry out

lustily as much as to say: "Here I am!" She "looked and looked at the Elf faces crowding round her cradle and her eyes asked them to take her up and be quick about it. This they tried to do by fair means and foul. And because of the fine head of hair she had, they laid hold of it. . . . But tug and jerk as they would, they could not budge Eliza because she was too firmly weighted down with the patchwork quilt and the family Bible." The family Bible, you ought to know, was Eliza's undoing, for her name, "Eliza MacPann," was written out in it as plainly as could be. This occurred immediately after the christening—an event which the Elves did not anticipate quite so soon and over which, after it had taken place, the Elves were nearly distracted. Half their power over the child was then gone, and the more they looked at Eliza, the more they coveted her. Finally, seeing that there was no use in it, that Eliza could not now rise and fly with them out of the windows, they let go her locks and went off to fetch their lanterns and prepare for the party they had planned that evening. But though the Elves did not get Eliza, they left their sign upon her. How her Elf friends returned when Eliza was three days old to find her unruly hair held down by a cap of unbleached muslin; how they returned again when she was four years old (when it is shameful to keep any child in caps); how they were again disappointed; how they taught her Elf music, and finally, years later achieved their end in having Eliza for their playmate, is told in that delightful book, *Eliza and The Elves*. It might further pique your curiosity to know that the next day after Eliza obtained her freedom, the prostrated parents took up the family Bible to write beside Eliza's name, "Disappeared under trying circumstances in the thirteenth year of her age."

Those of you who believe that "one way to be truthful is telling stories, and the best are fairy stories," will celebrate your birthday with thoughts more wonderful than the Multiplication Table ever made anyone think of. After you have read Greville MacDonald's *Billy Barnicoat* and his father's stories—George MacDonald's *The Light Princess* and *The Princess and Curdie*—after you have pondered on christenings such as occur many times in your favorite books of fairy stories, and,

(Continued on page 37)

The Book-Elf and His Queer Playmates



HOW HE FOUND THE PEOPLE AND ANIMALS WHO LIVE IN BOOKS



THERE was once an elf who lived in a big oak tree. In a country house near by lived a little girl and her brother. This elf was a queer little fellow, and he enjoyed watching the children even more than playing with his friends the fairies.

One evening when Mother called the children from the yard, the elf, filled with curiosity, slipped into the house right behind them. He ran from the lighted hall into a dark room and found its walls covered with books.

"Ah," said the little elf, "so this is where the books grow. I wonder if the Big Book I have seen in the yard is here." Suddenly he saw it on a low shelf. Quietly he crept in beside it and discovered people of all kinds and many animals coming from between the pages. They all disappeared through a small door hidden behind other books. The elf was astonished. He had never seen so many animals and queer people before. Then through the door he went too!

Before him under a magnolia tree, people, whom the elf recognized as coming from the Big Book, were spreading a picnic cloth. A little black boy among them called to the elf.

"Come on over; what's your name? Mine's Black Sambo."

Now the elf had never had a real name, but he couldn't tell Black Sambo that. He thought of the books, which were the most interesting things he knew of, and turned to Black Sambo and said, "I am called the Book-Elf."

Black Sambo told him about the odd gathering, "Those three bears are the famous animals who owned the house that Goldilocks (the little girl near the jam pot) found and slept in. That fellow eating the pickle is the Pied Piper who took the children from Hamelin town. The Gingerbread Man is now drinking soda pop, for he dearly loves it; but afterwards he will have to go and dry out in the sun for it makes him soggy. The Three little Pigs near the milk jug always stay away from the wolf near you, for he is apt to continue the quarrel from the story book. Of course you know we all come from the REAL STORY BOOK."

(To be continued)

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY CHICAGO



THE REAL STORY BOOK

Some of the new Rand McNally books. The old tales retain their charm and are so smoothly adapted for children, while the many beautiful illustrations in color delight their imaginations. The wonderful pictures and legends together with the complete variety of text and illustrations, make these typical Rand McNally books for Children. Price \$1.00. Ask your local bookseller or if you prefer direct add: The Big picture.

THE BOOK ELF—Rand McNally a Book Shelf,
230 S. Clark Street, Chicago

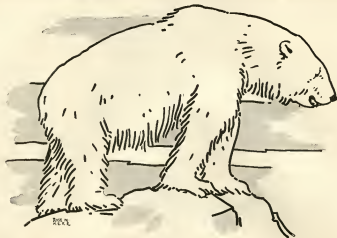
Dear Book Elf:

Please send me at once without charge a copy of your booklet "Books for Boys and Girls and Guide for Selection."

Name

Address

City and State



Let's Take a CRAYOLA Trip to the Land of Ice and Snow

SEE the great big Polar Bear. He's cold, Br-r-rh! So cold! You would be cold too, standing on a cake of ice way up in the land of ice and snow!

But as cold as Mr. Polar Bear is, you can make him look still colder, and you can do it with your box of CRAYOLA Crayons.

If you have a talent for drawing, copy the picture lightly on gray paper, take chalk and

make the bear *white*. Now, draw the fur with long strokes of *blue* CRAYOLA. This will make the bear appear both whiter and colder.

Next, put *orange* and *red* streaks in the sky and you will have a fine sunset effect that will set off Mr. Polar Bear in all his glory.

WHENEVER you go to the store for CRAYOLA, ask for "CRAYOLA wax crayon in the yellow and green box." Be sure it says "CRAYOLA" on the box.



BINNEY & SMITH Co.
41 East 42nd Street New York, N. Y.

THE PARROT-SWAN ON PARADE

WHAT HAPPENED IN
PART I

By JOSEPHINE E. PHILLIPS

say his boat was any better than Ray's, though,

Bob, Rod and Jerry give up their plans for entering their own boat, the "Parrot-Swan" in the Lake Carnival, in order to help Raymond Moore deck his boat, the "Viking," as "Old Ironsides." They plan to imitate a real battle by means of Roman candles and tableau lights, and have high hopes of winning the outboard motor, which is offered as a prize, until they learn that Mike, who has seen their work, plans to deck out his boat to look like theirs. Moreover, Mike threatens that his own boat will be the only "Old Ironsides" in the contest.

and Ray's fireworks will bring the balance our way. But what he said about there being only one 'Constitution' in the parade—it sort of gets me."

"Oh, he didn't mean anything," Jerry said comfortingly.

"I think he did, but I'm all in the dark as to what. I'm afraid Ray isn't going to get the outboard motor, and I wish we had time to fix the 'Parrot-Swan' so she'd stand a chance."

"But we haven't," Bob said. "If we worry much longer we'll not even have time to clear off her decks and get across the lake." He brandished a crowbar and set to work.

Toward twilight the crew of the "Parrot-Swan" again met on the shore by her side. Rodney shoved the little mast in place and Jerry stood ready to run up the old familiar patchwork sail. Bob grinned at them.

"We shan't want to get very near the parade in this thing," he remarked. "They'd think we were out for the Horribles."

"We shan't need to get very near," Jerry replied coolly. He, too, tried to fight off the tight feeling in his throat. This was the night they had looked forward to for months—the night on which they had hoped to win the outboard motor for themselves and the faithful "Parrot-Swan." Of course, if Ray should get it, they wouldn't mind. But if Rod's hunch was right and something they didn't know about was afoot—well—he gulped.

They pushed off in silence. Darkness came slowly down. Stars pricked through it here and there, and a little breeze sprang up. The sail flapped gently. Over across the lake they could see long strings of Japanese lanterns swaying, marking the course of the boat parade.

"Wind's just right," Rod remarked.

"Just right now," Bob agreed. "But if it gets much stronger Ray'll be glad that little Bobby thought of hinges for his frame."

The breeze did freshen, and sent them flying in a long windward tack to the brilliant shore, their spirits rising every minute of the way.

"There's the star-boat!" cried Jerry. "The one Emersons fixed to look like the flag."

"And Maynards have a man-of-war out of their scow."

"Somebody's set up a miniature White House on theirs."

PART II

YET, once upon a time, we thought this was good!" Bob jeered.

He and Rod and Jerry stood before the "Parrot-Swan" and her half-finished attempt at being "Old Ironsides." Work on Raymond's "Viking" was completed at last and they must get their own boat dismantled now, ready to run across and view the Carnival that evening.

"Oh, it wouldn't have been so bad," Jerry said, loyal as always. "What's the matter, Rod? You've been gum as an owl for two days. Aren't you going to help?"

Rod half-heartedly picked up a hammer, then let it fall.

"I dunno what the matter is, except I wish to goodness we had kept on with the 'Parrot-Swan.' I wish I hadn't switched you off onto helping Raymond."

"Ah-hah!" Bob wagged his head knowingly. "Afraid that Ray will get the prize?"

"That's just what I'm afraid he won't get."

Jerry surveyed him keenly. "You've been doing some detective work around the lake," he guessed.

Rod nodded. "I haven't had the heart to tell Ray, but that Mike—something has a wonderful 'Constitution'."

"And believe me, he's going to need it, to recover from the licking we fellows give him," flared Bob. "Let's go over and clean up on him now."

"But we can't," Jerry cried.

"It would get us in bad."

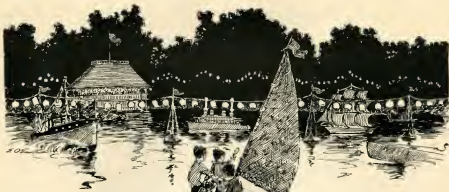
He's such a little chap.

It gives him all the advantage."

"Is his 'Constitution' better than Ray's?" Bob demanded.

"Just about perfect copy," Rod said. "You know he's smarter'n a steel trap when it comes to copying, in school or out. I shouldn't





One by one they inspected the various "floats." They were good, but none seemed better than that on which they had spent so much time and thought.

"There's the 'Constitution'! There's the Ray!" Jerry cried, peering ahead.

But Rodney's eyes were sharper. "That's the 'Constitution,' all right, but it isn't Ray's."

"But it looks just like—"

"I told you Mike's looked just like it, didn't I? His top sails are a little different, that's all. He saw Ray's before that part was done," Rodney explained.

"Too bad you can't be in the parade!" came Mike's voice, and Mike's head popped above the deck. "Your friend's decided he won't go in, either. Too bad!" The head disappeared.

Bob was raging. "What does he mean, Ray isn't going in? Of course, he's going in."

"Doesn't look much like it," Rod replied, pointing to a dim white shape anchored near shore, away from the lights and the other contestants. The sail of the "Parrot-Swan" fell loose as the boys rowed up alongside.

"Ray! Wake up!" Jerry called. "What's wrong with you? Something smashed?"

The boy stood up and faced them over his wall-board decks. He was pale and obviously miserable.

"I—I don't know how I can ever make it up to you," he stammered, "after all the time you spent on this thing. Honest, I didn't know. You've got to believe me, that I didn't know. I wouldn't have given you such a rotten deal for anything. You've got to believe—"

"Well, if we've got to believe you, we've got to, I suppose," Bob agreed. "But perhaps you'll tell us what the deal is, what it's all about."

"Why—I've only just found out. Mike-something told me and I went up and asked, and it's true. My dad—"

"Your dad what? Won't let you be in the parade?"

"My dad is one of the judges! I didn't know it. You see I didn't tell him about the 'Constitution.' I wanted to surprise him with something big. I haven't even dared talk with him for a week, for fear I'd spill it. And there he is, one of the

judges! I can't go tell him not to be. It would just make talk, as if I wanted publicity and all. And if he is judge and the 'Constitution' should get the prize, they'd say that was why. If I explained it was mostly you kids who had done the work, they'd still say it was because you were my friends. You are, aren't you?"

He looked up with such worry on his face that the whole crew of the "Parrot-Swan" had to laugh. That eased the strain a bit.

"Of course, we're your friends," Jerry said. "We'll stand by you. Only it's sort of—sudden. Isn't there a thing we can do?"

Ray shook his head. "I don't see what. If it was anything but his being a judge—Gee! It's awful for you to be—taken in like this, not to get the prize. Probably Mike'll get it. Things couldn't be worse."

