

THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S PAGE



The Antic Family's Alphabet: L Is for Liberty.

By ELIZABETH KIRKMAN FITZHUGH.

"Well, children," said father, "your mother and I are going to drive. We'll be back by and by. Gunpowder's too dangerous for children, and so, I've bought you some very nice trumpets to blow!"

They scarcely had gone, when, I'm sorry to tell, The children were tempted—they wavered—they fell— "Why shouldn't we set off our crackers?" said they, "We ought to have liberty just for to-day!"

Alas for the Antics—they soon had to fly To Sary for aid. She remarked with a sigh: "Bad children get punished—that's always the way. I'm sure I don't know what your father will say!"

All bandaged and sober they sat down to wait For mother and father to drive through the gate. "I'm going to tell them," said Rosie Marie, "To punish me quick, 'cause I'm bad as can be."

JOHNNY BEAR EATS A HICKORY NUT Here Are the Very Newest Made-in-America Rag Dolls

But It Contains the Witch's Pill Which Makes Him Cross — Mother Bear Sends for the Doctor, and He Works Wonders.

By SARA MERRILL.

IN A cave on the hill, where the trees grow tall and the sun can never shine through the thick leaves, there lived a wrinkled old witch who had a bad heart. She delighted in making trouble. Down in the valley where the bright flowers grow and the humming bees gather sweet honey all the day, there was a neat little cabin, where the good Bears lived. There was Father Bear and fat Mother Bear and jolly-polly little Johnny Bear. They delighted in being happy and in making everybody about them as glad as the sunshine.

The good Bears did not know that the old witch lived among the tall trees on the hill, but the old witch knew all about the jolly Bear family and she liked them not at all. So she made a magic pill, so big and so bitter that whoever should eat it would become cross and bad-tempered like the old witch herself. She made that pill for little Johnny Bear, and she tucked it into the shell of a hickory nut.

Johnny Bear came by the cabin one fair morning, feeling very jolly and contented. The old witch came out of her door and she saw Johnny. "Good morning, dear little Bear!" she said, trying to make her cross voice sound soft and kind. "Good morning, Mistress!" said Johnny Bear politely.

"I smell witch-magic!" growled old Doctor Bear. "Where have you been to-day, Johnny Bear, and what did you eat?"

"I only went in the wood to play," whined Johnny, in a thin, sick little voice, and then he went on: "A wrinkled old woman gave me a hickory nut, and it was very bitter, but I ate it just the same."

"Woof! Woof!" said Doctor Bear. "You did, did you? I know that old woman; she is a witch!"

"Oh, oh, eh!" wailed Johnny Bear, howling loudly.

"Stop howling and stop snuffing!" growled Doctor Bear. "I will cure you before the sun goes down."

"How?" squeaked Johnny Bear, fearfully.

"Similia similibus curantur!" rumbled Doctor Bear, mysteriously using the very same charm that our doctors use when they come to cure you and me when we are ill.

Just then there was a creaking and a squeaking and rattling at the door. Mother Bear peeped out of the window, and who should be there, listening very dishonorably at the keyhole, but the old witch herself.

"Similia similibus curantur!" said Doctor Bear again, and he rolled the words on his tongue as if they tasted good.



JOHNNY WAS A GOOD BEAR UNTIL THE WITCH GAVE HIM A BITTER PILL.

tight place, but she squeezed through. Then she saw the Magic Pill! How she buzzed around it, hoping for a chance to bump into it and roll it into the fire! Old Doctor Bear was very clever at catching flies in his great hairy paw, so the old witch had to watch out very carefully. She buzzed to the right and she buzzed to the left, and swooped, fly-fashion, right down from above, but she did not dare to strike the Magic Pill.

She annoyed Doctor Bear, buzzing, buzzing around him. Doctor Bear lifted his great paw. Snap!—and he held her fast. "Let me go! Let me go!" screamed the witch, forgetting that she had turned herself into a fly. Doctor Bear looked at the fly carefully. "Will you be good?" said he. "Let me go! You are squeezing me to death!" cried the witch. "Will you never make a bitter pill again?" growled Doctor Bear, who

knew very well that she was not a real fly.

"Will you tell me what 'Similia, similibus' means?" gasped the old witch. "Woof, woof!" snuffed Doctor Bear. "That charm belongs to good magic! It is very powerful, and it must never be used to do any harm."

"The good charms are always strongest," said the witch in a very weak voice. "I had rather make good magic now. Please let me go!"

