

THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S PAGE

SAMBO AND HIS PETS



Young Sambo and his latest pet Are somewhat unacquainted yet.

And when the creature tries to play, Why, Sambo, sometimes, goes away.

I do not know that we can blame The boy for skipping such a game.

And, anyway, when pets have fits, It shows they're somewhat short of wits.

So you and I should not complain If Sambo changed his pet again.

Bushy Changes His Mind About Working



"Bushy White! Come over to my tree."

"BUSHY White! Bushy White! Come over to my tree!"

"No answer. 'Bushy White! Where are you? Come over! I want to tell you something!'"

Still no answer. Timmy Graytail looked around in surprise. Where could his little playmate be?

Timmy and Bushy were two little squirrels who, with their families, lived in the north end of the woods. Bushy White was so named because his tail was so beautiful and full and bushy. In fact, it was quite the handsomest tail in the family, and Bushy was a bit vain and spoiled over it. Each member of the White family had a snow white star in the centre of the forehead, but otherwise was not par-



"I'm mad," he said gruffly.

ticularly handsome—except Bushy, who had the big tail.

The Handsome Graytail Family.

Timmy Graytail, on the other hand, belonged to the handsome Graytail family, every member of which had a beautiful gray tail, carried proudly erect. And they were all so used to fine tails they thought nothing of them.

The White family lived in a big, old beech well into the forest and the Graytail folk lived in a nearby oak. So, you see, Timmy and Bushy were very near neighbors, and when one called the other, always answered immediately with a cheerful squeak.

But on this particular day Timmy called in vain—no Bushy answered.

Timmy blinked his bright black eyes and looked around in surprise. "Now, that's a funny thing!" he finally said. "I was sure I saw Bushy right over there in his tree not five seconds ago." He scampered up to a higher branch to reconnoitre, but no Bushy did he see. He was just about to jump to

another tree in search of some other playmate, when what should he see but the tip of Bushy's tail sticking out from behind a tree trunk across the way.

"I'd like to know what is the matter with him," declared Timmy in a puzzled voice. "I guess I'll run over there and see why he didn't answer me." Like a flash Timmy darted down his tree, across the ground and up the tree where Bushy sat on his haunches as still as a stone.

"Bushy White!" began Timmy, "what's the matter with you? I've called and called and you don't answer a word! What are you doing sitting there so straight and still all by yourself?"

Bushy appeared to be deaf, dumb and blind, for he made no answer.

"Look here, Bushy White," announced Timmy, now quite provoked. "I'll give you just one more chance—what's the matter with you?"

Bushy blinked his eyes and sniffed. "I'm mad," he said gruffly.

"Well, you look it," replied Timmy shortly. "What are you mad about?" Bushy looked offended. "You don't understand," he hastened to explain; "this is serious. I am really truly—uly mad—so there!"

Timmy ran out to the tip of one branch, jumped down to another and ran back up to Bushy just by way of relieving his feelings. He really had to do something to keep from laughing. "Well, now that's too bad," he finally said in a very sympathetic voice. "What's the trouble?"

Bushy let his tail down grandly, stepped a little closer and said in a low voice, "It's my mother!"

"Your mother!" exclaimed Timmy, quite taken back. "What ever can be the matter with her?"

"I'm mad at her," said Bushy shortly. Timmy didn't quite know what to make of that, because he'd never heard of such a thing before. He rubbed his cheek, he scratched his head, but no bright answer came to his mind. So he said nothing—which is often a very wise thing to do.

"The very idea of her thinking of such a thing," continued Bushy; "it makes me tired."

"Dear me," exclaimed Timmy, "that's too bad. I should think it would be very inconvenient to be mad at your mother. How did it all start?"

"She wanted me to go to work—work—me!" And then he sat back to watch the effect of his words.

But it wasn't what he expected. Instead of being very horrified and sympathetic, Timmy only stared! Then his stare softened into a twinkle and he began to laugh.

He laughed and laughed, and if you've ever seen a squirrel laugh you know exactly how funny he looked! He laughed till he shook—till he had to turn somersaults up and down the branch to keep from falling off!