"Yes they could." It was Rod who spoke. "I've been doing some high thinking. And I say it would be a whole lot worse if we'd been helping a guy who couldn't be depended on to be honorable. Why, even that little rat of a Mike-something knew that when you knew your dad was to be one of the judges, you'd withdraw from the contest. He depended on it. He said there'd be only one 'Constitution.' It seems to me, boys—" Rod's voice was low, and again it held a little thrill for his listeners—"it seems to me that losing an outboard motor doesn't weigh very heavy against finding a fellow who knows how to play square."

Ray was blushing furiously. Rod threw back his shoulders and picked up an oar. "Let's get going. We're getting moony. We can watch the parade

over by the point, where we'll be out of the way. Ready, 'Constitution'?

"Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the stream.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream!"

The others joined voices in the gay carefree round, and the "Parrot-Swan," followed closely by the "Constitution," slipped off to the quiet cove Rod had chosen.

On the opposite point of the gaily-decorated, crescent-shaped bay was the band stand and the wharf arranged for the judges. Before it each of the participants had some little stunt to perform, a song, a salute, or a pantomime in passing.

A whistle rang out over the waters and the floating "floats" nosed into line at intervals of some twenty or thirty feet, along the circling shore. Canoes darted here and there, dipping lightly into the ruffling waves—for the breeze had not lessened. Gaudy swift motor craft, to compete later in a contest of their own, gave room. The band struck up a lively march, and the parade began.

It was a stately affair and beautiful. All of the rowboats but one seemed to depend for effect on decorating and lighting schemes, rather than upon performance of a more active sort. Time after time the dark lake rang with cheers of applause. The boys waited breathlessly, eagerly, for Mike—something with his copy of their "Constitution" to draw near the reviewing stand. After all, it was their "Constitution," and they were proud of her.

But it was not Mike's idea, evidently, to merely row past, like the others. He was still some distance down the line when he drew away from it and started out into the bay, much as Ray had planned to do, for his sham battle.

Deep "Oh's" and "Ah's" arose from the spectators. It was a pretty sight, the brave little replica of the famous ship sweeping forward majestically, her sails filling with the wind from offshore.

"Maybe he's got tableau lights, after all," Bob said.

"I don't see why else he should make a bee-line out away from things, like that," Jerry said, d i s a p - pointed.

"I do!" Rodney's eyes burned bright with excitement and satisfaction. "I see why he's making a bee-line. He can't help himself! He's been cooped up there under the deck and when he started out to show off, he didn't know about the wind blowing, out in the

bay. He hadn't figured on sails being anything but decoration. Gee whillikins! Look at him spin!"

Jerry and Bob endangered the balance of the "Parrot-Swan" with their gleeful, though cramped, snake dance.

"Spin! I'll say he's spinning. He must be making about a hundred per just now. Boy! What a breeze there must be out there. Why, he'll be out of sight in a minute. Say, Ray!" Jerry, a little frightened, turned to the commander of the nearer "Constitution." "Of course Mike understood about those hinges, the way we fixed you so you could get out from under."

"N-no, I guess maybe he didn't. I don't remember explaining."

"Hooray!" cried Bob. "He's going to boil in his own sauce, then! Serve him right. I bet he's seasick already."

An odd silence fell upon the four. There was only the wish-wash of little lapping waves on the sides of their boats. Off at the right the music and the parade had stopped and there was confusion among knots of people on the shore. To the left there was darkness and a wind, a boy who had shown no honor, and his boat.

Rod looked at Jerry and Jerry looked at Bob. Bob turned his eyes to the little mast of the "Parrot-Swan" and her patchwork sail hanging idle.

"Well, boys"—he gave a hollow laugh. "I guess we'll put the 'Parrot-Swan' in the parade after all."

"You don't mean—" Ray gasped. "You don't mean you're going out there—after Mike?"

Bob nodded. The lad of indecision was suddenly a man of action.

"Quick! The oars! Straight ahead! I'll steer what I can. Full sail till we get out into it! Ray! For Pete's sake! What are you doing? You can't come with us."

Ray had crawled up onto the deck of the "Constitution" and was about to jump.

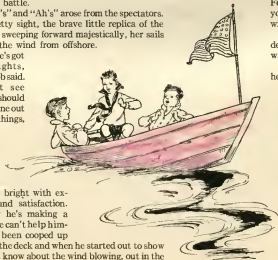
"I'm going if you're going," he cried.

"But you can't. There's not room in the 'Parrot-Swan,' on a trip like this—"

Rodney interrupted, seeing Ray's disappointment. "There's the tableau lights and Roman candles, Bob. We're going to need something out there to see by. Mike'll be all tangled up. That's the stuff, Ray! You won't need it all."

Raymond had turned back and was slashing down some of his sail.

"Go ahead!" he shouted. "I'll follow, while the



(Continued on page 37)



CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

NATURE IN WINTER
 "Isn't January the best old month to celebrate?" said Grace, at the first meeting of the Brocton Good Citizens' League in the new year.

"I didn't used to think so," said Elizabeth. "The Christmas holidays were such a *special* time that everything that came afterwards seemed flat."

"That was before you were a member of the Good Citizens' League, I bet," said Bill. "Why, January is just chuck full of good times and sleigh rides and skating contests—"

"It's chuck full of great birthdays, too, for us to celebrate," said Miriam. "There's Benjamin Franklin, Paul Revere, Joan of Arc, Robert E. Lee—"

She had to stop for breath. Besides, Miss Bradley, their counselor, had entered the room and the members crowded around her, eager to know what plan she might be hiding up her sleeve for them. From her provoking little smile, they knew it must be something extra nice.

"Well, how about some nature study for this month?" she asked them.

"Nature study in January?" asked Bill, and the others echoed his surprise.

"Just exactly that," answered

Miss Bradley. "We are accustomed to look for the beauties of

nature during the summer, spring and autumn, and we've forgotten that there are just as interesting displays of her handiwork in the winter. Did you ever stop to think how wonderful solid water is?"

"Solid water?" asked David. "Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"You have," said the counselor gaily. "You see it in the fairy-like pictures on your window panes these cold January mornings. You like to tramp through it and go skating and skiing on it." She laughed when she saw how serious and puzzled every member looked. "Come, now, let's not make such a mystery of it. I'm simply talking about frost and ice and snow, which are all forms of solid water."

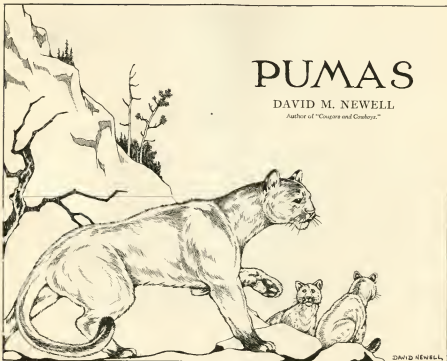
"Oh!" said every member of the league, and during the days that followed, they had cause to say, "Oh!" many times. They never had realized how fascinating frost and ice and snow could be, until they began to learn how each of them was formed and of their many uses. It was interesting to know that not only was frost responsible for the delicate pictures on their windows but that it was very beneficial for the soil; and it was fun not only to build forts of snow and wage mock battles with snow ammunition but to examine the tiny crystals with their varied

A GOOD CITIZEN

1. I read about the beginnings of our New Year celebration.
2. I learned how the children of some distant land celebrate the New Year.
3. I learned how frost is formed.
4. I made a list of the benefits of frost.
5. I learned how snow is formed.
6. I made a list of the benefits of ice.
7. I learned how ice is harvested and stored.
8. I learned how the supply of ice in my town is provided.
9. I made a list of the uses the Eskimos make of ice.
10. I learned how snow is formed.
11. I made a list of the benefits of snow.
12. I examined a number of snow crystals and noticed the difference in the designs.
13. I examined a snow crystal under the microscope.
14. I learned how snow protects plant life.
15. I learned how frost helps plant life by enriching the soil.
16. I put a box in the back yard or made a little platform, where the winter birds could alight at feeding time.
17. I scattered crumbs outside for the birds.
18. I hung out meat to attract the chickadees.
19. I learned to skate or helped teach a friend to skate.
20. I made a snow figure, using one of my friends as a model.
21. I wrapped up warm and played outside.
22. I learned some new facts about Joan of Arc, whose birthday comes in January.
23. I learned some new facts about Benjamin Franklin.
24. I memorized one of Poor Richard's wise sayings.
25. I learned something new about one of the other January heroes.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn one hundred or more consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Write your name, age and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper, then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your January list of good deeds in time to reach us by February 15th. If you want to see your name on the Honor Roll

(Continued on page 65)



PUMAS are just like big yellow cats. Of course, they are ever so much bigger than the cats that you and I have in our homes, and I suppose that if your kitten were to change into a puma you would be pretty scared. But pumas are not dangerous to men. They will catch ponies and calves and deer, but they are afraid of a man.

"Way up in the mountains where the wind howls through the canyons and the winter snow piles up in the mouths of the rocky caves—and even tries to cover the big pine trees—live some animals called *cougars*. Most boys and girls don't know what cougars are, but we'll tell them a secret. Cougars are nothing at all but pumas! Maybe your name is John and your father calls you Jack. And perhaps your Uncle Tom calls you Jock—and Mother calls you Johnny. But in spite of all these names, you are still John! Just so, there are four names for pumas.

Out in the southwest, where the twisty cedars grow on the sides of the red cliffs, pumas are called "mountain lions," and "way down south where the big owls hoot in the cypress swamps, pumas are called "panthers." And if you ever see a picture of a mountain


lion or go to a zoo and see a big tawny cat with "cougar" written over his cage, you will know it's just your old friend, the puma.

The old mother puma in the picture is taking mighty good care of her two cubs. They are cute little furry chaps and if you look hard you will see that they have spots on them. When they are six months old they will begin to lose these spots, and when they are grown, they will not have any spots at all! You know a spotted animal is harder to see in the rocks and leaves, and nature takes this way of protecting lots of animal babies until they are old enough to care for themselves.

Down at the bottom of the page you will see how the mother puma signs her name in the sand. Like all cats, she keeps her claws hidden. In this way we can tell her track from the track of a wolf, for instance, because a wolf belongs to the dog family, and his tracks show claw-marks. Next month you will see old mother wolf and her babies.

(*The Child Life Wild Animal Contest*, conducted by Mr. Newell begins this month. For complete instructions, see page 43.)





PAGANINI—Prince of Violinists

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES, LL. B.

Mus. Doc., Composer, Piano-Lecture-Recitalist, Teacher of Piano and Lecturer at American Conservatory, Chicago, President of the Society of American Musicians

SINCE I was twelve or thirteen years old I had been longing to visit the birthplaces of famous men and women, so I was happy to find myself one summer day in the busy seaport of Genoa, Italy, for here were born two great and famous men: Christopher Columbus, and Nicolo Paganini. All American children know of Columbus, but not many know of that marvelous violin player, Paganini. Everyone in Genoa knows just where these celebrated men were born, and it was a group of children that pointed out Paganini's birthplace to me. It stands in a little, narrow street, not far from the harbor where, three hundred years and more before Paganini's birth, little Christopher learned to swim and to sail a boat. Paganini's home was in three small rooms in an old and not very attractive house, painted pale pink, with green shutters such as you see in Venice, the city of canals and gondolas.

Nicolo Paganini was born in February, 1784. From his early years he was delicate in health and should have played outdoor games with the other Italian boys, but his father, though a storekeeper, was also a player on the violin and he determined to make his boy a solo-violinist, for Nicolo early showed a wonderful gift in music.

