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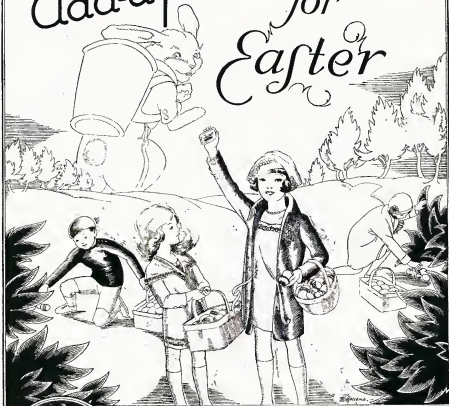
CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine.



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
Publishers

Add-a-pearls for Easter



WILL you all be ready for the Egg Hunt on Easter morning? The Easter Rabbit is going to make such lovely colored eggs this year for boys and girls. And what do you think he has planned to do? Hidden among your eggs will probably be a card which you will cherish after your Easter Eggs are forgotten. Mounted on it, two, three or more beautiful Add-a-pearls, genuine oriental pearls. This gift of an addition to an Add-a-pearl Necklace on Easter morning will delight any girl.

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Volume VII
Number IV

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

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Age of Child

finishing, military, or junior school, etc.)

Sex

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WHEN APRIL SMILED

ONE day when April stopped her crying
I went outdoors where the birds were flying
After the clouds. They were running a race;
I watched them from my favorite place
On top of the hill. When the race was done
I made a wish to the birds that won,
And then I sat there very still
And my wish came true on top of that hill,
For my hilltop playmates brought me flowers,
And pretty soon all of the hills were ours!

Grace Waldo editor

PEPPER



SING, WORLD, SING!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

NOW in chilly places
Where the snow had been,
Wood and field and hollow,
Easter flowers begin.

Now a bud is opened,
Now a leaf uncurled;
Spring is in the sweet wind
Walking down the world.

Snowdrops in the garden,
Violets on the hills,
Cowslips in the meadow,
Dancing daffodils

Seem to lift their faces,
Softly whispering,
"Easter's nearly here, now—
Sing, world, sing!"





HOW A SINGLE BUNNY OVERCAME A HERD OF ELEPHANTS

DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI

Author of "Kari, the Elephant," "Jungle Beans and Man," "The Fox and the Silence," "Gayneek," "A Son of Mother India Answers"



IN THE valley of the river Ganges was a large lake of sweet water on whose shores grew delicious grass and herbs.

One day hundreds of rabbits led by their king, Chandraputra, meaning *son of the moon*, came to that lake for a drink of water. Its water tasted so sweet that they decided to make their home near it. Of course the high grass gave them shelter and the other herbs plenty of food. Thus flourished a whole kingdom of rabbits on the bank of the lake.

Before many years had passed the countryside surrounding the lake was named Shasakarajya—the *kingdom of bunnies*. No man nor beast troubled them. For all of them respected rabbits who were nice and very well-behaved.

However, there was one rabbit who, though nice, was always getting into mischief. He came to be known as "Bunny the Brave the Second" after Bunny the Brave number One who, you remember, killed a tiger by drowning it in a well. Like the first, the second Bunny was very brave and clever. Sometimes people said that his mind was as sharp as a razor.

All the big animals that knew of the Shasakarajya never went near it, lest they should molest the little fellows that belonged there. But at last the place was overrun by a herd of ignorant elephants who knew nothing of the rabbits and cared not to learn. The result was that wherever the wild beasts stepped, they crushed dozens of bunnies under their feet. So panic became the daily life of the poor little ones. They did not know how to protect themselves from those vast brutes who seemed to be hills on four feet. Wherever those hills went, destruction spread like fire.

Unable to bear it any longer, the king of

the rabbits called a meeting of all his friends. And when they had assembled in his court room he said, "Is there any way that can prevent these elephants from harming us?"

One by one all the older rabbits said, "No. We cannot fight them. We are too small and helpless."

"O king," advised an old fellow, "let us leave this place to these cruel beasts. We can go away somewhere else and live in peace."

"Yes, yes!" agreed all of them save one.

After the noise of "Yes, yes!" spoken by so many had quieted down, a small bunny rose with a twinkle of mischief in his eye. Seeing him, the king said, "Hullo, what have you to say?"

"Your majesty, I have seen certain things on a mango tree near the lake. I think I can drive the elephants away."

"What! What does that young fool say?" exclaimed all the rabbits.

"I think I can drive them out of our kingdom after moonrise to-morrow night."

"If you do not succeed, how shall we punish you?" demanded the king.

The little bunny answered, "If I do rid the country of these pests, what will be my reward, your majesty?"

"You are full of mischief," exclaimed the king. "If you do not succeed, we shall punish you as we please. But if you really get rid of the elephants, for two months you will not be spanked nor punished for any simple mischief that you may get into."

"I agree. Thank you, your majesty." Thus the little fellow sealed the bargain.

That afternoon he went near the mango tree on the lake shore, and watched two human beings, father and son, gather fruits. They had a basket tied to one end of a rope, while the other, the loose end, they passed over

a strong branch on high. Every time the father pulled the loose end the basket left the ground, then rose higher and higher till it reached the top of the tree. There the son, who had already climbed up, filled the basket with ripe mangoes. He shouted, "Full!"

At that the father slowly gave more and more rope till the whole cargo of mangoes reached the ground. The old man now took the heavy basket and emptied it into a push-cart that stood near-by. Thus he and his son gathered fruits all day long.

Towards sundown the boy came down from the tree after the last basket-load of mangoes. After it had been emptied into the cart the father pulled the basket away up. Then he tied the loose end of the rope round the tree. Then the two human beings pushed their cart-load of ruddy mangoes home.

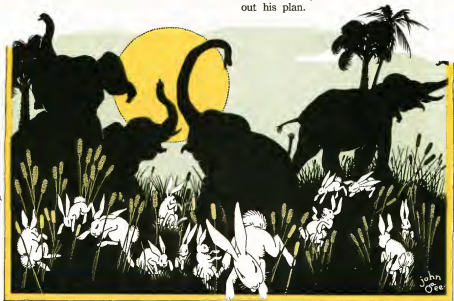
The next morning long before the men came, the little rabbit reached the mango tree and hid himself in a hole under it. He waited and watched them work all day. At sundown when the father and son had emptied the last basketful of mangoes and for a moment turned their backs to it, the bunny got out of his hole, swiftly jumped into the basket,

and hid himself under some leaves that were there.

Now that all the fruits were nicely placed in the cart the old man, without looking into it, hoisted the basket up in the air. After he had secured the loose end of the rope round the tree trunk, he joined his son and pushed home their cart-load of crimson fruit.

Soon night fell, the moon rose, and the whole lake looked like a mirror of silver. Insects hummed, owls hooted, and rabbits came in flocks to bathe and dance in the moonlight. It is the custom of the rabbits to dance in the moonlit glade.

Just when their dancing had become most intense and they were almost lost in fun, a ghastly noise of trumpeting and rushing elephants fell upon them. Ere they could make good their escape, many thirsty elephants had rushed towards the lake. Though the rabbits ran as hard as they could, a large number of them could not get out of danger in time. Bunny, in his basket on high, heard it all. He trembled with anger. He was so furious that he almost jumped down from the tree in order to attack the elephants. But he decided to stay where he was and carry out his plan.



After the shrieks and trumpeting had died down, and the elephants were playing quietly on the shore, the little fellow raised his voice. He spoke as if he were speaking from Heaven like a trumpet.

"Beware, elephants, beware!"

At that strange cry, the big beasts stopped playing. They listened carefully. "Beware, elephants, ere I destroy you!" thundered the brave bunny. A shudder of terror went through every *Hati*. Each one listened most carefully. "You have angered the moon god. Beware, ere he destroys you!" A hush of terror and wonder fell upon all.

The elephants said in whispers one to another, "Listen, ye foolish folks. We have angered Chandra, the moon god. He is speaking. Listen."

"The god of night is speaking!" exclaimed the chief of the elephants. "What have we done to anger the moon?"

"I am the white hare who sits on the lap of the moon," resumed the rabbit from his basket. "I am a messenger from the sky. Do you know that Chandra has sent me down to tell you what you have done?"

The chief of the elephants spoke for his followers, "What have we done? Tell us, O most powerful hare!"

"You should know that in the calm waters of this lake the moon looks as men and women look into mirrors. Every night he gazes in this mirror and combs his snowy locks. Alas, since you came here the blessed god has not been able to comb his hair, for he can see nothing in the water that you disturb! Your boisterous and stupid playing in the water disturbs the lake so that it reflects pieces of

silver and not the moon. The god is dishevelled and angry. If you do not stop playing he will punish you."

Here the brave rabbit stopped. He could hear the frightened breathing of the elephants.

"What can we do, what can we do to please the moon?" they were whispering to each other.

At last the chief said, "What can we do to please our Lord Chandra? O noble rabbit, we will do anything. Please tell us what to do."

After thinking over what he ought to say, the bunny roared at them, "Go away from this lake. Never return here. The moon commands you to go. If you do not--"

The elephants asked eagerly, "If we do not?"

"Then," explained the rabbit, "the moon will not shine at night. It will be so dark that you will not be able to see

anything. Then tigers and lions whose eyes can see in the deepest dark will eat you up. Are you prepared for that?"

"No, no," every elephant begged. "Please tell the moon not to stop shining. We do not wish to be in the dark. We will do anything if the god of night will only shed his light on us."

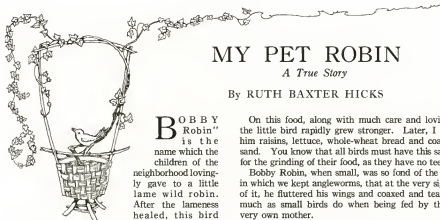
"Then go from this place at once, never to return," commanded the little fellow. "Go."

"We will, we will," spoke every elephant, abjectly. "Please, o noble hare, tell the moon that we are doing what he wishes. Beseech him to be kind to us." With that, the elephants bent their heads and bowed three times. Then they slunk out of sight. Since that day they have not been seen in Shashakarajya.

Seeing the elephants run like frightened



"SPEAK," COMMANDED CHANDRAPUTRA



MY PET ROBIN

A True Story

By RUTH BAXTER HICKS

BOBBY Robin" is the name which the children of the neighborhood lovingly gave to a little lame wild robin. After the lameness healed, this bird lived a whole year in

my home, uncaged and free to fly among the trees through a small door made especially for him.

One fine June morning, as I worked among the lovely blossoms in my garden, some children brought me this little bird in a tiny strawberry box.

"Please take him into your home and make him all well," they begged in chorus.

I questioned them and found that this tiny bird had been blown, nest and all, out of the branches of a great oak, for birds are not always wise in their home building.

"How kind of you children to bring me this dear little bird!" I said. "I will do my best to make him well. Of course, you will want me to let him fly out and live among the trees when the lameness is all gone." To which they all agreed.

I took the bird into my warm hands, and in the most friendly way he opened his big yellow mouth for food. At this time he was only about ten days old, with fuzzy baby down here and there and hardly any tail or wing feathers at all.

From my garden I dug big, fat, juicy angleworms for Bobby, as the children had told me they had fed him bread and chopped meat, which really is not what baby robins should have.

On this food, along with much care and loving, the little bird rapidly grew stronger. Later, I fed him raisins, lettuce, whole-wheat bread and coarse sand. You know that all birds must have this sand for the grinding of their food, as they have no teeth.

Bobby Robin, when small, was so fond of the jar in which we kept angleworms, that at the very sight of it, he fluttered his wings and coaxed and teased much as small birds do when being fed by their very own mother.

Once when he got into this jar and I had to pull him out bodily by the tail feathers, he came forth with a fat angleworm held firmly in his small bill.

By this time, the lameness was almost gone, but two toes still bent backward under the little bird's foot and he pulled at these toes all day long, as if trying to make them right.

So, one night, when Bobby and I were all alone, I said to him, "Bobby, this is the night we are going to cure your lame toes." I took him up into my warm hands and rubbed very carefully the two poor little crooked toes.

At first he scratched and fluttered a great deal, but finally the black eyes grew very sleepy, while I continued to rub the lame toes.

Later on the bird was put to bed on a nice, warm woolen blanket, and in the morning, what do you think? Both of Bobby's toes were entirely well! "Now," I said, "Bobby can fly out in the tall trees and cling to the branches as other birds do."

Now, surely there could be no reason why Bobby Robin could not fly out among the trees and flowers.

So, a small door was cut in the frame of the





screen and, by putting a raisin far on the outside, the bird was taught to go through it; it took only a few minutes to teach him the use of this tiny door.

But, once outside in the big green

world, he seemed strange and unhappy, and when night came he hopped upon my shoulder and rode inside the big porch to sleep among the high rafters.

After being allowed his freedom, he did not try to fly up into the trees for three whole days.

Another time as he sat on a high leafy branch I called to him, "Bobby Robin, won't you come to me?" I was beginning to be lonely without my pet. To my surprise, he did fly down, and lit on my shoulder and again I carried him into the house.

After this, he came home alone every night, sometimes barely getting in before dark, and once in a while, he stayed out all night.

It was now early fall. Goldenrod bloomed along the roadside and purple asters waved in the autumn sunshine.

"Bobby Robin must be taught to go South with the birds," I said, as I shut the little fellow out of the big porch and went away.

The day was raw and without sunshine, and when I returned at dusk, there sat little Bobby on his very own old clothes-rack, at the side of the kitchen door.

I was so glad to see the little bird that I just picked him up and kissed his soft feathers, and said to him, "I don't care if you never go South." And again I took him in for the night.

A few days later I saw Bobby making friends with four nice big robins, out on the lawn at evening. They flew away and my Bobby went along. Over the green trees they went, and I stood watching until they were mere specks in the distance.

Who should return an hour later but Bobby Robin? He had remained out too late to find the little door in the dark, but when my mother opened

the kitchen door and lighted the way, Bobby flew onto her white hair and rode right inside with her.

This bird friendship continued and in early September, Bobby again went away. This time it was during a warm rain which later turned to snow and the weather turned very cold.

The storm continued all night, and next morning the water in his pretty bird bath was frozen. All through the night I wondered where my little bird could be, for he had never been cold nor away from home in such a storm.

I put out food and raisins for him, and watched one, two, three, four, five, six days and Bobby did not return. I counted the raisins each day and they were all there. "I guess our Bobby has really gone for good this time," I said. And I was very, very lonely as I closed the small door.

But the next day, in the evening Bobby flew past our window as the lights were lighted, and flying first to his own little door and finding it closed, he came around to the front door. I rushed to it and opened it and there stood Bobby with one foot tucked up under his soft feathers. "Come in here, you poor little darling! How cold you look!" I said. And in he hopped, right onto our living-room rug.

Flying to the raisins he ate greedily and then went at once to bed in an old felt hat.

After this it was decided that Bobby was to be with us all winter long.

I bought angleworms from the good old greenhouse man and made

Bobby a place to play among the potted plants. In one of these pots I put the angleworms, with dirt to keep them fresh. When all of these worms were eaten he cried in a high thin voice, to let me know that his



food was all gone.

If you will listen, you will hear the wild robins crying in these same high notes when they are hungry.

Bobby played out in the trees most all of the

(Continued on page 249)





THE STORY OF A MUSICAL HOME

By HENRY PURMORT EAMES, LL. B.

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

IF A Frenchman were telling this story he would begin, "Il y avait une fois—"; a German would commence with, "Es war einmal—" and I, being an American, will begin just as many stories begin—"Once upon a time," which is just what the Frenchman and the German said, only you didn't understand them.

Once upon a time there were two children, a boy and a girl, living in a little town in the beautiful Adirondack Mountains, who loved each other very dearly. The boy was born in the Green Mountains of Vermont and was one of four sons of a very scholarly Methodist minister. This country parson bore the hardships of a "circuit rider's" life the better because he was a lover of music and of beauty in all things. Perhaps you don't know that in the days when there were few railroads in New England and other sections of our country, ministers who preached in a circuit of villages, traveling usually on horseback, were called "circuit-riders." Many an adventure they had, too, as they rode over snow-covered mountains and along desolate valley roads through the long, hard New England winters. In his diary—which he faithfully kept through his fifty-six years as

an active minister—this old minister writes, "Yesterday Billie (his riding horse) and I were followed for several miles by a pack of ten wolves, but they did not attack or come very near us. I rode as fast as the deep snow permitted, singing hymns loudly the while, knowing that God would bring me safely home."

Now in those early days country districts held what were called "singing schools." They were held in churches and rural school-houses, and boys and girls traveled miles through storm and rough weather to attend them, for they not only learned to read music, but they had loads of fun talking to one another, just as we enjoy ourselves at a party.

It was at a "singing school" in the Adirondacks, in Jay village in northeastern New York state, that this young son of the "circuit-rider" first met the musical maid, whom he married some years after.

These two musical Americans went to a growing mid-west city and there made their home. The young husband brought with him his flute, and also a book of Irish and Scotch jigs and hornpipes. The mountain girl brought her sweet voice and a great hope that someday she could have a piano in her wee western home.



This minister's son prospered in business, and that was fortunate, for before many years had passed he found himself the head of a family of one girl and four boys. While the girl was still young came the big surprise gift—a beautiful square-grand piano—which made the mother cry with joy, and the little girl cry, too, just because Mother did.

And now around the piano, as usual, grows the story of the most musical home I ever knew. The mother found she had not forgotten how to play, and the father got out his flute and from then on through the years they played the beautiful melodies from such favorite operas as, "Martha," "Il Trovatore," "Zampa," "Norma" and, oh, so many others. Of course, the piano solos played by the musical mistress of this home were not the ones we play to-day, but they made boys and girls love good melodies and that is what I wish for all of you.

There was no jazz or even ragtime in this Civil War period, but there were tons of popular music just the same. Here are some well-known piano solos the lovely lady played on her new square piano: "The Union Park Schottische," "Silver Lake Waltz," "The Battle of Waterloo," "The Maiden's Prayer" and "Convent Bells."

