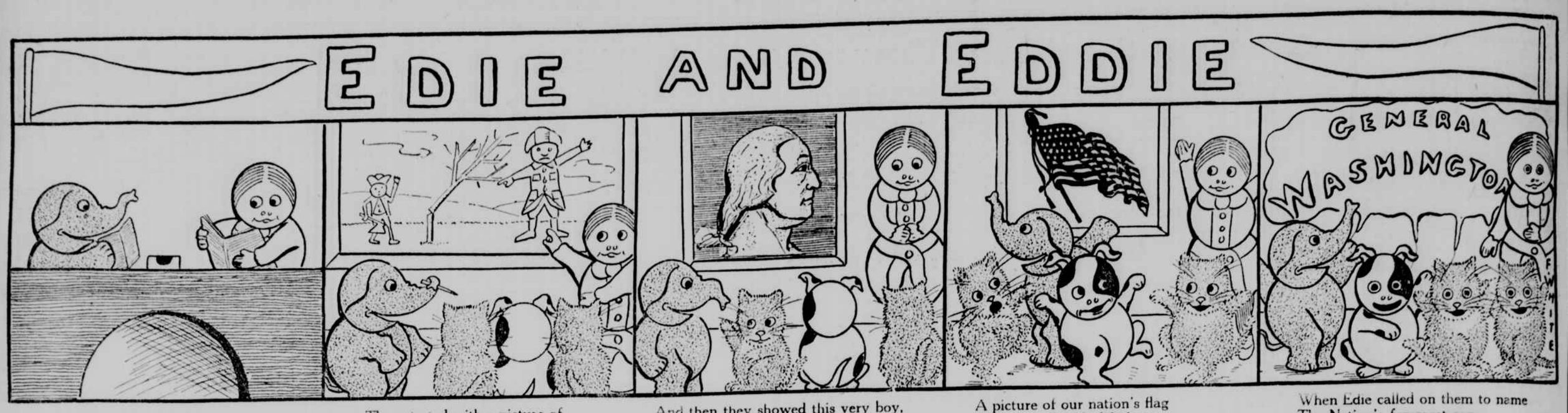
THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S PAGE



Edie and her elephant
Are busy as can be,
Preparing for a lecture on
Our country's history.

They started with a picture of
A very honest boy,
Who told the truth about a tree
He'd started to destroy.

And then they showed this very boy,
Now grown to be a man,
And "first in war" and "first in peace,"
A true American.

A picture of our nation's flag
Was greeted with delight,
And every scholar danced about
And cheered with all his might.

When Edie called on them to name
The Nation's foremost son,
They all with one accord cried out
"It's General Washington!"

CANDYTOWN STORIES

By Louise S. Hasbrouck.

PART IV.

The Tactfulness of Tabitha Throat-Lozenge.

"JUST as you think best, Mr. Mince-Pie," said Tabitha Throat-Lozenge, in answer to Mr. Mince-Pie's demand that they stay in his castle for dinner. But even she was a little anxious. Could it be that, in spite of her having won his gratitude for making him a nice, new, light and warm suit and cap of pie-crust, he was going to make mince-meat of them after all?

"The fact is," went on Mince-Pie, "I feel so good and happy I want to do something to celebrate. So I am going to give a party."

"Really?" cried Tabitha. Mince-Pie's expression was so pleasant he could not mean that he was going to eat them!

"Yes," said Mince-Pie. "And I shall ask all my relatives and friends in Pieville—all the different kinds of pies, with their sons and daughters, the young Turnovers and Tartlets. It will be a peace-making party, because, I am sorry to say, I have quarrelled with all of them. You see, I am the richest of the pies. I am so rich that I got the idea that all my relatives were just nice to me for the sake of my money. You know riches have a bad effect upon the mind in that way, especially when one lives alone and allows himself to become cold and selfish. So I quarrelled with all of them, even with Miss Lemon-Pie, my cousin and housekeeper, who used to keep things neat and tidy. That is why the house looks so upset—I, being an old bachelor, don't know how to keep a house in order. And that is why, too, I made such pets of Greedy-Pig and Nightmare. They were the only living creatures I had near me, and I had to be fond of something. But this morning I feel entirely different and like my old self again. I don't know whether it was the medicine Tabitha Throat-Lozenge gave me"——

"It was some soothing syrup made from the Kindness Honey Dr. Candy-Tongs prescribed for Lena Lemon-Drop," put in Tabitha softly.