So the little "wonder-child" was actually forced by his harsh father to practice day and night, and his entire childhood was spent without the companions, the games, explorations and adventures you children enjoy so much. The little lad was shut up with his three-quarter-sized violin and made to practice, practice, practice. How the shouts of the boys in the street must have made him long to be with them, for however much Nicolo loved his violin, he was, after all, just a boy, and scales and finger exercises are poor substitutes for playmates. But as it was, this imaginative child put all his dreams

and desires into his practice (which is the thing we all should do, when we practice) and by his eleventh year was such a young prince of fiddlers that a famous teacher at Parma, to whom he was taken by Papa Paganini, declared he could teach the boy nothing which he did not already know. From his twelfth to his eighteenth year Nicolo worked; he literally slaved to master the violin as it had never before been mastered. He could now play at sight all the most difficult violin compositions written by the composers before him, so he had to compose his own music in which he created new and greater difficulties which he alone could conquer and perform.

All of us who love the "Queen of Instruments," as the violin is so often called, are glad he wrote these brilliant violin pieces, for they are played, or at least studied, by every artist-violinist of to-day, and Liszt and Schumann have arranged a few of them for the piano, so that the whole world now knows and loves many of Nicolo Paganini's compositions.

At seventeen the young Paganini made his first important public appearance, instantly proving himself such a wizard with bow and fingers that all other players were to him as is the sky-scraping Eiffel Tower in Paris to all other towers. From then on to his death in 1840 he was *the conquering hero* always and everywhere. There was practically nothing he could not do—and do better than all others—in violin playing. He called out from the "Queen of Instruments" every quality and quantity of violin tone; he made it sing, sigh or shriek, laugh, dance or pray. People both worshipped and feared this marvelous musician, and Europe from end to end became Paganini-mad, much as we became enthusiastic over our Charles Lindbergh.

Now why do you suppose any person would



or could fear such a great artist, one who was doing so much good to his audiences as Paganini?

The reason is this: when something is easily and beautifully done in our presence which we do not understand or cannot account for, we seem to turn into ignorant superstitious folk at once, and say, "That is done by magic." So it was with this magician of the fiddle, for Paganini held thousands of people spellbound by his almost superhuman ability. His speed in scales and trills was astonishing, his skips were as rapid, daring and sure as the running leaps of the mountain chamois. He played solos of beauty and of great difficulty, using all the while but *one string* of his fiddle, and with it all he looked like no one else who ever stood before the public. He was very tall and thin; his skin was the color of wax, and his coal-black hair hung heavy and long over very narrow shoulders. Can you picture Nicolo Paganini, the genius of Genoa, as he stood before great crowds playing and swaying, tossing his long black hair about by shaking his head as he played? Here is a story of his appearance when he played before a Royal Court in Italy. He wore a French coat of sky-blue velvet with orange-colored buttons, a long waistcoat embroidered with gay flowers (this coat was very long so as to hide his skeleton thinness), a pair of white satin knee-breeches which showed his bony legs; his white silk stockings made funny creases on his scraggy calves, and his large shoes were ornamented with immense silver buckles. Now the truth is that *Signor "Peculiar" Paganini*—as we Americans might have nicknamed him—hired this ridiculous outfit from a cheap secondhand store, and probably knew just how outlandish he would appear, for he didn't want to play before the Royal Court in the first place, and did it only because he had to.

Of course, when Paganini stepped before that titled audience, they laughed at him as though he were a circus clown. The breast of his flowery coat was covered with jeweled decorations given him by kings and queens. Crosses of every description, emblems of all

sorts—rings, pins, buckles, pendants, little golden birds, tiny jewelled fish, violins, lyres, and miniature violin bows—covered his coat, and tinkled like a tin-shop in a gale. Of course, the audience laughed uproariously, but the power of Paganini and the magic of his music stopped their laughter as suddenly as an Emperor might have quieted a noisy crowd of his subjects.

Paganini played! And there was silence. In spite of his clownish costume he conquered them, as he always conquered every audience by the truth and beauty that poured from his musical mind and soul.

Paganini received huge sums of money for his concert performances throughout Europe, and became a very rich man, but with riches came *fear and greed*. Great artist as he was, he became so miserly in money matters that in order to save more of his precious gold he would not buy good or sufficient food for himself or family. He quarreled with doctors and druggists over their charges, and even refused to play for charity. It will not be pleasant or welcome news to thousands of children who love the golden voice of the "Queen of Instruments" to hear that the world's most famous violinist became a money-grabber and a miser, but knowing it, it can help us all to more truly value unselfishness and kindness in others, and to cultivate these qualities—which are more to be desired than gold—in ourselves. Paganini left his son, Achille, a large fortune, for he loved his boy as dearly as your father loves you.

There are many stories of how Papa Paganini, Prince of Violinists, entertained his boy, Achille. How funny it must have been to see this long, gaunt man, all knees, elbows, hands, feet, and hair, stretched out on the floor, motionless, pretending that he was Achille's dead pony! Achille had been on the back of this "pony" for the last quarter of an hour and, guiding him by pulling his ears, had trotted him all over the house until the poor "pony" was utterly tired out, and had to pretend he was dead so that he could catch his breath.

So you see Paganini was, as is every man.

(Continued on page 41)



HAPPY 1928 to all the Child Life cooks! Isn't it jolly to think we are starting a new year in which we can cook—oh, so many delicious goodies? Let's all resolve to learn a lot and to practice often during the year just begun.

After all the sweets of holiday time, fruit sounds the best of anything we can suggest. And orange is a refreshing color to use following the gay red and green of Christmas trimmings. So let's do a fruit salad for New Year's dinner. Or, if you like, this same salad may be used for tea New Year's evening. If you have your big dinner at noon, a fruit salad served with dainty little bread and butter sandwiches will be perfect for tea.

We haven't made a salad for a long time. Let's put on our thinking caps and see if we remember how it's done.

First, all ingredients must be carefully selected, as food served raw must be very choice.

Second, ingredients must be very cold. The lettuce must be chilled to a crisp. The dressing must be cold and the plates chilled.

Third (we might have put this first, it is so important!), the cook's hands must be immaculately clean.

"How clean is that?" asked a nine-year-old cook—she is new in our kitchen.

Oh, it's just as clean as clean can be! It means that hands are scrubbed, rinsed and dried with care. Nails are cleaned and the fingers given a final rinse. Isn't that clean? But it's not one bit *too* clean for the hands of a cook who is about to touch food—not one bit!

We always have a clean apron on hand, ready for use when we make salad and we clear off a special place on the table where the light is good. Then we get out our prettiest mixing bowl and a sharp knife at the very beginning, for we

FRUIT SALAD IN ORANGE BASKETS

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Joan and Jerry, Detectives," etc.

know we will need those tools. Now let's see—are there any other questions?

"How do you 'chill' lettuce?" asks a new cook.

That is a very good question and no doubt many of our new readers will want to know that very thing.

Wash a head of lettuce carefully, trimming off spoiled portions of root and leaf. Put in a lettuce jar and set in the ice box, or wrap in a clean cloth, put in a pan and sprinkle a little water over the cloth to keep it moist. Then put it in the ice box. In a few hours the lettuce will be firm and crisp.

Now for our fruit salad; we shall plan for six persons. If you serve more or less, plan your supplies accordingly.

FRUIT SALAD IN ORANGE BASKETS

Drain and cut in pieces enough fruit to make 1 and $\frac{1}{2}$ cupsful. For this you may use canned cherries (seeded, of course), canned pineapple or peaches or Malaga grapes (seeded), bananas, apples or any other fruit, canned or fresh, that your family likes. Use at least two sorts besides the oranges. Consult with Mother as to what fruit is most convenient for you to use.

Select three fine, large oranges.

Hold an orange in the left hand, stem end down.

With a sharp knife cut around the center in a jagged line, till you have marked clear around and come back to starting. Make dainty little marks till you are sure you will come out right. Then cut on your marks—right through the peeling. Each cut should be about one-half inch long.

With the fingers, work

(Continued on page 55)



PAGANINI—PRINCE OF VIOLINISTS

(Continued from page 39)

famous or not, loving at heart. Think of the beauty and joy he gave to multitudes of people for many years! Think of the good that the Paganinis of to-day are doing—such men as Fritz Kreisler, Mischa Elman, Albert Spaulding, and others (for we have many more really great violinists than the world contained in Paganini's time). All these artists earn much more than money—they earn our gratitude and homage, for their music makes us and the whole world better. When you go to hear a noted violinist be sure to look over the program and more than likely you will find at least one composition by Paganini, the violin hero of all fiddlers of his time and of ours as well. The piece you will then hear will probably be very brilliant, and surely very difficult, for Paganini was happiest when he wrote music so difficult that no one could play it but himself. But to-day there are many who play his compositions magnificently.

When an artist can make a violin cry, laugh, and tell stories the instrument itself must be almost a perfect one, so Paganini's violins were wonderful creations. But there was one special violin—a "Queen of Queens" among his instruments—which was Paganini's favorite.

Playing this perfect instrument, he had held vast audiences under a spell of beauty so mysterious that violinists and violin were accused of being in league with unseen spirits. In Genoa this favorite violin is still to be seen. It was made by the celebrated Italian violin maker, Josef Guarnerius, and was presented to Paganini by an admirer. Paganini left it to his beloved home city where it is preserved in a glass case in the Municipal Museum. Some day, I hope you will see it yourselves.

Whenever you think of Paganini, remember that musically gifted though he was naturally, it was work, work, and the more work that made him that supreme artist who towers over all others violinists.



What did Old Dr. Bear tell Mary Jane?

MARY JANE had wandered deep into the Green Forest. "Hello little girl," a voice said. Mary Jane looked around. There, smiling up at her, was the friendly little face of Bunny the Rabbit.

"Why, hello Bunny," she answered. "What are you doing here? I thought you lived in the Big Thicket."

"I do," replied Bunny. "But I come here every day to play. Won't you play with me?"

"I'm too tired," said Mary Jane. "And besides, Mother doesn't want me to play. She says I'm not strong enough."

"You do look awfully pale,"

observed Bunny. "Let's ask Old Dr. Bear what is the matter."

"Another case of robbing Mother Nature," Old Dr. Bear growled, as he looked at Mary Jane. Then he told her how to grow well and strong—that she needed the iron, lime and other valuable minerals that Mother Nature puts into the whole wheat kernel.

The next morning, Mary Jane didn't eat robbed foods. Instead, she ate a big steaming bowl of Wheatena—the delicious unrobbed WHOLE WHEAT cereal. She kept this up day after day—and you should see her rosy cheeks now!

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Every product advertised in this issue has the approval of CHILD LIFE and the endorsement of the publishers, Rand McNally & Company.

THE GARDENER AND THE CABBAGES

By MARION CADDELL

IN ORDER to decide which of the players are to be the Gardener, the Cabbage-grower, and the Cabbages, make as many slips of paper as there are players. Write "Gardener" on one and "Cabbage-grower" on another, mix them with the blanks and draw lots. Those who draw blanks must be the Cabbages and can pretend they look like the ones in the illustration.

The Gardener makes a mark round the ground which is to be his garden and stands inside it.

The ground outside that will belong to the Cabbage-grower where he takes up his position among his Cabbages, who must try to get into the Flower Garden without being caught by the Gardener.

When a Cabbage is in danger of being caught, if the Cabbage-grower is quick enough to reach him before the Gardener has touched him, he is saved and may return to his field. But if he is caught, he becomes a Flower and must help to catch the other Cabbages.

If the Cabbages are able to all get into the garden at the same time, crying, "Cabbages are cooked!" before they are touched, they have won the game; but if the Gardener and Flowers succeed in catching all the Cabbages, they have won.



RULES FOR WILD ANIMAL CONTEST

WOULD you like a real, live baby alligator next summer—one less than a foot long to catch flies and eat raw meat and take a swim when he has a chance?

David Newell, the artist-naturalist, is going to give six baby alligators as the first six prizes in the CHILD LIFE Wild Animal Contest. To the very first prize-winner he will also give an autographed copy of his book, "Cougars and Cowboys." Then there'll be honorable mention for those he chooses and a message for all from David Newell.

First of all write Mr. Newell, care CHILD LIFE Magazine, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, for a free map of the United States with the tracks of six animals on it. These six animals will be pictured in CHILD LIFE, between January and June, with their tracks. You do not have to buy CHILD LIFE in order to enter the contest. Copies may be read at our office or at nearly all public libraries.