The pieces our lady played were for the most part written and published in England and America between the years of 1830 and 1870. Have you ever seen your great-grandmother's dresses, or your great-grandfather's stock and wrist frills? Well, these piano solos

sounded just as those dresses and adornments look, to us nowadays—a bit fussy and frilly, very quaint-sounding to our ears (and they sounded so to mine when I first heard them as a boy), but tuneful, with tinkly tones cascading about like lace trimmings in tone.

I can see the lovely lady as I write. Her children (like steps of a staircase), grouped about the piano, singing with her, and to their father's flute, such old songs as "Katy Darling," "Dream No Longer, Maiden Fair" and "My Old Kentucky Home, Goodnight." Here are the words of one of the songs the one daughter of the family used to sing with her mother (and can sing to this day, if asked):

To-morrow, Ma, I'm sweet sixteen,
And Billy Grimes, the drover,
Has popp'd the question to me, Ma,
And wants to be my lover.

But Ma objects to Billy Grimes
As her daughter's lover,
And wonders where her pride has gone
To think of such a rover.

Then this young American "flapper" of the year 1850 sings:

Old Grimes is dead, you know, Ma-ma,
And Billy is so lovely,
Besides, they say, of Grime's
estate

That Billy is the
only
Surviving heir to all
that's left
About six hundred
yearly.

Now Mama's
hearing was excellent,
but she was a thrifty
New England
mother and so
answers her
daughter
accordingly.

I did not hear, my
daughter dear,
Your last remark
quite clearly;
But Billy is a clever
lad,
And no doubt, loves
you dearly;

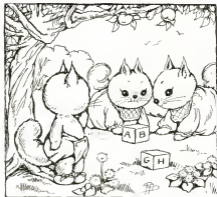
[Continued on
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THE WEE SQUIRRELEES

By GRACE DRAYTON



1. The three babies of Mr. and Mrs. N. Nutto Squirrelee just grew and grew; and the more they grew the busier they kept their parents. They had a set of blocks and their bushy tails besides, and they played from morning until night.



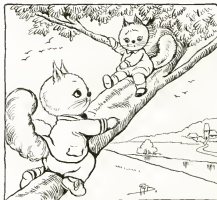
3. Father and Mother Squirrelee worked very hard. There were extra nuts to gather; and the tree-top house was harder to keep clean, now that there were three wee Squirrelees to keep it dirty. Then they learned to walk, and Frisky always wanted to be coaxed.



2. Sometimes they played from night till morning, too. They would lie in bed and giggle long after Father and Mother Squirrelee were snoring. But never could Father snore the whole night through, because one of the wee Squirrelees would always want a drink.



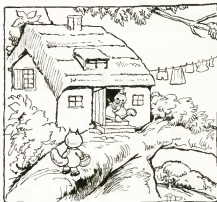
4. Soon the boys, Bushy-tail and Nutto, Junior, were ready for climbing lessons and Father drilled them every morning. One day he said, "It is time you learn to climb alone. I'll stand on the ground and watch you. Go ahead!"



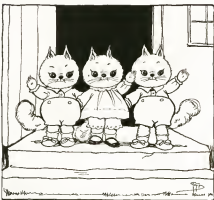
5. In less than the twitch of a squirrel's tail, Nutto had climbed almost to the end of the longest branch. He couldn't move one way or the other, and Father, although he was already overworked, had to take time to go up after him.



7. Mother Squirrelee was delighted with the plan. So was Father, when he heard it. "We'll go on a picnic," he said. "We haven't had an outing for the longest time." And they dressed up in their nicest clothes and went.



6. "Father and Mother need help," said Bushy-tail. "I'll go to the market." Mother was very pleased when she saw him coming up the tree trunk with the basket in his paw. "We'll do the work to-morrow," he told her, "and let you and Father have a vacation."



8. The wee Squirrelees felt lonely as they watched their parents leave without them. Just then Father and Mother Squirrelee turned and waved. "I'm awfully happy down inside of me," said each wee Squirrelee to the others.





MARY, ROSE, AND THE HORSESHOE CRABS

By BEATRICE PLUMB

at the bottom of the sea!"

ONCE there were two dear little girls named Mary and Rose, who lived in a big, cold city and went vacationing to Girton Island, where they could catch fish, and break out into freckles. And one day, as they were walking along the beach looking for sea shells, they saw two little Horseshoe Crabs struggling to get back into the water.

"I'll put you back," said Mary. "You're such tiny, bitsy things." And as she did so, Rose saw an Angel Wing shell and quickly picked it up.

"Isn't it pretty?" she said. "Just like a bird's wing. How I wish it could fly!"

Instantly the Angel Wing flew right out of her hand and up—up into the sky. And a shell feather fell from the Angel Wing and dropped at Mary's feet.

"I'll wear it in my hat," said Mary. "I'll wear it all the morning, and you can wear it all the afternoon."

So Mary put on her hat with its Angel Wing feather, and they started to walk towards home.

"Time for school," called Mother.

"Oh!" said Rose. "I wish all books were

Suddenly there was a mighty rustling of leaves, and from every house on the Island books poured out.

Great big dictionaries, little tiny magazines, novels, crossword puzzle books, railway guides, lesson books, music books, diaries, seed catalogues, story books—they all rushed down the steps, off porches, off tables, off desks, and plunged into the gulf.

Mary turned quickly to see what all the noise was about. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Look!" she screamed. "All my books are running out of the house right into the sea!"

"Oh, my poor arithmetic!" wept Rosie. "I know it can't swim! It will be drowned. There! It's gone down for the third time!"

Not only her arithmetic, but bank books, check books, account books of all kinds! They came from all directions, and—splash! splash—into the waves they went.

Things got terribly mixed up. Nobody knew any more what they owed Mr. Bailey at the store. Mr. Bailey didn't know. Mr. Cartwright couldn't sing any more—all





his music books were in the gulf. Not even Miss Lettie knew what the Sunday school lesson for the next Sunday was going to be. And Mrs. Stannard

and Miss Charlotta were half one day frantically trying to rescue the crossword puzzle book from drowning.

It was a good thing there was a real professor at the hotel, because, there being no dictionaries, *somebody* had to tell people how to spell the hard words they wanted to use when writing home about the astounding affair.

Oh, those were surprising days, indeed! The fish caught at Girtan suddenly acquired a literary taste. The alphabet shells that were washed ashore at The Gables were all in Latin and Greek.

And all the grown-ups met together at night and, after carefully locking the doors, tried to discover what had made the Girtan books so racy.

"If they'd all been best sellers, I could understand it," said someone. "But there were some very dry, slow and heavy books among them!"

"We must never let Fort Hastings hear about this," said another. "They're talking still about the tidal wave *they* claim we had a few years ago!"

Of course, they said lots of other things besides, as grown-ups generally do, but the thing that disturbed them most was that all Maria's cook books were drowned.

All next day Mary and Rose were so quiet and thoughtful that their mother wondered what was the matter. But Mary and Rose were silent because they felt sure that somehow *they* had sent the books into the gulf.

"Let's try and see," whispered Marv. "You say you *wish* something, and see if it happens."

"I'm scared!" said Rosie.

"Scared cat!" scoffed Mary.

"I'm not!" said Rose. "I just wish you'd keep still!"

And instantly poor Mary became still. She might have been a dear little pink and white wax doll.

She didn't

move an eye-lash, or a toe, or a finger. She couldn't. She *just kept still*—still as a chair, or a table, or a stone.

And the more Rosie screamed, the stiller Mary was. She didn't even move an eye-lash. For one long hour, she sat like a little statue carved in marble, Rosie trying in vain to make her move or speak.

At last Rosie threw herself face down on the sand. "Oh, Mary!" she sobbed. "I wish you'd cough, or sneeze, or fly, or swim, or something!"

And right away Mary did all of those things, in the order named by Rosie.

She coughed for five minutes, then sneezed for five minutes, then flew for five minutes, then swam for five minutes.

"Goodness!" sighed Rosie. "I wish she'd run down, and act just like Mary again!"

Then Mary *ran down*, with a little whirring sound like a clockwork toy, and was just herself again.

"See?" said Rosie. "It's when you or I *wish* anything that it comes true. I wish I knew why."

At that very moment, the two little Horseshoe Crabs came up, holding tails, and fairly bursting to tell their secret.

"Yes—we have no mosquitoes," they were singing, as hundreds and hundreds of buzzing mosquitoes flew around them, humming the Island's favorite air.

"We did it! We did it!" they sang, dancing with all their clawy little feet. "We are the lucky Horseshoes, and the day you put us back into the gulf, we wished you good luck. We said that your every wish should be granted if it were wished beneath the feather of the Angel Wing!"

Then they held tails again and disappeared into the sea.

"Oh!" said Rosie, beginning to cry. "I wish—"

"It won't do any good, silly," Mary interrupted, "unless you fish under the weather!"

Of course, she meant to say "wish under the feather."

(Continued on page 236)





MARY ELLEN'S BIRTHDAY CAKE

OH MOTHER, is it my very own?" asked Mary Ellen happily. My very own cake!"

"Yes, dear, your very own," replied Mrs. Lawrence.

It was the morning of Mary Ellen's birthday, and her mother had just finished a large, snowy-white cake. Mary Ellen had watched Mother ice it, and had herself placed the nine white candles, which were to be the principal part of the day's celebration. For Mrs. Lawrence had said that this year there would be no party, since money seemed so scarce. There could be one little friend, Martha Jane, for dinner and Aunt Ellen who always came to important family gatherings.

Early that morning before her daughter was up, Mrs. Lawrence made the cake; and just before putting it into the oven, she slipped a little gold ring into the batter. This was to be a gift from Mother and Daddy, the big surprise for the dinner. When the cake was done, it was set aside to cool. Mary Ellen was up in time to help with the snowy-white icing, but never a word was said about the ring.

"Oh, Mother, let it stay here on the table, please, so I can watch it. Don't put it in the pantry,"

Mary Ellen begged.

"All right, darling,

You may stay here and watch it while I go to the grocery. I won't be gone long. You know, it's just a step."

Mrs. Lawrence put on her sweater and hastened over to the neighborhood grocery. Mary Ellen looked at her cake and dreamed of the

dinner table that night. How pretty it would be! She would make a wish and blow the candles out. Then they would light them all again and Martha Jane could try. Perhaps Martha Jane should try first as she was company.

Just then there came a knock on the kitchen door. She turned to see who it was; a half grown boy with a white, sad face was looking in at her through the glass. Mother had told her never to open the door for tramps when she was alone, but this boy surely was no tramp. His clothes were good though somewhat soiled and his face was clean and kind.

"Good morning," Mary Ellen said as she opened the door. The boy's eyes fell beneath her cheery smile, and his lips quivered pitifully.

"I—I—I'm hungry—aw—awful hungry," he stammered.

"Haven't you had any breakfast?" Mary Ellen asked.

"No—and no supper either."

"Oh, you poor boy! Our breakfast has been over long ago and there isn't a scrap left, not even bread. There's not a thing fixed to eat in this house," she went on, and then her eyes fell upon the cake.

"There's my cake Mother just finished. It's a birthday cake."

The boy gazed at it wistfully.

"Yes I know," he said, "I used to have them—lots of them. They're good, aren't they?"

Mary Ellen could stand it no longer, and with a determined look upon her face she opened the drawer for a knife.

"Well, Mother said it was my very own and I guess I can do as I please with it." So saying, she cut a large, generous piece, wrapped it in some oiled paper, as she had seen Mother do, and handed it to the boy.



"Thanks—lots. I—I wouldn't take it if I weren't so awfully hungry," he said as he started away. Then he turned again and asked, "What's your name?"

"Oh, I am Mary Ellen Lawrence. What is your name?"

"I'm Bob Wentwood. I—I'm coming back to see you some day," and he went away slowly, carefully holding the precious package of cake.

When Mrs. Lawrence came home a few minutes later, Mary Ellen told her all about it. Mother put her arms around the generous-hearted little girl and held her close for a long time.

"Yes, my dear," she said, "you did exactly right. The poor boy must have been very hungry; and I'm sure he was a nice boy, too."

"Will it spoil my birthday cake, Mother?" Mary Ellen inquired anxiously.

"No—no," Mrs. Lawrence hesitated and bit her lip as if there was something she could not say. "I think it will make the birthday all the happier."

It was indeed a happy dinner that evening. Every morsel of the cake was eaten. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence exchanged glances quite often during the dessert, but not a word was spoken about the ring. Mary Ellen received lovely gifts from Martha Jane and Aunt Ellen. So she went to bed that night, pleased and satisfied, not knowing that anything else was ever intended for her.

One morning about a month later, a large limousine stopped in front of the Lawrence home. Mary Ellen was at the window playing and she called loudly to her mother, "Oh, Mother, come here; we're going to have company. Oh, it's somebody splendid! Come!"

A chauffeur alighted from the car and opened the door for a beautifully-dressed lady who was followed by a half-grown boy.

"Why, Mother, it's Bob Wentwood, and see how he's dressed up," Mary Ellen exclaimed.

The visitors were on the porch now and Mrs. Lawrence opened the door.

"Good morning," the strange lady said pleasantly. "Could you tell me if this is where Miss Mary Ellen Lawrence lives?"

But before Mrs. Lawrence could reply, the boy had seen Mary Ellen and was smiling at her.

"There she is, Mother," he cried. Mrs. Lawrence asked her guests into the cozy living room where

they all sat down, Mary Ellen standing close beside her mother.

"I am Mrs. Wentwood," the lady began as she took from her bag a small package wrapped in tissue paper. "I have here a little gift that belongs to your daughter. You see, my boy, Robert, decided a few weeks ago that he would run away and not live with us any more. He had a very hard time for a few days. We could not possibly find him. By the time he reached your home that morning, the poor boy was almost past going. Your little daughter's kindness to him can never be forgotten; and the ring which he found in the cake was sold to buy his ticket home. Really, we don't know how he would have reached home, had it not been for the ring he found buried in the birthday cake."

Mary Ellen's eyes were wide with astonishment. So Mrs. Lawrence explained, as she held her little girl close.

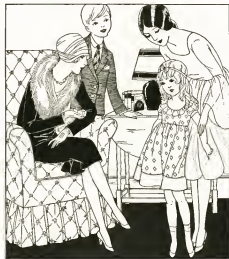
"So I have come," Mrs. Wentwood said, "to replace the ring which belonged to Mary Ellen; and to offer to her our deepest love and gratitude for the great kindness she did to us," and she gave the little package to Mary Ellen.

Can you imagine the little girl's surprise and the mother's also when they found in the box a beautiful platinum ring set with one small, clear, beautiful sparkling diamond?

"Oh, Mother!" was all she could say just then and she laid her head on her mother's shoulder.

After this a very real and happy friendship sprang up between the Lawrence and Wentwood families. Many were the vacations that

Mary Ellen spent with the Wentwoods at their summer cottage in the mountains, and each year at Thanksgiving time the Lawrences entertained the Wentwoods at dinner, for they all had so much to be thankful for.



AN EASTER PARTY

AT EASTER time if you

By MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL

the two change places. If his guess

happen to pass by a store window filled with wise-looking bunnies, cunning little chickens, and colored Easter eggs—not the kind the Easter rabbit brings, but the candy kind—you will want some of them. You will want them not so much for yourself as for your friends. You will want to have a party, and place in the center of the table a big candy egg for each little friend, with bright ribbons running from the eggs to the plates. Perhaps in that same shop you will find spun sugar candy, out of which you can make a nest for the eggs. There are pretty cards to mark the places and invitation cards with chickens on them. And it may be that Mother will make chicken sandwiches, and have ice cream molded the shape of a baby chicken.

You will want to plan several games that suggest chickens or rabbits. One that was played many years ago will keep your guests busy from the moment they arrive. Those who come first form a circle with one player in the middle, and the circle is enlarged to take in others as they come. The person in the circle is given a rod or a stick and is then blind-

folded. The others join hands and circle about him until he pounds on the floor with his stick. Then they stand very still. They do not talk, or even whisper. The blind-

folded player points his stick at some one in the circle, who must take it and say, "Peep, peep, peep," as nearly like the cry of a little chicken as possible. If the one in the center is able to guess who it is,

is wrong, the line marches around again until he signals for it to stop, and he tries some one else. If the players are not very well known to each other, the one in the center may be given more than one guess. But some one will surely laugh when trying to imitate a chicken and the catcher will guess correctly.

Another interesting circle game is played with all the guests seated in a circle, except the catcher. He stands in the center and is blindfolded, as in the other game. Those seated are "Chickens" and each takes a number. The one in the center calls any two of the numbers. He may say, "Chick number five and chick number twelve, change places."

In that case the players having the numbers called try to slip across the space very quietly and get into their new places without being touched by the catcher. They may take their time and dodge about. If they succeed in gaining the other places they give a loud "Peep." When the catcher has heard two of them peep, he must call two more numbers and try again. When he catches

one he takes the number and the place of the one

caught. The larger the circle the more interesting the game, so if only a few are playing, space the chairs farther apart to make the circle larger. The players

may sit on the floor in-

stead of on chairs, if you like. If the catcher has not been successful after calling five sets of numbers, he may say, "All chicks change places." While they are doing this the



catcher will have a good chance to tag some one.

While you are thinking of the Easter chick, it will be fun to play a game with two feathers of the same weight, but different in color. Appoint two Captains and allow them to take turns at choosing players until they have divided the guests into two equal sides. Stretch a white tapeline across the room between the two groups of players. When the signal is given each Captain blows his feather across the tapeline, then he and his men are busy trying to keep the other side from blowing it back, and also to blow back the feather belonging to the other players. Of course, the feathers must not be touched with the

hands or with any other part of the body, nor can they be fanned with the hands or with papers. The players must get under the feathers and blow them in the direction they wish them to go, while the opposing players are trying to make them go another way, but no player may lean over the tape to blow. When the referee sees a player touch the feather or fan it, he blows his whistle and gives a point to the other side. He also blows the whistle when a feather touches the floor, and the score keeper gives the other side a point. All play stops when the whistle is blown and the feathers are started again by the Captains at the tapeline. If very many are playing four feathers may be used. The side making the greatest number of points may be given large candy chickens to eat while the losers must be content with very small ones.