Then Doctor Bear put her down, and quick as a wink, she turned herself into a little old woman again.

"Now will you tell me what 'Similia similibus curantur' means?" meekly said she.

"First I will give you half of this Magic Pill, so that you will be a dear, kind old lady, instead of a witch with a bad heart—then I will tell you the charm," agreed Doctor Bear.

He called Johnny Bear to come, too. Then Doctor Bear divided the beautiful Magic Pill in two pieces, just alike, and he gave one half to the old witch and the other half to Johnny Bear. Immediately both Johnny Bear and the witch were made over completely, so that, from that day to this, they have been gentle, lovable folk.

"Don't forget about the charm," the little old woman reminded him.

"Oh," smiled Doctor Bear, "the charm is very simple! It means that like is cured by like; it is also called the Golden Rule; and that is the strongest magic in the world! It means that you must wish for good and gentle things and then they will surely happen to you and to every one around you."

"But the Magic Pill?" questioned the witch. "What did you put in that?"

"That was mostly a large lump of love!" said Doctor Bear, taking up his medicine bag to go away.

HERE ARE THE VERY NEWEST MEMBERS OF THE RAG DOLL FAMILY.

Peter, the little boy doll, had his last slipper tied on, his tie straightened, then he was stood up on a counter. At first he was a bit scared, because it was very high up in the air for him, but as soon as he got used to it he looked around. He saw other dolls about him, but none that he recognized. One little doll was sitting in a chair right next to him, and he touched her face and hands. They were hard and his own were soft. The others all looked the same. Why were they so queer, he wondered.

Suddenly, way down at the other end of the counter, standing up just as he was, he saw a little girl doll that looked different from the others. She looked like him, he thought. He called to her. "What is your name?"

"Polly."

He considered for a while. Then, "What's the matter with these dolls? They are so hard."

"They are made of bisque, that's why," said Polly with an important air. "I'm a rag doll and so are you."

"Well, I think we are much nicer looking, don't you?" Peter asked. Polly agreed. "And our clothes are nicer. Mine is a smoked frock. And my hat is a Tam o' Shanter."

"So is my hat a Tam o' Shanter. And I have on an Oliver Twist suit—and a blue tie. You haven't any tie," Peter crowed.

"Well, I'm getting tired of standing here," Polly changed the subject suddenly. "Some one must have heard her, for she suddenly felt her knees bent, and her arms moved, and then she was sitting in a nice comfortable chair. The girl who did this walked toward Peter. But her sleeve caught on the foot of the doll next Peter. That doll fell toward him, and both went tumbling on the floor together. There was a crash, a little exclamation, and then another girl came over.

"It's a good thing both weren't bisque dolls," she said. "That would have made a fine smash."

"Indeed it is," replied the other.

A Fall from the Counter Proves Disastrous to a Little Bisque Doll, While Peter, of the Rag Family, Escapes Uninjured.



"Well, Peter, old boy, you weren't hurt a bit, were you? I'm so glad you're a rag doll." And she brushed off his hat and set him in a chair on the counter. The other doll—well, there wasn't much left of her but her clothes.

Peter gave a sigh of relief. "I'm glad I'm a rag doll, too," he said.

Perhaps you think that because you never heard dolls talk that these are

not real. But they are. Peter and Polly are the first of this new rag doll family and they are made in the studio of an American artist.

The nicest thing about them, aside from the fact that they do not break, is the fact that they are jointed, just as your big bisque dolls are jointed. Don't you think you could have a fine time playing with them?

OUR READERS' OWN STORIES

War and Peace.

By KARLMAN SALTMAN (Age 9). We won this battle and which is true, For the United States and justice, too. War and peace are two different things That children should keep in their brains. Our soldiers marched bravely For victory, not for defeat. When they reached the battlefield,

Bang! went the signal to start; all men fired. Boom! Boom! went the guns and cannon; Both nations fought bravely, But only one could get victory and one defeat.

Margaret's Garden

By KATHERINE KEELER, Aged 9. Once there was a little girl named Margaret. Her mother gave her some pansies for her birthday. One day she came running into the house. "Oh, mother," she cried, "I have found a

"DIRTY FACE."