"Or the new cap and clothes," went on Mince-Pie, "or the way she has warmed and cleaned the house—but anyhow I am very grateful to her."

You would have been surprised, at this point, to see the courtly bow the formerly gruff Mince-Pie made Tabitha Throat-Lozenge—but really, you know, Mr. Mince-Pie belongs to an old and distinguished family, and so he naturally has good manners whenever he thinks to use them.

Tabitha was quite overcome by Mince-Pie's compliment, and Jimmy Ginger could hardly believe his ears. Was it humble little Tabitha Throat-Lozenge who was being addressed in this fashion by the former Ogre? But for once in his life Jimmy had the wisdom to keep silent.

Tabitha, blushing up to the roots of her hair, replied in her sweet, pleasant way, "I'm SO pleased, Mr. Mince-Pie. Do telephone and ask all your relatives right away. They'll be so glad to hear from you."

So Mr. Mince-Pie went to the telephone and one by one called up all his relatives and invited them to dinner at the castle that day. But first he asked Miss Lemon-Pie, the nice old maid who had kept house for him, to come back; she soon arrived with all the servants, who went to work at once to make ready for the party and cook a magnificent dinner. She and Tabitha and the servants soon got the house and even the yard and barn outside so thoroughly cleaned up that Greedy-Pig could no longer find things to eat at all hours of the day. As the ordinary three meals a day were not enough for him, he ran away and was seen no more. It was supposed, however, that he spent the rest of his life hunting for acorns in the Dismal Swamp. A surprising consequence of this was that Nightmare, as soon as Greedy-Pig was no longer around to worry her and make her miserable, calmed down and changed into a nice, gentle animal. Even the spikes of her mane became soft and wavy, and her shape was that of a nice, comfortable riding-and-driving mare. Upon this, Mr. Mince-Pie changed her name from Nightmare to Dream, and a very pleasant Dream she was.

After the party, which I have not space to tell about here, Mince-Pie put Tabitha and Jimmy Ginger on Dream's back, and she cantered with them gently back to Candytown.

There, as you may imagine, their respective families and all the other Candytown folk were very glad to see them, as they had worried a great deal in their absence. When they heard what had happened, Tabitha Throat-Lozenge received much praise for the way she had softened the hard heart of the Ogre Mince-Pie and saved Jimmy Ginger and herself from the unpleasant fate of being made into mince-meat.

"It only shows," said Tabitha's mother, "that every one, even an Ogre, has a good side, if one knows how to reach it."

"After the party, Mince-Pie put Tabitha and Jimmy Ginger on Dream's back, and she cantered with them back to Candytown."

SHE DANCES WHEREVER SHE GOES

Lillian Emerson Finds It the Easiest and Prettiest Way to Tell Her Stories.

By Sarah Addington.

THIS is the picture of a little girl named Lillian Emerson, who loves to dance better than anything else in the whole world. She dances nearly all the time, and every dance she does tells a little story all its own. In this picture she has just been dancing a woodland story down in the mountains of North Carolina, and she has stopped to play with the leaves of the big bush near by. See how softly she touches it—very, very gently, because she loves it.

Lillian has one dance, the Evening Star, that is very sad, just like the music that accompanies it, and it almost makes you cry to see her. And another one, Fire Music, that is very fast and furious, like fire, you know; in the fire dance she wears a little red dress that blows out in points when she is dancing, just like tongues of flame. You see, all her dancing is a game. Lillian dances out her games instead of playing them the way you do.

Did you ever play "Molly By the Seashore?" Well, if you did, you would *pretend* to walk along the beach, wouldn't you? You would pretend to pick up seashells, and you would even hold your hand up to your ear to pretend you heard the music of the sea in the shells. Well, Lillian does all these things to music and makes a little dance just as she thinks it ought to be.

Lillian never went to dancing school, as most little boys and girls do on Saturday mornings. But she began when she was a very little girl to dance around the house. When her mother sent her upstairs on an errand she would dance all the way up and all the way back. Whenever her aunt or mother played the piano she would make up a little dance to go with it, a slow dance if the music was sad, a happy dance if the music was joyful.