Bushy stiffened his tail. "I'm glad you see something funny in it," he said crossly. "I don't." And he turned to go away.

That made Timmy stop laughing and remember his manners. "Excuse my laughing, Bushy," he said, politely, "but it seemed very funny because that's exactly what my mother told me this morning."

Bushy didn't seem much impressed. "Well, it's different with you, Timmy. I should certainly expect to work if I were you—but me!"

"Different?" asked Timmy. "How?"

"Very different," replied Bushy. "You're just a nice, ordinary squirrel. Of course, you have to be industrious. But I'm different. I'm—well—just look at my long tail!" he said, conclusively, as he spread it out. "And yet my mother says I have to work!"

"Well, what do you want to do all the time?" asked Timmy.

"Play!" replied Bushy. "I want to play with you and the others, as I always have."

"And have your mother get your nuts?" asked Timmy.

"Certainly," replied Bushy, with dignity.

"Well, you can't play with me any more," announced Timmy, "because we're all grown up and have to get our own nuts, too. My mother told me this morning, and Dicky Black-streak's mother told him, and—"

"You mean you all have to work?" interrupted Bushy.

"Every one of us," said Timmy, decidedly. "We're tired of being babied and having our mothers feed us! We're growing up! I was just calling you to come along with us and hunt nuts."

"Of course, if you're all really going to work," began Bushy, when a call made them both turn and look.

"That's Dicky," said Timmy briskly. "We're going over to the big hickory to start our search for nuts. We think it's a lot of fun to work." Timmy started down the tree in a hurry. "Sorry you don't want to come, too," he added; "there's a lot of us going."

"Oh, but I do want to," cried Bushy; "wait a minute; I'm coming, too."

"But your tail," said Timmy, with a wicked twinkle.

"Bother my tail," cried Bushy. "I'm coming with you."

And he dropped his dignity and scampered off to work.

Little Stories Little Readers Write

The Reward of Kindness

By LILLIAN EICHLER, Age 14.

In the midst of a vast field of daisies a lark and her mate were busily building a nest. The larks chirped cheerily, as they saw their nest nearing completion. Pretty soon, the snug, little nest was ready to live in.

The mother lark laid five pretty, blue eggs in the new nest. Day and night she sat in the nest, covering the eggs with her warm wings, while her mate sat nearby singing happily.

Saturday morning dawned brightly. Fred, Helen and Lily decided to gather daisies for their mother, as it was her birthday. So the three merry children started off, full of fun and frolic. Fred carried a basket of lunch, while Helen

had a ball of cord and a pair of scissors in her pocket.

They entered the field of daisies, wherein their friends, the larks, had built their nest. While Fred and Helen were busily engaged in gathering daisies, Lily, who had heard the larks singing, searched for the nest. At last she found it.

"Fred! Helen! Look at the pretty nest!" she cried. Her brother and sister ran to her, and saw a cozy little nest in the high grass. In it were five little larks eagerly awaiting their mother's return. Suddenly the mother lark flew down from the tree above, and covered the baby larks with her protecting wings. She looked at the children in a sort of entreating fashion and peeped plaintively.

"Fred, do let us go away. The mother lark is afraid we may hurt her little babies," said Helen. So the three sprinkled crumbs around the nest



Edna Clements Farrell

and prepared to leave. But they were not aware they were being watched with approving eyes. A scientist had overheard Helen's kind, little speech, and had noticed the children's thoughtfulness in sprinkling crumbs for the birds. Coming forward, he said: "Children, I have witnessed your kindness to these larks, God's creatures. I wish to praise you for your good deed." Then he gave each of the bewildered children a stuffed lark.

Now Fred, Helen and Lily frequently visit the nest and leave crumbs there for the birds. "Happier children never lived," their mother often says. They still have the stuffed larks and often ponder over the stranger who said to them: "The reward of kindness is happiness. Keep on being kind to God's creatures; He will reward you for it."

Nest morning Susie was up with the sun, making preparations for the journey, and by a quarter to 9 Mr. and Mrs. White, Susie and Helen were on their way to the park. The first place they went when they arrived was to the reptile house. There they saw alligators, crocodiles and a snake that was twelve feet long.