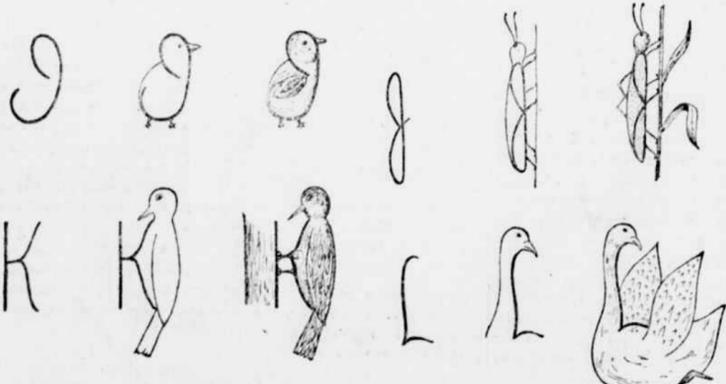
By MABEL LIVINGSTON FRANK.

A wee little lassie went walking one day, With a wee little lad who had nothing to say— She gave him her hand, then she gave him a kiss, Alas! The wee laddie said nothing but this:

"Oh, Dirty-Face, Dirty-Face, please go away, You soiled the new suit mother gave me to-day; Your hands are all sticky and I shall be blamed, Oh, Dirty-Face, Dirty-Face, aren't you ashamed!"

A-B-C DRAWINGS

By MABEL LIVINGSTON FRANK.



FROM THESE FOUR LETTERS, I, J, K AND L, YOU CAN MAKE A WEE CHICK, A GRASSHOPPER, A WOODPECKER AND A SWAN. SEE IF YOU CAN DRAW THEM.

THE LITTLEST ONE



By ROSE POTTER.

MOVING by airship would be no more dangerous for a boy than is the flight of the flying squirrel when its parents desire to plane down to a lower tree.

First there is a spring from the tree; then there is a stretching of the paws so that the projecting skin forms a kite. No wonder the little baby squirrel is "most too scared" to try the jump alone.

It is all very well to be a flying squirrel when mother does the flying, but there are so many things that are liable to happen to a little, wee kite when he tries to plane "all by his lonesome" for the very first time.

So the baby puts off the trial trip until mother comes to the conclusion that it is high time the baby should learn to travel alone.

And so one day, when Chaffy thinks he's all safe on mother's back for a trip "downtown," mother will suddenly dip, and wee Chaffy finds himself floating free. It's a case of sink or swim, and the baby generally decides to swim, and after that—no more "piggy-back-rides" for baby boy, as he is considered quite too grown up to be carried about.

Just at first he sadly misses his "perambulator," but by and by he is skipping about so lively that he takes up most of his mother's time in keeping him out of mischief.

FRANK'S DREAM.

By LILLIAN EICHLER (Age 13).

Never before had Frank so intently read a book. The book he was reading described the daily sports of the cowboys on the Western ranches. Presently his head began to droop and very soon he was sleeping.

A group of excited cowboys were preparing for a five-mile race, for which a medal was to be awarded. Among these was Frank, ready to partake in the sports. Body bent forward, each one eagerly awaited the signal. Some anxiously span the distance they must traverse before reaching the goal. Suddenly the awaited signal peals out and away dash the eager competitors. Foremost is Frank, dashing swiftly over the ground on a beautiful white horse. Determined to win the race, he buries his spurs deeply into the horse's sides. The horse, foaming from exhaustion, gives a few great bounds, and reaches the goal first.

Just as he was being applauded and given the medal, Frank, in his excitement, fell off the chair and woke up, finding, to his great disappointment, that he had only been dreaming.

PUZZLE SOLVERS.

The hunter, as most of you found, was right next the elephant, upside down. The following children sent the puzzle correctly outlined: Mary Burden, Katherine Keeler, Wilhelmina Brown, Arthenia Tilley, Agnes Stacy, Mary F. Waite, Augusta Seiler, Ethel Schwade, Mary Margaret Hudson, Frances Wood, Judy Holmes, Evelyn Marriatt, Gilbert McFadden, Charles A. Perry, Betty Ballard, Charlotte Nixingale, Leola Woodhull, Edward Rounds, Susan S. Kellogg, Hiram Cavanaugh, J. Vincent O'Connor, Sydney Lewis, Theodore Gott, Oliver D. Burden, Jr., Cleo Tyler, E. Scovell, Geoffrey Rucknall, Esther Rosenfield, Charity Crocker, Bernard Eipper, Edwin Clark, Fredericka Rothenel, Miriam Cary, Thomas Hamilton, Lawrence G. Farwell, William Viertel, Irene Soinok, Inez Tompkins, Dorothy E. Gleason, Esther Hayward, Paul Rosahn, Charles Deweller, Ingils Griswold and Carol Estebrook.

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