If you have plenty of room you will find it great fun to play "Rabbit and Chicken." Again the players are divided into two groups,

but this time they number off, one, two—one, two—and so on. The number ones are the rabbits and the others are the chickens. The rabbits stand about one foot from the tape which has been laid on the floor. The chick-

ens stand the same distance from the tape on the other side and facing the first group. You may be the starter. You stand between the lines with a cardboard circle, on one side of which is pasted the picture of a rabbit and on the other a picture of a chicken. You toss the card into the air. If the picture of the rabbit is up when it reaches the floor, those who are rabbits must turn and run to a line some distance away, while the chickens try to



catch them. If a rabbit is caught he becomes a chicken and must return with them to the other side of the tape. Perhaps the next time you toss up the card, the chicken will be uppermost. Then they must run and the rabbits will have a chance to tag players. The players do not know until the last moment whether they are to run forward and catch some one, or whether they must turn around and run as fast as possible the other way.

Then, because it is an Easter party, you will want to hunt for brightly-colored eggs, and have an egg rolling on the lawn. In this contest the prize goes to the one whose egg rolls the farthest without cracking. First, two players roll their eggs together, the winner leaving his egg on the ground and the loser taking his up. Two more play and so on until all have rolled their eggs once. Then the one whose egg went the farthest gets the prize. Or the winners may contest against each other. If an egg is thrown or rolled hard enough to make it crack, it is counted out.

THE GOLDEN FISH
PUZZLE—
FIND THE DISCONTENTED WIFE

By HELEN HUDSON





How the Washable Doll got a bath

YOU can imagine how the Flannel Dog felt, when he saw the Washable Doll get out the tub!

"You're not going to wash me, I hope?" he inquired, anxiously.

"You're too new to need washing," replied the Washable Doll, comfortingly. "But as for me and my clothes—we certainly do deserve a bath. Just think—we've never had one!"

"Never?" repeated the Flannel Dog, quite astonished.

"Never!—you see, it's this way," the Washable Doll went on. "Every Monday they rub and they rub the clothes. And they rub so hard that they're all tired out by the time they finish the regular wash, so they never get 'round to me. Now, I'm going to show them an easier way!" The Washable Doll smiled her cheerfulest smile.

© 1928, Fels-Naptha Co.

"What way?" asked the Flannel Dog, curiously.

"The Fels-Naptha Soap way!" replied the Washable Doll. "Fels-Naptha will take out the dirt in no time, and the clothes won't have to be rubbed as hard as they used to. You'll see—everything around here is going to be washed cleaner than it's ever been washed before!"

And the Flannel Dog had a very strong feeling that Fels-Naptha Soap would some day make him cleaner, too!

The whole wash, and children's clothes in particular, need the extra help that Fels-Naptha brings—the help of two effective cleaners, working together. Naptha, the safe cleaner that dry cleaners use, blended with good, golden soap by the special Fels-Naptha process. The naptha loosens the grime and dirt—the rich, soapy suds wash them away. Together, they give extra help to take the place of hard rubbing.

In washing-machine or tub—in cool or lukewarm water—or when clothes are boiled—Fels-Naptha works well. And it's gentle to the hands! Order Fels-Naptha from your grocer, try it next wash-day, and it will come to your house to stay!

FELS-NAPHTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR



SPRINGTIME! Easter-time!

Those seem like magic words, for they make beautiful pictures come to our minds, pictures of violets growing under the leaves in the woods, of buttercups by the brook and tiny tips of green on the trees—if we live in the country—or



grass turning green in the park, florists' windows full of bloom, gay new frocks on the boulevard—if we live in the city. All that and a thousand more lovely things are a part of our beautiful, brand new spring.

We can even coax spring into our kitchens by helping Mother make and hang some gay new curtains, or buying with carefully saved pennies a gay new kettle of red or yellow or green enamel or (and this, maybe, is best of all) putting a pot of blooming flowers on the kitchen window sill.

There are many good dishes we might learn to cook in April, for so many tempting foods are in the market. We might make a new salad. You know we plan to eat plenty of fresh green foods all the year around and new combinations are so interesting. Or we might cook one of the new vegetables that help make the markets look so gay. At least we can get out our cook book and card file of recipes and do some salads and vegetables we have learned before; they will be quite as good as when we first had them—maybe better.

But this

BAKED EGGS FOR EASTER BREAKFAST

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Spring Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry's Dinners," etc.

April we want to cook something especially for Easter, so we plan to cook the main dish for our Easter morning breakfast.

"Will it be eggs?" asks one cook.

To be sure! Eggs are always a good breakfast dish, but Easter morning breakfast is a time when we just naturally *must* have them. Don't you agree? So, eggs are our choice.

But before we go on with the lesson, suppose we talk a bit about the table setting for this breakfast of ours. We want to entertain the family with our cooking but it is also fun to surprise them with a pretty table decoration. Dainty tables are next most important to tasty food, you know.

We plan to arrange a nest for a centerpiece. We shall make it of raffia, or of green or yellow crepe paper cut into shreds and piled around, nest-fashion; or we could use the shiny, green, shredded paper that the stores sell in springtime for the very purpose of Easter decoration. The eggs in the center of our nest may be candy eggs, or maybe we shall color real eggs at home and paint them with decorations of our own invention. Preparing Easter trimmings is a very jolly way to spend a Saturday, I promise you.

But to get to our cooking!

We shall suppose you are having four people in your family this Easter morning, and we will plan accordingly. If you have more, or less, change the recipe to suit. Child Life cooks always want to have enough for everybody but not too much.

(Continued on page 243)





So unaware of you . . . and all you do for her

This simple plan will help you guide her

SUDDENLY, with a catch at your heart, you see she's growing up! Your little girl. Already she begins to think she needs you less—now when your guidance means most of all.

Thoughtless about bed time—heedless in her play—capricious at the table. Perhaps it's her finicky, little-girl appetite that troubles you most. Particularly at breakfast.

Because bad habits at breakfast are so wide-spread among children, school and health authorities have made the right sort of breakfast the subject of a nationwide movement. They are pointing out what mothers long have sensed—the vital

need of every child for a hot, cooked cereal breakfast. They have found that children's success at work and play depends upon establishing the habit of a hot, cooked cereal in the morning. Now, in over 70,000 school rooms this rule is displayed.

"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast"

Teachers and mothers both say that children with the regular habit of a hot, cooked cereal breakfast are most apt to get the highest marks and do the best at sports. And the child who eats a good hot bowlful of Cream of Wheat in the morning is not tattered out by night.

Authorities have been recommending Cream of Wheat for over thirty years as the ideal hot, cooked cereal for school children for these reasons:

1. It is rich in the energy-giving food elements needed by little minds and bodies.
2. Cream of Wheat contains none of the harsh, indigestible parts of the wheat, and so is very easily digested.
3. Children love its creamy goodness, easily varied by stirring in raisins, dates or prunes while cooking.

While she's still a little girl, do this simple thing that will help her grow up well and strong. To rouse enthusiasm for the hot, cooked cereal breakfast—try the plan described below. Start her out regularly with a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat. Your grocer has it. Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada, made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Finssett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

FREE—Mothers say this plan works wonders!

A plan that crosses your children's interest in a hot, cooked cereal breakfast and makes them want to eat it regularly. A youngster's club with badges and a secret list members, with gold stars and colored wall charts. A plan that children work out for themselves. All material free—sent direct to your children together with a letter addressed to them personally and a complete box of Cream of Wheat. Also a copy of the new enlarged edition of "The Impartant Business

of Feeding Children." This book gives a summary of the most recent findings of authorities on the problem of diet for children and infants, with special pages on what to do for the child who "just won't eat."

To get all the club material, as described on the left, and the book's, free, just mail coupon to Dept. R-15, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name of child _____ First name _____ Last name _____
Street _____ City _____ State _____





OUR reader railroad presidents report an extensive building program for 1928. Half a dozen request plans for depots and freight houses, several want plans for late types of railroad bridges. There have been scores of inquiries concerning permanent road-beds, turntables, switch towers, crossing signals, and rolling stock. Such activity bespeaks good times.

Because of the seeming lack of depots, here is a dandy suburban type, with covered platform. Your railroad may have a station. But is one enough? Hardly, even for a short line.

The depot in Fig. 1 requires a box about 11 inches long, 7 inches wide and 5 inches deep, for walls, two boards about 18 inches long and 5½ inches wide for the roof, corrugated strawboard for imitation roofing tile, and a board about 12 inches wide and 18 inches long for the platform. A wooden starch box approximates the dimensions given above. If you do not find one at home, your grocer likely

By A. NEELEY HALL

Author of "Making Things with Tools," "The Boy Craftsman,"
"Home Made Toys for Girls and Boys," etc.

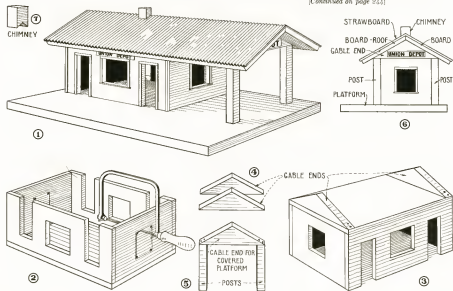
A STATION FOR YOUR ELECTRIC RAILROAD

will have a box that will do. If it is a trifle large, it will not matter. If it is much too large, cut it down.

Figure 2 shows the cutting of doors and windows in the box sides and ends. Mark the openings with ruler and pencil. Cut them with a coping-saw (Fig. 2) or a keyhole saw. To admit the saw for cutting window openings, bore small holes in the corners of the spaces marked out, then saw from corner to corner, as shown. You can save time by painting door and window openings instead of cutting them, but cut openings look better, and you can improve them by setting glass in the window openings and hanging doors in the doorways.

Prepare the roof, next. Two gable ends are necessary to give the roof pitch (Figs. 3 and 4). Make them 2 inches high by a length equal to the width of the roof. Be careful to get them alike. Nail them to the box bottom at the ends, as shown in Fig. 3. Across the gable ends fit two boards of the right width to project 1¼ inches over the side

[Continued on page 244]





"In one month he gained four pounds!"

417 N. Winnebago St.
Rockford, Illinois

On the advice of our physician, we gave Horlick's Malted Milk to Richard when he was recovering from a serious operation. He was terribly thin. He had been at the point of death. In a month, after taking "Horlick's" regularly, he gained four pounds, and less than six months later he was overweight. I am happy to say that although he is tall for his age, 11 years, he is perfectly normal in weight and as healthy as a boy could be.

Mrs. Helen Walter



"Now they are both chubby and well!"

1255—22nd Ave.,
San Francisco, Calif.

My little girls were literally starving! I had given them all sorts of foods but they wouldn't eat this—didn't like that. They lost weight just when they should have been growing fastest. Alarmed, we took them to the doctor and he told us the trouble—in spite of plenty of food they were undernourished. He started them using Horlick's Malted Milk. Two-year-old Claire gained two pounds the first two weeks; three-year-old Florence gained five pounds in a month. Now they are both chubby and well.

Mrs. H. A. Houston



"Four times the average gain in weight!"

581 Cedar Street
Worcester, Ill.

An article by a famous child-health authority in my favorite magazine called my attention to the danger of an underweight condition to children. Although Preston, who is 10, seemed perfectly healthy, a school examination had shown him to be underweight. I began giving him Horlick's Malted Milk at lunch every day, and now in one month he has gained two pounds. I believe this is almost four times the average normal gain.

Mrs. S. Rivick

In one month—2 to 5 pounds gained *this natural way*

Why American physicians have endorsed it for many years—this delicious food-drink children love

In a perfectly natural way Horlick's Malted Milk brings about results like these. There are no secrets.

By the exclusive Horlick Method of manufacture all the precious nourishment of fresh, full-cream cow's milk and malted barley and wheat are combined in a delicious food-drink.

The milk is from inspected

herds. It is carefully pasteurized. By the Horlick process, the vitamins which promote growth are retained.

The choice grains are malted in Horlick's own malt house. The essential minerals and other valuable elements of the whole grain are retained. The high-energy, easily digested malt sugars—dextrin and maltose—give it a delicious, malty sweetness.

So, in giving your child "Horlick's," you know that you are

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

providing the purest of foods.

"Horlick's" is the original Malted Milk. It is made in the country under ideal sanitary and hygienic conditions.

Its use by physicians for more than a third of a century is an endorsement of its superior quality and reliability.

If you have children who are underweight, try giving them "Horlick's" regularly—at meal times or as an after-school lunch.

If your children are of normal weight, give them "Horlick's" to fortify them against the energy demands of work

and play, and to build up resistance against illness.

Buy a package today and put your children on the road to sturdier health. Avoid substitutes. Insist upon "Horlick's"—the original and genuine.

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

FREE SAMPLE and SPEEDY MIXER

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CREP
Dept. D-7, Racine, Wis.
In Canada, address
3155 Pine IX Ave.,
Montreal

This coupon is good for one sample of either Horlick's Malted Milk (natural or Horlick's Chocolate Malted Milk) and one Speedy Mixer for quickly preparing a delicious Malted Milk in a glass.

Check sample wanted Natural Chocolate

Name _____

Address _____



Horlick's, the Original Malted Milk, is sold in both natural and chocolate flavors, in powder or tablet form

HORLICK'S

THE ORIGINAL
MALTED MILK



"A Touch of Spring" with a touch of Crayola

IT'S Springtime! The grass is green... the flowers are budding... the trees are arrayed in their brand new dresses. *And it's CRAYOLA time!*

One touch of Nature transforms the landscape. One touch of CRAYOLA transforms a simple little drawing into a thing of beauty... something to be real proud of.

This is the way to go about getting that "touch of Spring":

First draw a light outline with Black CRAYOLA like the pictures at the top of this page. When you have

your sketch just right, go over it with heavier strokes.

Now, look at the bottom pictures.

Where you see the *gray tones* fill in with *bright* CRAYOLA colors. Where you see the *solid blacks* fill in with *dark* CRAYOLA colors.

"What colors shall I use?" you ask. And we answer, "Use your imagination." But don't forget yellow-green... and violet... and pink... and light blue. All these colors give "a touch of Spring" for they are all CRAYOLA colors.

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.

CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS



"Kut-kut-ka-daw-kut!" called Hilda, the curious old hen, craning her neck to watch Chip's chums down by the apple tree, hitting the bull's eye—almost.



"Watch out, Hilda!" exclaimed Betsy Ann, who felt rather chicken-hearted when her old feathered pet was in danger. But just then Ted's stone bounced back and down went the hen!



"Oh, Hilda! Wake up!" cried her young mistress, distractedly. "We didn't mean to hit you—you got too close!" "Too bad!" said Ted. "She deserves a fine funeral."



So Betsy Ann wrote "Hilda dear is buried here" on a shingle, Dick and Chip dug a hole, and Ted made a wonderful wreath of flowers for Hilda's neck.



Just as they were marching in a stately procession, though, Hilda, who was only stunned by the blow, woke up and became the liveliest corpse that ever chased a hen-pecked puppy around the yard.





By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

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

O wind why do you never rest,
Wandering, whistling to and fro,
Bringing rain out of the west,
From the dim north bringing snow?
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

WIDE grey skies, the mewing of gulls, the surge of the sea, the march of events tells us that a season is riding by. And who shall say, as the wind gives a final shriek through the keyhole or a final shout down the chimney, how much can come, how much can go?

With the weather beckoning us, with just a suggestion of waking at the heart of things, we could take the road to anywhere! Edwin Arlington Robinson's "Ballade of A Ship," expresses the romance of flying foam, of restless water, of the silvering bay. Each of us has a Golden Fleece to seek, and in spirit we go with The Argonauts or with Odysseus, wandering through many lands among many people.

In reading *Orpheus with His Lute*, *The Adventures of Odysseus*, or *The Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales*, our own experience broadens. The fortunes of Jason, the toils and travels of Ulysses, help us to understand the people about us and the lives they live. The realm of Moby Dick—"the windy, green, unquiet sea"—grows less strange to us as we sail with the good ship "Argo" or set out with Odysseus and his seven ships. We, too, feel John Masefield's longing when he writes, "A wind's in the heart of me, a fire's in my heels." Because we have had lively friendships with heroes, with able-bodied seamen, with pirates, with resourceful cabin-boys, many events sustain the thought in these lines of David Morton's—

Ah, never think that ships forget a shore
Or bitter seas, or winds that made them wise.

The words bring many pictures to our minds. We have been a partner to many sea voyages; we have known a world of danger; ships and places, boisterous seas, calm after a storm—a dozen events flash across our memory. Sketch again, if you will, the cruise of the brig "Covenant" and David Balfour's wanderings in *Kidnapped*. A ship does not forget such a cruise or sagas of the seas known to the Vikings and told to us in *The Story of Grettir the*

Strong and The Story of Rolf and the Viking's Bow.

There is chance and inevitability in *Treasure Island*, in *Pieces of Eight*, in *The Mutineers*, in *Captain Blood*. What of the vessel, the "Anna Maria," in Cornelia Meigs' *The Trade Wind*? Could that ship well forget the tiny harbor of Half Moon Island or Adam Applegate? Could she forget the stormy voyage when David Dennison was desperately ill or that later time when she witnessed the end of the brave ship "Pegasus"?

Be it a merchant ship, a packet, or a whaling vessel—every seasoned ship treasures memories of its voyages. Successful business enterprises, whaling adventures, the finding of the precious ambergris all live for us in *Two Years Before the Mast*, *The Cruise of the Cachalot*, *Moby Dick* and *The Boy Whaleman*.

Knowing how to seek and find adventure, recognizing good companions on foreign shores, on the high seas, on our own New England coast, or in the ports of the West, you will relish these tales. May they live in your memory, as they do in mine, as experiences which are always fresh, charming, and true.