"Isn't he a wicked looking thing?" said Helen.

They saw the bears and were fortunate enough to see the monkeys being fed.

"Let's go and see the lions and tigers next," suggested Mrs. White. Susie and Helen agreed, but were badly frightened when they heard the lions roar. Then, after seeing the elephants they ate their lunch.

One of the most interesting things they saw was the flying bird cage, so called because of its great space, enabling the birds to fly about. It contained many varieties of both native and foreign birds. They saw other things of more or less interest that day, and when 5 o'clock came they were on their homeward journey, both girls hoping to visit the park the next year.

A Trip to the Park

By NORMAN JOHN SYKES, Age 11.

"Oh, Susie we are going to the park to-morrow to see all the queer animals! We want you to come, too." Thus spoke Helen White as she bounded lightly up the steps of Susie Saunders's house.

"Are you sure Susie will not be any trouble to you?" spoke up Mrs. Saunders, who was sitting on the porch sewing.

"Of course not. We want her to go. We will have a delightful time, Mrs. Saunders," said Helen. "We are going to take our lunch."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Saunders, "if Susie wants to she may go."

"Good!" exclaimed the girls. "You stop at our house at half-past 8 to-morrow morning with your lunch, Susie," said Helen.

The Lost Puppy

By CAROL ESTABROOK, AGE 9.

Bessie and May West were walking one day. When they had gone a little way they found a little puppy in the road. It whined when May picked it up. They took it home and gave it some milk to drink.

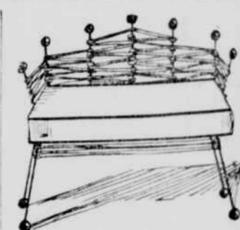
One day when May and Bessie were playing they saw a little boy who was crying. Bessie asked him what was the matter. He said, "I have lost my doggie and can't find him." Bessie and May took him home and asked him if the dog they had found was his. He said it was, and thanked them for finding the dog. Bessie and May were glad they had found him.

A Toy Sofa for Your Doll

HERE is the diagram for a little pin sofa. The seat is made from a box in which were black headed pins. It is covered with blue plush. An oblong piece of cork would have been better, as the pins stay more firmly in cork.

One little girl I know, who was getting over a sickness and could do only things that took little strength, made a charming pin furniture set with pins that had wine-colored heads and she used wine colored velvet for the seats and wine colored twist for threading the backs. Another set was made with blue headed pins and covered with blue satin of the same shade.

Boys and girls who are quite ingenious can make seats of different shapes and thus have exclusive patterns. A table can be made from a covered piece of cork, square, or round, or oval, with four pins for legs. One can make an entire set of



furniture, using pins and cork and silk thread.

