

THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S PAGE



Say, Genevieve! I s'pose our pup might win a ribbon, or a cup!



Lets enter him in some big show where all the world of fashion go!



But they might offer bags of gold And Mother'd say- "He must be sold!"



And then they'd carry him away And leave us far too sad to play!



Say, Genevieve! Let's prow! about And guard our "Snoopy" when he's out!

ELIZABETH KIRKMAN FITZBUGH

GENEVIEVE WOULD RATHER HAVE "SNOOPY" THAN ALL THE GOLD HE MIGHT BRING.

THE FRIENDLY FAIRIES

OR

THE ADVENTURES OF FAN AND PHIL IN THE AIRSHIP "MOONBEAM"

By DAVID CORY.

THE FRIENDLY FAIRIES come at night To Boys and Girls who cuddle tight And have not tried to stay awake And naughty noise and mischief make.

In moonshine, snowstorm, or in rain They stand outside the window-pane, And ask those Boys and Girls to play Who have been kind and good all day.

CHAPTER I.

ONE night when Fan was fast asleep, And brother Phil was dreaming, too, They heard upon the window glass A gentle rat-a-tat-a-too!

"What's that?" said Phil with wondering eyes: "O see!" cried Fannie with delight, "That little Fairy standing there Within the moonbeams' twinkling light!"

Up went the window in a wink, And safe outside upon the sill, A FAIRY AIRSHIP anchored lay, As if awaiting Fan and Phil.

Was made of gold, so lightly spun To sail upon the cloudy sea, The sails, like wings of butterflies, Were light and shimmering as could be.

"O what a beauty!" Phil exclaimed, Fan danced and clapped her hands with joy: They'd never seen a real airship, But just a little painted toy.

The FAIRY QUEEN whose gentle tap Had called the children from their bed, Kissed Fanny on each bashful cheek, And patted Philip on the head.

"You've been so good all day, my dears, And went to sleep without delay, I'll take you to a fairy place Where you can have a jolly play!"

Then Fan and Phil stepped in the ship; And soon the FAIRY TARS Sang out, "Cast off! AIRSHIP EXPRESS! First stop, The Silver Stars!"

CHAPTER II.

The FAIRY turned to Fan and said, As up the airship swiftly sped, "Here is a coat of fairy silk In case you miss your cosy bed."

A JOLLY FAIRY TAR brought Phil A sailor reefer, spick and span; "Here, lad," he said, "put on this rig, 'Twill make you quite a sailor man!"

Just then upon their starboard bow A TWINKLING, WINKLING LAND they saw; And soon their trusty airship touched Upon a sandy star-fish shore.

Along the beach STAR CHILDREN played And waded in the dancing dew That splashed and dashed in night-cap waves From out the Ocean Sky of blue.

"Come play with me," a STAR CHILD cried, And quickly Phil and Fanny went; They tunneled in the star-light sands And waded to their heart's content.

"Now, children dear, it's time to leave," And from her ship the FAIRY QUEEN Smiled down upon her little guests—"We must return before we're seen!"

Swift down from STAR LAND flew their ship, And safely on their window-sill It landed with a little bump, The FAIRY QUEEN and Fan and Phil.

She kissed them softly both goodby, Then in the "MOONBEAM" sped away, And Fan and Phil went back to bed And did not wake till break of day.

All drawings must reach us by Thursday morning. None received after that date will be considered. Send them to the Editor of the Children's Page, New York Tribune.

Chinese Lullaby.

By LOUISE E. TUCKER.

Ching-a-ling a ching-ching, feast of lanterns, What a lot of chopsticks, hongs and gongs! A hundred thousand Chinese crinkem-crankums Hung among the bells with a ding-ding-dong.

Little girls with their ten toes tightly tucked in Little tiddle-toddle shoes one can scarcely see. How they get them on is quite a wonder; How they walk upon them is a mystery to me.

Scarlet Tanager

The boy or girl who has not seen a scarlet tanager has missed a great sight. No American bird can boast of gayer colors, or more of them, than the scarlet tanager. This bird arrives North about the first of May and remains here until the breeding season is over. Then it returns South with the young ones.