Second, make a list of the six animals and the states in which their tracks appear.

Third, to enter for the prizes send the list of animals and states, together with a letter of not over 200 words about the wild animal you like best, to Mr. David Newell, care CHILD LIFE Magazine, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois, before June 12, 1928.

The prizes will be awarded for the six best lists and letters.

David Newell,
CHILD LIFE Magazine,
536 S. Clark Street,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the map of the United States with the tracks of six animals. I want to enter the Wild Animal Contest.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____




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WHO'S WHO IN CHILD LIFE

HAPPY New Year! That is the greeting which the CHILD LIFE editors send to every one of you; and they will help make your New Year happy, too, by giving you twelve magazines filled with the best art work and stories and poems that leading artists and authors can supply.

You are going to love the January issue, which features "Abra Cadabra" and "The Brownie and the Butterfly," the two charming poems by Mildred Plew Merryman, author of "Bonbon and Bonbonnette." You are going to giggle over "The Wee Squirreles," the amusing picture story prepared for you by Grace Drayton, the well-known artist whose quaint little characters peep out at you from the pages of leading magazines. January also gives you a delightful play to act—"The Moon for a Prince" by Grace Ruthenburg—two serials and a splendid adventure story of Revolutionary days by Myrtle Jamison Trachsel, author of "In the Garden of the Little Lane Princess." And, of course, you will want to enter David Newell's "Wild Animal Contest," and try for one of the live baby alligators which he will give as prizes.

Just as February is brimful of holidays for you to celebrate, so your February CHILD LIFE is brimful of splendid stories for you to read. The stirring new serial—"The Hide-and-Seek House" by Mabel S. Merrill—will begin and will take you adventuring on a houseboat with Billy and Klink and the kindly old man they dub "the pirate." There will be several jolly valentine stories and a charming play for you to act—"By the Valentine Tree."

Of course, you are to have special stories for the birthdays of America's two great heroes. In "The Boy Who Was the Northwest Territory," Janet Shaw tells you of the adventure of one of General Washington's young friends; and Cornelia Meigs will write an Abraham Lincoln story entitled "Tad." Miss Meigs, you remember, won the special \$2,000 prize for the best juvenile book submitted in a contest conducted by Little, Brown & Company, and she wrote "The Horn Lantern," the story which appeared in the November issue of CHILD LIFE and which many of you liked so much.

Solve Your Camp Problem! By Filling Out the Coupon!

THE CHILD LIFE Bureau of Education has on file complete data on all of the best camps and schools in the United States.

Our BUREAU OF EDUCATION has been established as a service to our subscribers and we want you to use its facilities to solve your school and camp problems.

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COSTUMES FOR SCHOOL AND HOME SHOWS

OF COURSE you like to dress up like a pirate. All boys do. It suggests at once a vaudeville and circus side shows, which are packs of fun to get up. Making

costumes and accessories for home or school shows gives one something to do in the workshop, too.

Figure 1 shows the pirate, brave and bold. His costume is easy to prepare. A pair of boots—hip boots with the tops turned down are best—long trousers tucked into the boots, blouse, red sash, neckerchief, and turban are all that you need. Red cheesecloth will do for sash, neckerchief and turban. You must make up your face with grease paint—brown with reddened cheeks, blackened eyelids and brows, and lines drawn upon the forehead to indicate wrinkles. Buy the grease paint at the drug store. A mustache gives character to the make-up. Corn silk dyed to match your hair makes a flowing mustache. You can stick it to your lip with chewing gum. Raveled rope and curled hair from a cushion also make good mustaches. Use curtain

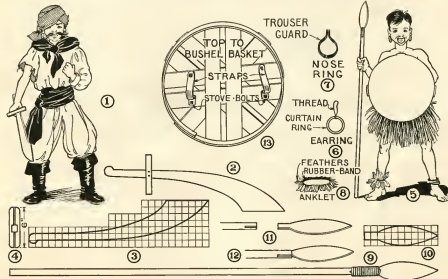
rings for earrings. Tie loops of thread to them, as shown in Fig. 6, to hang over your ears.

You must have a cutlass. Figure 2 shows a good model made of wood.

It is curved more than the old navy cutlass. It is more like a Turkish sword. But it is of the shape generally used by play pirates.

Figure 3 is a pattern for the blade and handle. I have drawn squares across the pattern to help you in enlarging it. Each square represents a measurement of one inch. To make a full-size pattern, tack a strip of paper to a board, and with your ruler mark off twenty-seven one-inch divisions in the length and seven one-inch divisions in the width. Rule straight lines through these division points, and you will have a series of squares exactly like those upon the printed diagram, of the right size to draw the full-size pattern on. By counting off the squares upon the diagram, you can easily locate the curves and straight lines of the cutlass upon your large drawing, as they are shown. When you are

(Continued on page 48)






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He's as black as black can be,
He loves to play with kitty
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State...



A Puppy's Christmas Eve

When sparkling snow falls silently and steadily all the lights in Santa's sleigh, little stockings hang from magic chimneys. Happy, content children are snuggling under cozy covers on the bed. The poor little puppy sits up and wonders why this Christmas the Christmas angels and rosy-cheeked boys outside one of both and little feet warm down the warm to your feet.

There is not time to buy his Christmas gift—a set of WASCOS Dog Brochures that will make him howl with joy when he opens the box. And best of all he will dance with glee all through the year as you look for cows, chickens and geese.

If he wears his hat short the special set of two brochures is merely \$1.00, add 15 cents more of the Magazine Special set for long hair dogs are \$1.50, add 25 cents more of the Magazine. Please mention level of dog when ordering so that your dog will receive the correct brochures for Christmas. Yes, indeed, they are guaranteed and you can have your little savings back if you're not satisfied!

L. S. WATSON MFG. CO.
100 MAIN STREET LEICESTER, MASS.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET "THE WELL-GROOMED DOG"



CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS



1 One snowy blowy day the boys had a secret that they just wouldn't tell Betsy Ann or little cousin Bab. Even Chip was left out in the cold.



2 Betsy Ann felt so sorry for herself that she forgot to give Dick Mother's message about not skating on the pond, and went on making snowballs.



3 But a distant shout made her remember. She ran to the pond and there was Dick—almost all in. But Chip doggedly took him by the arm.



4 Then Betsy Ann did some quick log-rolling and helped Dick out of his icy bathtub. And Ted and Bab got there in time to hurrah.



5 Later Dick took his friends and rescuers to see the secret—a wonderful icy igloo they'd built for Betsy Ann—with a warm welcome just inside!



JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

Robert and Ruth Find Out Where Add-a-pearls Come From

IT ALL started because Ruth wanted to know where the pearls come from that made up her beautiful Add-a-pearl necklace.

Robert said that they came from the jewelers but could not explain how the jeweler got them. When Mother was asked, she smiled and told them to take their question to Father for she was sure he would have an interesting answer for it.

"Daddy, will you tell us where pearls come from?" the children called just as soon as he came in the house that evening.

Daddy laughed and drew up a chair by the fireside. "They come from the South Seas," he began. "How would you like to go, when we start on that trip we're planning, and see just what happens to make it possible for you, Ruth, and other girls to have beautiful pearl necklaces such as your Add-a-pearls?"

"Oh, I'd love to go Father," Ruth replied quickly.

"And I would, too," Robert said.

Two weeks later they all set sail on a huge ocean liner. After an exciting voyage, for the sea was rough and very tumbling, they reached the Persian Gulf where the most important pearl fisheries in the world are found.

Robert and Ruth did not know what pearl fisheries were, but an old Arab who was captain of one of the boats explained it to them. The pearl oyster, or as it should be

BECAUSE of the interest shown by many of our readers in Advertising Land, Robert and Ruth will make a series of visits to the business homes of advertisers in Child Life. Every boy or girl who writes a letter telling what advertiser in Child Life they would like to have Robert and Ruth visit, will receive a surprise gift. Write to Robert and Ruth, care of Child Life, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago.

called, pearl clam, lives on rocks at the bottom of the sea. Not only one oyster, but thousands and thousands, are found together and this is called a pearl oyster bed.

"Will we see a pearl oyster bed?" Ruth asked.

The captain laughed. "I'm afraid not, for I don't know how we could take you and Robert down to the bottom of the sea."

The children looked so disappointed that the old Arab said quickly, "But we could take you out in one of the boats if you are ready early in the morning." The children both promised and about four o'clock the next

morning they climbed into the boat with the fishermen who are called pearl divers.

After rowing some distance the boat was anchored.

"I wonder what they'll do now?" Robert whispered. Ruth started to answer but just then one of the pearl divers fastened a rope around his waist and gave the other end to one of the men in the boat to hold.

"What's he doing now?" Ruth asked the captain.

"He is putting a small pair of pincers on his nose and little copper caps on his finger tips to protect him from cuts when he pulls the oyster shells from the rocks."

"Look at the little basket he has," cried Robert. "What does he do with it?"

"The pearl diver carries the basket in front of him to put the shells in," the Arab said,

(Continued on page 44)



OUR WORKSHOP

(Continued from page 45)

satisfied that your large drawing is exactly like the small pattern, trace it off upon a board about three-quarters inch thick. Then saw out the piece with your coping saw.

The long edge of the cutlass is the sharp edge. Yours will not be sharp, of course. But it should be whittled thin. Whittle carefully, or you will surely split off part of the blade.

The hand guard may be a short stick nailed across the handle, or two sticks notched, as shown in the pattern of Fig. 4, to fit over the handle, and nailed.

Finish the cutlass with radiator aluminum paint, or with tinfoil or silver paper glued to the surfaces.

A South Sea Islander costume is easy to make, because there is little to it. Figure 5 shows how you will look all dressed up, with home-made spear and shield.

You need a pair of bathing trunks, and a belt to which you have attached raffia, raveled hemp rope, or straw, to form a grass skirt. And you need brown grease paint, and some ornaments. Make earrings of curtain rings with loops of thread tied to them (Fig. 6). Make a nose ring of a bicycle trousers guard (Fig. 7), and an anklet of a large rubber band with feathers glued to it (Fig. 8).

Figure 9 shows the completed spear. You need a curtain pole or rake handle for the staff. Cut it off to a length equal to your height. The spear head may be cut out of wallboard or plywood. Lay it out by the pattern shown in Fig. 10. Saw a slot in the end of the staff large enough to set the shank of the spear head in (Fig. 11), slip the shank into the slot (Fig. 12), and secure with a binding of twine. If the spear heads break off, you can quickly prepare a new one.

The shield is made of the top of a bushel basket. Bolt two pieces of a leather strap to the basket top, as shown in Fig. 13, for arm and hand straps. Then cover the face of the shield with a piece of leather, or imitation leather, taken from a worn-out chair, cushion or automobile cushion.



THE BUILDER

MARION LEBRON

A LITTLE house—
I made it!
A little door—
It's mine!
A window—
I can watch the streets
Where peddlers call their line.
And with my heavy hammer
I made a handsome chair.
Now I must hurry in some wood
And build another there.

HOT OR COLD

(Continued from page 17)

But Edward continued to run his fingers along the back of the picture.

"There is something else here," he whispered. "Wait!"

The others waited until he had made sure all the blinds were tightly closed, then he pulled, from between the canvas of the painting and the board to which it was tacked, a bright guinea.

"Oh," cried Mother, "you have found the treasure!"

Nancy danced about clapping her hands for joy. They examined the back of the picture and discovered a row of gold coins reaching entirely across the bottom of the big picture. Only a tiny bit of their rims showed above the edge of the wooden frame. Mother sat down in front of the big picture and laughed heartily. Edward and Nancy also enjoyed the joke on themselves.

"To think that we had this picture before us all the time and never guessed what Father meant," said Edward.

For the picture was a painting of several deer grazing in a large woodland pasture.

"Never mind," said Mother. "We were not the only ones to be fooled by the deer lick. The persons who opened Father's letter were digging out there and may look farther. They know nothing of this picture, so will not guess that we have found it. How glad I am we played this game. I think I shall have to make each one of you a present. We may even be able to manage a new Persian for Nancy."