Puzzle Answers

CONNECTED SQUARES.
 pump
 user
 memo
 PROPOSE
 oval
 ship
 else

TRIANGLE.
 C
 H A
 E O N
 A G E D
 P R O S Y

HOOR-GLASS.
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 AVAN
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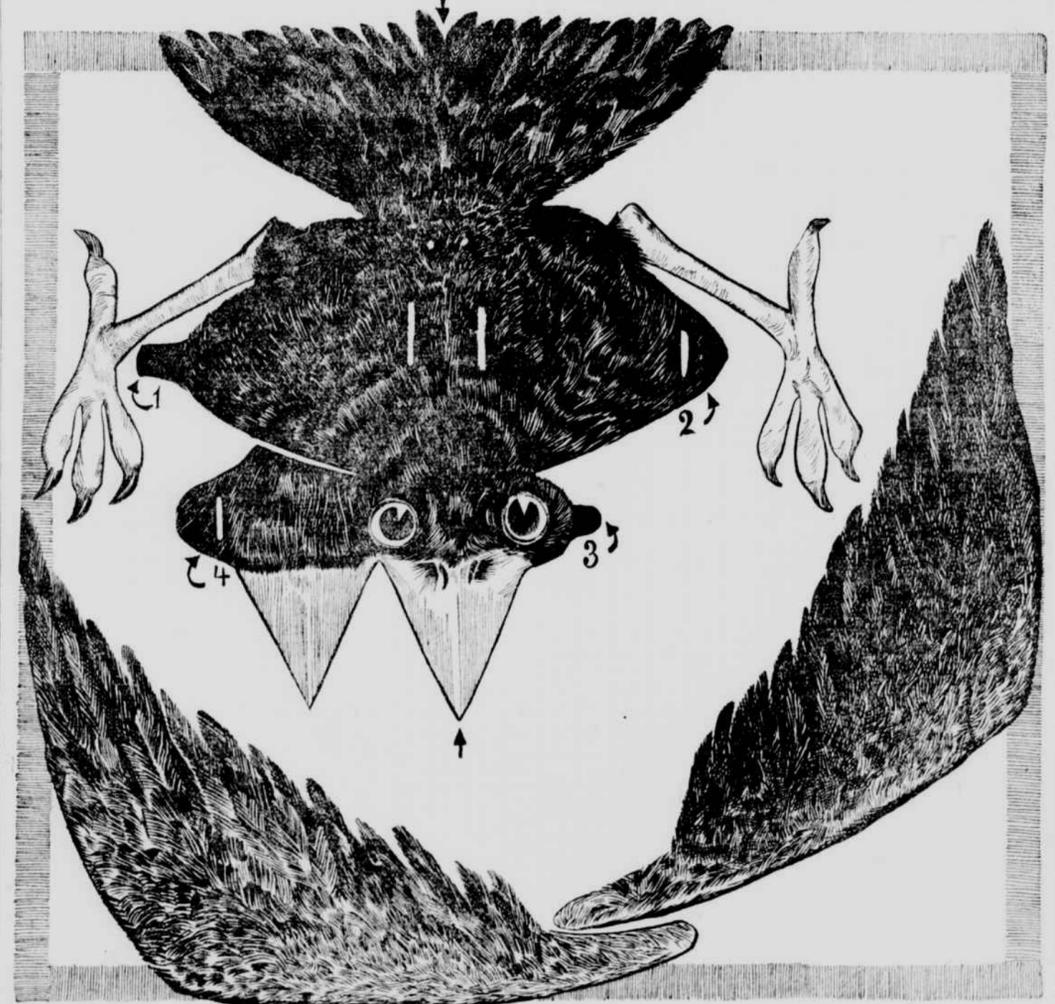
Puzzle Solvers

These boys and girls found Johnny Bear's little brother, who, three weeks ago, was lost in the woods: Margaret Loughman, Kent Kruser, Fernando Amante, Esther Sturdevant, Helen Greene, Eunice Snyder, Mortimer Lyons, Ruth C. Perry, Elinor Rogers, Judy Holmes, Horton Barth, William Stephens, Laurence G. Farwell, Ethel Morell, Margaret Dickman, Bernard Elpper, Geoffrey Bucknall, Kenneth Laubshire, Jack Rothstein, Elsie Saltzweil, Florence Raymond, M. A. Richter, Barbara C. Odgers, Edith Bellantoni, John Buck, Carol Estabrook, Jack J. Hess, Elizabeth Alquist, Clinton B. Tracy, K. Roberta White, Clinton B. Lockwood, Dorothy W. Achilles and Dorothy Kranich.

Funny Figures.

The figure 1 is tall and straight,
 Just like the post beside our gate;
 The figure 2 is rather flat,
 The figure 3 is sort of fat;
 The figure 4—why, that looks 'most
 Like my new birdbouse on a post!
 5 is a sickle, I should say,
 And 6—I'm six years old to-day!

Grace McKinstry.



FLYING CROW ACTION CUTOUT
 CUT out the parts, and make slits for wings, body and head. Fold the body through the centre, apply paste to the tongues (1 and 3) and to the ends of the wings, insert them in the slits and press firmly in place. Attach a long thread to the back through the white dots, bend the feet out flat and the crow is ready for action.
 To fly, raise the thread up and down. This will make the wings flop and send the body forward. If you want him to hop, let his feet rest on the floor and jerk the thread with short, quick movements. You can make him do some very queer "stunts."

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