

THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S PAGE

Say, Genevieve! I'd like to do A little slumming, wouldn't you?

Let's hail a car and take a ride Down where the streets aren't very wide

And say to folks: "Alas! I fear Your hands are not quite clean, my dear."

But s'pose they didn't 'preciate Our kindly interest in their state.

And little boys began to throw Things out of barrels in a row!

Say, Genevieve! We'll stay at home; Poor folks have troubles of their own!

IT ISN'T EITHER KIND OR WISE TO PROWL AROUND AND CRITICIZE!

THE TALE THE ANCIENT MAN TOLD FELIM THE SAND BOX AND THE SHELL

Felim is a little Irish boy who sits at a fire of peat in his grandmother's house, in faraway Ireland, and hears stories from an ancient man, who knows everything about magic and enchantments.

An Irish Story About a Prince Who Played Games with the King of the Black Wilderness.

The old gray fellow was in the place where he was before. He asked the Prince if he would play a game again.

THE SAND BOX AND THE SHELL

ONCE upon a time there was a children's sand box, that lay beneath the shade of green trees in a sunny garden. Every day, when it was pleasant, the children came to play with its sand.

missed the blue ocean, and had they but known it, the sand box missed the blue ocean, too. All day long while the children built castles the sand box dreamed of the sea.

that lay on the garden walk had the magic of turning into precious stones, pink and white and red and green and golden, for they had the blue sea to change them into jewels.



What story shall I tell you to-night, little lad? A long story, ancient man. Then I'll begin a story that will fill to-day and to-morrow, and the day after that, and the day after that again.

It was a long time ago, in the days when the blue cuckoo used to come to your grandmother's cherry tree.

He hound at his heel, His hawk at his wrist, And a fine horse to carry him wherever he list.

He never drew his rein till he came to the brink of the glen, and there he found the old gray fellow seated under the bush.

"I can," said the King's son. "What shall we play for?" asked the old gray fellow.

"Whatever you like," said the King's son. "If I win you must give me anything I ask, and if you win I must give you anything you ask."

The Prince Wins. They played, and the King's son won. "What would you like me to give you, Prince?" said the old gray fellow.

Now, the King's son thought he was just a foolish old man, so he said to him: "Excuse me for not asking you for anything. I think you haven't much to give."

"Never mind that!" said the old gray fellow. "I mustn't break my promise, anyway. You must ask me for something."

"Very well," said the King's son. "Then take the head of my step-mother. Put a goat's head on her, instead, and let it be done before I go back to my father's castle."

"It shall be done," said the old gray fellow. Then the King's son mounted his horse and rode away.

When he came back to his father's castle he found sorrow and lamentation there before him. The servants came out and told him that an en-

chanter had come into the castle and had put a goat's head on the Queen, taking away her own head at the same time.

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land gathered around, but not one of them could give the Queen her own head again.

When the King's Steward went out the next morning he found the field at the back of the castle filled with strange cattle, no two of them the one size, the one color or the one age.

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them out on one side than they came back at the other. When the King's son saw what had happened he said to himself: "I must play another game with the old gray fellow to-day."

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Bugtime Stories by Gertrude P. Bishop

BILLY Bumble Bee was having a glorious time, hurrying from flower to flower, all by himself. He wore his usual smart yellow waistcoat, and being very well pleased with himself this morning, thought, as the breeze passed over the flowers and made them wave their pretty heads, that they were all beckoning to him.

Mr. Fatty Toad blinked twice before he answered: "To me you are both gabadoots and idle fellows, but considering the work you do, Mr. Darning Needle, Billy Bumble Bee is by far the more successful. He at least fertilizes the flowers as he brings pollen on his wings when he stops in to gossip or get a sip of honey. But as for you, my good Dragon Fly, you belong to the lower levels—swampy ground and the like—and I advise you to keep your place."

Can You Solve These Puzzles?

BURIED WORD SQUARE. A word square, of four-letter words, concealed in this sentence: Ella tears her dress quite frequently and I have to act as a mentor and scold; but Harriet endeavors to mend several garments each night.

CONNECTED SQUARES. Upper square: 1. Painful; 2. A receptacle for baking; 3. To peruse; 4. Finishes. Lower square: 1. To halt; 2. Gentle; 3. A sign; 4. Imprisoned.

EASY DIAMOND. A letter in "pole." Married. A precious stone. Arid. A letter in "pole."

CHARADE. My first is crusty, sweet and good. It makes a most delicious food; Or letters jumbled it may be, Which printers oft make carelessly. My second is to scold or tease. Also a measure of calculation; My whole once cruised about the seas And plundered the ships of many a nation.

ITS AND OTHERS. THE ITS ONE DAY DISCOVERED A GRIMPY, GRUMPY GROUCH, WHO WOULD NOT PLAY OR CHATTER BUT SIMPLY SNORTED "OUCH". AND SO THEY TRIED TO PLEASE HIM, WITH PLEASANT LITTLE TRICKS, AND ROLLED HIM NEATLY OVER AND TICKLED HIM WITH STICKS. AND MUCH TO THEIR AMAZEMENT— WHEN HE WAS UP-SIDE-DOWN— A SMILE OF GREAT GOOD HUMOR HAD CHASED AWAY HIS FROWN.

The Painted Cat



ISN'T really naughty. If folks would play with me. But when I'm left all by myself. There's mischief, don't you see?

Other day I washed the cat. In the water threw it. But I couldn't get it white. So I thought I'd blue it.

After she'd been blued awhile. Hung her out to dry. Kitty didn't like that much. An' commenced to cry.

So I thought I'd wring her— 'Cause she was so wet— But Mother came and found us. An' I haven't sat down yet.

ROSE POTTER.

Our Young Authors and Poets

Mabel's Teddy Bear never thinks of me. I am going to run away and never come back again.

By KATHERINE ALLAIRE (age 9). "There, now, Mabel has gone away without me," said Teddy Bear. "She never thinks of me. I am going to run away and never come back again."

"That nurse of hers always takes her out." But Mabel had taken her big doll, Teddy. Teddy was left on a sofa to take a nap. After a while Mabel returned from the park, and then he was taken to the river while Mabel sailed her little boat. After a while Teddy got tired of sitting up and wanted to lie down. But Mabel took him home to bed. Then Mabel went back again. While she was gone Teddy and Doll began to fight.

"She always takes you out," said Teddy. "No; she doesn't," said Doll. "She just took you out." Just then Mabel came in. "What is the matter?" she asked. Right then the bulldog came in and gobbled them up.

WINTER TIME.

By J. LEFSCHITZ (aged fourteen). Some folks wish for summer. 'Cause that's the time, you see, Singin'-birds and flowers And leaves on every tree.

But when it comes to winter— Guess winter's best for me. 'Cause Christmas comes just once— In winter— don't you see?

Pa buys me lots of toys. Ma makes good things to eat. Rubber boots from brother Jim. A sled with a driver's seat. And when we go a-sailin'— Down Perkins' one-mile hill. Though the wind keeps blowin', A-whistlin' past us still.

With shouts of joy and laughter, We face it without fear. And all of us are glad That wintertime is here.