But Nancy shook her curls emphatically. "'Twas Edward who found it and anyway, I no longer care for finery."

Nancy was beginning to understand some of the things that seemed so strange. She did not want a new dress when the patriots were struggling so hard to win the war. Nancy was now a little patriot.



FROST FAIRY TALES

EDITH CAROLYN NEWLIN

PLEASE, some one teach Jack Frost to write!
Upon my windowpane, each night

He scribbles fairy tales for me,
And illustrates them gorgeously

With feathery, frilly ferns and birds,
But I can never read the words

The Adventures of Bob and Betty and Red Tube

"I'M NOT going to the old party—it's too much trouble," said Bob.

"I never was much on that kind of a party," added Red Tube. "Well, you're both going," said Betty. "I know you'll have a good time. There'll be all kinds of good things to eat—and every single one of the Jones boys are going."



"If I go, I'll go as a Saturday Night Bath," said Bob.

"Are you sure you know enough about Saturday Night Baths to go as one?" suggested Red Tube.

"I believe I'll dress up like one of the Old Dutch Cleanser girls. I'll carry a stick and chase you and Red Tube."

"But how can I dress?" pleaded Red Tube. "I have such a strange figure, really there's almost nothing that is becoming to me. You see, I'm straight up-and-down, with practically no hips"...and he switched about the room as though he had the figure of a beautiful model.

"You could go as—as—as a vacuum cleaner. Put yourself in a bag, leave only your shiny top out, and you're fixed," was Bob's brilliant idea.

And so they finally set off for the masquerade party—Bob as a Saturday Night Bath, Betty



as an Old Dutch Cleanser Girl, Red Tube as a Vacuum Cleaner.

As parties go, it was really a very good one. They played Wolf-over-the-River, and "Buffalo Bill" was the wolf. They played Drop-the-Handkerchief, and "Mary, Mary Quite Contrary" was always caught.

Red Tube was the only one who didn't seem to have an awfully good time. Being tied up in a sack, naturally cramped his style. He couldn't run, he really couldn't do much of anything. First he sat on the curb and watched the others play—then he hobbled up to the porch. When who should he discover but "The Girl with the Million-Dollar Smile." She was huddled up on the swing crying as though her heart would break. Red



Tube felt a little embarrassed, but soon he mustered up courage to ask her what was the trouble.

"Oh-h-h-h," she sobbed, "the party is ruined for me. I can't go and play with the others—I can't. I ate some blueberry pie for refreshments—and now my million-dollar smile is ruined."

"Why that's easy!" said Red Tube, hopping out of his bag. "I can clean your teeth in a jiffy—clean them so clean that your million-dollar smile will be worth two million."

And when he had cleaned away all the blueberry stain—he and the "Girl with the Million-Dollar Smile" went out to play with the others—and they were the life of the party!

THE MOON FOR A PRINCE

(Continued from page 81)

[He goes as the MOON, climbing down to the parapet, dangles his thin legs over the coping.]

KING (almost losing his balance on the roof): So you did come?

MOON: Of course. To-morrow's the Prince's birthday, isn't it? And when can a Moon do what he likes if it isn't on the eve of the Prince's birthday?

KING: But I thought—I thought—

MOON (swinging his legs which until now have been doubled out of sight behind his round yellow face):

Once a year or twice a year

Or maybe once a century

The moon comes down to see the world
And stretch his legs that have been curled
Behind his face, you see.

KING: Oh!

MOON:

Twice a year or thrice a year

Or maybe only once,

He dangles down a neat brown leg

For fear a King might have to beg

And a wise man look a dunce.

[He sits on the wall as the PRINCE returns.]

PRINCE: Once more I must embrace you, my royal father. [He sees the MOON.] What—

KING (clasping the PRINCE):

Our kingdom is saved,

For the Moon has behaved

In this most considerate fashion.

The Magician shall be

Now banished by me

Without any thought of compassion.

[They stand, one on each side of the parapet, while the MOON climbs down to the center and poises there.]

MOON:

Hereafter make no promise bold

Nor leave your realm to chance,

For wise men often own, I'm told,

A duplex countenance,

And have been known

To wreck a throne

Where kings have made a blunder,

With subtle wile

And dreadful style

To knock his props from under.

But thanks to me

Yourself is free

And 'mid rejoicings fervent

I shall return

To glow and burn,

Your Highness's golden servant!

[The KING and PRINCE look on. The MOON does a few dance maneuvers on the parapet to ease his cramped legs, and begins ascending as the curtain falls.]

If you send in the coupon below, Red Tube Junior will come to your home—and with him will come the Zingo Book—a fairy story.

COLGATE & COMPANY, Dept. 411-A
303 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me FREE a sample tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, and also a Zingo Book.

Name

Address

City

State



[CURTAIN]

THE SECRET OF BELDEN PLACE

(Continued from page 24)

monkeying with it, till, with a jerk, he had it out.

"I just pressed down on it very hard," he explained. "I must have touched a spring."

"That drawer is not as long as the others," I said. "Perhaps—"

I didn't dare say it, but, of course, I was hoping that I'd find the jewels at the back end of that dark little tunnel where the drawer had been. I put my hand inside.

My fingers touched something cold, and I cried out before I thought.

"Are they the—" my cousin gasped.

The next instant I had pressed the spring and the left-hand column opened about an inch. Jimmy grabbed it, and when I let go the spring, it snapped back, holding his fingers tight.

He winced a little but said nothing, while Patty and I began to pry at the wood to get his hand out. At last, I had sense enough to touch the spring.

"Whew, I won't try that again!" Jimmy exclaimed. "We'll use this paper weight to hold it. Let me get hold of that spring."

He pressed it, but it didn't do any good, because the column seemed to be stuck like all the drawers.

"It's the place where old Jake hid the jewels," Patty cried, her breath coming in sharp little gasps. "We must get into it. Bring a hatchet, Jimmy! We'll break it open if we have to. Mother won't mind when she finds out why we did it."

That showed just how excited Patty really was. Why, Aunt May would have been terribly upset if we had started hacking at her beloved old secretary.

But at that moment none of us considered that. We were so interested in the old desk and finding the jewels that it seemed impossible for us to think of anything else, even for a minute. Just then Mrs. Fisher walked into the room.

"Mr. Whiteside has come for the furniture," she said. "Have you taken the upholstering off?"

We looked at one another in dismay. "Can't he come some other time?" I asked crossly.

Mr. Whiteside was standing in the hall and heard me. "Why, yes," he said. "I have another call to make and can come back in half an hour."

"Gee!" said Jimmy, after the man had gone. "It'll take that long to get that horsehair off."

"Oh, dear!" I said. "We can't leave the desk, now that we're just about to find out everything. Can't Mr. Whiteside take the upholstering off?"

Patty looked as though she wanted to cry but she said with quite a determined air, "You may do as you please. But I promised Mother and I'm going to do it."

It was just about the hardest decision I ever made in my life, but I knew we couldn't desert Patty.

"And we're going to help you," I said. "The secret drawer will just have to wait another half an hour." (The conclusion of "The Secret of Belden Place" will appear in the February issue of CHILD LIFE.)



- A HAPPY NEW YEAR! -

A HAPPY New Year to us!
With health and joyous cheer!
And here's a way we children may
Be happy *all* the year—
With exercise that's healthy;
And a SCOOTER Bike to make
The exercise that's fine and wise,—
With the ENDEE COASTER BRAKE.

WHAT air brakes are to a railroad train and four-wheel brakes are to your motor car the New Departure Multiple Disc Clutch Coaster Brake is to the sidewalk cycle,—so necessary that a child should not ride without it.

When buying any kind of a bicycle ask that it be equipped with the New Departure,—the outstanding cycling improvement in the last two decades.

PUZZLE FUN—GET ONE!!

Send today for your jolly puzzle.
"THE DISAPPEARING CHINAMAN"

Just write to—

*Especially designed
for
Scooter Bikes*



New Departure
ENDEE
Coaster Brake
BRISTOL CONN.

Approved by Permission from John Marshall's Book, the Children's Magazine.

A JELL-O-LAND SNOW SURPRISE



ONE winter morning in Jell-O-Land, Mary-Jane woke up to find a blanket of white over everything! There wasn't a bit of Jell-O to be seen.

Mary-Jane hurried out, and found the Sandman looking very glum. "Every bit of Jell-O is covered up," he grumbled, "and we won't get any to eat until the snow melts!"

Mary-Jane sighed. They were both very fond of Jell-O. As they stood there, they spied the Jell-O fairies coming towards them—dancing and singing as they came near!

"What makes you so happy?" called out the Sandman, impatiently. "Don't you see we'll have no Jell-O 'til spring?"

The fairies only laughed, and the Queen of the fairies said, "Don't you know this isn't real snow? . . . It's Apple Snow Jell-O! The Apple Snow's on top, and the Jell-O's underneath—and it's all delicious!" She pulled two teaspoons out of her pocket. "Here," she said to Mary-Jane and the Sandman, "just taste it and see!"

Mary-Jane and the Sandman both tasted a spoonful of the Apple Snow Jell-O.

"My, my—that's good!" cried the Sandman, all smiles. "Dec-licious!" exclaimed Mary-Jane.

"You can eat all you want," said the Queen of the fairies. "Apple Snow Jell-O is very good for you . . . let's all eat some right now!"

So then and there, they had an Apple Snow Jell-O party!

A Word About Jell-O—To Mothers: Your children are sure to love Jell-O—it's so clear and sparkling, and tastes so good! The flavors are wonderful flavors of fresh, luscious fruits, non-tartic.

Jell-O is particularly suitable for children. It is very easy to digest and, in addition, it contributes valuable protein nourishment to the body.

Besides Apple Snow Jell-O, there are all sorts of attractive Jell-O desserts and salads—all easy to make, and so economical, too! Send for our recipe booklet that tells you how to prepare them.

Your grocer sells Jell-O—so fine delicious fruit flavors. You'll find each package ingeniously sealed to protect the freshness of flavor and the unvarying purity of Jell-O.

JELL-O

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FIVE PURE FRUIT FLAVORS

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Please send me, free, the new recipe booklet—containing dozens of delicious Jell-O recipes.

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812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario



THE PARROT SWAN ON PARADE

(Continued from page 35)

candles last."

The "Parrot-Swan" with her single sail shot out before the wind, and the "Constitution" followed, bereft of all but her top sails. To the hushed groups on shore it was all very confusing.

Was this not the boat they had just seen fly off into the darkness? Was it not all a part of some stunt performance? Had there been an oarsman under the decks of that first "Constitution"? Certainly there was someone directing this, and cleverly. As the "Parrot-Swan" veered off, the "Constitution" followed, though more slowly.

Suddenly a red flare began to burn at her prow, making of the two boats a glowing, glorious sight, vivid sails against jet sky. Out—out, until it seemed to Bob that their search might begin. He signaled, and Ray left his oars.

A moment later a Roman candle hissed from the deck of the "Constitution." Its star flared high into the night, then fell in a burst of showering sparks.

By the light of it, the crew of the "Parrot-Swan," straining their eyes, made out, rods away, a mass of white that had been Mike-something's boat. They made for it, and again Ray followed a little way.

He could not go far, for his craft grew clumsy to handle alone, with the wind shifty. There was only one thing that he could do, then, to help in this rescue. But he could do that.

Colored lights flared, lighting the spot where the "Parrot-Swan" labored. Roman candles—red, white and blue balls of fire—puffed and were gone. He started a white flare, then another red.

Ray was half panic-stricken. Would there be enough? Was he wasting them, or not sending them fast enough? Would the boys win in their fight against wave and wind and pitchy dark?

The boys did win. They found Mike-something at last, crouching on the bottom of his boat, under a tangle of ropes and sails and splintered wood. Bob cut away the mass and hauled him into the "Parrot-Swan." Another candle burst over their heads. By the light of it Mike-something's thin face showed ghastly. His lips had lost their cocksure saucy twist and were trembling. He hid his eyes with his coat sleeve, and his shoulders began to shake.