And now she's been dancing for four years on big stages before regular audiences. She always enjoys that, for famous grownup actors and musicians and dancers always come to see her and send her baskets of beautiful flowers. But she enjoys even more dancing in the woods as she is in this picture, for there are such lovely things to dance with in the woods—trees and flowers and bushes.

Way down in Carolina mountains, dancing a woodland story.

Some time when you want to try a new game why don't you dance out a little story? You can do it by yourself or with some of your little friends, to the Victrola, or the piano or even a song you sing yourself, and you will like it so well that you'll do it very often, I'm sure.

A Difficult Question

A fable, translated from the Arabic. By JOSEPH ZIADI.

ONE DAY a bridal party was on its way to the bridegroom's house. There a great wedding was to take place.

The bride, richly attired, sat haughtily astride her prancing steed. Her eyes were closed and her head raised high in the air.

The bridal party soon reached a low arched bridge. Here a perplexing situation confronted them. The bridge was not high enough to permit the bride, mounted on the horse, to go under it. A heated argument immediately ensued.

"What shall we do? Shall we cut off the horse's legs or the bride's head?" they puzzled. Some suggested "Cut off the bride's head," while others said "No; cut off the horse's legs." They were sore perplexed.

The owner of the horse cried out in alarm, "Disable my horse! How, then, could I earn my living? He is all I possess in the world. Better take off the bride's head."

"No, never! What good is a headless bride?" cried the bridegroom's relatives. The bewildered group knew not what to do.

"Let us summon the district judge," they said.

The Sheik ul Suleh answered the urgent call in all haste. The situation was explained to him. "Oh, great Sheik ul Suleh, help us," they begged. "We cannot get the bride under this bridge. The owner will not consent to cut off the horse's legs. The bridegroom's relatives refuse obstinately to permit the bride's head to be taken off."

The Sheik ul Suleh leaned upon his staff and pondered in deep thought. Then, looking up, he asked, "What will you pay me if I succeed?"

The owner of the horse offered five pounds in gold, and the others twice that amount.

The Sheik went close to the mounted bride. "Open your eyes," he commanded. She still sat stiff and straight, oblivious to all about her.

"Bow your head. Bend forward, bride," he shouted, his staff raised on high. "Bend low on the horse's neck," he commanded.

Terror stricken, the bride bent low on the horse's neck.

He gave the horse a whack, and the bride passed safely under the bridge.

"Lil-Lil-Lil-Lil-Lil-Lil—Leee!" they cried, greatly marvelling at the Sheik's wisdom. They reached the bridegroom's home safely and a happy marriage took place.

THE REASON

By Margery Haven.

If Washington had only been
A little boy like me
He never would have tried to chop
His father's cherry tree.

I am too fond of cherry jam
All spread out on my bread.
I never get enough of it
It seems, when I am fed.

Perhaps his mother did not bake
A cherry pie for him
As mother does for me sometimes,
When she puts the big ones in.

I think that once he was so ill
From eating jam and pie,
That he chopped the cherry tree right down
Without just thinking why!

THE CHERRY'S FAMILY TREE

IT WAS all the fault of the morning, thought Charlie Candy Cherry. If it had not been so bright and fine, if the air had not been as exhilarating as ginger ale, if the frost on the ice had not glittered like the Crystal Princess's party dress, Charlie Candy Cherry would never have run away from school to go skating. But he had; and now he was sitting at the supper table with a guilty conscience, hoping he would not be asked any embarrassing questions. But his hopes were in vain.

"Charlie," said Mr. Candy Cherry, "did you get good marks in school to-day?"

Charlie gulped and swallowed; then he muttered a "yes" that sounded as if he were choking.

"That's good," said his father. But Charlie felt it was not good at all. He did not want to eat any more supper. When they left the supper table and went to sit by the fire he did not wish even to ask his father to tell him a story, as he often did at this time. But, somewhat to his surprise, Mr. Candy Cherry began telling one of his own accord.

"Once upon a time," said he, "when my father's father's father was a young Cherry, instead of living in a Candy Box, as we all do, he lived on a tree—our Family Tree, I suppose one would call it. This tree grew down in old Virginia, on the estate of a wealthy gentleman there. It was a little tree, just beginning to bear Cherries.