THE ARGONAUTS

- The Adventures of Odysseus* - - - - - *Padraic Colum*
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Against Heavy Odds* - - - - - *Hjalmar H. Boyesen*
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
- The Boy Whaleman* - - - - - *George F. Tucker*
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON
- Captain Blood* - - - - - *Rafael Sabatini*
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, BOSTON
- The Cruise of the Cachalot* - - - - - *Frank T. Bullen*
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates* - - - - - *Howard Pyle*
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
- The Jinx Ship* - - - - - *Howard Pease*
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Kidnapped* - - - - - *Robert Louis Stevenson*
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
- Mr. Midshipman Easy* - - - - - *Frederick Marryat*
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Moby Dick* - - - - - *Herman Melville*
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Mutineers* - - - - - *Charles Boardman Hayes*
ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, BOSTON

[Continued on page 244]

The Book-Elf in the Court of Pharaoh hears



The Story of a Dream

AFTER leaving the boys and girls who belonged to the Activities Club happily engaged with their Activities Books, "The Play-It Book", "Making Things with Tools", "Child Life Cook Book", and "The Make-It Book", Book-Elf was tired. He sat down under a big tree and soon fell asleep. What a strange place thought Book-Elf as he was escorted into a great palace by an Egyptian slave. Then he was given honey and bread and sat down on the floor near a huge pillar. Book-Elf was filled with awe as he looked around him. There on a huge throne sat an Egyptian king. It was Pharaoh and he was evidently waiting for someone. Book-Elf waited patiently to see what would happen and soon a young man was brought in. It was Joseph who had been released from prison to interpret Pharaoh's dream. Pharaoh was so thankful to know what the dream meant and how to save Egypt from famine that he made Joseph ruler of all Egypt.

Book-Elf wandered from the palace. In the distance he saw a mighty army. Swords and armour flashed in the sun. A lone shepherd boy came slowly from the top



of a hill. It was David, who had been victorious in his contest with the giant, Goliath. Book-Elf stood still and thought a minute. Of course, these were the people from the Bible Story Book, Old Testament Stories. What a wonderful place Storyland was! For now Book-Elf found himself on the edge of a wide desert. White sand stretched in all directions.

Great throngs of people were gathering all around him, many of them talking in excited tones. They were waiting for someone and Book-Elf found himself pushed here and there by people who were much bigger than he. He got down on his hands and knees and tried to get forward so that he could see who was coming, too. Suddenly a shout went up—"Here He comes" Book-Elf rubbed his eyes. Where had he been? Then he remembered—the Egyptian King in the palace; the mighty army and lone shepherd boy coming from the hillside; wide stretches of white sand with great throngs of people gathering and their cry, "Here He comes," and Book-Elf realized that he had been dreaming about the people in the Bible Story Books, Old and New Testament Stories.

(To be continued)



Book-Elf, Rand McNally's Bookshelf Dept. M-6
196 South Clark Street, Chicago

Dear Book-Elf:

I want to know more about the people and animals in Storyland. Please send me a stamped copy of your letter on the Activities Books.
 Help me see an activity book for the boys and girls whose names and ages I am sending herewith.

Name:

Street:

City and State:



JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

Robert's and Ruth's Adventures
in Silk Land



ISN'T it funny how my prettiest dresses could come from worms?" said Ruth, looking down at her beautiful dress of lustrous Babette which Mother had bought for her on their last shopping tour.

"Thousands of people in China, Japan and India (principally China) spend their entire lives growing worms," said Daddy. "The mulberry trees are carefully grown, so that the silkworms can eat their leaves before they wind themselves in the cocoon which is the basis of all silk."

"But is the silkworm really a worm?" asked Robert.

"No," said Daddy, "it's a caterpillar which hatches from an egg laid by the silk moth, feeds on fresh mulberry leaves, and then goes to sleep in its soft cocoon. If left alone, it would come out of the cocoon as a pretty moth, just as butterflies come from cocoons that are made by the caterpillars I told you about one time."

"But where's the silk?" Ruth was puzzled.

"The cocoons are soaked in boiling water until they start to unravel," Daddy explained, "and then the threads of which they are made are wound on reels. This thread is called raw silk, and is sent by the Chinese to nearly all the countries of the

***B**ECAUSE 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.*

earth. Our own country leads, however, in the weaving of silk, just as we lead in so many other things. Would you like to visit a silk mill and see how raw silk is made into cloth?"

"Let's go next Saturday," Robert suggested.

When Saturday finally came, they went with Dad to one of the big buildings where Babette is made. First they visited a room in which the skeins of raw silk were received and stored. "Now,"

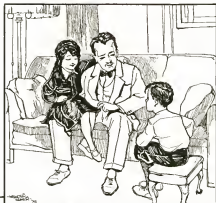
said Dad, "let us see every department that this raw silk goes through until it leaves the mill completely finished."

So they watched the skeins being washed and then whirled around in a revolving bowl to dry. Ruth wanted to know why they didn't hang on a line to dry, but Dad explained that the bowl went around so fast that the water was really thrown out. Next they went to the "throwing" department where two or three threads were twisted and wound together to make the

thread strong enough for weaving. Then these threads were re-wound on bobbins which were sent to the looms in the weaving department.

The children watched the loom for a long time and wondered how such a big powerful machine could handle delicate silken threads

(Continued on page 236)



THE HIDE-AND-SEEK HOUSE

WHAT HAPPENED BEFORE

By MABEL S. MERRILL

Billy and Klink Miller, while visiting at their grandfather's farm, find a large packing box floating in a big pool of overflow water from the river. Turning this up on end, it makes a splendid playhouse, which they call the Hide-and-Seek House, and an old tub that really float serves for a boat. The only thing lacking is a pirate, and when Uncle Nat floats down the river on his raft, on which there is a regular shanty, in which he eats and sleeps and lives, the boys decide that he makes as satisfactory a companion as a regular pirate would, and accept his invitation to have dinner with him. He takes them for a call at the "doughnut factory" over at the river drivers' camp across the river, and they have such delightful times that they decide that, while they will still stay with their grandpa nights, they will be pirates along with Uncle Nat in the daytime. The next day they make the acquaintance of Charles Day, nicknamed Captain Kid because, although he is fourteen, he is still called "the kid" at home. Charles has a motor boat called the "Red Queen," and tows Uncle Nat's raft down to the clam flats, where the boys spend a profitable day digging for clams. On their return to the farm, they are surprised to find that a great change has come over their playhouse.

PART THREE

SOMEbody had built a kind of portico of boards at the front of it and hung up an oil-cloth curtain to keep the rain from beating in. Inside there were two stools, a box for a table, and some dishes. Then there were some old tools from Grandpa's workshop. He knew how the boys liked to whittle and try to make things.

"You did it all, Grandpa, while we were off pirating," cried Klink as he spied Grandpa looking at them over the tops of the currant bushes. "It's a dandy playhouse and we wouldn't get wet here even if it poured. That curtain would keep us dry."

It did pour the next morning, so that there was no chance of any more expeditions. But by putting on their raincoats they got into Hide-and-Seek House and sat down snugly on their two stools.

"Wish somebody would come," said Billy after a while, "but, of course, nobody will, such weather as this."

The very next minute a visitor poked his nose in at the front of the playhouse. It was a handsome

collie with soft eyes and knowing ears that stood straight up as he looked at them. Both boys hugged him and then they looked for the name on his collar.

"The dog's name is Duke," Klink pointed out, "and his owner's name is Charles D-a-y, Day, Charles Day; why, that's Captain Kid."

They played with the dog as long as he would stay and when he started to go they coaxed him to wait while they wrote a note on a bit of paper. The note read:

"Deer Capten Kid, we are at Hide-and-Seek House and can't come out in the rain because we promised not to. Come and see us.

Your respectful pirates,
Billy Miller
Klink Miller."

They tied the letter to Duke's collar and let him go. Then they waited so long that they began to think Captain Kid was not coming. But suddenly there was an astonishing noise out in the pool right in front of the playhouse. It was the "Red Queen's" whistle and there she was so close up that they could almost step on board. Captain Kid had the drawn at the side, so that he and the dog, looking out at the end of the boat, were as snug and dry as if they had been in a house.

"Come on," said Charles. "I asked your folks if I could take you up river to the Dunn farm. The water is so much higher this morning that I could come right in here. You won't get wet if you're quick."

They scrambled on board, never stopping to ask what kind of a place the Dunn farm was. They backed out of the pool; then the "Red Queen" swung around and raced up river through the pouring rain.

It was such an exciting trip that they were almost sorry when the "Queen" landed them close to the doors of a big barn belonging to some farm buildings on the river bank. But when they were inside the barn and had time to look about they began to think that



big barn belonging to some farm buildings on the river bank. But when they were inside the barn and had time to look about they began to think that

it was the best place they had seen yet. Grandpa's farm was a small one and he kept only a horse and cow but in this big building there were dozens and dozens of animals.

"Here's a pony and a sheep with curly horns and a pen full of calves," cried Billy. "And you come and look here, Klink Miller!"

Billy was leaning out of a door to look down into the barnyard where there was a pen with nine little white pigs in it. They were chasing each other round and round the pen, like children playing tag. When Mr. Dunn, the owner of the big barn, poured some milk into the wooden trough they tried to stand in it with their forefeet while they drank. They pushed and squealed, and the littlest pig got crowded out entirely, so that the milk was all gone before he could get a drop.

Mr. Dunn who was watching them over the boys' heads noticed this.

"I must take that little chap out of there," he said. "The bigger ones crowd him so that, half the time, he doesn't get enough to eat. I shall have to make a small pen and feed him by himself, though I don't like to bother that way."

He climbed down into the pen, picked up the littlest pig and brought him up to where the boys were standing.

"I do wish you'd sell him to me," begged Klink. "I've got a quarter to spend just as I like."

"I've got another," added Billy. "Would you sell him for fifty cents, Mr. Dunn? I'd like to buy half of him, if Klink buys the other half."

Mr. Dunn laughed as he looked down at these two little city fellows. He did not like to tell them that the littlest pig in the world was worth a good deal more than fifty cents these days. Besides, he had a big barn full of animals to take care of and no time to look after a pig who couldn't live in a pen along with its brothers and sisters.

"Yes, you may have him," he agreed. "You can take him right along home with you. I'll get one of my men to hitch up the horse and take you back in the cart because I want Charles to stay here the rest of the day and help me with a sick cow."

To ride home in a cart seemed a tame way of doing, after that exciting trip in the boat. But by the time Mr. Dunn had put Snowflake, as they had named the pig, into a box with slats nailed over the front of it, Billy who was looking out of the barn door gave a shout.

"Here's a house coming right down the middle of the road," he cried. "There's somebody inside too, with smoke coming out of the chimney."

It was a small house, to be sure, but it looked very homelike and cozy as it jogged along mounted on some stout wheels. The old horse was going along of his own account with the reins looped over the door fastening, while the man was sitting inside out of the rain. They could see his head at the little window.

"That's Tim Spaulding with one of the shanties that belong to the portable sawmill," explained Mr. Dunn. "They move them that way, you know, when the mill is set up in a new place. He is going right by your grandfather's house and I shouldn't wonder if he would take you, pig and all."

The boys were so pleased with the idea of riding in that little house that they listened breathlessly when Mr. Dunn hailed the man.

Tim Spaulding said no at first when Mr. Dunn asked him if he could take three passengers, but when he saw how small they were he laughed and thought he could manage it. So Billy and Klink and Snowflake were soon stowed away inside that little house. There really was a stove in there and some chairs, such as they were.

"Sit up to the fire and warm your fingers," invited Tim as he found a place for the little pig's crate. "Now here's a nice hot stove cover. I don't



HOW A SINGLE BUNNY OVERCAME A HERD OF ELEPHANTS

(Continued from page 203)

children under his tree, our bunny chuckled with fun.

Next morning when the fruit gatherers came to work, they lowered the basket. Hardly had it touched the ground when out jumped a rabbit and ran for his life. The two men thought that they had been dreaming in broad daylight.

While they were wondering about the bunny in their basket, he ran as fast as he could go. For he wanted to reach the court of the king Chandraputra without delay.

At last he was there. After saluting the king, then the assembled rabbits, he asked permission to speak.

"Speak!" commanded Chandraputra.

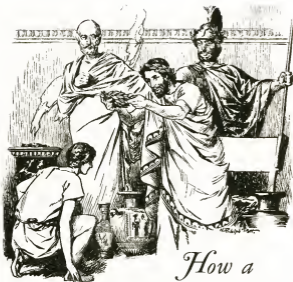
"Your Majesty, the elephants have been driven away," he answered.

"How?" asked the king.

"That is a secret," explained the little chap. "Now I am free from being spanked for the next two months, as you promised?"

"Of course, my dear Bunny the Brave. What a question to ask! From this day on, the king commands all his subjects to call this noble rabbit 'Bunny the Brave II,' for he has done the bravest thing that anyone has done since the day of Bunny the Brave I, who killed a tiger single-handed."

"Yea, yea," shouted the courtiers. "Bunny the Brave the Second! Jai, jai—victory, victory!"



How a shepherd boy won great honor from his King

Many, many years ago, King Milo of Elos sent this message to every corner of his realm!

"The people of Lacon say their youths are swifter of foot than those of Elos. To decide the issue, a great race is to be run. Honor and riches to him who wins for Elos."

When the message came to Peter, a shepherd boy of Elos, he exclaimed: "I'll win for my country and King! I'll make my legs so strong and swift that not even the fleetest deer can catch me."

Peter began at once to train. He went to bed early. He exercised every day. But most important—he ate food that put iron in his blood—strength in

his muscles—energy in his body.

Finally—when the great race came—Peter out-ran them all. Never before had anyone run so fast. And King Milo rewarded him with great honor and riches.

What did Peter eat that made his legs so strong and swift? He ate a big steaming bowl of WHOLE-WHEAT cereal every morning. Peter made it himself. He ground the wheat into meal—then toasted it to a nut-brown color.

Every boy and girl can have the same food today. Just ask your mother for Wheatena—the delicious NUT-BROWN wheat cereal. You'll love its toasty, nut-like flavor!

Wheatena—the cereal for strength, growth and energy

Mothers—do you know why Wheatena is such a wonderful food? It contains the minerals, vitamins and other great strength, growth and energy materials that nature packs into the WHOLE-WHEAT kernel. And it costs less than I cost a dish to serve.



FREE sample package of Wheatena (enough for 3 persons) and a Recipe Book

The Wheatena Corporation, Wheatensville, Rahway, N. J.

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Address _____

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The Santa Fe offers the *Indian-detour*—a three days, all-expense motor trip through the colorful Indian country—high mountains, adobe pueblos, pine and pinyon forests, on the way to or from California.

THE WOODPECKER WHO WAS LAZY

(Continued from page 200)

And he pulled and he pulled.

"Oh, it must be a big one!" he said. And he pulled harder.

All the birds around there came to watch him.

"Pull hard, Wally," they said. And Wally pulled and pulled. He dug his claws into the ground and backed away and *pulled*.

At last he pulled hard enough. Up out of the hole came—guess what? A rabbit! It was only a baby rabbit, and a little one at that, but it looked big to Wally.



He was very much surprised. The rabbit was surprised, too, and embarrassed, but Wally didn't know that. He was very much afraid the rabbit would be angry, and he didn't stop to apologize. He dropped his stick with a yell and flew away, and didn't stop till he reached the top of the tallest tree in the woods.

Even there he could hear the other birds laughing. Then they made up a song.

"Wally went a-fishing

For to catch a worm.

It wasn't a habit, so he caught a rabbit.

And that made Wally squirm."

It was a very silly song, Wally



Mail this coupon

Mr. W. E. Black, Pass. Tric. Mgr., Santa Fe System Lines

1049 Railway Exchange, Chicago

Am interested in summer trip to _____

Please send me detailed information and free folders: "California Picture Book," "Indian-detour" and "Grand Canyon Outings"

thought, but the other birds seemed to like it. They came and sang it over and over to Wally.

"Don't tease!" said Wally. "Don't tease. And please, somebody give me something to eat. I'm so hungry. And after this



I'll peck the way woodpeckers are meant to peck, and I'll never be such a lazy bird again."

So they gave him a nice breakfast.

After that Wally pecked and pecked, and he found that he liked to peck. He liked to see how quickly he could peck a hole, and how nice and round a hole he could make. Everybody said at last that he was the most skillful woodpecker in the forest.

He could peck a hole in the very hardest tree.

And then nobody dared to mention fishing to Wally. Or sing that song!

He might have pecked a hole in them!



APRIL FOOL

ELEANOR HAMMOND

Small April sobbed,
"I'm going to cry!
Please give me a cloud
To wipe my eye!"

Then, "April fool!"
She laughed instead
And smiled a rainbow
Overhead!



An attractive one-strap oxford, very popular with girls this season.

This tan oxford for youngsters is eagerly accepted by both parents and children.

Keep little feet happy

NIMBLE, fleetfooted youngsters should never be hampered by stiff, ill-fitting shoes! Give your children the delightful comfort of ACROBATS.

They conform perfectly to the child's foot. The Acrobat patented process provides hidden virtues—the inner soles cannot loosen, the linings stay smooth and there's no filling between soles to get lumpy and cause discomfort and rapid wear.

You, parents, will never know what real children's shoe satisfaction is until your children wear Acrobats.

See the new styles at your Acrobat dealer's

Besides the shoes shown here you'll find many other desirable styles. Ask for Acrobats at your best department or shoe store. If you don't find them, it will pay you to write us before you buy.

SHAFT-PIERCE SHOE CO.

573 Third Street

Faribault, Minn.

Makers of Children's Good Shoes for 36 Years



Boys and girls sure get a kick out of a pair of these sturdy, good-looking shoes, "for fast and furious fun."

Children!

Have you read the wonderful adventures of Captain Cooky?



The book is **FREE!**



"Full many a sea the Captain's sailed,
And many a voyage taken" - - -

To the strangest places!