"I—I'm sorry," he blubbered.

The "Parrot-Swan" headed about.

An hour later the crew of the brave little boat lolled lazily back in their seats, legs straight out, their thumbs tucked under their belts. Home was ahead of them and in their ears was the comfortable putt-putt-purr of a perfect motor.

"Gee! Wasn't it great—the way he announced we won the prize—'For the most splendid exhibition of the fearless spirit of Young America?'" Jerry quoted airily.

"Great!" Bob agreed. "When you going back for the 'Viking,' Ray?"

For a moment Ray roused from his blissful reverie in the stern of the "Parrot-Swan." He was having his turn at directing the activity of the new outboard motor.

"To-morrow, I guess. They're getting some pictures of it for the news service. Say, Rod, what was it you asked Mike-something, just before we came away? It made a different-looking kid of him."

"Oh, I just—" Rod was embarrassed. "I just asked him if he'd come for a ride down the lake with us next week. Was that all right?"

"Sure!" Jerry said cordially.

"Sure!" Bob agreed. "Let's make it a barbecue. I bet he's never had enough to eat. Don't feel as if I had myself, this minute."

"We'll soon be there, with this," Jerry said.

The three leaned back once more and took their ease.

(THE END)



SELF-CONTROL

POLLY CHASE

MY DOLLY would not play with me.
She simply stared
Her silly stare.
It made me *wild*
To pull her hair.

I kissed her *very quietly*
And walked outdoors and kicked a tree.



CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

(Continued from page 40)

each point of peeling away from the pith. Be very gentle, as points must not be broken. When the points are all turned back, there will be a band of white showing all around the orange.

Cut through this, dividing the orange into halves.

With a sharp spoon remove the fruit from the peeling. Then remove the white pith from the good orange, cut the fruit fine and put it into the mixing bowl and add the other fruits.

Repeat this step till all three oranges are removed from the peeling and you have six pretty orange shells with pointed edges.

Cover the shells with a damp cloth and put in a cool place.

Make a dressing by mixing together $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of salad oil.

$\frac{1}{4}$ cupful white vinegar or lemon juice.

$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoonful salt.

$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoonful paprika.

Pour the dressing over the fruit in the bowl, tossing gently to make sure that every piece is well covered.

Put in the refrigerator for at least two hours.

When serving time comes, drain the fruit from the dressing and arrange neatly in the orange shells.

Garnish with a teaspoonful of mayonnaise and a shake of paprika.

Set each shell on a bed of lettuce on a chilled plate.

Serve with cheese wafers or strips of toasted bread.

If you want your salad to look still more party-ish, cut strips of peeling from another orange and make handles for the baskets. (This orange may be set aside and used for juice the next day.) Or make handles from twists of orange crepe paper. Cover the joining with a bit of fern or a sprig of fine parsley.

We are often asked for recipes for party meals—such as Mother's birthday dinner. This salad is a fine addition to such a meal and will go beautifully with the following menu:

BIRTHDAY DINNER

Clear Vegetable Soup

Roast Leg of Lamb Mint Sauce

Browned Potatoes Peas

Fruit Salad in Orange Baskets

Toasted Bread Strips

Ice Cream Served on Squares of Sponge Cake,
topped with Grated Cocomnut



SETTING THE TABLE

ARTHUR KRAMER

When Mother spreads the tablecloth
(See, can you guess this riddle!)
What two go right, what one goes left,
And what goes in the middle?

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With patterns.



HAPPY New Year, everyone! Ann is proud of her new Christmas doll and Child Life dresses, and she wants you to like them, too.

Don't you think the one she has on is pretty? It is black velvet with crepe de Chine trimming, just the thing for afternoon wear.

For starting the New Year right at kindergarten, Ann has a two-piece dress with the cunning plain skirt buttoning right on

to the waist and a little blue linen frock with a rollicking yellow bunny scampering down one side. The sleeves cut raglan style and put in with tiny gathers, are quite the prettiest thing about it.

Wouldn't you like to start the New Year with Child Life patterns?

Pattern No. 5868, 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

Pattern No. 5879, 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

Pattern No. 5957, 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years

A NEW NEW YEAR

By John Dukes McKee.



DIRECTIONS

MOUNT the page on stiff paper or cardboard. Make the four pieces, following the heavy black outlines. Run a pin through spot (A) on the box and then through spot (A) under the lid. Do the same with spot (B) on the lid and on the hand. Now run a pin through spot (C) on elbow and upper arm. Last, run a pin through spot (D) on body

and spot (D) on legs. Put little pieces of eraser on wads of paper over the points of the pins to keep the parts from slipping apart. Look at the small sketches to see if you have done everything correctly. Push the handle of the scythe gently up and down and Father Time will open the box to see his yearly present.

Good Citizens' League

(Continued from page 26)

and beautiful designs. Elizabeth was chosen chairman of the snow committee, Jimmy of the ice committee and David of the frost committee; and though the members of the different committees giggled over their names, they met together at the library to hunt up the information which they afterwards gave to the others at their meetings.

But that wasn't the end of their nature study—by no means. Miriam was the first to start a "bread line" for the winter birds; and the others began feeding their bird neighbors too. One day Grace, after hanging out a piece of suet, was rewarded by having a chickadee add its name to her list of boarders, in addition to the usual flock of snowbirds.

Of course, the league rounded out the month with skating and sleigh rides and making snowmen; and the members decided that not the least of the benefits of "solid water" were the extra chances for good times provided for the boys and girls.

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Honor Points for September

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during September:

Ryhl Arnold	Betty Mack
Iola Atkins	Maryna M. Morra
Loraine Buzza	Grace Navors
Mildred Brown	Irene Noel
Dorothy Buckley	Alma Nelsch
May Butler	Addie Osborne
Muriel Bunterway	Dorothy Pace
Iola Calkins	Verna Pacey
Carmela Carbone	Alvin Page
Gladys Chilesbeard	Faerson Pickens
Gold Graham	Nellie Rodgers
Minnie Grogan	Willmar Rush
Eleonor D. Gray	Dorothy Sebold
Norona C. Goshel	Maevel Servents
Wida Kadle	Adole Shigen
Jean Kolbe	Ervyn Turner
Elizabeth Lewis	George R. Williams
Eliza Lewis	Katherine Zea

CRANBERRY CARRIERS

By ALUDE DAY BALTZELL

ONE side of a room or one side of a lawn may be used for the place called *cranberry swamp*. The first player to be it, or the *cranberry keeper*, places as many cranberries, as there are children playing, in a row on the edge of the swamp. These cranberries should be about two feet apart. The *keeper* has a soft cloth or rubber ball.

On the opposite edge of the swamp is a goal called the *picker's home*. All the players except the *keeper* are *pickers*. When the cranberries are placed the *keeper* cries, "Cranberries are ripe!" and turns his back. At this, the *pickers* run to gather the berries, but a *picker* may not run for home with a berry until he shouts, "Cranberries for dinner!" As soon as the first *picker* shouts the words the *keeper* turns about and tries to hit some one who has taken a cranberry with the ball and *also gather up one of the remaining cranberries before the other pickers snatch them all*. If the *picker* thrown at is hit, that *picker* becomes the *keeper*. But if he is not hit, the one who threw at him tries to touch any other *picker* with his cranberry before that *picker* can reach home; or the *picker* who rescues the ball may give it to the one who is being chased and in this way save him from being made the *keeper*, if he can hit another with the ball.

If a *picker* grabs the cranberry nearest the *keeper* he is most liable to be hit by the ball, yet if the cranberries nearest the *keeper* are not grabbed the *keeper* will have no trouble in getting one himself to use in case the ball he throws hits no one.

No *picker* may run for home until he has a cranberry, so if the *keeper* chooses he can hover near a cranberry until some *picker* comes for it. However, the one with the ball may try to help this person by being ready to hand him the ball the instant the berry is touched, so that he may throw it at the *keeper* who "cranberried" him and make that person *keeper* again. The last player to be made *keeper* is the winner.

TELEPHONE GAME

By HAZEL BORING

THERE were ten cousins altogether visiting at the farm and you can just imagine the fun they had together. One day Bob made a telephone with two tin cans and a piece of picture wire, about forty-five feet long, and, of course, all the children wanted to try it. He had put the wire through two holes in the bottom of each can and twisted it to hold it firm.

"I know what let's do," Mary suggested. "Let's run the telephone wire through the attic and the hall upstairs. Then the wire will be in a straight line. It works better that way. Dick can go to the attic and we'll stay in the hall and sing into the telephone. Dick will guess who is singing and, if he guesses correctly, the singer will have to give a forfeit."

"That will be fun," cried Dick.

He loosened the wire from one of the cans, put it through the keyhole of the attic door, and fastened it to the can again. Then he held the can to his ear. At the end of the long hall the cousins lifted the other can, one at a time, pulled the wire tight, and sang into it.

Although their voices sounded very queer, Dick guessed who some of the singers were and made them give forfeits. At last there were only two forfeits left.

"What shall the owner do to redeem it?" Sally asked and dangled a handkerchief over Dick's head.

"He shall be a cat," said Dick.

Then Mary, to whom the handkerchief belonged, made every one laugh by sitting on the floor and pretending to wash her face.

"What shall the owner do to redeem it?" Sally asked and held a pocket knife over Dick's head.

"He shall be a dog," said Dick.

And Bob, who owned the knife, began to bark, and chase the cat and the cousins screamed with delight.

It was all so much fun that you may be sure they played "Telephone" many more times before the visit was over.

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

(Continued from page 30)

finally, when you have read again *Helga and The White Peacock*, you will appreciate more fully than ever before Walter de la Mare's poem, "The Truants." Only one of the four verses is here given.

The primroses scattered by April,
The stars of the wide Milky Way,
Cannot outnumber the hosts of the children
Magic hath stolen away.

To you who are celebrating a birthday we give rich treasures, knowing that they will be well placed in your hands. Here is a bona fide invitation to choose your own book. It matters not whether you "have got out of beads into real counting, whether you discover your age with a pencil, or have got out of pencil into ink," here is wealth which each of you may possess with safety. May your soul always be greater than your fortune and on no birthday shall you ever question such loving gifts as these.

FANTASIES FOR BIRTHDAYS

- Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* - - - - Lewis Carroll
D. APPLETON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Billy Barnicot* - - - - - Walter de la Mare
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Book of Fairy Poetry* - - - - - Dora Owen
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Book of Princess Stories* - - - -
Kathleen Adams and Frances E. Atkinson
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Crossings, A Fairy Play* - - - - - Walter de la Mare
ALFRED A. KNOPF, NEW YORK
- David, the Dreamer* - - - - - Ralph W. Berggren
ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, BOSTON
- Davy and the Goblin* - - - - - Charles Carryl
BOSTONIAN MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON
- Eliza and The Elves* - - - - - Rachel Field
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Gessar Khan* - - - - - Ida Zeilkin
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- Little Book of Days* - - - - - Rachel Field
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- Little Lame Prince* - - - - - Dinah Maria Craik
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THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
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J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
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- Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens* - - - - James M. Barrie
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
- Real Story Book* - - - - - Wallace Wadsworth
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- Tales Worth Telling* - - - - - Charles J. Finger
THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Treasure of the Isle of Mist* - - - - William W. Tarn
G. F. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
- Wind That Wouldn't Blow* - - - - - Arthur B. Christman
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Wonder Tales From Windmill Lands* - - - - Frances J. Olcott
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK



How

the Gingham Dog and
the Calico Cat became

FAST FRIENDS



THE gingham dog and the calico cat sat side by side on the mantelpiece, and watched Dickie's mother try to persuade Dickie to drink his milk. "I can't think why Dickie doesn't like milk," mewed the calico cat anxiously.

"It's certainly good for girls and boys," barked the gingham dog, "though of course, bones taste better."

This remark started such a quarrel that the old Dutch clock had to strike in. "I think we should spend our time thinking up ways to make Dickie drink his milk," he said tactfully.

They thought and thought, but none of them could think of a really good way. Next day, though, the most exciting thing happened!