"One day a young boy came out into the garden, where the little Tree stood. He carried a hatchet in his hand. The Cherries on the Tree began to bob and shake in an alarmed way, for when a boy carries a hatchet there is no telling what he will do with it. The Cherries' fears were more than justified. The boy hacked first at one thing and then another, just to try his own strength and the sharpness of the hatchet. All at once the young Cherry Tree caught his eye. What a fine mark for his hatchet! He crossed the garden quickly. Whack! Whack! Crash! Crash! The little Cherry Tree was down!

"As soon as he saw it topple the boy seemed to realize he had done wrong. His face clouded. Tucking his hatchet under his arm, he left the garden and disappeared into the house.

"In a few minutes out strolled an elderly gentleman. At once he noticed his pet Cherry Tree lying on the ground. Your ancestor Cherry, who in spite of his lowly position was taking in all that happened, saw that he looked very angry. He called the black servants and asked them sternly who cut down the tree. Nobody knew. No one had seen the boy with his hatchet.

"Just then the boy came out of the house. His conscience had been troubling him. His father would not know who cut down the tree if he did not tell him, and he probably would get a good whipping if he did tell. But he loved truth too much to sacrifice it for the sake of a whipping.

"'I cannot tell a lie, father,' cried he. 'I cut down that tree. I did it with my little hatchet.'"

Mr. Candy Cherry paused.

"What happened then?" asked Charlie Candy Cherry anxiously.

"I forget," said Mr. Cherry, "whether the boy got the whipping or not. But I know that his father was very proud of him, and I know that this truthful boy grew up to be the one man above all others whom his country could trust in its greatest need. He was called the 'Father of His Country' and his name was George Washington. Your ancestor Cherry often said that if it had not been for this George Washington there never would have been any United States, and if there never had been any United States most of us Candies would never have happened. So you see how grateful we ought to be to the boy who could not tell a lie."

"That's so," said Charlie Candy Cherry. He felt very uncomfortable, so uncomfortable that he finally drew a long breath and blurted out: "I guess I'm not very much like George Washington, father, for I told a dreadful lie." Then he confessed all about his not having been in school when he said he had.

"Are you sorry?" asked Mr. Candy Cherry gravely.

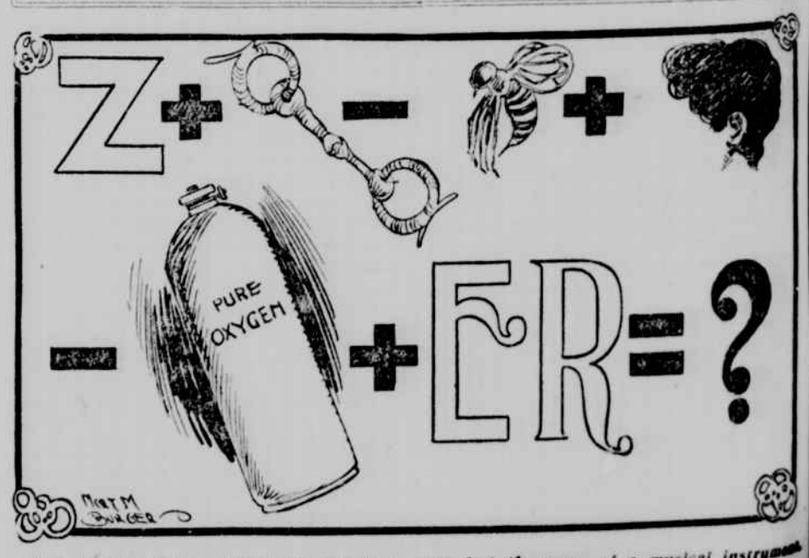
"Yes," said Charlie Candy Cherry, "I certainly am. I am sure I shall never tell such a story again. From this time on I am going to be just as much like George Washington as I possibly can."

"Good!" said Mr. Candy Cherry. "As long as you've owned up we'll skip the punishment this time. And to help you in your good resolution, suppose you ask all the Candy children to come here to-morrow to hear about George Washington, for to-morrow is Washington's Birthday, and in honor of him and of our Cherry ancestor we certainly ought to celebrate."

Our First President

Some of the qualities that helped to make him known as "The Father of His Country."

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT PUZZLE



Add and subtract according to signs and you will find the name of a musical instrument.