Their nests are made of rough materials, such as weed-stalks and heavy dry grass, and they are so loosely joined together that the sunlight goes through the cracks. Three eggs is the usual number, and they are of a dark blue color, variegated with brown and purplish spots.

Frightened by Intruders.

While the mother bird is incubating her eggs both the birds are very much disturbed if any one goes near the nest. And if any animal or person does approach the nest the male flies away into a nearby tree or bush and peeps out at the enemy. The female also goes off the nest, but is not so careful about keeping herself hidden. She is greatly disturbed, especially if the young are hatched; and when they are the male is not so careful to keep out of sight, but stays nearer the nest and does his duty toward caring for his young.

The male bird, except for the wings and tail, which are black, is a brilliant scarlet. The tail is slightly forked, and is tipped with white. But this gay plumage is worn only during the breeding season. Later Mr. Tanager dresses himself a little more modestly. He puts on a few greenish yellow feathers, which give him a mottled appearance. The female is al-

THE ADVENTURES OF OSWALD

THE CAT AND I WERE VERY GLAD TO JOIN WITH EDE AND ED AND MAKE A VERY HEARTY MEAL OF MILK AND PEANUTS HAM AND VEAL AND LETTUCE, JAM AND BREAD. AND EVERYTHING WAS LOVELY TILL A BEETLE, BIG AND BLACK, JUST FASTENED ON TO EDDIE'S TAIL AND EDDIE GAVE A FRIGHTENED WAIL AND STARTED DOWN THE TRACK.



OF COURSE, WE ALL RAN AFTER EDS, WITH EDDIE LAST OF ALL. SHE, QUITE UPSET BY EDDIE'S FLIGHT, SOMEHOW, DID NOT GET STARTED RIGHT AND HAD AN AWFUL FALL.

THE CAT IT WAS WHO, FINALLY, RELEASED THE BEETLE'S GRIP.

AND THEN IT TOOK US QUITE A WHILE TO BRING BACK EDDIE'S CHEERFUL SMILE. IT WAS AN AWFUL NIP!



TO BE CONTINUED

F. WHITE

DOROTHY LEE AND HER FRIENDS

By ANNA WALL EDWARDS.

GOING to buy a pair of shoes isn't very exciting, is it, but sometimes one may have a great deal of fun. The other day when Dorothy Lee started off to the shoe shop, she first took a walk through the park, when a fine looking bulldog, who had broken away from its mistress, ran up to her. The mistress soon came up and called it "Muffins." Isn't that a funny name for a dog? It seems that when he was a very small pup he went rummaging about the kitchen. Cook had placed a pan of muffins on a low stool and the inquisitive little pup thought to himself:

DOG SMELLS MUFFINS.

"Mm! Mm! Smells good. Wonder what's in there." And, of course he started to find out, when over came the pan of muffins right on top of him. At that moment cook spied him, and cried in angry tones, "Oh, my good muffins!" And from that day on the dog was called "Muffins."

SQUIRREL BEATS THE DOG RUNNING.

"Ha! Ha! Mr. Dog," is seemed to call. "You can never catch me, no matter how hard you try. I can run and jump more swiftly than you any day. Ha! Ha!" And giving his bushy tail a wag he jumped to another branch, while "Muffins" looked very much disgusted to think that a wonderful fellow like himself could be beaten by a tiny squirrel.

The lady said that as she was soon going to Europe she would have to sell "Muffins," and how much money do you suppose she wanted? Three hundred dollars!

When the shoe store was at last reached, upon one of the show cases Dorothy Lee saw a great yellow cat. There was an electric light in the case and the cat lay right over its warm glow. The clerk said that it lay there the whole day and scarcely ever moved until evening.

A lady came up and tickled it under the chin, whereupon it arose, made a fine bow, and then lay down again.

THE YELLOW CAT SNUBS THE LADY.

Another lady came over and, thinking to get the same gracious treatment, patted it on the back, but instead of bowing, it gave a great yawn, as if saying to itself:

"Oh, my, what a nuisance you people are. A cat may look at a king, but a king nor any one else should not disturb me unless I order them to do so. Please attend to your shoes and do not bother me."

Every one laughed very much at this, while the lady did as she was bidden. When the clerk returned, Dorothy asked:

"What is the cat's name?"

"Well, really I don't know," replied the clerk. "I only know that his name is Mr. Katz."