"Did you see that?" cried the calico cat. "Dickie drank all his milk and asked for more!"

"That wasn't milk," growled the gingham dog, "it was a grown-up drink in a cup."

Then, how the gingham and calico did fly! At last the old Dutch clock made himself heard.

"Stop, you two!" he cried, "you're both right! It was a grown-up drink, and it was milk! Dickie's mother called it Postum-made-with-hot-milk, and said it would make Dickie's cheeks rosy in no time!"

And Postum-made-with-hot-milk *did* make Dickie's cheeks rosy, and the gingham dog and the calico cat never quarreled again.

Mothers: Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, skillfully blended and roasted. Add to this the body-building nourishment of milk, and what a wonderful drink you have for children! It is prepared in a few moments—costs very little—and has a flavor which children like immediately.

We'll be glad to send you a week's supply of Postum, and a copy of Carrie Blanchard's interesting booklet on Postum for children, without charge. Just mail the coupon below. ©1928, P. Co., Inc.

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I want to make a thirty-day trial of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
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SELFISH UNSELFISHNESS

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

IT CERTAINLY is good to have you back!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilton, with neighborly cordiality, as she greeted her friend. We know that a woman who has just visited a son in preparatory school and a daughter in college has much to tell us stay-at-homes. So make ready for a long visit."

"Aren't you nice to want to listen?" said Mrs. Elrod, happily. "I have what Beatrice would call 'millions' of things to talk about. And I'm so thankful I have two very young children, as well as my older pair, so I can put into practice all the ideas I gleaned this last fortnight."

"Don't start applying morals 'yet," objected Mrs. Jackson, a neighbor. "Tell about the trip first. You went to Beatrice's college—"

"Yes, and found the girls delightful," said Mrs. Elrod. "Whoever it is does the talking about the 'modern young people' certainly never spent a beautiful week-end with those lovely girls, I know. They were mannerly and thoughtful—charming hostesses to a visiting mother. To be sure, they had some very frank things to say about some visiting mothers—it's plain they have no respect for those who make themselves into imitation 'flappers' and try to be 'good fellows' to all the boys and girls. There was one such woman there and she didn't have a very good time, I fear. Those young people certainly see right through a person in a way that is most uncanny—you can't fool them about their parents. But they can see genuineness, and they are most appreciative."

"You don't mean that they discuss their parents!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilton, in dismay.

"Of course, they do," said her friend. "And why shouldn't they? Don't we talk about children?"

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Wilton, reluctantly, "but I never thought about it working the other way."

"No," said Mrs. Elrod, "and that's just the trouble. We don't stop to think that everything works two ways. Those children get a lot of comfort from talking over their parents and how to meet family problems, and they mean no more disrespect than we do when we have our discussions. And let me tell you, it would do parents good to get their children's slant on many a question. Those college young people are old enough to realize, what many a conscientious parent fails to understand, that children are the product of their training. Many of them already are saying they wish their training had been better, that they had been taught social relationships and obedience and reverence and love of the beautiful and much else—while they were little."

"But that's all so general," said Mrs. Wilton. "I wish I'd learned to be a paragon of virtues when I was five, and no doubt my mother wished it."

"Now don't make fun of my enthusiasm," laughed

Mrs. Elrod. "You well know what I mean. When we were little we had chores and responsibilities galore. Never before now has there been a generation of children who had so much done for them. I wouldn't do less, but I'd do it in a more careful way—and I'd let the children do more for themselves than they usually are allowed to do. They cannot help but see that they are the center of our universe, and that's not very wholesome."

"Maybe I'm not making you see just what I mean. It came to me in one sentence I heard spoken in Beatrice's room. A pretty girl looked in and remarked, 'It's only ten minutes till my train, and I haven't even got my hat box down. Can't someone help me, please?'"

"Conversation stopped at once and there was a dashing hither and yon with skillful effectiveness which told more plainly than words that the same thing had happened often before. When the girl had been sent off, her bag packed, taxi called, room set in order and a telegram sent to her hostess appraising her of the train to meet, Jane, her roommate, merely said by way of explanation, 'Poor child! She can't help it. Her parents just live for her, and that's awfully hard on a girl.'

"My chin must have dropped, I was that surprised. 'Her parents just live for her and that's awfully hard on a girl. Her parents—' It's been running through my head ever since."

"My husband and I live for our children; we thought it quite the right motive in living. But I have come to acknowledge that Jane was right. Parents must not live *just* for their children. It's a calamity for the little folks to be in the limelight of even their parents' interest all the time. They must have their own chance to see the parents as important people who are to be loved and planned for, quite in the same way that the parents love and plan for them. It's a poor love that cannot work two ways."

"Parents have to make sacrifices, but children must have their chance to make theirs, too. Giving up everything for the children sounds well, but gives the little people meager opportunity to learn service."

"But now I have turned over a new leaf. When I am tired, I sit down and let Nancy make me a refreshing cup of tea. Jack gets the paper at breakfast and puts it at his father's place and he seats me and waits to be served till my wants and Nancy's are attended to—even though he is only five. It seemed selfish at first, but you should see the difference in the children! Jack put his arm around me the other day and said, 'Mother, I never knew how much I loved you till I began taking care of you.'"

"You have given me something to think about," said Mrs. Jackson. "I never realized that one might be selfish in the practice of unselfishness."



CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to
CHILD LIFE

ROSE WALDO, Editor

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY 536 S. CLARK STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I. HARP OF THE WINDS

Oh harp, cast tunes
Upon the rippling waters—
The tunes that are teased from you
By the cool and swaying
Fingers of the wind!
Around the gray rock bend
Dim shadows fall
And lapse against
The deep, dark caverns
Carved by time.

Play, oh harp, melodious tunes,
Stir the air about you
With rhapsodies
That raise the spirits
Of the long dead ships,
And tease the very rocks to dance!

II. EVENING

Soft whistlings—
And the trailing sigh
Of a last breeze
Amid the shadows
And fading lights!
Somewhere—
a fluttering—
Then silence.

III. CANDLE FLAME

You move in fantasy
Your dawdling fingers
With a purple yarn—
And spin with it
Gray ghosts of shadows
on the wall.

MARION KLEIN,
Los Angeles, Calif.



THE RAIN REGIMENT

Across the city's many roofs
Comes a sound of heavy hoofs . . .
The Regiment of Rain
That beats the windowpane;
That floods each country lane;
That tramples the farmers' grain;
That tangles the horse's mane;
That tresses the weather vane,
And angers the raging main!
There are none who can refrain
From admiring the Regiment of Rain.

MATHILDA SCHIRMER,
Chicago, Ill.

Age 14.

GYP'S LIFE

When Gyp first opened his eyes he was a little roly-poly puppy, and his five little brothers and sisters were yelping and barking, making as much noise as their

small mouths allowed. He was half sire-dale and half Belgium police dog.

It was three weeks later that he first saw his new youthful master. "Pick out the one you want," the boy was told. And when he looked at all the puppies he pointed to Gyp. Gyp was put in a basket and taken outside of the barn. When they were outside he found himself in a new world. Trees and flowers were blooming and birds were singing.

His new master took him home, and he became a favorite with the entire household. One lonely night he was awakened by a sound in the house. He arose to investigate. He sniffed the air and smelled a stranger. He began to bark and awoke the house. Someone jumped out of the window and ran away. He did not understand what it was all about, but when his master patted him and said that he had saved the house from being robbed, he was happy.

One day his master went to a distant village to spend his vacation with a cousin, and took Gyp with him. He was placed in the baggage train. After a long and tiresome journey they finally reached the village. They rode in a buggy to the farmhouse where a kind lady came to greet them. Gyp wandered around the farm, looking in every corner. He heard his master's whistle and ran to him. After eating a glorious supper he fell asleep.

The vacation was wonderful and they were very sorry to leave, but when he arrived home and saw the welcome faces he was happy to be home again.

IRVING SPAR,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Age 13.

Age 14.



Whose Fault When Children Disobey?

Bringing up children—making them into the right kind of men and women—is about the most important thing in life.

Think how much is at stake—the whole future of those precious little lives!

Whether we can be proud of our boys and girls—both while they are growing up and after they are grown—depends more upon intelligent handling than upon inheritance. For none depends upon the qualities we help our children acquire than upon the qualities they are born with.

Recently there has been developed a system of child training which is founded upon the latest principles endorsed by leading national authorities. It accomplishes results never dreamed of by the average parent—results which forever banish disobedience, willfulness and untruthfulness with their consequent worry, strain and nervous fatigue.

- Do You Know How** to prevent children in the delicate matter of sex? to correct physical abnormalities? to correct mistakes of early training? to know a child from crying? to develop initiative in child? to teach children naturally to comply with command—“Don’t touch”? to suggest topics to children without reason? to teach economy? Paganism? Canvases to overcome obstacles? These are only a few of the hundreds of questions fully answered and explained.

Due to an Entirely New Method

The founder of this new system is Prof. Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. (Harvard and Columbia), who has written a complete course in Practical Child Training. This course is based on Professor Beery's extensive investigations and wide practical experience, and provides a well worked out plan which any parent can easily follow.

Full Information Costs only a Stamp

We shall be glad to send you free of charge, our new booklet, “New Methods in Child Training,” together with full particulars of the work of the Association and the special benefits it offers to members. If this booklet answers a few of the questions that have perplexed you, you will be glad that you sent for it. It is showing thousands of sincere American mothers the easy and right way to train their children. And it is only a matter of sending the coupon or a post card.

The Parents Association
Dept. 981

Pleasant Hill, Ohio

or to the

The Parents Association,

Dept. 981

Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

Please send me your book, “New Methods in Child Training,” free. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

City

State



Dear CHILD LIFE:

I was born in Japan. My Japanese name is Seiko, but I have an American name, Ruth. You may wonder why I can write English, being a Japanese, but the reason is, when I was three years old, I went to America. I lived in Fresno, Santa Barbara and Oakland. Altogether, I lived in America seven years, of course, with my mother and father. We came home to Japan last year when I was in the fifth grade. Now I go to the Japanese school.

My father is a pastor of the Japanese Congregational Church. In Japan many people believe in Buddha, but our family believes in Jesus. Our house is in back of the church. We have four rooms upstairs and four rooms downstairs (two tatami). Nowadays there are some Japanese people who have big houses which are just like the houses in America. But there are some houses that have tatami. This is a kind of mat and is very clean because every one takes off his shoes and goes into the house. Instead of the “shake hand” most of the people bow their heads low, showing how humble they are. When a visitor comes the maid goes to the door (it is really a big paper window) and bows low. Then after the visitor has gone to the parlor with the mistress, the maid turns the gets the right way so the visitor can easily sit them on. After that is done the maid brings the tea with some dainty tea cakes.

Most children and men wear American clothes. There are a few ladies who wear American clothes but not many. It is changed from years and years before, for there are automobiles, trains, street cars, tall buildings, and it is beginning to be like America.

I live in Asahigawa, Hokkaido. In winter it is very, very cold. The snow stays from November to March. Oh, what fun we have sliding on our sleds! It is fun to make (not so hard) snow-balls and play a kind of war. It's very cold and usually twenty-five degrees below zero. But most of us are used to the snow, so it is not so cold. Every day during winter there must be a blazing fire in every room or everything will freeze. Just think!

A friend who lives in Alameda sends me my magazine every month, and I can hardly wait for it. It takes seventeen days to reach Japan, so it comes a little late. When it comes I read every bit of it. It is such a wonderful magazine.

I would like to have letters written to me. I would like to tell you more, but I must close until the next letter.

Your loving reader,

RUTH SHIRASHI,
Asahigawa, Hokkaido, Japan

MY PARADISE

The waters are deep sea-green and gold,

And the mermaids are at play;

I see them dancing upon the waves

And riding atop of the spray.

Their long, green hair

With dew drops sparkle,

As they dive to the depths

Where the waters darkle.

Old Neptune rests—

‘Tis a lazy day;

On coral castles

The sunbeams play.

And 'round about the clustering hills,

That seem to meet the skies,

Close in about from all the world

My little paradise.