He tells all about it in his book "The Comical Cruises of Captain Cooky." And he tells it all in the funniest rhymes—with jolly colored pictures about how he conquered the savages on the Isle of Bombaree without the loss of a single life and made them all fast friends!

There are also simple directions for making the most delicious foods—such marvels as Merry-Go-Round Cake, Butter Scotch Curls, Coconut Cookies, and Peanut Cookies!—Made with Royal, the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder, these goodies are pure and wholesome for boys and girls to eat.

If you want a free copy of this book, just clip the coupon and mail it today.



Contains no alum—
keeps no longer than.



Merry-Go-Round Cake



THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY
DEPT. D, 114 E 42nd St., New York City

Please send me—free—my copy of "The Comical Cruises of Captain Cooky" with the rhymes and pictures and directions for making good things to eat.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

YOUR MAY CHILD LIFE

You won't need a calendar this year to tell you that May is here. Your next issue of CHILD LIFE will do that, with its May-time poems and stories and illustrations. Henry Purmort Eames, the distinguished musician, has named his May story "Music—the Mirror of Maytime." He shows us that music is just that—a mirror, for the great composers have written some of their most beautiful melodies in honor of this, perhaps the loveliest month of the whole year; and through their songs they have caught the spirit of spring and the reawakening of the world to beauty.

There's to be a lovely spring poem by Edna Howe, too, and other poems for Mother's Day by Polly Chase and Helen Wing, whose verses many of you have memorized and loved. Florence Page Jaques has written you a jolly May Day story about "The Conscientious Squirrel" who didn't like peanuts. And no wonder, for he was the only squirrel in the park, and all the peanuts which all the children brought for all the squirrels they expected to find there went to him. His problem is solved in an unexpected and delightful way; and when you read your May CHILD LIFE you'll find out all about it.

Did you ever crawl under a rug laid out in the yard to air and find yourself in Fairyland? That is exactly what Sue Sally Marie did when she tried to run away from housecleaning tasks at home, only to find that spring was housecleaning time among the fairies, too. In the May play, "Mothballs and Mushrooms," Grace Dorcas Ruthenburg tells you about Pokathumb and Perkalip and Woggles, the Fairy Queen, and you'll have no end of fun dressing up in fairy costumes and presenting it for an audience of your friends.

In your May number, too, Billy and Klink Miller decide to open up a store in their final adventure in "The Hide-and-Seek House"; and a brand new serial begins. Patten Beard, whose "Roger at the Helm" you liked so well, has another story for you—"Billy and the Bag." Billy is on his own responsibility when he takes the boat alone to visit his uncle and to deliver some important papers which his father has entrusted to him. Then when the bag mysteriously disappears, a real adventure begins.

These are just a few of the delights your May CHILD LIFE will hold for you.

LET US DRAW

By ETHEL M. RICE

Let us draw—it's easy, quite,—
Big round moon that shines at
night.



Half a ring on top. Oh, look!
It must be a pocketbook!



Now some lines that go up, so;
Just two long, long loops, you
know.



Now let's add these lines,—a
few;
Make them short and crooked,
too.



Then a tiny little thing
Almost like a baby's ring.



Fill it in. Oh! This is funny!
Here we have an Easter bunny!



His crib is his World

HERE he eats, sleeps and has his being. From his little world he autocratically directs the larger affairs of the household.

Like most people who are at home a great deal, he demands that his world be comfortable. As a matter of fact, he is likely to make a substantial fuss if it isn't.

Baby Pepperell Crib Sheets go a long way to make his crib comfortable and keep it so. Their cool, smooth texture is soothing to his sensitive skin. Baby Pepperells are so caressingly soft that the lucky babies who have them just don't seem to want to fret—for fear they may be thought ungrateful!

Baby Pepperell Crib Sheets are packed in sets of four in an attractive baby box that makes a lovely gift. Next time you're shopping do take a moment to look at them.

BABY PEPPERELL

Crib Sheets



Baby throw off his covers?

The Wamba Crib Blanket will keep him securely covered. Wamba fits snugly about his neck and over his shoulders. Ribbons secure it to his crib. Baby can't uncover himself. Wamba is perfectly safe and comfortable.

PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Sales Promotee Office: 58 Chaucery Street, Boston, Mass. Mills at Biddeford, Maine, Lowell, Mass., Ludlow, Ga., Opelika, Ala., Bleachery at Lewiston, Maine

An important message to you about the *EFFICIENCY* of *VITA GLASS*



VITA Glass—the remarkable window glass that admits the healthful ultra-violet rays of sunlight—is open to the most searching investigation.

The proof of its value is so conclusive that Vita Glass is now being installed in hundreds of America's leading homes, hospitals, schools, apartment houses and office buildings.

All claims made for Vita Glass are based on actual results . . . on scores of experiences here and in Eoglaod, where in 1924 Vita Glass was discovered and developed.

The facts prove beyond all question that Vita Glass at all times transmits a sufficient volume of the vital ultra-violet rays for all health purposes.

After weathering, transmission power stays constant

All glasses, from exposure, lose some of their ability to transmit visible and invisible light. This phenomenon is called "solarization." This process diminishes some of the transmission ability of Vita Glass during the first few weeks, but after that its transmission power stays constant and is more than ample to supply a sufficient volume of ultra-violet rays for every health purpose. This has been proven conclusively by all experiences and tests with Vita Glass over a period of years.

Biological tests conducted under the auspices of the Council on Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association prove that, even in winter, Vita Glass admits a sufficient amount of ultra-violet rays to prevent development of rickets—that dreaded disease of childhood. Furthermore, the general health effects were such as to show a material gain in weight

under Vita Glass as compared to ordinary glass.

Statements based on visible . . . provable results

The facts about Vita Glass are not based on theory, but on actual results—visible, provable results—upon the health of actual people:

School children in Smethwick, Eoglaod, who in a ten-months' test increased their height and weight and decreased by 40 per cent absences due to illness.

Fathers, mothers and children in their homes, who are enjoying the tonic, invigorating effect of Vita Glass just as much today as they did two years ago, when it was first installed.

Patients in hospitals, whose recovery has been hastened. Hundreds of grateful patients enjoy its beneficial effects today.

The facts are yours for the asking. We want you to have the complete



story, including a record of many convincing biological tests. We also want to tell you about some of our important installations.

Fill in the coupon today. Vita Glass can be purchased through all glass dealers or direct from the Vita Glass Corporation, 50 East 42d Street, New York.

Vita Glass Corporation, 50 E. 42d St.,
New York (B. 4.)
Gentlemen: Please send me interesting facts about Vita Glass.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

WILD ANIMAL CONTEST



PUMA



WOLF



BEAR

Footprints of animals described in January, February and March CHILD LIFE. See page 236 for contest rules.



APRIL DEAR!

ELEANOR HAMMOND

- What's the use of crying,
April dear?
Don't you know that summer
Is almost here?
- Don't you see the new grass
On the hills?
Don't you see the sun
And daffodils?
- Don't you see the bluebirds
Winging by?
Don't you see the rainbow
In the sky?
- Aren't you glad that spring
Is really here?
Why do you keep crying,
April dear?

MARY, ROSE, AND THE HORSESHOE CRABS

(Continued from page 211)

Then they tiptoed upstairs again, and Mary sat up in bed, wearing the hat with the feather on it.

That night Mary and Rose crawled out of bed and crept downstairs for Mary's hat.

They passed the shelf where their story books used to be. It was empty.

Then they passed the corner in the living room where Mother used to sit in the evening and read. The big chair was there; so was the little table where the lamp used to be. But the bookshelves were empty.

"Now," said Rosie. "Together!"

So they both cleared their throats. "We-wish," they said, "that all the books would come out of the sea, and go back where they belong—and get dry again."

And once more there was a great rustling of leaves, and in the pale moonlight, Mary and Rose sat up, taking turns wearing the magic hat, and watched the poor, water-soaked books hop across the sands.

Some of them shook themselves like little wet puppies who have just been given a bath. Some of them sat by the roadside long enough to pick off the barnacles.

And some of them tried to go two ways at once, because they were borrowed books and didn't know where they belonged.

But most of them rushed off right away, wanting only one thing—just to be sitting on their own table or shelf once more, dry as ever.

And when it was discovered that the prodigal books had returned, of course the men had another meeting about it. And they reminded one another that Fort Hastings mustn't hear about it—and that Maria had her cook books back!

But to this very day, Mary and Rose can't see the mould on the cover of a book any more, without getting very red in the face.

And even though they have buried the magic feather in a deep, dark grave under the palms, they cannot be persuaded to accept Angel Wings for their shell collections—not even pink ones!



COMPTON'S

Pictured Encyclopedia

For Children~

In this busy world, it is now becoming so hard for us that we are inclined to forget how it is going to be for our children later on.

Compton's has done something for children never done before in the history of learning. Compton's has produced a complete reference library—a complete encyclopedia written and pictured for the child mind. An encyclopedia so accurate that it stands as authority in the school world, yet so interesting that children read it as they would old fairy tales. A set of Compton's will make it easier for your children than it ever was for you.

Whenever, wherever you hear of "Compton's", stop—and listen!

F. E. COMPTON & COMPANY

Compton Building 3000 North Dearborn Street Chicago, Illinois





Mothers!

We have solved one of your greatest problems

They Slide to Happy Hours

AT LAST you can have just what you've been wanting for a long time and at a cost which is within everyone's reach. We have designed this slide especially for home use and the little tots of two can enjoy it as much as the older children.

Description of Slide

Bedway of "Armco" Galvanized Iron. Side rails of Select Maple. Stairs of wood. Rail-ling of high carbon steel pipe. Height 3 ft. length 6 ft. The slide is portable, and is not difficult to move from place to place. Side rails are yellow, the stairs red, and the hand rails bright green.

Know when your young ones are and know that they are safe!

The Kiddie Slide may be used in your playground, back yard or basement and may be easily moved from place to place.

MITCHELL MFG. CO.

1635 Forest Home Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Send complete literature on the Kiddie Slide

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

M GARMENTS
The PERFECT UNDERWEAR for CHILDREN

meet all the underwear needs of babies and children from birth to sixteen—

Infants' Shirts, Bands, Binders, Panty Waist—,
Children's Union Suits, Waist Union Suits,
Vests, Bloomers and Combinations,
Sleeping Garments,

—in all the wanted fabrics and styles
... at popular prices. You'll like the
Spring and Summer Minneapolis "M"
Garments now ready at your
Dry Goods Store.

Mothers—

Here are just the kind of garments you've always wanted to buy for your children. They have that modern stylish cut that pleases modern boys and girls. They are carefully tailored, neatly finished, always comfortable. The fit neither washes out nor wears out. The values will surprise you.

The Minneapolis "M" trademark is your protection. Be sure you get the genuine.

Minneapolis Knitting Works
Minneapolis, Minn.



A Unique Contest open to all the Family

We want to know your ideas of how the CHILD LIFE Seal of Approval can serve you

To enter this contest just write a letter and tell us why you think the CHILD LIFE Seal of Approval on products purchased especially for the Education, Health, Well-being and Entertainment of children will mean greater security and satisfaction when you go to buy.

Prizes will be awarded to the letters containing the best ideas. Mail your letter not later than April 30th, 1928. Awards will be made May 15th and winners announced in the July issue.

Write your letter now and mail to:

CHILD LIFE Seal Contest, 536 So. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.



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—if you haven't done so already—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 are being 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. The footprints of the animals, described in the January, February, and March issues may be found on page 234. For a description of the animals Mr. Newell tells you about this month, turn to page 239.

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 two hundred 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.

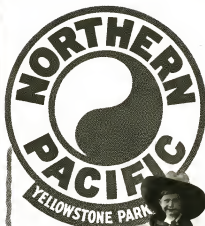
Name

Address

City .. State ..



Our  makes a splendid
 An  is the  and though
 the winds should roar and
 roar my  can ride the
 gale. Our  is the great
 North  our
 the ocean wide, each day
 I  aboard my 
 and sail out with the
 Our back 
 is a sandy 
 where treasure trove is
 hid, the  is molasses
 and  is Captain
 Kidd. Some days I'm
 very brave indeed and
 sail up on the , some-
 times I find a golden 
 and sometimes  find
 more. I  and 
 the whole day long but
 at  I like to be safe
 in port and cuddled
 close on my  Daddy's
 knee.



**Real
Cowboys
Live
in the**



**Northern Pacific
Country!**

There are big ranches out West where real cowboys round up the cattle. They know how to stick to the saddle! You ought to see a regular cow puncher on a bucking broncho!

Indians live in Northern Pacific country too. At Mandan, North Dakota, they frequently do an Indian dance while the train stops. The children dance with their parents.

Wouldn't you like to go to a real ranch this summer? Your family would like it too! There's more to see and do out West than we can tell you about here, but we'll send you a free book about the ranches and resorts of the Rockies in the Northern Pacific country, if you will just mail the coupon.

Northern Pacific Railway
Route of the "North Coast Limited"

E. E. Nelson, Passenger Traffic Manager
640 Northern Pacific Building, Saint Paul, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Nelson: Please send me your booklet about ranches and resorts of the Rockies.

Name

Street

City State

Are you and your folks thinking of going West this summer?
 Yes No (Check)



THE HIDE-AND-SEEK HOUSE

(Continued from page 228)

know but you could pop some corn over it. That's the popper hanging over the woodbox."

The boys laughed at the idea of popping corn while they were traveling along the road in a house on wheels, but they found they could do it very well.

"It's as much fun as Uncle Nat's shanty on a raft," declared Billy. "Wish we could have this house all the time when we're not going to sea. It's bigger than the Hide-and-Seek House."

"I think the Hide-and-Seek House is pretty fine, though," said Klink. "I guess I shouldn't want to swap it for this if it wasn't for the stove and a chance to pop corn."

The sawmill man left them high and dry on the porch of Grandpa's house. The pig in the crate he put in at the open door of the barn.

"Well, you've had a great day, haven't you?" asked Grandpa as they came in and told him their adventures. "And to-morrow I think if it keeps on raining you'll have a good old-fashioned flood to amuse you."

The boys did not know exactly what an old-fashioned flood was like, but it sounded interesting, and they were glad when they went to bed to hear the rain still drumming on the roof. When they awoke next morning they looked out eagerly and saw a strange sight.

The river looked almost like a big lake and the willows out at the edge of the pool showed only their tops above the water. They craned their necks to see if the playhouse had been damaged but they could not see from their bedroom window. So they went tumbling downstairs where Grandma was getting breakfast on the table.

"Nothing doing on the high seas to-day," announced Grandpa as they rushed at him. "Water's up to the highest flood mark on the big maple and your Captain Kid won't be out with his 'Red Queen' for fear of being hit by logs or somebody's henhouse going down river."

"You might go up and play in the attic," suggested Grandma after breakfast. "It's warm and dry and there's a big window where you can look out and watch the things sail by."

They ran up to the attic and looked eagerly over the water. All sorts of things were sailing by and after a while Billy remembered to look for the Hide-and-Seek House. He put his head out of the window and then gave a cry. The playhouse was gone.

(The concluding installment of "The Hide-and-Seek House" will appear in the May issue of CHILD LIFE.)

For CHART
send the
coupon
below...



New..

CLEAN TEETH CHART

makes tooth brushing a game

IT'S dull business—brushing teeth morning and night—just because mother says to! But when you can win a beautiful bronze club pin for doing it—when there's a red and green chart hanging by your tooth brush on the bathroom wall—a Colgate chart with lots of little spaces where you can put a pencil mark each time you finish brushing—why then tooth-brushing seems to be a lot of fun!

And when that chart is all filled in with tiny checks—and mother sends it proudly to Colgate & Company—then you feel very grand! And when Colgate & Company mail back immediately the beautiful BRONZE HEALTH CLUB PIN and you are made an Honor Roll member of the COLGATE HEALTH CLUB—then you almost burst with pride!

You tell the youngsters all up and down the street—and they all want to join—and pretty soon you're the president of the Colgate Health Club in your town!



Mothers you'd best send today for Colgate charts—one for each of your children and for the children near door. The coupon brings a trial size tube of Ribbon Dental Cream, too, with each chart—to start you off right with the tooth-paste that keeps teeth CLEAN.

Colgate & Company, Dept. 217-D, 915 Fifth Avenue, New York
Gentlemen: Please send me, free, Colgate Clean Teeth Chart
and trial size tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name

Address

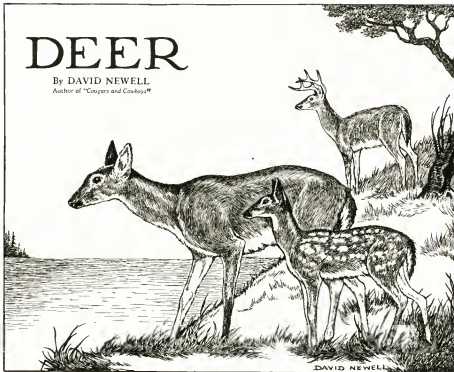
City

State

DEER

By DAVID NEWELL

Author of "Cougars and Cowboys"



OF ALL wild creatures that live in the big woods, the deer is the most dainty and graceful. Here we see a whole family—father, mother, and little sister. The father deer has horns, and is called a buck. The mother deer is called a doe, and little sister is called a fawn. The old buck is standing off by himself, for he never has much to do with his family. He has a fine set of antlers, but they will drop off early in the spring! Then a new set will start to grow. At first they will be soft and spongy, but toward fall they will harden. When a buck's horns are soft and velvety people say that he is "in velvet." In the early fall, bucks rub their horns against the trees and bushes until this "velvet" all scrapes off, and the horns are left smooth and shiny. Perhaps you have been out in the big woods yourself and have seen where an old buck had rubbed all the bark off the side of a sapling.

The fawn is covered with spots when it is young, but loses them by the time it is a year old. A young deer has many enemies and these spots help to

hide it in the grass and leaves. Deer can run very fast, and when they are running they carry their tails high. The lower side of a deer's tail is white as snow and this flash of white is the first thing you will see when a deer jumps up in front of you.