The floorwalker, who had been standing close by, turned and asked:

IS IT KATZ OR CATS?

"Did you speak to me?"

"Oh, no," answered the clerk, "but this little girl wanted to know your name."

2. Pop-corn, popcorn. 4. Port-able, portable. 5. Po-tent-ate, potentate.

JUMBLED PROVERB. Beginning with the second letter, and taking every other letter, the jumble will spell "out of sight, out of mind."

Puzzle Solvers

Progressive Enigma—Dorothy Mausolf, White Plains, N. Y.; Francis J. Louie, New York City.

Buried States—Alice Galloway, New York City; Anne F. Maury, Noroton, Conn.; Alfrid B. Trondsen, Schuyler, N. Y.; Francis J. Logue, New York City; Malcolm C. Spence, New York City; Dorothy Mausolf, White Plains, N. Y.; Marion G. Tully, Locust Valley, Long Island.

Jumbled Proverb—May Whalen, Yonkers, N. Y.; Marion G. Tully, Locust Valley, Long Island; Dorothy Mausolf, White Plains, N. Y.; Malcolm C. Spence, New York City; Francis J. Logue, New York City.

PIED PROVERB. Faith si a blace-aw aweve a dareth fo ti yer yad, dan ta slat ew nocant krabte ti.

1. To-get-her, together. 2. Plat-form, platform.

"Why, no, I didn't!" exclaimed Dorothy Lee in surprise. "I meant the cat's name."

"Well, my name is Katz, too," said the floorwalker, only it's spelled 'K-a-t-z'. The pussy's name is 'Peter.'"

A HOME-MADE DOLL HOUSE

Have you ever tried to make a doll house? The one shown here is very easy to make. Of course, it is not very large, but you will



PUTTING IN THE FURNITURE.

have a great deal of fun making it, and just as much fun playing with it as with your big wooden doll house.

First, find an old cardboard shoe box. It need not have any cover. Place it bottom side up on a table, and outline with a pencil and ruler six squares like those in the diagram.

Cut these out. They are to be windows—all except the largest. That will be the front door.

Paste small pieces of waxed paper over the open window spaces to make window panes. Outline the window frames with colored chalks.

A small box makes the front door step. Its cover makes the ledge over the front door.

The floors of the doll house are made by fitting two pieces of



THE HOUSE COMPLETED.

cardboard into the box and gluing them firmly into place.

Any sort of furniture that is small enough to fit in comfortably may be used. You may even make your furniture from spools and boxes.

If any of you have pictures of doll houses that you have made yourselves, send them to us and we will be glad to print them.



FOR YOUNG ARTISTS

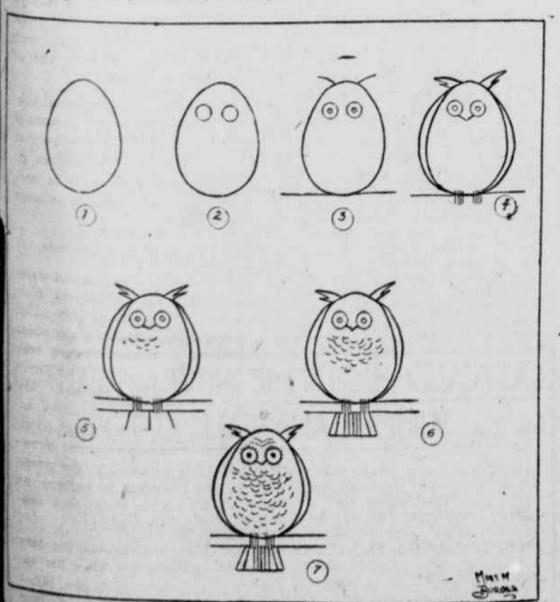
Most of the drawings of Uncle Sam we received showed him smiling. In some, however, he looked very angry, and in two he was making a speech. Some of our readers sent in two drawings, the one shown in the paper, completed, and a copy of it, and we were glad to see how well you could copy it.

The best three completed pictures of Uncle Sam were sent by E. GOODWIN CLYNE, 775 Colorado St., Bridgeport, Conn.; HERBERT VOLCKMANN, 111 South 9th St., Brooklyn, and PETER HIBBITS, 819 West 134th St., New York City.