Age 13.

MARION VOIGT,
Chicago, Ill.



Shoes for Real Boys and Girls

EVERY boy and girl should have shoes that give foot freedom and long wear. For without freedom, the feet weaken. Shoes that do not wear well are always a poor investment.

In Cantilever Shoes, which are flexible from toe to heel, every part of the foot is free. Foot muscles exercise and build the strength needed to hold the twenty-six bones of the foot in arched formation. This feature prevents “weak feet” and “fallen arches”.

Good honest leathers and fine workmanship make Cantilever Shoes wear well. They are shaped naturally, too, so that they will keep their shape and allow the foot to stay natural. No bones are cramped nor blood vessels pinched in this beautifully fitting shoe. Every toe has room to lie straight. Circulation is free.

See the new Cantilever styles for children. They are attractive and the prices are reasonable. Children will be fitted conscientiously at your local Cantilever agency. If it isn't listed in the phone book under “Cantilever” write the Cantilever Corporation, 428 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. for the address.

Cantilever Shoe



For Health and Economy

Men, Women, Children



THE CROWNING EVENT

When baby comes it is the crowning event of happiness to a home.

The coming of baby to a home also emphasizes the responsibility and need for careful nurture to assure essential food-elements for its healthful progress and for the development of strong bones.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is emulsified cod-liver oil that has been used in many homes for more than fifty years to help keep mothers and children adequately vitamin-nourished.

Scott's Emulsion abounds in all cod-liver oil vitamins. It's food and tonic for mother and child—that is **pleasantly flavored**—pure—wholesome.

Scott & Bowne, BOSTON, N. J.



37-31

Dear Rose Waldo:

I am an enthusiastic booster of my magazine, and have read it ever since I was a little girl. I just love each January issue, don't you?

When I was ten years old I started a scrapbook of my own drawings. Vacation trips helped in furnishing scenes for me to draw. I am sending you a picture—"The Lone Fisherman." It is a sunset picture and is pretty when the sky and water are tinted.

With love, a Child Life reader,

SYLVIA VINSOPAL,
Lakewood, Ohio.



THE LONE FISHERMAN

A BIRTHDAY PARTY AT THE ROYAL PALACE

Once upon a time long ago Princess Elizabeth who lived at Carlsle Castle decided she wanted to take a ride, and came across a little boy about nine years of age, his eyes red from crying. "Come, son," she said. "Tell me your name and why you have been crying so."

"My name is Sancho Panza," he answered, "and to-day is my birthday. Every year I have a party and I have been looking forward to it for a long time this year, but Daddy is not well, and I can't have it now."

"So you want a party—is that it? Well run along home and help Mother and come to the castle on the hill this afternoon," Elizabeth said.

That evening found Sancho at the palace gates. They were opened and he walked in, feeling very little in such a big place and such surroundings. He was ushered towards the castle and Princess Elizabeth met him at the door.

"So, you are here!" she greeted him. "Well, follow me."

Sancho followed her to a large door which was closed and opened at the Princess' bidding. Just then children jumped from under chairs and tables and shouted, "Surprise!" Oh, little Sancho was surprised, and he jumped so high that the princess burst right out laughing.

They played games until her royal highness told them it was time to eat. She led them into a large room, but there was no table in there and the children began to wonder. Then she pushed a button in the wall and two doors slid open, disclosing a large table with candy, cake, ice cream, whipped cream, turkey, rice, chicken salad, and everything else a little boy or girl likes.

"Oh, my!" "Look!" and other exclamations were heard. Sancho found a card with his name on it at the head of the table, so of course, that was where he was supposed to sit. The children just ate and ate until they couldn't eat any more and their little stomachs were beginning to puff right out.

Princess Elizabeth then said, "I now



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—Defying Wear

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"Their Shopping Adventures" is an interesting little booklet containing a delightful story for the children and some practical hints for mothers on dressing children over two years of age. It is small, together with a swatch of silk large enough for a handkerchief, on return for the coupon below and ten cents.

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"CHICAGO" are the fast roller skates with the best-leaving wheels and smooth, shock-absorbing rubber tires. From dealers or sent direct on receipt of \$3.00 and dealer's name.

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Let Calvert School give your child his entire schooling from Kindergarten to High School, in your own home and give him the educational advantage he would have at the best private school. Calvert School founded as a day school over 30 years ago is famous the world over for its unique system of teaching children at long distance by correspondence. Instead of sending your child out to school he stays at home. V. M. Hillier, A. B. Harvard—Headmaster, Author of "Child Training," "A Child's History of the World," etc. Write for information to manager.

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STAMMERING

If the stammerer can talk with ease when alone, and most of them can, but stammering in the presence of others, it must be that in the presence of others he does something that interferes with Nature in the speech process, if then we know what it is that interferes, and that interference is taught how to avoid that, it must be that he is getting rid of the thing that interferes. That's the philosophy of our method of cure. We can teach the stammerer how to stop his outbursts of "Whee" **SCHOOL FOR STAMMERS, Tyler, Texas**

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have another surprise for you. We will go in the next room and there find a wishing chair. Each child may make some wish."

Every one had made a wish except Sancho, and it was now his turn. Some had wished for toys, playthings and many other different things which were their heart's desire. When Sancho sat in the wishing chair he thought, "I'll wish for that little dog I have been wanting and Father said he could not buy because he hadn't enough money," but when he thought of his father he was ashamed of himself for his thoughts. He must make his wish for his parent, so he said, "I wish my daddy might get well."

The princess was surprised but very glad Sancho had wished as he had. She told Sancho to open the door to his right and see what he could find. As he did this, he heard a bark and out jumped the cutest little spotted dog Sancho had ever seen. "Oh," he said, "I am going to name him Fido and he will always remind me of this party."

On a table in the room were presents for Sancho and, as he undid them, the other little children gathered around him.

Then they told the princess what a nice time they had had, and were carried home in the royal carriage.

That night as Sancho sat talking to his mother and father before going to bed, he told them of the wonderful day and its happenings.

GENEVIEVE WATSON

Age 14. Southport, N. C.

THE FAIRIES' WINTER HOME

The mid-afternoon sun shone lamely through the soft green branches of the towering oaks, leaving patches of sunlight on the velvet grass and the tender young trees. The quiet of this woodland was broken suddenly by a tiny bell ringing in the distance and sweet laughter echoing through the woods. Into this woodland forum danced scores of dainty maidens one foot high. Their clothes were of the sheerest fairy cloth, and their graceful movements kept the rhythm of their songs. Forming a semicircle inside that made by the trees, they waited quietly. A chariot glided gracefully over the flowers strewn on the grass, and paused before the throne on the vine-covered stump. Four fairies raised a silken ladder and the queen mounted gracefully to her throne.

"Fairies," began the queen, "winter is coming and we must find a home. I will give to the fairy who finds us a home, the thing which she most desires."

We shall follow the beautiful fairy, Goldenheart, named so for her heart of gold. Flying over hills and fields and woods, she searched for miles without finding a suitable home. Leaving the level country, she journeyed into the mountains and was following a beautiful canyon, when she saw off in the distance a tiny wren caught in a bird man's net. Silently the fairy approached and when near the man she laughed in his ear. The soft tinkling laugh held his attention and when she again advanced he dropped the net and raised his hands to catch Goldenheart as she rose in the air. His hands caught only a fold of her dress and a jerk tore it from him. The wren, meantime, had freed itself and joined the fairy on wing.

"Is there ought I can do for you?" queried the wren.

"Yes," cried the fairy at once, "I am hunting for a winter home for the fairies."

"Follow me," answered the wren, and he led her to a large, clean cave. "This is the home you are hunting for," he said, "and the door will be opened to let in the light. The door was a thick, matted square of



Mother was a diplomat

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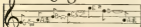
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vines, and moved to right or left with ease.

"This is just what we want," cried Goldenheart, clasping her hands. "Our queen will wish to thank you, so please come with me."

It was fall and the leaves were turning red and yellow in a lovely dash of color, when this fairy group met again.

"Now, tell me what you have found," the queen asked. So into their queen's sympathetic ears they poured their tales of failures. At last it was Goldenheart's turn to speak.

"Tell me, dear, that you have not met with failure," cried the queen, "for then I know not what we would do, for you are the last to speak."

"Nay, fear not, for in the mountains not many miles distant is a large, clean cave, and it is just the thing for our winter home."

"Oh, Goldenheart, if it were not for you what should we have done?" exclaimed the queen.

"Do not say that, for it is this little wren who told me where it was."

"No," replied the wren. "It is she who deserves the credit, for I cely repaid her for freeing me from the bird man."

"Fairies, we owe a great deal to Goldenheart and this little wren," cried the queen, raising her throne. "What you wish will be yours, Goldenheart."

"Oh, queen!" Goldenheart fell on her knees. "I should love to have a little mortal child that I could go to play with when I am lonesome or tired of my everyday life."

"It shall be as you wish," said the queen, and with a nod of her head the queen descended her throne and the procession filed out to the music of happy voices.

Goldenheart had her heart's desire and she was later to bring to a little girl undreamed of happiness.

HELEN ATHALEEN BLOOD,
 Age 14, Wichita, Kansas.

CHILDREN WHO WANT LETTERS

Requests for letters from other children must be accompanied by the written consent of parent or guardian. Lack of space prevents our using more names and addresses each month.

Louise B. Johnston, 2001 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill., age 10½.

Bernadina Mango, P.O. Box 905, Waipahu, Oahu, T. H., age 14.

Dorothy Olsen, 315 W. Wilson Ave., Bellmore, L. I.

Naomi Wall, Corner Plum and Maple Sts., Atlanta, Ga., age 11.

Elizabeth M. Moore, 1216 N. 6th St., Philadelphia, Pa., age 12.

Rosa Healy, 510 High St., Natchez, Miss., age 11.

Alice Rose Donovan, Malden, Wash., age 12.

Catherine Camper, 1305 S. Spring St., Sioux Falls, S. D.

Gwendolyn Lambrecht, 994 24th St., Milwaukee, Wis., age 12.

Caroline Warwick Daniel, 2007 Kalamazoo Rd. N. W., Washington, D. C., age 11.

Joan Bloodgett, 5834 Eitel Ave., St. Louis, Mo., age 10.

Elizabeth M. Moore, 1216 North 6th St., Philadelphia, Pa., age 12.

Louise Hummel, Nevada, Ohio.

Annie Lois Greene, Coral Gables, Fla., age 12.

Harriet Vaughan, 2104 Lauderdale Rd., Louisville, Ky., age 13.

Shirley Mannix, 1707 Bowness Rd., Calgary, Alta., Can.



These Cookies are health cookies

DROMEDARY DATE health cookies combine whole wheat flour and dates—both important foods. Dates make the cookies unusually chewy. Chewing aids digestion. Another score for health!

With a glass of milk, these cookies provide a suitable and thoroughly delicious mid-afternoon lanch. They are equally popular when included in the lunch box that travels to school.

DATE HEALTH COOKIES

(This recipe will make about 1 dozen cookies)

1 package Dromedary Dates, 1 cup white flour, 1 cup whole wheat flour, ¼ to ½ teaspoon salt, 2 to 4 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ cup sugar (may be omitted), ¼ cup butter or other fat, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 2 to 4 tablespoons milk, ¼ teaspoon vanilla.

Pit the dates; cut into pieces with wet scissors. Chop the nut coarsely. Sift the white flour, add dates, nuts and whole wheat flour.

Cream the fat, stir in the sugar gradually, then the unbeaten egg. Mix well, add the milk and vanilla, then the dry ingredients.

Drop by heaping teaspoons, 1½ inches apart, on well-oiled baking sheet or pan. Bake in a moderate oven (375-400 degrees F.) until firm to the touch (about 10 minutes).

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Gleaming out
In the dark sky,
Above quiet trees
A jolly moon
For company;
And to lure one
Far into sleepy-land,
These beguiling
Pillow-time tales
About other children's
Gay adventures.
Why, pillow-time
Is the happiest time
Of all the day!



Black and white drawing

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