In spite of the fact that deer have so many enemies and are hunted by Indians and white men for food, there are still a great many deer in the United States, and they are scattered pretty well over the entire country. Deer meat is called "venison" and in the west it is cut into strips and dried. This is called "jerked venison," or "jerky," and is a favorite food of the Indians. A deer usually relies on its speed to save itself from

its foes, but an old buck is a very dangerous fighter when brought to bay. He can do a good deal of damage with his horns, and his sharp hoofs are even worse weapons than his horns, when he has to fight and defend himself.

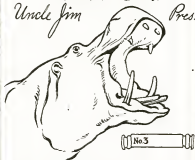
A deer has a hoof very much like a pig's hoof, but the track that the deer makes is narrower and more pointed.



Join The "Old Faithful" Animal Club

Uncle Jim

Pres.



Color and Name this Animal

SUPPOSE you had a mouth this big," chuckles Uncle Jim. "My, oh my!"

Name this big beast and color his skin, mouth and tusks with crayons or water colors ("Old Faithful" are best) - then paste in your Animal Club Album. If you haven't sent for yours, fill out the coupon below.

And at the end of our series (6 animals), the boy and girl sending in the best colored Albums will receive a prize of an "Old Faithful" Toy Set worth \$7.50 (illustrated at back of the Album).

"Old Faithful" Playsets

Here's "Old Faithful" Set No. 555 "Jack and Jill". It contains crayons, water colors, water pans, outline drawings, plain sheets, and a brush. All for \$1.00.

Some other "Old Faithful" Playsets are "Cinderella", "Mother Goose", "Little Bo Peep", "Red Riding Hood", "Aladdin", "Robinson Crusoe", etc. Many others too, at all prices - from 10c up. Your dealer should carry them; if not, send the money to us direct and we will forward them, post paid.



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ANIMAL ALBUM COUPON

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Send me FREE your Animal Club Album.

Also send me a No. 555 "Jack and Jill" Set for which I enclose \$1.00.

Name _____ Street _____
City _____ State _____

'Old Faithful' Play Sets

MY PET ROBIN

(Continued from page 205)

early part of the winter as very little cold came that season until New Year's night. It was on this night that the bird came boldly into my home to sleep, alighting on the plate rail back of the dining-room door. No coaxing would bring him down and, sure enough, the very next morning, it was below zero.

In some way birds seem to know of changing weather.

After this, Bobby slept in his plate-rail bed and, with a dark apron to keep the light out of his small black eyes, seemed very comfortable. Once we missed him from this bed and later found him upstairs, on one foot, fast asleep in the middle of an old fur muff.

He went to market with me every day, turning the corners as I did, calling in a voice which I knew and, when I went into the market, he would fly home. If I did not wish him to follow I put on a hat, as he never knew me when I wore one.

Once when my mother came in, wearing a fur hat and all bundled up for cold weather, he flew upstairs and hid in a dark closet. We hunted and hunted and finally I found him and coaxed him down.

It was about this time that I decided to have a moving picture made of my pet, for I knew that soon he might be leaving. The picture was finally made and it was a very good one, and now I can show that when telling this story to the children of the big city in which I live.

During the winter Bobby was an amusing little friend. If he found me taking a nap he would at once fly to me, pull all of the hairpins out of my hair, tug at my hair net until it was off, try to undo the beads which I wore and last of all untie both of my shoes.

After this he would fly away, giving a little robin trill as he went, as if saying, "There now, haven't I had fun?"

If Mother or I mended, he would hop into the patch basket and pull the pieces of cloth all over the floor. And he would play with a ball or a string just like a kitten.

Once when I had stirred up a cake and left the mixing bowl for a moment while the cake was being put into the oven, Bobby hopped into the bowl to get some of the nice sweet dough and got the cake batter all over his pretty red feathers. After he had eaten all he wanted I stood him on the kitchen sink, washed him with a wet cloth and set him on the hot water tank to dry.

This tank was the place where Bobby warmed his feet in winter, and where he spent much time when he was lame, as an old bath towel made such a nice warm pad.

Bobby's friendship did not stop with home folks, for I have been told of his taking cake from the fingers of neighbors passing along the street.



In the spring this dear little bird found a mate and we watched their lovely friendship.

All of one Sunday he tried to build a nest on our mantel, bringing sticks in through the small window, and later taking up bits of cloth. These were placed in a pile on the mantel and then Bobby turned slowly around and tried to shape the nest. You may see the wild birds do this if you will watch.

Later, when the flowers and trees put on their spring clothes, he and his robin mate flew away together. And that was the last I saw of him.

Bobby wears a small metal band on one foot marked 22H, and at Washington, where a record of all banded birds is kept, no trace of him has ever been reported.

Whenever I hear a robin's song, I always hurry to see if it is my own Bobby Robin. I haven't discovered him yet. But if you find my Bobby, will you love him as much as I do and will you send him back to me?

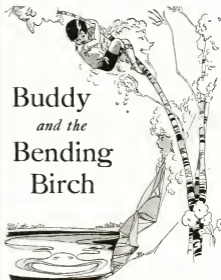


THE STORY OF A MUSICAL HOME

(Continued from page 207)

Remember, then, tomorrow morn
To be up bright and early,
To take a pleasant walk with him
Across the field of barley.

And so this happy family of one daughter and four sons grew up under the healthful, harmonizing power of music in the home. Not only did each one sing—the four boys later on singing as a quartet in home, church, and concert—but each one learned, from good teachers, how to play well upon an instrument of his (or her) choice. Each one was first taught to read and play piano music, the daughter choosing the piano as her special instrument, just as did later the youngest boy. The other boys practiced hard and played well, one the flute—such a beautiful silver flute he had—another the violin, and another the cello and cornet. So came about a family orchestra, and after business and study hours the home was a community center of music and merriment. Youth and old age flocked to this home. It supplied the church and all social gatherings with music for many happy years. The boys of this home were an especially active, athletic bunch and excelled in all manner of sports, but because of their musical parents and their love for and training in music, there was no place nor influence nearly as attractive to them as their own home. The father and mother of this musical family are not living now, but their musical



Buddy and the Bending Birch

IT was spring, and the silver birch tree was talking with the bubbly brook. "I wonder where Buddy can be?" asked the birch tree.

"I haven't seen him all winter," babbled the brook. "But here he comes now!"

A little boy approached and climbed the birch tree slowly. "Why," said the tree in astonishment. "I don't bend at all. You've been getting thin, Buddy!"

"I've been sick-in-bed," said Buddy. "Now I'm going to my aunt's farm, where I'll have plenty of eggs and milk. But I don't like milk, and I don't think I'll drink any," and he climbed down and went away.

For weeks the birch tree and the brook worried about Buddy. Then he came back rosier and healthier than he had ever been before! He climbed the birch—and it bent gracefully far over, until Buddy could see himself mirrored in the brook.

"Aha! I see you drank milk after all!" chuckled the brook. "I drank Postum-made-with-hot-milk, and I guess that's even better than plain milk," said Buddy. "Anyway it tastes a lot better—and just see how well it's made me!"

Mother! Children must drink milk of course, but often it's quite a struggle to make them drink it day after day, "plain." They'll drink it in Postum-made-with-hot-milk, however, and get the benefit of an appetizing hot beverage besides. Postum is simply roasted wheat and bran, slightly sweetened. Made with hot, not boiled, milk, it is a delicious beverage. It's simple to prepare and very economical.

We'll be glad to send you a week's supply of Postum, to give you a start on the famous thirty-day test. We'll send you, too, Carrie Blanchard's book on Postum for children.

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I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup)
Please send also the Children's booklet by Carrie Blanchard.

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EVEN LOVING HANDS
MAY SPREAD DISEASE



children have *carried on* (as the soldiers used to say) splendidly. Through music in their homes they have brought much that is lovely and good into the daily lives of their children. Each member of that home-orchestra now has children and grandchildren and their homes are scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but the spirit and standards of the "Green Mountain lad" and his "Musical Maid of the Adirondacks" live in these homes, and all the boys and girls gather there just as they did in the home of the grandfather and mother.

One of the great men of history is Martin Luther. He was a music lover and a practical musician as well. No one believed more earnestly in music, good music, in the home than did Martin Luther. He has written what many of us know to be true, *Music is a discipline and a mistress of order and good manners*. The hero and the heroine of this story believed that, and proved it.

Their children not only learned to sing the folk songs of America and other countries, but they went on in their musical studies until they played and sang compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert and many other masters.

Their love and knowledge of music, gained largely while around their mother's piano, brought them such attention and distinction in high school and university, as nothing else could have done, and now in professional and business life they find their chief rest and joy in the enjoyment of opera, orchestra, oratorio and concerts.

Theodore Thomas, one of the greatest of orchestra conductors, used to say, "Popular music is familiar music." And so it was in this musical family I am telling you of. As time went on and the children studied and played better and better music, the parents, as well as the children and their many friends and companions, found themselves lovers of Schumann and Schubert, of Chopin and Liszt, and all because they had become familiar with the music of these masters. *Good music is a maker of men, of manners, of minds and of homes*. I have watched good music work on child life, and on grown-ups, for thirty years and I am as sure, as that I am writing this, that one of the greatest forces for good in our homes and in our lives is good music. Music from a radio or from a player piano or phonograph is *very* much better than no music, but music played or sung by oneself or by someone in the home is far better. So make your home a singing, playing home, for you will be more successful, happy and healthy if you do.

I commenced this story of the Vermont circuit-riding and the Adirondack maid he met and married as if it were a fairy story, but the fact is, children, every word of it is true, and the only fairy in this story is the musical fairy that lived in this happy home. I wish nothing better for each home into which this story goes than that the "fairy of music," which is really an angel of good thoughts, enter that home and never leave it, for under its spirit you will, as the stories say, "live happy ever after."

Get germs off hands to guard family health

—use the toilet soap that purifies as it cleanses

WHAT wouldn't parents do to keep their children free from colds and sickness! Yet . . . this very moment, Dad may be exposing Daughter to the danger of disease. For his hands may be hiding germs—germs that may pass to those little hands—and reach her mouth.

Hands pick up germs from many things we *must* touch—telephones, car straps, money, toys. The Life Extension Institute lists 27 germ diseases hands may carry home.

For greatest safety, wash often with Lifebuoy—especially before playing with youngsters and before eating. Encourage your children to use this purifying and wholly delightful toilet soap. *It removes germs!*

Children, grown-ups too, quickly learn to love Lifebuoy's pleasant *clean* scent—which tells you Lifebuoy purifies—yet which quickly evaporates after rinsing.

Lifebuoy's mild antiseptic lather keeps skins fresh and clear, too. Prevents body odor. Get Lifebuoy today.

Millions of children have played the Lifebuoy "Clean Hands" wash-up game. A real health aid. Lots of fun, too. Send for Wash-up Chart. It's free. Mail coupon.

LEVER BROS. CO.,
Cambridge, Mass.

LIFEBUOY

HEALTH SOAP
for face, hands, bath.

free

Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 234, Cambridge, Mass.
I have _____ children. Please send me a Wash-up Chart for each.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

(Continued from page 218)

BAKED EGGS

For serving four persons you will need 4 ramikins (baking cups of earthenware, aluminum, china or baking glass)

A shallow baking pan large enough to hold the 4 ramikins, a cupful of hash
1 tablespoonful butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful milk
4 EGGS.

As you are serving this dish for breakfast, you will want to look up your supplies and make some preparations on Saturday. A wise cook is always "forehanded," which means ready ahead of time.

By the way, if you have no hash or supplies for making some, you may use boiled potatoes chopped fine, or mashed potatoes, or chopped ham, moistened generously with white sauce. All these are excellent instead of hash, if you prefer them. We make hash by mixing together 1 cupful of chopped or ground meat (any kind) and 1 cupful of cooked potatoes, chopped or ground. Season with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt and about 3 tablespoonfuls of gravy or rich milk. When it is possible, hash should be prepared ahead of time as the meat then has a chance to give a finer flavor to the potatoes.

On Easter morning, as soon as you are tubbed and dressed, slip down to the kitchen and light the oven. If Mother does not allow you to light gas, ask someone to do it for you.

While the oven is heating to 400 degrees butter the insides of the ramikins, using $\frac{1}{4}$ of the butter for each.

Set the buttered ramikins into the shallow pan and put $\frac{1}{4}$ of the hash (or whatever you have decided to use) in each one. Pack the hash gently at the bottom and sides, leaving a little hollow in the center for the egg.

Put 1 tablespoonful of milk in each hollow.

Set the pan of ramikins into the oven for 12 minutes. They need this much cooking in advance of the egg.

During this 12 minutes you can put the final touches on your table decoration or help Mother or Cook with the breakfast.

When the 12 minutes is past, take the pan of ramikins from the oven and set it on the table or drain. The pan will be hot, so use a holder and be sure to put the pan on a surface that will stand heat.

Close the oven door immediately.

Break one of the 4 eggs into a sauce dish and slide the egg gently into the center of a ramikin. Then do another and another till each ramikin has a whole egg in the center.

Mix together $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful pepper. Sprinkle over the tops of the eggs.

Set the pan back into the oven and bake till the eggs are a clear white. This will take about 10 minutes. If your family prefer eggs very well done, bake them 12 minutes; if very soft, perhaps 8 minutes will be plenty. If you have no oven thermometer, have the oven what is called "moderately hot" and bake the eggs till they look white as china and so good you just can't wait any longer to eat them. That is a fine test, isn't it? Serve immediately.

Of course, we must have something to eat with our baked eggs, so, after careful thought, we have decided on this menu for our Easter breakfast.

Grapefruit with Strawberries
Cream of Wheat
Baked Eggs with Hash

Popovers

Milk



THE JOY OF SPRING

HURRAH for Spring and everything!
For SCOOTER BIKES and joy!

That healthy Out-door exercise

For either girl or boy!

The Spring is here! Come let us have

The best of fun that takes

Us out of doors on SCOOTER BIKES

With ENDEE COASTER BRAKES.

THE scooter bike lures the kiddies out of doors to health and joy, while its Endee coaster brake not only doubles the fun of cycling but adds immeasurably to its safety—a point that brings ease of mind to all parents.

The Endee coaster brake is of the same construction as the well known New Departure coaster brake for bicycles. Simple, sturdy and unfailing in operation.

NEW PUZZLE FOR THE KIDDIES

Write for your free copy of the New Departure Puzzle Book No. 1. It will give much pleasure and keep the children amused. A post card request will bring your copy without obligation or expense.

Simply address

New Departure
ENDEE Coaster Brake

BRISTOL

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A Sack of Good Health

HERE is Ceresota Boy bringing home a wheelbarrow full of good health. Ceresota Boy will tell you that Ceresota Flour is pure, wholesome and unbleached. Ceresota is all flour, milled from the finest northern wheat. Every youngster can be as chubby and healthy as Ceresota Boy, if his diet contains bread made from Ceresota Flour. Mothers insist upon Ceresota Flour. Ask your grocer.

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PAINTING BOOK for the KIDDIES

10¢ Big, beautiful—48 pages—12 colored pictures—12 painting charts—complete instructions to young artists—set of Japanese water colors—wonderfully interesting story. Best postage prepaid.

CLIP COUPON - MAIL TODAY
Here is my list for your beautiful painting book "The Adventures of Ceresota" and the set of Japanese water colors.

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Ceresota Flour

FREE INSTRUCTIVE AMUSEMENT for CHILDREN

Teachers and Parents

Tell your Children about the

FREE ALABASTINE HOME COLOR BOOK

This free book offers many hours of instructive pleasure and color practice to children and there is probably not a child anywhere who would not be immensely pleased to have a copy.

THE Alabastine Home Color Book contains beautifully colored pictures of cheerily and attractively decorated scenes; many outlines for children to paint in any color with crayons or water colors; different shapes, sizes and styles of letters to be copied and colored; or sketched, and (with useful, simple color information for both children and parents).

We have prepared this beautifully colored, instructive drawing and coloring book at reasonable expense. Distribution is FREE to children as our contribution to the children's amusement and to development of a wider appreciation of the color which lovely, attractive, attractive home decoration may be secured.

Teachers in public and private schools and parents everywhere should write to us for a FREE copy to please, as they will want to be fully informed regarding the



book's marvellous instructive and amusing qualities for children who will be secured free from any Alabastine dealer; or if there is no dealer in your town who carries Alabastine in stock, send us the names of the dealers called on and we will either arrange to supply through them or mail a book to any child's home address given to us.

The Alabastine Home Color Book is absolutely FREE and there are no strings tied to it. Write today and help us to enable every child to enjoy this good, clean, instructive fun.

Alabastine Company, 333 Grandville Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.

OUR WORKSHOP

(Continued from page 230)

walls, and of the right length to project $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches over one end and 6 inches over the other end. Whittle or plane off the upper edges of these roof boards to make them come together, as shown in Fig. 6.

Mount the depot upon its board platform, so about 1 inch of the platform projects along one side and end, and nail the walls to the platform with brads. Prepare a third gable-end to fit in the overhanging end of the roof (Fig. 5), and cut two square sticks for posts to fit between the gable end and platform.

To complete the depot, cut a chimney block like that in Fig. 7, with lower end notched to fit over the roof ridge, and nail it to the roof. Cut a piece of corrugated strawboard to fit the roof, with a slight overhang upon all sides, and glue and tack it in place. Trim the door and window openings with narrow strips of cigar-box wood or other thin wood, fastened with glue and brads. Paint the roof red or green, the chimney red, the walls yellow or green, the platform red or brown.

If you want a freight house, build it similar to the depot, but omit the covered platform, and provide a large doorway in the center of the front.

Other railroad equipment will be described later, and you will learn how to build a backyard railroad during the summer vacation. Let us hear from you railroad presidents who have not already written.