Other drawings were received by Thursday morning from Edith H. Walton, Elsa Ruyf, Percy Davey-Sye, L. Kleinfelder, Harvey Berg, Winifrid Day, Max Friend, Thomas F. Lee, Catherine Donofred, Wilson Wilmer, William Gerhardt and Harold George, of New York City; and from George Pidich, Scranton, Penn.;

Dorothy Mausolf, White Plains, N. Y.; Julia Bacon, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Vernon Clark, East Orange, N. J.; Joseph Cornell, Ossining, N. Y.; May Whalen, Yonkers, N. Y.; Helen Branchcomb, Newburgh, N. Y.; Helen Davis, Hudson Falls, N. Y.; Catherine Launder, New Haven, Conn.; Violetta Curtis, Stratford, Conn.; Barbara Kendall, Corning, N. Y.; Dorothy Harris, East Norwalk, Conn.; Richard Ives, Danbury, Conn.; Frances Andrews, West New Brighton, Staten Island, and Charles Hoffman, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Make your drawings according to the directions given with each lesson and send them to us. And to let you know how proud we are of what you can do we will make three honor awards of \$1 each for the best three drawings received each week. Remember while you are drawing that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well."



If you are careful to draw the egg exactly you will have little difficulty in adding the eyes and horns and claws and the little marks for feathers. In the fourth drawing, notice that the long curved line on each side is drawn outside and not inside the original boundary line of the egg. In the last drawing have Mr. Owl sitting on the branch of a tree, and show the moon and trees and background. Make all seven drawings and send them to us.

FROM OUR READERS

Loses Her Playmate

By MARGUERITE BURNS (Aged 10).

I want to tell you about my dog. He was a big collie, and was so old and so fat that he died. He died a week ago yesterday morning.

I was very sorry, because I had had him since he was two years old, and since I was two years old. So you see we were just the same age. We grew up together and played together, and I loved him very much.

Winnie and Her Dog

By GERTRUDE ROBERTSON.

"Bow-wow-wow! Bow-wow!" Winnie awoke with a start, and jumped out of bed. Nurse had all she could do to dress her, for it was Winnie's eighth birthday, and she was quite excited.

"Happy birthday, little daughter," cried mother, "I have a pretty dog for you named Bobby."

"Oh, isn't he beautiful!" exclaimed Winnie, dancing up and down in her delight.

One evening, about three weeks later, Winnie and her mother took Bobby out for a walk. Mrs. Dorn met a friend and stopped to speak to her, leaving Bobby in Winnie's charge.

Bobby had a habit of running after wagon and automobiles and motorcycles. Just then a motorcycle came quickly through the street. Bobby broke loose from Winnie's hold, and

before she knew what had happened Bobby had been run over by the motorcycle. He was taken to a dog hospital, but in spite of everything that was done he died.

Winnie's mother bought her another dog, but though she loved him she never forgot poor Bobby and the motorcycle accident.

Puzzles

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirty letters and am a quotation from "Macbeth." My 20, 16, 22, 23, 14, 25 is medicine. My 8, 19, 13, 15, 1, 3, 11 is told. My 12, 4, 6, 7, 9 is part of the arm. My 23, 27, 29, 15, 5, 25, 21 is a green vegetable. My 16, 12, 24, 15, 2, 17 is an elevation. My 25, 30, 28, 18, 13 is a slow-moving mollusk.

ANAGRAMS.

Vast hier—Shakes. I blot a tree—To wipe out. Tan creams—A religious rite. Say grave—Lack of civility.

BURIED WORD SQUARE.

Find concealed in the following sentences four words which, taken in order, form a square: Rob Angby departed to find Helena von Harron, or at least to learn where she was staying. Naturally, he was getting anxious.

PIED PROVERB.

Baith si a blace-aw aweve a dareth fo ti yer yad, dan ta slat ew nocant krabte ti.

Puzzle Answers

BURIED STATES.

1. Maine. 2. Idaho. 3. Texas. 4. Colorado. 5. Georgia. 6. Oregon. 7. Maryland. 8. Florida. 9. Alaska. 10. Indiana.

PROGRESSIVE ENIGMAS.

1. To-get-her, together. 2. Plat-form, platform.