OUR BOOK FRIENDS

(Continued from page 224)

- Orpheus With His Lute - - - - - Winifred M. L. Hutchinson
LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Pedro of the Black Death - - - - - C. M. Bennett
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Story of Grettir the Strong - - - - - Allen French
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Story of Rolf and the Viking's Bow - - - - - Allen French
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, BOSTON
- The Intoozed Man - - - - - Howard Pease
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- The Three Musketeers - - - - - Alexander Dumas
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- The Trade Wind - - - - - Cornelia Meigs
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Treasure Island - - - - - Robert Louis Stevenson
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Two Years Before the Mast - - - - - Richard H. Dana
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- We - - - - - Charles Lindbergh
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
- The Winged Horse - Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales - Nathaniel Hawthorne
DUPPEL & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Barnaby Lee - - - - - John Bennett
THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK



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.

GARDEN MONTH

If you want beautiful gardens, it will be a good plan to form a partnership with spring," Miss Bradley, the counselor of the Brocton Good Citizens' League, told the members at their first April meeting.

"Spring and Brocton League, Incorporated. Is that what you mean?" Miriam giggled.

"Well, something like that," the counselor answered. "I mean that the mild days and the vigorous sunshine and the fragrant showers of the spring months will give you some very lovely gardens, if you will carefully spade and plant and tend them."

"What about the wild flowers?" Bill asked. "Nobody tends to them—they just grow."

"Even in the case of the wild flowers," said Miss Bradley, "we can form a partnership with spring, by protecting the rare species and gathering only those that are plentiful."

It was finally decided that every member of the Brocton league should plant a garden—any kind he wished. Even Grace, who lived in an apartment, was not going to lose out on the fun—she would have her garden in a window box. During the spring and summer months each of them would invite the league to hold one meeting in his garden at the time that it looked

A GOOD CITIZEN

1. I made a list of the flowers (or vegetables) I wished to plant in my garden.
2. I did some spading in my garden or in Mother's flower beds.
3. I helped stake off a garden.
4. I learned to recognize several wild flowers.
5. I picked up some species of wild flowers.
6. I was careful in gathering flowers not to pull up the roots.
7. I was always careful to leave enough flowers for seed next year.
8. I started a collection of pressed flowers.
9. I planted some grass seed.
10. I worked in the garden.
11. I helped make a window or porch box.
12. I planted some vines.
13. I helped plant a tree.
14. I took part in an Arbor Day celebration.
15. I helped clean up the yard.
16. I helped clean up the schoolyard.
17. I worked in the school garden.
18. I started a notebook, describing the different wild flowers I saw.
19. I helped clean a vacant lot.
20. I started a garden in a vacant lot.
21. I helped make a trellis for vines.
22. I was careful to keep off the grass in the park.
23. I put all the fruit peelings into the basket provided for the purpose.
24. I put all waste paper into a basket.
25. I helped clean up our city.

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 two hundred points during eight 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 April list of good deeds in time to reach us by May 5th if you want to see your name on the Honor Roll.

its prettiest, so everyone could enjoy it.

"Then I speak for the meeting the last week in April," said David, when Miss Bradley suggested the plan. "My garden will be awfully pretty then."

"What kind is it going to be, David?" asked the others.

"That's a secret," he answered.

"My garden may not be so pretty as the rest of yours," said Bill, "but you'll enjoy it the most—say about July. It will be a vegetable garden and you can come to my house and we'll have a regular feed."

This announcement brought forth shouts of approval, and several of the boys decided they would have vegetable gardens, too. They could earn money in that way during vacation, and they could entertain the league any time after the first of July, for vegetable gardens bear all summer. The girls, however, were more interested in growing flowers. Miriam spoke for one of the August meetings when the roses would be in bloom. Although she had not planted them, she was taking entire care of them, and her mother said this made the rose garden partly hers. Elizabeth, who was planning on having tulips and jonquils, invited them for a May meeting.

Perhaps of all the gardens, David's caused the greatest curiosity, be-

[Continued on page 250]

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With patterns.



FOR the very young person who expects to have a glorious time rolling Easter eggs, there is nothing quite so nice as a black sateen outfit. It finds them looking just as trim at the day's end as in the morning.

A dainty crepe de Chine frock for Easter morning, with a coat to match it, almost overshadows the things which the bunny puts in the basket.

Are you ready for Easter? Why not have your things made with these new patterns?

Pattern No. 5960, 3 sizes: 1, 2, and 3 years.

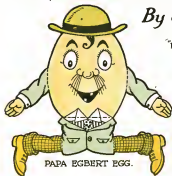
Pattern No. 5679, 4 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years.

Pattern No. 5961, 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each from CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.

AN EASTER EGGSMOBILE

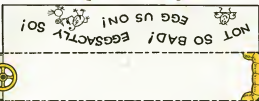
By John Dukes McKee.



"DUCKIE" EGG



FOLD



DIRECTIONS

MOUNT all the pieces on cardboard such as cracker or cereal cartons. Make all the pieces. Bend the Eggsmobile body and the radiator and gas tank pieces, as shown in small sketches. Paste them together at front and back of Eggsmobile. Put two empty spools through

the hollow spaces that are thus formed and paste the wheels to the ends of the spools. Now bend the arms, legs and backs of the Egg family, as shown in the small sketch, and set them on their Incubator Six. Push or pull them and they will start on their Easter Eggscursion.

THE PEANUT SHOWER

By RUTH GIPSON PLOWHEAD

THE plan started because of Sally Lou's fondness for visiting with the big girls—those in the Fifth and Sixth grades. Sally saw that they were all excited, and talking in little groups. They were carrying mysterious-looking packages, too, and when Sally Lou asked what was happening, one of the girls said,

"It's a very great secret, Sally Lou. If I tell you, will you promise not to whisper a word about it?"

"I will promise. Only I'll just tell Betty Sue."

"All right, Sally. We are going to have a peanut shower on our teacher this afternoon."

"A peanut shower! What is that?" Sally's eyes were wide with excitement. A peanut shower sounded very nice.

"When you have a peanut shower, every member of the class brings a bag of peanuts to school. The teacher mustn't know a thing about it, and you get some one to call her from the room. When she comes back, every one throws peanuts at her and shouts, 'Peanut shower! Peanut shower!' It's the greatest fun."

"What do you do with the peanuts?"

"We pick them all up, and the teacher lets us help her eat them."

"Why can't we have one in our room?"

"You can."

"To-day?"

"Oh, no, of course not to-day. You have to get ready for it. Besides, you must ask the principal if you can have one. Friday is always a good day, because we generally do something nice on that day after recess."

At that moment the bell rang, and Sally Lou, though brimming with the secret, had to wait until noon to tell Betty Sue about the peanut shower. Of course, Betty was delighted. The children all loved their happy young teacher very much, and now here was a chance to do something nice for her.

"We can say
it with pea-

nuts, can't we?" they told each other.

The plans for the shower went ahead beautifully. The principal was willing that they should have it the next Friday, and, strange to say, not one child told the secret to Miss

Phelps, the teacher, though two of the boys nearly gave it away. They were so pleased with the idea that they brought their peanuts Thursday, and could not resist eating some of them in school. Oh, how severe pretty Miss Phelps tried to look! She found it hard; it seemed such a short time ago that she had been eating peanuts, chewing gum, and taking sly bites from apples every time she had a chance.

Friday was a hard day for Miss Norma Phelps. The children were restless and uneasy. They winked and giggled and wiggled, and the teacher, who could see no reason for such behavior, first was dismayed, then cross. Only that morning the principal, while praising her teaching, had suggested that discipline should be a little more severe.

"I must do better. I must make them behave," she said. So she stood six children on the floor in the front of the room, and told them to giggle and wink as much as they pleased, there before the class.

The peanut shower was to be just after the 2.30 recess. It was all planned so nicely. When the "going in" bell rang, Betty Sue's mother was to call Miss Phelps to the phone. When she answered the phone she would find no one there. When she returned the children would shout, "Peanut shower! Peanut shower!" and fling hundreds of peanuts from all parts of the room. Oh, the joy of it all!

When the afternoon session was called, there sat thirty-two little girls and boys, each with a paper sack tucked away in some safe corner of the desk. Thoughtful Betty had brought several extra sacks for those who might forget.

"Now, children," said Miss Phelps a half hour before recess, "we are going to have a writing drill. Prepare your materials at once so that we may begin quickly."



Poor, generous Sally Lou! She had brought such a huge sack of peanuts that it took up far, far too much room in her desk. So when she found it was in the way of her writing paper she gave an extra hard jerk, and—scatter! bang!—the bag tore open and peanuts flew in all directions. Sally was frightened; so were her friends. But Miss Phelps wasn't frightened—she was cross.

"Sarah Louise," she ordered, "pick up your peanuts at once and bring them to the desk. Do you remember what I said yesterday about bringing peanuts to school?"

"Yes, Miss Phelps," said Sally meekly, her face scarlet and her eyes full of tears.

The teacher then glanced at Betty Sue. What one chum did the other was apt to do, and Betty looked so guilty that she said, "Elizabeth, have you also peanuts in your desk?"

"Yes, Miss Phelps," answered Betty, her face white, and her eyes also full of tears.

"Bring them to me at once. Now, children, I have spoken to you time and again about bringing peanuts and candy and apples to school. If there is any other child in the room who has something to eat in his or her desk, let that child bring it at once to me."

Thirty little heads bent low over thirty desks; thirty faltering pairs of hands drew forth sacks, and thirty hesitating pairs of feet marched slowly to the teacher's desk. It would barely hold so many sacks—they were piled high on top of one another.

Slowly something began to dawn in Miss Phelps' mind. The children had planned a beautiful surprise for her, and she had spoiled their fun.

"What had you planned, Betty?" she asked. "Tell me all about it."

"It was a peanut shower. We wanted to say it with peanuts because we love you," replied Betty, her lips quivering.

"Oh, children, children! And I have spoiled your lovely surprise. If I had only known." There were tears in Miss Phelps' eyes, too. In fact, it looked as though the whole room might burst into tears, and just then the principal marched into the room. She saw the sorrowful faces, and

the table heaped high with peanuts.

"I was trying to be firm," said Miss Phelps.

Miss Rose, the principal, was not only a good teacher, but a resourceful one. She clapped her hands and said, "Every child march by and take a sack of peanuts and then go to his seat. There, that's good! Now I will count, and when I say, *three*, throw your peanuts. One! Two! Three!" Oh, what a shower!

"Now pick up your peanuts and all bring them to this big basket." Such a scampering and crawling about as there was, until every peanut was found!

"March to the hall and wash your hands. There, that's good. Each child may place ten peanuts on his desk. When I say, *three*, see who can first shell all the nuts, take off the skins, and lay them on the desk without breaking the nuts."

That was the greatest fun! A little girl named Beatrice worked like the wind, and beat them all. Then the principal said, "You may have an extra long recess and then we will have a party."

Oh, how the teacher and principal worked all that long recess! They took the shelled peanuts and ran across the street to Miss Rose's house. They made two big pans of peanut brittle, which can be made very quickly by melting sugar and pouring it over the nuts. While Miss Phelps was watching the candy so that it would not burn, the principal gathered

together toothpicks, modeling clay, tissue paper, beads, and dozens of bright feathers from an old feather duster.

When recess was over and school had been called, Miss Phelps and Miss Rose showed the children how to make little girls or animals or birds, or anything they cared to out of peanuts. Each pupil had four nuts, and paper, beads, feathers or whatever he cared to choose. Such funny clowns and parrots, elephants and Indians! There was a long circus parade which was arranged on the sand-table. Then there were peanut games and

peanut races, and they guessed how many peanuts there were in a quart jar.

Lastly, Sally Lou passed the peanut brittle, and Betty Sue all the peanuts that were left. So, even though it was not as the girls had planned it, the peanut shower was a great success.





Your child's feet—a serious responsibility

THOSE scamping, clambering, joyous feet will not always be young—but you can do much to help them retain, in later years, their original perfection.

Wise selection of shoes for children is almost as important as judicious selection of food. A child's foot cannot shape a shoe but the wrong shoe will distort the foot!

Flexies are built on famous Simplex lasts. They let tenders, growing feet develop exactly as Nature intended, without harmful restriction. Feet rest firmly on shock-proof suspension and cushioned sole—protection against "knock-knees" and "bow-legs". Ankle and instep are braced by correct fit. Pliable, non-stick soles keep feet comfortable and dry and enable them to exercise freely. Gloss-smooth inside—nothing to irritate. Smart style outside—shoes to be proud of. But best of all—Flexies keep young feet young!



Flexies are made in both high and low styles, in a great variety of colors.

Ask your shoe dealer about these very popularly priced, six-appearance, good-wearing shoes.

SIMPLEX SHOE MFG. COMPANY
Dept. 4-B, Milwaukee, Wis.

Simplex

Flexies

KEEP YOUR YOUNG FEET YOUNG

Fill out and mail the coupon. It will bring you two very interesting, newly illustrated booklets—one for you and one for the kiddie.



Enclosure: Send me names of nearest Flexies distributor near booklets "The Care of Baby's Feet," explaining these fundamental pointers to look for in children's shoes, and "The Tale of Florence Lightfoot," a fairy story for the kiddie.

Name

Address

GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

[Continued from page 245]

cause he refused to give them a single hint and because, too, he had promised that it would be a spot of beauty even so soon as the last of April. One time when Miriam and Elizabeth were taking a hike through Pine Woods, they surprised him digging in the ground. Very hastily he put something behind his back; and it was not until the members held their last April meeting at his house that they discovered his secret.

David had planted a wild flower garden! Very carefully he had transplanted violets, bluebells, buttercups, Jack-in-the-pulpit and dog-tooth violets, until his own back yard looked like a lovely nook of the pine woods. And the best part of it, he told them, was that he hoped the plants would take seed and blossom every year.

"It's the most beautiful garden of all," Miriam exclaimed.

"Oh, no!" said David. "It's just the first of the beautiful gardens the Brocton Good Citizens' League has planted."

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 Cavanaugh, manager, CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.

Honor Roll for January

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during January.

Vernon Beers
Kula Bell
Kenneth Betts
Forth Bodine
Lecard Scottie
Foster Brooks
Betty Brough
Jenny Buckley
George Childress
Tasha Cleary
Marilyn Coburn
Veronica Colby
Lewie Cozart
Vivian Cozart
Lucille Egan
Vernice Lee Ewert
Willis Ewart
Lorraine Egoff
Kathleen Ellis
George Ems
Hellen Fouat
Nora Fryer
Eleanor D. Gray
Hilla Hall
Max Harner
Mervin Haynes
Gladys Herbeck

Lois Herbeck
Ruth Harlan
Clara Harzo
Vassar Hinz
Robert Hugler
Kazuya Inouye
Kari Jagers
Francis Jenkinson
Mabel Johnson
Thomas Johnson
Verna Jantz
Charles Kelley
James Kennedy
Lorraine King
Edward Koslko
Janet Kulla
Doris Krackman
Elise Kras
Ruth Kras
Helen Krambo
Charles Lanik
Clarence La Rue
Lawrence Letteli
Elizabeth Lewis
Pauline Livingston
Georgie Loyock
Lois Mack



HEALTH protection! Comfort! What more could any mother ask for in her baby's underwear? Duofold gives you all this and more.

Duofold fabric is made of two, thin, separate layers. The outer layer contains Wool—for Warmth and Protection. The inner layer is made entirely of soft Cotton—no Wool can touch or irritate the tender skin.

Nothing could be more ideally suited to babies. Nothing could more surely guard against chill and cold!

Try Duofold shirts, bands, and binders for your babies. You'll be as enthusiastic about it as are thousands of other mothers. Ask your dealer. Folder describing Duofold and sample of fabric sent free on request. Duofold Health Underwear Company, Mohawk, N. Y.

... in mixtures of wool, silk, rayon, cotton, etc.

Duofold

Health Underwear
for babies and Children

(To be continued)



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

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, Editor

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SPRING

When Spring has come
And the flowers are out
And bumblebees hum
And children shout,
Then I like to lie
In the sunshine warm
And gaze at the clouds
And the shapes they form.

The sky is blue
And the clouds are white
And the birds soar through
At their dizzy height.
As I lie and look
And dream and think,
The setting sun
Turns the whole world pink.

JEAN MCINTYRE,
River Falls, Wis.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I would like to tell you of our trip to Grand Canyon last summer. We went by automobile and camped on the way. One of the best places we camped at was Mormon Lake high up among the pines. We caught a lot of fish and took a ride in a motor boat. When I first saw the Grand Canyon I could only say, "Oh!" It was such a wonderful sight it left me speechless for a while. Hundreds of visitors from all parts of the world come to see it, and it is a sight worth seeing.

There were artists there painting pictures of the wonderful scenes, but no painting can compare with the real thing.

JOYCE NEWMAN,
Somerton, Ariz.

Age 11.



ALMA RUTH LEPPERD
AND HER BROTHER

Dear Miss Waldo:

I am sending you a picture of my brother and me. I am holding my record doll. I got her by getting subscriptions for a paper. She can sing, recite and say her prayers. My brother is holding his bunny and Petey.

Your new friend,

ALMA RUTH LEPPERD
Pottstown, Pa.

OUT AMONG THE APRIL HILLS

Out among the April hills,
Little rabbits play;
Little brooks and streams and rills
Hurry on their way.

Out among the April hills,
Softly falls the rain;
Soon the sun will shine once more,
And flowers smile again.

Out among the April hills,
Little plants now grow.
Pretty soon, in May perhaps,
Their blossoms they will show.

Out among the April hills,
Happy birdies sing,
And in the early morning
Their cheerful voices ring.

RUTH C. LICKLY,
St. John, New Brunswick, Can.

THE EASTER BUNNY

I know a bunny, just a little bunny, who hides eggs on Easter night. He quietly, quietly comes hiding the eggs. I do not know how he could get into the house without coming in the door or jumping in the window. He does not rap at the door, or if he does, I am sure I do not hear him rap. Did you ever hear a bunny rap? No, I do not think you ever did.

ALMA RUTH LEPPERD,
Pottstown, Pa.

Age 8.



BABETTE
A
Capitol
SILK
WASHABLE

In every Easter Parade

Garments of Babette will gladden many juvenile hearts this Easter. For wise mothers know that this pure silk is not only lustrously beautiful, but economically durable.

You can get Babette by the yard at the silk counter, or made from it in the infant's and children's departments. If your favorite store has not yet ordered Babette, send us the name and we will see that you are supplied.

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



CAPITOL SILK CORP.
171 Madison Avenue, New York City

Gifts:

I am enclosing herewith ten cents. Please send me your booklet "Their Shopping Adventures" and a swatch of Babette for a silk handkerchief.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

I buy my children's clothing at

Name of dealer requested _____

Dealer's address _____

Dear Miss Waldo:

I like Child Life Kitchen very much and I have learned to cook many things. My sister, smaller than I, had her first lesson in cooking the other day. She cooked Nut Bread, and it was a grand success.

I am sending a picture of myself and my sister and little cousin, who lives across the driveway. I am at the left. Mary Janet Stanley, our cousin, in the middle. She is three years old and loves our magazine and jumps up and down when it comes. My sister is to the right.

Your unknown friend,

RUTH MILLIKAN,
New Castle, Ind.

Age 11.



RUTH MILLIKAN
New Castle, Indiana

A TRIP TO ALASKA

After much discussion among the family members, we decided to spend our vacation in Alaska. It took much hurrying and scurrying and last minute rushing to get things ready, but we finally got things in shape to leave. Next morning by nine o'clock we were on the "Martha Washington" getting our stateroom fixed up.

We next made our way to the deck, where we found we were quite a few miles out in the lonesome ocean, with nothing in sight but a few smaller steamers, and some larger ones just making their long last pull into the beautiful harbor of Seattle, on Puget Sound.

This new ocean life seemed to be rather delightful at first, so we spent most of the afternoon lying lazily in the steamer chairs watching the waves race up against the boat. We didn't realize how the time was meandering away until the waiter called us for supper.

Next morning (so they said) we were in plain view of the Canadian coast.

Our next excitement was Queen Charlotte Island. The natives were not dressed in fur coats and caps, but were out in summer clothes, hurrying and scurrying through the streets with market basket and flowers, with toddling little children around.

About four o'clock we left for our next port, Ketchikan, and from there to Sitka. The boat stopped over a day in Sitka, so we spent most of the time sight-seeing around the agricultural experiment station. We also visited the fish hatchery and cannery.

There were no more stops until we got farther up into the interior, which is Valdez. There we made a change and took the train up to Fairbanks, our destination. Fairbanks is practically the chief city of Alaska. It is a railroad center and has much fishing, being on the Tanana River. We spent an enjoyable month in Fairbanks and vicinity, visiting all the noted places and marvels that only a beautiful country can supply.

DOROTHY FAY HUGGINS,
Food River, Ore.

ROLL ON Rubber for Fun, Exercise and Good Health



Look for the
Guarantee
Tag—
and name
"Chicago"
on Wheels

They're
Softest
"CHICAGO"
Roller Skates

Silence "CHICAGO" roller skates are non-squeaky and shock absorbing. They glide over cracks and rough places without jar or sound.

Safety General strength and precision of construction make "CHICAGO" sturdy and safe. The rubber tires prevent slipping at any speed, and insure quicker stops with the effect of four-wheel brakes.

Speed The high speed disc wheels turn on ball bearings. They will spin ten times longer. They run one skate farther, faster and with less fatigue on "CHICAGO".

Durability The special composition rubber tires cannot loosen or chip off, and outwear steel wheels two to one. Balls cannot get out of bearings, nor wheels out of adjustment. "CHICAGO" will last several years longer because they are the finest and strongest roller skates made.

Write for FREE Instruction Book

Everyone who roller skates should read this book. Complete instructions for correct starting and stopping, how to hold the body, acquiring speed, play stunts, etc., etc.



From Your Dealer
or Mail This

CHICAGO ROLLER SHATE CO.
4455 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose \$4.00 for which please send me one pair of "CHICAGO" Rubber Tire Roller Skates.

Size _____ Weight _____

Check here if you want book "How to Roller Skate."

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

Dealer's name is _____

Nazareth

CHILDRENS UNDERWEAR

Famous for 42 years

You can always depend on the Nazareth label when buying children's underwear.

It assures you scientifically designed under-garments, correct sizes, and fabrics that wear and wash well.

Nazareth Underwear can be had in popular styles for boys and girls in light weight, knitted fabrics and cotton also. Infant's shirts in beautiful soft, knitted fabric.

Ask your retailer to show you Nazareth Children's Underwear—the red label guarantees the quality.



Style L. U., illustrated above, light weight, knitted waist union suit for boy or girl. Taped front, back and sides. Non-rising pin-tubes. Pearl buttons. All flat seams. Taped buttons where needed. Binding on drop seat to prevent tearing. Attractive binding at neck and arms. Sizes 2 to 13, special 14-15. Retail at 75 cents.

Write for Catalog

if you are unable to get Nazareth Underwear at your dealers.

NAZARETH WAIST CO.
366 Broadway, Dept. L, New York City
Mills at Nazareth, Pa.



ALICE AND GEORGE NICOLL
Kenosha, Wisconsin

Dear CHILD LIFE:

We enjoy our magazine and read every word of it. It was a Christmas present to us last year, and we have renewed our subscription for another year.

I am inclosing a picture of myself and my brother. Yours truly,

ALICE AND GEORGE NICOLL,
Ages 9 and 7
Kenosha, Wis.

THE RABBIT

In the night time
At the right time
I have understood
'Tis the habit
Of Sir Rabbit

To go dancing in the wood.

Saml. Hughes,
Hope, Ark.



Kiddies Go Wild Over Flying Fun in the

Airplane Swing

Looks like a plane—rides like one. Holds one, two or three—2 to 10 years old. Three places to sit or stand. Plenty of places to hold on.

Four Point Suspension—Can't Tip
Safe and sturdy. Brilliant red body 4 feet long.

Packed Flat. Set Up in Five Minutes
Hang it on the porch, in the garage, play room, attic, basement, under a tree or wherever children play.

If your dealer can't supply you, we'll send you one on receipt of \$3.75

Hunt-Helm-Ferris & Co., Inc.
350 W. Front Street HARVARD, ILL.



Cantilever Shoes

are approved by
"CHILD LIFE"
and by children
and parents

THE reasons for the goodness of Cantilever Shoes are simple—easy to understand. First, these well-made shoes fit perfectly, because they follow the true, natural shape of a child's foot. Second, they allow the arch muscles to build strength through exercise, because Cantilever Shoes are flexible from toe to heel like the feet.

Children like to wear these natural, easy fitting shoes. Feet are free. Playing is great fun in Cantilevers for the shoes set with the feet instead of holding them rigid.

Parents like Cantilevers for their economy and scientific construction. Good honest leathers and fine workmanship make Cantilever Shoes wear and wear and wear. Prices are moderate.

There are Cantilever Agencies all over the country. Many of them are handling Cantilever Shoes for children as well as smart models for men and women. If your local agency isn't listed in the telephone book under "Cantilever" write the Cantilever Corporation, 428 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. for the address.





Cuties Set the Styles in Kiddies' Hose

EACH season Randolph Cuties come out with new designs of such marked originality and exquisite colorings that mothers look to them to learn fashions in children's hosiery. Be sure to see them this year—the Cuties style is an authority.

Cuties Sox for Tots and $\frac{3}{8}$ length Sports Hose for older boys and girls are worn by so many of the best dressed children that those less fortunate are conscious of the difference. Your children surely deserve the best and the soft, silky yarns and correct stringing of Cuties will feel good to their feet. Prices are extremely moderate.

Always ask for Randolph Cuties—the only genuine Cuties. If your dealer hasn't them, send us his name, and if you enclose \$1 we will send you our sample box. Be sure to state size and whether you want Sox for Tots or Cuties Sports $\frac{3}{8}$ length hose.

Trade Mark on Every Pair

RANDOLPH MILLS

Dept. C-4, Randolph & Columbia Ave.
Philadelphia

E. M. Townsend & Co.
New York City
Selling Agents

RANDOLPH CUTIES

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. & CANADA

SOX FOR TOTS
AND $\frac{3}{8}$ LENGTH
SPORTS HOSE
FOR OLDER BOYS
AND GIRLS

COLORADO

Children who live in Colorado will know all about the lovely trips one can take, but for the benefit of those who have never been to Colorado I will tell them all about it.

In Colorado there are the wonderful Rocky Mountains. These mountains are an everlasting source of amusement.

The favorite pastime on Sundays and holidays is to get up at five or five-thirty, have a light breakfast, pack up a lunch, get in the car and go to the mountains.

First of all, I will tell you of a trip which is called the "Grand Circuit" trip, and takes one through the National Park.

We start about six o'clock and leave Aurora (which is Denver's finest suburb), go through the heart of Denver, over the 20th Street viaduct to Federal Boulevard, and after a small stretch of dirt road, we "hit the pavement."

Without realizing it, we come to the top of a steep hill. From the top of this hill we can see the road for several miles. On the left are the Rocky Mountains, Regis College and many other things. On the right is a subdivision called Regis Heights.

There is little scenery, with the exception of green fields until we reach Loveland. Here we turn and find ourselves in the Big Thompson Canyon.

The road now goes along a rushing river which is called the Big Thompson River. After about a half hour drive we find ourselves on the outskirts of Estes Park.

The first sign of a town is the large and beautiful Stanley Hotel. After we pass it we almost "hump" into the town.

After looking around a little while or perhaps hiring a horse and going for a ride of half an hour or more, we are ready to resume our trip.

Soon we are in the mountains again, going up a pass which is called "Fall River Pass." This road is extremely narrow. If we should meet a car coming down, well, all I can say is "We're both out of luck" unless we meet in a "cutout." This is what one calls a place which is wide enough for another car to pass; otherwise we or the other party will have to back up to one of these places and then we can pass.

After we reach the top of the pass, which is several miles above timber-line, we travel along a straight road for about a mile, then come to Milner Pass which is quite steep.

After we get down from Milner Pass there is a large sign, "Confidential Divide." We then proceed along a winding road for many miles.

At last we get to Grand Lake which is one of the prettiest little towns I have ever been in, or hope to be.

When we get to Grand Lake, it is between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, so we go to the Rocky Mountain Lodge, get a cabin, have dinner, sit around the enormous fireplace and talk a while, then hike away for the cabin, and go to bed.

Early in the morning it is very cold. We have from four to six blankets on our bed. After a good breakfast we leave for home. We have a nice drive through the village and on to the forest. After a half hour of fast driving we come to the foot of Berthoud Pass. This pass is quite wide, and lovely from the bottom to the top.

At the top there is Berthoud Pass Inn. Here we stop for a light lunch, or rather a second breakfast, for it is only nine o'clock.

We then proceed to go down the pass, on to Idaho Springs. In Idaho Springs we stop for awhile to drink some of the famous sulphur water. After looking around a little bit we begin to think of continuing our trip.

Soon we are in the mountains, climbing Floyd Hill to Buffalo Bill's grave. After seeing the museum of Buffalo Bill's, we wonder which way we shall go home.

Free Mother from Worry



A GOOD way to keep your child out of mischief and danger is to give him an Iver Johnson Velocipede. Made to withstand childish abuse. Built by the same skilled mechanics that make the world-famous Iver Johnson Bicycle and Juniorcycle.

All vital parts drop-locked for added strength. Extra number of heavy spokes eliminates spoke trouble. Large $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch non-skid cushion rubber tires. Front axle bearings are in a forged, hardened, ground steel housing that does away with all projecting screws or nuts.

Four Sizes. Colors: Red, Blue or Golden, with DUCO white head.

HANDSOME COLOR CATALOG FREE

Send today for FREE catalog "B," showing all models of Iver Johnson Velocipedes as well as Juniorcycles and Bicycles for older boys, girls, and for adults.

FOR OLDER CHILDREN

The Iver Johnson Juniorcycle keeps them on the sidewalk—safe and happy. Equipment includes New Departure cassette brake, large $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch non-skid cushion rubber tires, strong steel stand, and mudguards front and rear, as well as Ruby Reflector tail light. Full nickel fork and steering column.

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IVER JOHNSON

BICYCLES
JUNIORCYCLES VELOCIPEDES

There are three ways of getting back to Denver: first, coming down Lookout Mountain; second, Bear Creek Canyon; third, Mt. Vernon Canyon.

Any way we go there is beautiful scenery all the way.

When home we feel as if we have been away for weeks, and after all, "there's no place like home."

Age 12

RAFAEL C. GWYNOS,
Aurora, Colo.



ROBERT, MARGARET, DAVID
AND LAWRENCE BYERS

Dear CHILD LIFE and Miss Waldo:

I have three brothers and one sister—five children altogether. I was born in China, and so were my brothers. It was very beautiful there and there were many sights to see. There was a river below our house with forests and shady nooks. We had lots of picnics out on the hillside. When I was there we had two horses, ten goats, two parrots, one cat, one dog, some chickens and ducks. I spoke Chinese all the time I was there. I have forgotten most of it now, though, as I have been away three years. I can still sing some Chinese songs.

I now live in Pomona, California. I have a beautiful home. Our family now has six chickens, eleven ducks, two pigeons, a cat, a turtle, seven rabbits, sixteen little roosters and two goldfish, and when my uncle comes back from Africa he will bring me a parrot. When I get big I intend to go around the world and be a missionary. The Chinese have many legends. One is about the moon. In the moon there is a man (the man in the moon), and he is trying to chop down a tree. I can see him best when the moon is not full. He chops and chops and chops, until the tree is almost chopped down, but he is so tired by now that he cannot chop another stroke. He sits down and begins to eat his bowl of rice. After he has rested and eaten, he has to start all over again. And it goes on; he repeats the same thing time after time, and they say when he gets the tree chopped down, the world will end.

Age 11

MARGARET BYERS,
Pomona, Calif.

SPRING

When the snow is off the ground,
First the crocuses are found,
Then narcissus, proud and high,
Turn their faces toward the sky.
Next the tulips bright and gay
Nod their heads as if to say,
"Spring is here, spring is here."

But the very best of all
Are the birds that come to call.
From the sunny south they fly,
And build their nests in trees so high,
Perched upon my window sill,
They sing their song so loud and shrill,
"Spring is here, spring is here."

ANN SCHWAB,
Merion, Pa.

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KoKoMo Stamped Metal Co., Kokomo, Indiana



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"LOOK, Mother
I'm Growing
Up Fast!"

"That's fine, dear! you are almost six years old now, aren't you?"

Detecto, the preferred bathroom scale is the best kind of playground for your youngsters. It encourages good health and clean habits. It is sturdy—built for a lifetime of use—and absolutely trustworthy!

Careful mothers check their children's weight daily.

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All all-steel metal and hardware—no cast, or direct from the maker.

ALSO
Detecto-Life, the famous springless baby model!

Sand for Free Health Literature



Journeys to Advertising Land

(Continued from page 254)

without breaking them. Dad showed them the warp threads which were set very close together running along the length of the loom. These were in two sets, each set being attached to a separate beam at the end of the loom. The beams moved up and down alternately, and the busy shuttle went across the loom between them, leaving the filling thread woven into the threads of the warp—over one warp thread, and under the next, and so on all the way across the loom. Each trip of the shuttle made a very small fraction of an inch of cloth. On the roller was wound the cloth as it came from the loom.

"Let's see the dyeing and finishing departments," said Dad.

When the silk fabric was received in the dyeing department, they found it was yellow in color, so it had to be washed to remove the gum, and to make it a creamy white. Then it was hung loosely over huge rollers which revolved over wooden vats of steaming dye. As the rollers revolved, the silk dipped into the dye and out again, went over the rollers and again into the dye. This was continued until the silk had absorbed enough dye to give it a bright even color. Then it was ironed in the finishing department.

"That's not the way Mother irons," said Ruth, noticing how it was passed between two large, smooth, heated rollers. The dull cloth went in one side of the rollers and came out, lustrous, on the other side, like Ruth's Babette dresses after Mother ironed them.

In the shipping room the fabric was examined and folded.

"I'm awfully proud to have dresses so many people, and machines, and even animals have helped to make!" said Ruth.

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Wise mothers make their children's clothes of Kalburnie, the Childree's Gingham. Fast colors, practical texture and weight, low price—all make this famous gingham most suitable for play and school. Made by Lancaster Mills, Clinton, Mass.

Use coupon for free samples.

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Please send me free samples of Kalburnie, the Children's Gingham.

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and keep his coat clean & shiny!

Choose one and tell us then their dog like to be brushed so well that pups and big fellows run to where the brushes are kept as soon as they are used. It's fun to brush your pet and we have tried for decades. We have selected, and his hair will shine and grow into a new fur coat. But both of all dog doctors may think brushing keeps a dog clean and healthy.

If your dog has been shaved send \$1.00 for two special brushes with 13 extra teeth for post-clip use of the blade and in Canada. Also if he has long hair the special brushes are \$2.00, with 23 extra teeth for post-clip use of the blade and in Canada. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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DUNCAN KENNELS, Paris, Ky.



You know its name... *Where is it?*

THE island of St. Helena! That is the place where Napoleon was imprisoned, where he spent his last years.

Yes, but where is it? How many of those who read this page can tell?

There are hundreds of places on this earth of ours whose names have an equally familiar sound but which remain little more than mere names to us.

Until, one day, thrilled with a sense of personal discovery, we suddenly run across them on the map!

Instantly they become close and real, stirring our memories with their historical or literary associations, enriching our minds by the quickening to life, the re-assimilation of half-dead, half-forgotten knowledge.



Packed with the delights of unexpected finds, good maps and atlases have all the charm, delight and cultural value of the world's best books.

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the box left by Mercury; of how Ulysses made Circe use her magic to change his comrades from bears back into their own forms again; of King Midas and the golden touch. Retold and illustrated in many colors by Margaret Evans Price.

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